



**Shazam! #4**  
Aaron Martel

**Published:** 2007

**Categorie(s):** Fiction, Fan Fiction

**Tag(s):** "Captain Marvel" "Black Adam" "Kid Marvel" Comics DC2  
Shazam Ibis

*Shazam!*  
Issue #4: "Power"  
Written by Aaron Martel  
Cover by DrDread  
Edited by Mark Bowers

"Holy moley!" Captain Marvel exclaimed. He was lying on the floor of the devastated former laboratory of Doctor Sivana, located in the basement of the "spooky" house on Radley Street in Fawcett City. Trying to shrug off the effects of an unexpected and powerful frontal assault, Cap stared in shock at the menacing figure looming over him.

His costume was identical to Cap's sans cape, and where Cap's uniform was predominantly red, Black Adam's was an ominous jet-black color. His face was much harsher than Cap's and his hairline formed a fierce widow's peak. But it was the way Black Adam carried himself - arrogant, superior, almost regal - that sent a chill down the spine of the World's Mightiest Mortal. This was no opponent to be trifled with. And Black Adam regarded the prone Cap with a look of utter disgust and contempt.

"Holy moley? Yes, that is the expression Marvel uses," Adam spat. "And I despise it to the core of my being."

Captain Marvel struggled to his feet, still woozy from the blow his opponent had struck him down with.

"Get used to it!" Cap yelled as he launched himself into Adam, the two crashing up through the basement ceiling and tumbling to the living room floor in a heap.

But with seemingly little effort, Black Adam kicked Cap off of him, sending the hero barreling through another wall and tumbling out onto the front lawn of the spooky house. In an instant, Adam was upon him,

raining tremendous blows upon his head with unbelievable speed. It was all Cap could do to protect his face from the vicious onslaught. After a few moments, Adam stood above Cap, seething with rage toward the fallen and reeling superhero.

“Impostor!” Adam shouted. “Who are you? You are not the Captain of Marvels! Where is Batson?” Black Adam was referring to the late C.C. Batson, the original Captain Marvel and the current Cap’s father.

Through the hazy dimness of his mind, Cap thought: *he doesn’t know about my father!*

Adam was still ranting. “I will not deign to do battle with an obvious charlatan! I want the one true Captain Marvel here before me now! Or does he fear to face me? Have his precious gods abandoned him?”

That incensed Cap, who quickly rose to his feet once more. “I am Captain Marvel!”

And Captain Marvel tore into Black Adam with a renewed vigor and intensity that the super-villain was unprepared for. Pounding on Adam with thunderous punches that shook the very earth, Cap began to drive his enemy back toward the spooky house, finally ending his flurry with a mighty strike that knocked Adam back through the front door, bringing down much of the ceiling on top of his powerful foe.

Cap looked down upon the pile of debris Adam was lying under. “I am Captain Marvel,” he repeated, “and if you used the wisdom of Solomon you’d know that.”

There was a low rumble as the debris pile began to quake, and, with a great blast, Black Adam emerged from the rubble, visibly shaking with fury.

“SOLOMON?” Adam roared. “The beings that empower me are not Hebrew or Greco-Roman! They are EGYPTIAN! More ancient and more powerful!”

Before Cap could think to react, Black Adam seized Cap’s cape and flipped the startled hero over his head, ferociously slamming him to the

ground. "I possess the stamina of Shu!" Adam shouted.

Still holding onto Cap's cape, Adam flipped the red-garbed champion back over his shoulder and slammed Cap down again. "The speed of Heru!"

Flip. Slam. "The strength of Amon!"

Flip. Slam. "The wisdom of Zehuti!"

Flip. Slam. "The power of Aton!"

"The courage of Mehen!" Black Adam bellowed, flinging Captain Marvel into the far wall and bringing down virtually the rest of the house on top of the vanquished superhero.

Adam stood with his fists on his hips for a moment in the silence, gazing upon the remains of the pulverized house and staying alert, knowing his adversary was not yet totally defeated. When, after a few minutes, he detected no movement a frown creased his brow.

"Bah," Adam sneered superciliously.

And he took to the sky, leaving Captain Marvel humbled and unconscious beneath the wreckage of wood, sheet rock and the undamaged sarcophagus of the Mad Mummy that was all that remained of the spooky house on Radley Street.

The next morning, in the heart of Fawcett City, Mary Bromfield was pushing her friend Freddy Freeman in his wheelchair about a block away from the Wormwood Orphanage, where Freddy lived. It was a bright, sunny day, not a cloud in the sky, and the sunshine felt good on Mary's face as she stopped at a crosswalk, waiting for the light to change. The two kids' conversation had been light thus far, but when Freddy spoke next, his tone became more serious.

"You okay, Mary?"

“Me?” Mary was incredulous. “I’m fine. You’re the one I’m worried about.”

“Ahhh, the doctor’s set my leg fine and he said with a little therapy I could soon be on crutches.” Freddy cracked a small smile but Mary wasn’t laughing.

“I’m so sorry this happened to you, Freddy.” Mary said quietly.

Freddy gave her a look. “Hey, cut that out. Did you put me in that mummy’s coffin? I remember you being in there with me.”

Freddy was referring to the events of the past few days in which both kids’ life forces were drained in an ancient sarcophagus for the purpose of animating the dread Mad Mummy and left Freddy so weak he was near unto death. After he had been rescued from his predicament, Freddy was left with a permanent debilitating weakness in his right leg. Mary, who had not been trapped in the sarcophagus nearly as long as Freddy, had fully recovered from her ordeal.

“No...” Mary murmured. “But if I’d just found you sooner...”

“You’d be as messed up as me,” Freddy finished. “If it wasn’t for Captain Marvel we’d be done for anyway.”

The traffic light had flashed “WALK” but the two friends were so engrossed in their conversation they didn’t notice and stayed where they were.

“Yes,” Mary concurred, although her brow was furrowed in thought. “Have you talked to Billy yet?”

“He came to the hospital last night, but he got outta there before the Wormwood stiffs showed up.” Freddy smiled to himself at the mention of Billy’s name. “I got back so late last night, ol’ witch Wormwood was too tired to scream at me.”

“Hey, Mary,” Freddy added. “Thanks for coming to see me and taking me out for a walk. I really needed to get away from that place for a while, but now I think I can take it from here. Gotta practice using my

arms to get me around. Okay?"

"Sure, Freddy," Mary said, though she suspected the real reason he wanted to go it alone was so that the Wormwood staff and kids wouldn't see him being pushed around by a girl. "And you're welcome. Take care."

The "WALK" light lit again. "See ya later!" Freddy called as he wheeled himself into the crosswalk. Mary watched him for a few seconds and then turned to head off in the other direction, lost in contemplation.

But Freddy did not head back to the orphanage. Instead, he wheeled past the front steps and turned down the side of the orphanage all the way to the very back of the building where he braked to a stop, his face glistening with sweat. After taking a moment to catch his breath, Freddy very carefully checked to see that he was completely alone. Satisfied he was, Freddy then spoke in a clear, loud voice:

"CAPTAIN MARVEL!"

And with an enormous crack of thunder a bolt of lightning struck down out of the sky from seemingly out of nowhere.

Billy Batson stepped off the bus and headed toward the entrance of the Fawcett City Museum, his footsteps heavy with fatigue. Since Billy was himself in fact the secret identity of Captain Marvel he had gotten very little sleep the previous night due to the confrontations with both the Mad Mummy and Black Adam. But when Billy finally returned to his home he found he couldn't sleep due to anxiety, and so, in the morning, Billy made sure he was on the bus that stopped at the museum, when it first opened.

As he neared the top of the front steps leading to the museum's entrance, Billy noticed a couple of plain-clothes detectives descending the stairs past him, giving him passing, yet unsuspecting, glances. Entering the front doors, Billy found his way to the curator's office where he found the museum's curator, the ancient magician Ibis the Invincible, sitting behind his desk, with his red turban removed and rubbing his temples in

exasperation. Ibis looked up at Billy and pulled himself together quickly with a start.

“William!” Ibis began. “I did not expect you here so soon!”

“I’m sorry Mr. Ibis,” Billy said sheepishly. “I couldn’t sleep.”

“Come in, come in.” Ibis stood and closed the office door, motioning Billy to sit. “I believe the police have concluded their investigations so that the museum can open on schedule.”

“The hole in the roof is fixed?” Billy asked, astonished.

“Do you not recall that I am a master magician?” Ibis gently chided. “Incidentally, you have my thanks for returning the Ibistick to me. With it, I was able to repair both my person and the museum’s roof. Also, thank you for returning the sarcophagus of the Mad Mummy.”

“You’re welcome.” Billy was somewhat embarrassed to receive the gratitude of the great mage. “But I wanted to speak with you about Black Adam.”

“Yes,” Ibis said, his face grave. “I will reveal to you the events that led to your meeting with the diabolical Khem Adam.”

Mary wandered back downtown, still trying to place something about Captain Marvel that had been nagging her since the previous night. As she rounded a corner she was surprised to find a large crowd of people gathered in front of a high-rise apartment building, with numerous police officers and a television news crew on the scene as well. Reporter’s instincts kicking in, Mary ran to the crowd and tapped the shoulder of a stranger, with his head craned up.

“Hey,” Mary asked. “What’s going on?”

The gawker turned to look at her, puzzled. “What? Can’t you see that up there?”

Mary looked up to see a man standing on a ledge of the apartment building some twelve floors above the street, nervously talking to a negotiator who was leaning out of an adjacent window. The crowd buzzed with nervous energy as the man was clearly intending to jump but was having second thoughts. A newswoman was broadcasting live, and Mary pushed forward through the mass to hear the reports more clearly.

“...Has been there since six this morning but the Fawcett police are confident their top negotiator can talk him safely down from the ledge. Right now the would-be jumper, one Conrad-“

The crowd twittered excitedly and Mary saw the jumper turn to creep toward the window where the negotiator was waiting with his hand outstretched. But roughly three paces away from the window the jumper lost his footing and fell from the ledge just out of the reach of the straining negotiator.

There were gasps and screams from the crowd while as one it moved back away from the area of the sidewalk the jumper was plunging down towards. A horror-struck Mary could only helplessly watch as it would only take one more second for-

A blue, gold and red blur swooped in at the last possible nanosecond and caught the plummeting jumper, using the downward momentum to take them both in an arc straight up into the sky. The stunned and amazed crowd let out cheers of relief as the rescuer halted his trajectory in mid-air and began to lower slowly to the ground, cradling the unharmed but badly-shaken jumper.

Mary's first thought was: *is that Superman?* But as the rescuer drew closer she saw that he wore a costume very similar to Captain Marvel's, only it was blue with a small red cape as opposed to Cap's red and white. There was a hushed and growing murmur racing through the crowd as the newcomer landed gently and set the jumper down in the waiting arms of the paramedics on the scene. Then there was an odd half-second where everyone paused as if to catch their collective breath.

Then the mass surged forward toward the new hero, and Mary was caught up in the rush as the T.V. reporter made a hasty announcement.

“This is Madge Hardcourt reporting from downtown Fawcett where a new superhero who appears to resemble a younger version of Captain Marvel has just rescued Conrad Carson, the man who had been threatening to jump from the Downey Apartment Building for the better part of the morning. May I ask who you are, sir?”

A microphone was thrust into the new hero’s face as he stammered, “Uh...hello, Fawcett City. I’m Kid Marvel.”

The crowd chattered noisily as Madge Hardcourt continued. “So are you related to Captain Marvel?”

“No. No, we’re not related at all. We just share the same powers. You might say I’m his junior partner,” Kid Marvel replied.

“Where have you been all this time? Why have we never seen you before?”

“Well, let’s just say I’ve been getting ready for this moment for a long time.” Kid Marvel was beginning to warm up to the cameras as a big smile crossed his face.

“So could you tell us why you’ve chosen to appear now, at this time?” Madge questioned.

Kid Marvel didn’t hesitate. “Because the world needs heroes now more than ever, so you could say it was destiny, or fate, that chose *me* to make myself known at this time. And let me assure the good citizens of Fawcett City that no matter what evils may rise to threaten you or dangers you may face that are beyond your control, Cap and I will be here to serve as your protectors and defenders. So, get used to seeing me around, ladies and gentlemen, because Kid Marvel is gonna be here to help you all for a long time to come!”

And Mary stared, fascinated, as Kid Marvel strode from the cameras and headed into the crowd straight towards *her*.

“Hello, miss,” Kid spoke softly so that only Mary could hear him.

“H-hi, Kid Marvel.”

"I understand you're a reporter." Kid had a disarming smile that somehow didn't seem creepy.

Mary was feeling more at ease in his presence, and she smiled back at him. "Yes. I'm a reporter for WHIZ Radio, Fawcett High."

"Well then, Miss..."

"Mary. Mary Bromfield."

"Well, Miss Bromfield, why don't you meet me at Look Park by the jungle gym in a few hours for an exclusive. Say, four-thirty? I assure you, you have nothing to fear from me." Kid didn't want to alarm her.

"Oh, I know that. When I first saw you, I thought you looked just like Superman! And four-thirty's great! Plenty of time to get my recording gear!" Mary's voice was getting more animated and she was clearly thrilled.

"Great! I'll see you then." And Kid Marvel took to the sky lazily, so he could wave to the now loudly cheering throng that had nearly doubled its numbers in the last few minutes.

Mary beamed as she observed Kid's departure, then she eagerly set off for home to get her upcoming interview ready and her recording equipment organized.

As Kid Marvel triumphantly soared past a giant skyscraper, a disturbing thought popped into his head.

*Superman?*

"Khem Adam?" Billy queried.

"The name the wizard bestowed upon him after his fall from grace. It

translates into your language as Black Adam," Ibis replied.

Ibis's wife, Princess Taia, entered the room, and presented a grateful Billy with a tall glass of milk. Ibis nodded in her direction, and Taia left them alone in the office, not to be disturbed.

"You know the story of how Black Adam and the wizard Shazam were awakened by your father and Theo Adam?" Ibis asked.

"Yes," Billy said. "But Dad never told me about what happened to Black Adam."

"Well," Ibis began, "after Theo Adam became the possessor of the powers of Black Adam, the wizard, in response, entrusted your father with the powers of the gods as well to become his second champion. Thus your father became Captain Marvel."

"I know all that," Billy snapped, cranky with fatigue.

Ibis smiled gently and continued. "In the intervening years, countless times Black Adam challenged Captain Marvel for supremacy only to be turned back by your father each and every time. More often than not the battle ended in a stalemate, with Adam forced to retreat. On more than one occasion, I stood by your father's side to do battle with Black Adam as well. But as the years passed, a sense of frustration settled in with your father. The two champions of Shazam, former and current, were too evenly matched, and so your father desired a way to render Black Adam...*inactive*."

Though his eyelids were heavy, Billy's ears perked up, and he leaned forward with great interest.

"So," continued Ibis, "Captain Marvel turned to the one human he felt could aid him in this endeavor... Doctor Sivana."

"*What?*" Billy was aghast.

Ibis put up a calming hand. "Not directly, William. You see, Sivana had developed a material that somehow bended the properties of time and space so that any living form encased in this material would exist in a

dream-like state of suspended animation. He christened this material suspendium."

Ibis went on. "Sivana intended this suspendium to be used for himself and his allies in the event his ultimate downfall was at hand. He could remain suspended indefinitely without his body aging even one day. To this end, he had a large globe of suspendium built so he could house himself, his family, and any ally he felt could be of use to him in the future. But on one occasion, when Captain Marvel defeated Sivana, your father discovered Sivana had created smaller, coffin-sized containers of suspendium ostensibly to be used in case of emergency. It was then a plan formulated in your father's mind."

Billy was catching on. "He put Black Adam in the suspendium!"

Ibis nodded. "After one of the most titanic struggles they had ever engaged in, your father was able to render Black Adam unconscious. He quickly placed the fallen champion into one of the individual containers of suspendium and assigned me to stand guard over him in the succeeding years. Faithfully have I remained in that capacity, until the events of the last few days."

"What happened?" Billy asked.

Ibis's face grew grim. "I kept the suspendium in a secret cavity beneath this very museum I refer to as the dark chamber. The dark chamber contains numerous magical artifacts that if placed in the wrong hands could spell great danger to the world, and I was to see that those artifacts were in safekeeping. One of those artifacts was the Golden Scorpion, and when the Mad Mummy retrieved the Scorpion for Doctor Sivana it must have damaged the suspendium container housing Black Adam. Now Adam is free, and I'm sure he must be confused at this point."

"Why?" Billy wondered.

"Because when your father first put Adam into the suspendium the year was early in nineteen hundred and sixty-seven."

"*What?* He's been asleep forty years?" Billy was incredulous.

“Not asleep, William. In a state of-“

“I know, I know!” Billy shouted, standing up. “That’s why he doesn’t know about my father, or me! I’ve gotta stop him! I’ve gotta-“

“No, William,” Ibis admonished. “You are far too weary to be taking on the likes of Black Adam right now. I insist you rest here in my office.”

Reaching into his suit jacket, Ibis pulled out his Ibistick, an ancient wand with a triangle on the end through which he channeled his magical power. Waving the Ibistick the magician conjured up a twin-sized bed, with a pillow and blanket, in the middle of the office. Then Ibis guided Billy to the bed, whereupon the exhausted teen passed out almost immediately after his head hit the pillow.

Hours later, Ibis the Invincible walked to his car, in the back lot of the Fawcett City Museum, to run an errand he had put off for most of the day. He left Princess Taia, not only his wife but also his assistant curator, in charge of the museum (and to make sure Billy was still asleep in the curator’s office) while he was on task. He was just about to unlock the car door-

When Black Adam exploded down through the hood of the car and destroyed it as if a bomb had detonated; the impact savagely flinging Ibis back onto the pavement. As Ibis propped himself up on his elbows, he gazed upon the scowling face of Black Adam as the powerful villain stalked towards him.

“You, magician,” Adam demanded threateningly. “You are going to supply me with the information I require, beginning with the whereabouts of the true Captain Marvel, C.C. Batson!”

*To Be Continued!*

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

All characters are (c) DC Comics and no infringement upon their copyrights is intended. Support DC Comics by buying their monthly comic books and graphic novels.

## From the same author on Feedbooks

Shazam! #1 (2006)

Shazam!: Wisdom.

The World's Mightiest Mortal, now in his own monthly adventures! Join Billy Batson as he deals with homework, friendships, schoolboy crushes, baseball-- and opposing evil as the new Captain Marvel! What is the secret of the spooky house on Radley Street? What ancient evil threatens to rise again?

Shazam! #2 (2006)

Shazam!: Strength.

A frantic Billy must decide whether or not to reveal his greatest secret to Mary in time to save them from the kidnappers. Plus the Mad Mummy strikes at the Fawcett City Museum! What is he after, and how does it fit into the nefarious plans of Dr. Sivana?

Shazam! #3 (2006)

Shazam!: Stamina.

Captain Marvel battles the Mad Mummy while his friends are in dire peril and Dr. Sivana's true plot is revealed. And what is the fate of Freddy Freeman? Featuring the DC2 debut of Kid Marvel!

Shazam! #5 (2007)

Shazam!: Courage.

Captain Marvel finds himself involved in two major showdowns: one with the dangerous Black Adam and one with... Kid Marvel?

Rogues Gallery #13 (2009)

Rogues Gallery: I Am Scarecrow.

What's the definition of fear? What does the mind see when fear is all they know?

The Scarecrow is born to show Gotham City that he is FEAR.



**[www.feedbooks.com](http://www.feedbooks.com)**  
Food for the mind