



**Danger Trail #19**  
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***Previously, in New Outsiders #48...***

*... two prophecies barreled forward in two different times, pitting our heroes against the forces of the Church of Blood in a global battle for the beliefs of the world; in 1935, Zara of the Crimson Flame marched forward to reclaim Zandia for her enigmatic Sanguine Father, as Midnight led a team to battle for the Holy Grail, joined by Black Beauty's treacherous minion Avery Updike and mysterious Opus Dei agent Nicodemus and Rose brought her team to Gorilla City to recover the Second Prophecy of St. Dumas; while in the present day, Batwoman's team stormed the Flagstaff temple of Church of Blood only to stumble into an ambush, Black Canary's team was caught between Zandian troops and Gorilla Knights defending Trin Dee's old monastery holding the Second Prophecy, and Huntress and Speed struggled to keep their team on track to reclaim the Grail again, only to be confronted by Riddler, Twisted Sister and the newest Blood-owned Vigilante!*

*And now...*

***The***

***DANGER TRAIL!***

*Issue #19: "Affairs of Blood and Fate, Part Four"*

*The March of Blood!*

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***Flagstaff, Arizona***

***Very Late December, 1935***

The elegant black Cadillac pulled up to the front gates of the compound and waited for them to part. When the ironwork barrier parted, the car continued down the road, and pulled up in front of the ornate cathedral that stood at the center of the complex. The beautiful gangster Black Beauty slid out from the back seat and straightened out her velvet dress as two men, dressed in scarlet and bearing a fiery eye amulet about their necks, hurried to pull a crate from the trunk. Set into position, Black Beauty marched up the large granite steps and led her entourage into the Temple of the Crimson Flame.

She glanced around as she walked down the building's nave, the footfalls muffled by the blood-red carpet and yet still echoing throughout the vaulted chamber. Aside from their steps, nothing made noise, and nothing distracted her from the towering banners of gold and crimson flames, and monolithic staring eyes. So similar to the building in Istanbul, and no less creepy and haunting. Beauty hadn't been religious about anything since she learned that money bought all the power in the world, and her looks could get her money with nothing more than a swivel of her hips. Now, so close to the finish of this latest job, she found herself more and more unnerved, and anxious to be done with it all. *I'm never taking another church job, I swear*, she mused as she reached the center of the rounded chamber, where steps led up to a central altar.

It looked like it was carved from ivory, and unlike the fire and eye imagery everywhere else, it was laden instead with symbols and designs like blood. She shivered and looked around as the two men placed the crate onto the altar and then scurried back to the base of the dais, and knelt in reverence. *And next time, only my own guys*, she grumbled as she adjusted her hemline to recapture their attentions with a strategic glimpse of her garter. She grinned when she saw their eyes focus properly. Then it faded when she noticed another man approach.

"You're every bit as talented and attractive as I've been informed, Black Beauty," the man said as he swept up to the altar. He was an older man, with a gaunt face and sunken cheeks, salt-and-pepper hair swept back from a receding hairline and thick brows over dark eyes. He wore a scarlet cassock and was draped in a bone-white cloak, that fluttered around his ankles at his brisk pace. "But your charms notwithstanding, my followers remain loyal to me, I assure you."

She shifted uncomfortably at his innuendo and released her attentions on the other two. "You're the top man, then? A pleasure to meet you at last."

"Not so much a pleasure as you say," he chuckled softly as he stopped at the top of the dais, at the opposite end of the altar and crate from the woman, as he looked at her. "I am the Sanguine Father." His hands rested on the wood and he let himself smile cruelly.

"Well, it's done," Beauty replied as she nodded toward the prize in his hands. "Now pay me what I'm owed and you won't have to give any more thought to who can direct your lackeys." She sashayed around the altar now, past where the two men looked up and recaptured their attentions.

"Oh no. No, no," he chuckled as he turned to look at her. "You are invited to stay for tonight's celebration, for the Rite of Deciding, for the culmination of the First Prophecy." The Sanguine Father stared hard into her eyes, and she stared back at him, iron wills colliding in silence and a veneer of civility. "It is my duty to bring all to the enlightenment of the true faith, after all." He leaned in close and added in a whisper, "And I have no fear about who my men will follow." He straightened back up and pried the top of the crate open with sheer bare-handed strength, belying his thin, aged appearance. He gazed within and smiled ecstatically. "No, Black Beauty, you will remain here, as my guest, and attend tonight's ceremony, and only after that, if necessary, will you be paid." He continued to look fondly upon the object within the crate. He closed one eye and stared at it, opened it and closed the other eye and saw it in its other shape and chuckled. Then he switched eyes again, and once more.

Black Beauty shivered at the sight and slowly stepped down to the floor. "Thank you so kindly," she said in an icy voice and snapped her fingers. "Gentlemen, I would relax before tonight's... festivities," she said and the two lackeys stood and followed her out.

She passed quickly through the main doors and back out into the open air, leaving the strange man behind her. She passed by an elderly man bent over a hedge of blood-red flowers, giving the wrinkled, white-capped person no heed as the two minions followed with lust-filled eyes. The old man shook his head and gave a heavy sigh as he stood up. He stretched, his hand at the small of his back, and listened to the ancient joints creak. He tilted his Stetson back on his head and stared up at the temple, and then back to Black Beauty's passage and sighed again. He tugged down on the worn, carved wooden bird that held his blue neckerchief in place and wiped his forehead with it, then pushed the wire-rim glasses up the bridge of his nose. He tugged the material back into place, bound it back with the thunderbird clasp and went back to his

flowers, smiling now that he could tell that his deception would soon come to an end.

### *Flagstaff, Arizona*

#### *In the present*

Mother Mayhem smiled so serenely at the four invaders as she swept her hands at her two allies. "Before the dangerous ones can think," she said softly as Spider released a pair of arrows and Shadow Thief's arms lashed out down the hall.

Batwoman reacted first, kicking up to her feet and leaping for the archer. Grace stood next and caught both arrows in the chest. Her cocky grin twisted into cries of pain as the super-swift slivers of blood-soaked wood pierced her shoulders and pinned her to the wall. Anarky didn't stand, but instead rolled back away from Zatanna and Grace, as he watched Shadow Thief's arms catch the magician by surprise. Zatanna had opened her mouth to speak, and instead, one fist collided with her lips and teeth, tearing soft flesh and cracking hard enamel, as the other arm wrapped around her slim waist and slammed her into the hard floor.

Spider grunted in pain as Batwoman's kick tossed him onto his back, but then Mother Mayhem stepped up, and caught the sleek, muscled leg. "Mmm, you've kept yourself in shape, I can't wait until you're back in the fold." Her fingers gripped the limb painfully and flung Batwoman away like a doll.

"Where did you get strength like that?" Anarky asked in surprise, his staff out and crackling with energy.

"The Second Prophecy comes close to fruition, and the fervor of our brethren gives me such a rush, child," Mother Mayhem replied as she walked forward, slow and deliberate. Her eyes were locked on Barbara, but the redheaded heroine had enough awareness to flip away and back to Anarky.

Grace had pulled herself from the wall and, with agonizing grunts, tore the arrows from her shoulders. "Fine, you bitch, let's see whose rush is bigger." She grinned through the pain, blood seeping down her

powerful biceps. Mayhem merely stopped and beckoned her forward with a finger, in a challenge that enraged the super-strong bouncer; so enraged her, she paid no heed as Shadow Thief pulled Zatanna forward, headfirst into the small of Grace's back.

"Okay, enough's enough, I'm putting her down!" Anarky said as he started to charge forward, but Barbara caught him with her arm and pulled him tight to her.

"No, we have to retreat, have to get back-up!" she said as she watched Zee's limp body fall to the ground, knocked unconscious by Grace's invulnerable body, as more charged arrows tore into her abdomen. "Damn it!" She pressed the switch on her utility belt and let the portal to the Outsiders headquarters swallow her and Anarky up and away from their enemies.

"Don't care... how many... of those ya got..." Grace growled, blood leaking from her mouth, and several other wounds, as she staggered closer to the archer. "Gonna... gonna give them back... to you..." Fury in her eyes, she pulled the arrows from her body and gripped them tight, intent on jamming them back into Spider, who continued to back off.

Shadow Thief's arms wrapped around her neck and squeezed as hard as could be, while Mother Mayhem stepped up and punched with all her might, at last putting the powerhouse down, though her knuckles throbbed from the attempt.

"Well done, well done. Brother Blood will be so pleased with you both," Mother said with a purr as she turned away. "Bring them to their room, and bandage them up. Feel free to make sure they are healthy, but do *not* get carried away before they are brought back into our embrace."

"I'll take care of Zatanna," Shadow Thief said as he turned three-dimensional and headed for her. "Always did have a thing for a woman in a tux." He laughed as he glanced at Spider, and shivered instead.

Spider's face was contorted in anger as he grabbed Grace by her feet. "Threaten me with my arrows, will ya? When Brother Blood gives the word, we'll see who's shoving what into who!"

The pair walked down the hall with their prisoners, while far away, in all senses of the word, Batwoman and Anarky fell into their base.

“How could you?” Anarky snapped at her, that passive-faced gold mask unable to hide the venom in his voice. “How could you retreat from Blood like that? Leave your friends like that? That was our only chance!”

“I don't believe that, I won't believe that,” Batwoman said as she recovered quickly, and limped for the communication room. “Mother Mayhem with super-strength, Shadow Thief amped up, Spider with arrows that can punch through Grace... there was **no** way the two of us were doing a thing against them. We make contact with our other teams, and gather our forces.” She paused at the monitors and saw newsbreaks reporting another pair of church bombings, and sighed. “What's Blood's gain doing that?” she muttered. She turned her attention back to Anarky. “And you, don't question me, and don't let your hate for Blood get in the way, got it? We're going to stop him, and save our friends, and there's nothing you can say that'll make me think differently!”

Anarky stared back through the helmet he wore, and said nothing. The gold face hid the wicked smile that curled across his face at her words though, as he let her get back to contacting the others for updates. *You keep thinking that way. Go right ahead, and think like that.*

*Fellowship of the Full Circle Monastery, Zandia*  
*So close to the end of December*

“Here's hoping this works,” Midnight muttered as he looked into the small bare room. All that filled it was a chalk circle lined with ancient words, marked out with smoldering pots of incense and small, guttering candles, and three kneeling people. The masked man looked over at Avery Updike and tried to keep from rolling his eyes at the cowardly little man.

“I've heard about this order,” Avery said in a quiet voice, as he glanced down the hall behind them. “Maybe I should try to enter? After all this, get a chance to change my life around. That's the whole point, right?”

Midnight continued to watch Andrew Bennett, the stranger Nicodemus,

and his lovely Trin Dee as they murmured words, knitted brows in concentration, and focused their efforts on Trin's coin, usually used to find the Queen of Blood. "That's the idea," Midnight answered. "Ancient order of monks, dedicated to helping people find balance, understand the world in a different way, arm them for redemption. You sure you're up for that?"

"Let's see what happens at the end of this little crusade first, I guess," Avery answered with a nervous chuckle. "It'll be tough giving up the afternoon martini, but if it saves my soul, right?" He shrugged with a weak smile.

Midnight rolled his eyes up this time and just stared at the ritual in the small meditation chamber. He took a deep breath and exhaled slowly, not having any other answer for the little weasel. They both jumped when they heard Nicodemus speak.

"Where the Mother Road leads to the Eye that sees Hades in the Heavens, there lies a hidden well of blood that threatens to taint mankind," Nicodemus intoned, with no indication that he knew he spoke.

"What was all that?" Avery asked in confusion as the candles in the room suddenly fluttered out and left smoke that curled into the incense.

The three people within slowly opened their eyes, and shook their heads, collecting wits and starting to stand, as Midnight mused over the words. "Mother Road... Hades in Heaven?" He snapped his fingers and grinned. "Pluto. Hades is also Pluto, and Pluto was discovered at the Lowell Observatory not... five years ago. Observatory's in Flagstaff, where Route 66 just opened up a few years back too... also called the Mother Road, our first real interstate highway."

"Flagstaff? Arizona? We're headed to Arizona?"

"Was that what we learned?" Trin asked as she picked up her coin and slid it into her pocket. Midnight hugged her tight and nodded.

"Glad it worked, but now, how do we get there?" Nicodemus asked as Andrew followed his two partners out of the room. "Plane would be fastest."

"We can arrange for one, but who can fly?" Andrew asked.

"I can fly a plane," Avery offered. "I'll do it."

"Okay, got a destination, and transportation, and pilot. Let's get to work then," Midnight said. "I just wish I could figure out what a well of blood was supposed to mean. That's the only part of all this I'm not sure about."

"I think I can answer that one," Trin spoke up as the group headed to their rooms to collect their things and make arrangements. "Zandia was controlled by the Church of Blood before the Great War. When the theocracy was overthrown—"

"No," Nicodemus muttered angrily. "Survivors?"

"Moved to the States, I am led to believe," Trin confirmed.

"I'm not aware of any Church of Blood in the States, but Arizona's a big, flat, lonely place still," Midnight said. "And you said it was hidden, so maybe a fake name?"

"Only one way to learn for sure," Andrew said. "We go to Flagstaff, and beard the enemy in his den."

As the group gathered their things and headed to acquire their plane, the settled portions of Zandia became increasingly unsettled. Zara of the Crimson Flame marched through the village of Trenna, trailed by an army of followers armed with rifles, pistols, and weapons formed from farm tools. Whipped up by the fervor of her words, this makeshift troop rolled through Trenna like a tidal wave; torches and bonfires erupted across the streets, houses and surrounding countryside, as Zara's floating fiery eye turned to ash any resistance, and gazed in gratitude upon those who joined its mistress.

Without pause, she continued through Trenna and the march of revolution swept toward the city of Gamenn. Her army had tripled, and when it reached the outskirts of the city, it faced the Zandian army, hunkered behind hastily erected sandbag walls and foxholes.

“Do not attempt to resist,” Zara said as she stood before her people, and stared at the soldiers that aimed their weaponry at her. “Come, and feel the fiery truth of the Crimson Flame! Do not mindlessly do the work of our usurpers, the defilers who would drive from our holy land the spiritual truths that gave birth to our homeland! Join with us, make us mightier, let the fires fill your hearts and souls!”

A major watched the approach, and listened to her spiel and snarled. Not this close to true command, there was no way his government was collapsing this close to true command. “Fire!” he barked at the men hunkered over their tripod-mounted machine guns. A couple of the fox-holes opened up at the order, though more remained silent.

The spray of bullets hurtled across the distance, and the fiery eye gazed down and unleashed a cone of heat. None of Zara's followers feared, not a bullet was allowed to pass the curtain of flame, and Zara laughed.

“My brethren, show yourselves true children of Zandia, and dispatch the betrayers!” she called out to the soldiers they faced. The major's face went pale, as he turned to run while all the troops who chose to ignore him turned their weapons on him and his loyal men.

When they were done, they stood, and found themselves swallowed up by the legion of followers, Zara passing them with a proud smile. “You have made me so very happy,” she told them. “Come, let us find and purify our sacred land.”

And the soldiers fell in line, committed their weapons, minds and hearts to her cause, as she felt the bonds to the island grow within her. *The Sanguine Father will be so pleased*, she thought, as she continued to lead the tidal wave.

*Meanwhile, in Gorilla City  
at that same time in 1935's dying hours*

Eel O'Brien gave a low whistle as the group of adventurers reached the outskirts of Gorilla City. They had passed through a thick green canopy that had concealed the area, and opened up to reveal a proud collection

of architectural marvels. Sweeping buildings rose several floors into the sky, bridges arced between the buildings; all smooth arches and rounded surfaces. Eel wasn't alone in his wonder, as no one aside from the two women astride the lumbering elephant had ever imagined such an oasis of civilization. Eel, Speed Saunders, and Azrael stumbled along, eyes gazing to and fro, watched as gorillas went about their daily tasks. The adventurers also drew attention from the apes, distracted from their routines by the sight of humans.

The guards flanked the party and stopped for a moment to let Rose and Rima slip down from the elephant. "You have served me well," Rima said in a soothing voice, as she patted its trunk. "Thank you, and stay safe." The elephant nudged back and then returned to the jungle, to seek out its home savanna.

"So where to now?" Eel asked as he tugged nervously at his collar, as the powerful primates all stared at the group.

"We're looking for something we call the Second Prophecy of St. Dumas," Rose said to the gorilla captain. "And Tigra Tropica is after it as well. Where do you keep it?"

The captain glared at Rose and seemed unwilling to answer, until Rima stepped forward and touched his shoulder. "You were not betrayed by man," Rima said softly.

"Yeah, like I said, it was a woman," Eel said before Speed could elbow him quiet.

"No, not woman either," Rima said with a serene smile. "She is a tiger, born with the power to mimic a human woman."

"Kamau, explain this!" called out another gorilla, this one white-furred, red-eyed, and looking quite agitated.

"Nmura, these... humans, they claim to be here to help us! There is a beast calling herself Tigra Tropica, she is here to steal from our sacred hall of records."

Nmura stopped and stared at each of the people, eyes glaring at Eel and

Azrael, which made the former shift to the rear of the group, while the latter merely glared back and reached for his sword.

“Keep it in your scabbard,” Speed said to the champion of St. Dumas.

“Unholy beasts,” Azrael muttered, and shook angrily.

“Save it for the real unholy beast,” Rose said from behind Azrael. “The tiger. Save it for her.”

“Rima is a friend to all the jungles, if she speaks for this group, then very well,” Nmura at last spoke. “Let us go, and quickly.” He turned and loped through the streets, as the others pursued him with all their speed.

“How come the strange looks from Nmura?” Speed asked Rose and Rima as the group dashed through the streets, and tried to ignore the continued looks they received, and continued to try not to be overwhelmed by the idea of the city of sentient gorillas around them.

“He's telepathic,” Rose said as she kept pace as best she could. “I could feel him touch my mind, and I was able to get some information in return. He is the head of... we'd call it ‘gorilla knights’ in English.”

Eel gave a snort. “Gorilla knights? Really? Mind-reading, talking, gorilla knights?”

“Is there a problem with that?” Rima asked as she dropped back to run at his side.

“Well, there should be,” Eel shot back. “I'm a city boy, and they clearly picked up that I'm everything they don't like in us manfolk, so yeah, there's a problem.”

Rima stared hard and then dashed back to the front of the group. “At least he's honest when he needs to be,” she said to Speed and Rose. Rose glanced back at Eel and gave him a playful wink.

The five human adventurers and their two gorilla allies reached a rise at the far side of the city; it rose up near a waterfall, a towering building that looked over the city, and at the sight of the main doors ruined and

smoking, Nmura and Kamau both cried in despair.

"Explosives," Speed said as he paused at the door. "No tiger did this."

"She snuck in human allies," Nmura grumbled as he narrowed his eyes in concentration.

"She lured my guards to confront Rima's friends," Kamau realized glumly. The group continued into the building now, past stone tablets, and papyrus scrolls and columns littered in ancient languages; all manner of records were found in this building. "Opened a way in while she played us for fools."

"How did a city of gorillas get the Second Prophecy?" Speed asked as they reached a high floor, where a room had been torn open. Within were two men in scarlet attire, and amulets graven with a fiery eye, and the sleek, powerful tiger, which now bore a thick leather collar from which hung a small metal scroll tube.

"It doesn't matter now," Azrael said. Without hesitation, he charged into the room, his blade flashing and the two men died swiftly under powerful strokes, blood splashed onto his chest as he turned to the tiger.

"All things matter, you mindless tool, but you'll never understand!" Tigra growled as she hurtled herself from the window in the high tower.

"She jumped? From this high up?" Eel said incredulously, as they raced to the window to watch her tumble and twist into the waterfall.

"Cats always land on their feet," Rima said softly. "I think we can safely guess she knows that in this case, the old saying is true."

"We'll have to try and intercept her, wherever she comes out," Rose said as she stared down the distance, at the churning white foam so far below, the evil tiger now out of sight. "Nmura, can you show us where the river heads?"

"Yes. I will accompany you," he said, his voice low and upset. "I must have justice, and repair my honor in this matter."

Azrael stood at Nmura's side and nodded in shocked agreement. "That I can understand." He sheathed his weapon and looked at the knight. "Perhaps there is hope for you yet." He turned and headed from the room, ignoring the irritated growl from the two gorillas, and the way Speed shook his head.

"The suit's bad news," Speed muttered to Rose, who nodded.

"I got the feeling we're not gonna catch up," Eel said to the remaining companions, as they trailed the two gorillas, and Azrael at point. "I'm here for my expertise, and I'm telling you, if she had allies in those two red goons, then she's got other allies, and she's working for, or with, someone. If she jumped out that window that quick, it's because there was a plan, and that was her route. Which means... "

"There's someone waiting to collect her wherever she bobs her head back up," Speed completed the sentiment. "Damn."

Rose wrapped her arms around Eel and smiled sweetly at him. "See? You are here for a reason, I told you. And don't forget, there's the Society of Six out there, we can guess they've got their collective hands in this. Which means you have other purposes."

Eel put an arm around her shoulders and grinned lewdly. "Well, if I've gotta be used, at least it's by a hell of a bombshell."

### *Fellowship of the Full Circle Monastery, Zandia Back in the Now*

The battle in front of the battered ancient monastery continued to rage as the Church of Blood's troops scattered under the surprise attack from the gorillas and Andrew Bennett. They recovered as quickly as they could, but nothing prepared them for being struck from behind by a sonic cry that burst ear drums and rattled bones.

Plastic Man struck out next, as he rolled out in the shape of a tank, and rolled over the stunned troops, stopping before the vampire. "Hiya! How's it going, Andy?"

"I am well, Eel," Andrew said as he spun back and put down another soldier with an easy thrust of his sword. "And yourself?"

Rose and Black Canary walked up to join with the two men, as a half-dozen of the gorillas also stepped up to the group. All were white-furred, all looked over the battlefield warily as the attackers retreated into the woods and the dark, routed and in disarray.

"Hello, Kzame," Rose said as she shook the gorilla leader's hand. "Good to see that your knights are well."

"We are, but we should not tarry out here on the field," Kzame suggested.

"I agree," Andrew said. "We can be sure that Blood's men will be back, in greater numbers, and we must get the Second Prophecy out of here, and to those who need it."

"I just love how I never have to explain anything to you guys," Plastic Man said as the group moved to the monastery, passing through the purplish energy barrier and into the monastery itself.

"You have to explain this to me, *Patrick*," Dinah said in an icy voice. "I'm just a plain ol' super-hero, who's in the dark. Hi, you're the vampire?" she shot at Andrew.

"I am, and it is a pleasure to meet you, Black Canary. I was an admirer of your mother's," he said with a low bow. "You do her name and works great credit."

"I do, huh?" Dinah narrowed her eyes suspiciously then thought about it. "Well... thanks. That's appreciated."

"Watch out, he's a charmer," Rose whispered to Dinah with a playful wink as she held Dinah back from the group, as they quickly moved through the monastery.

"Are you saying, you and he—?"

"Oh, heavens no. He's a wonderful man, but... there was only one love

in his life," Rose said. "Listen, we're not going to get a second chance at this, so I think, while the menfolk get the prophecy, we should have a moment to talk about Patrick. Eel. Plastic Man."

"Oh, yeah, let's talk about that," Dinah said as the two women faced each other in the hall.

"The rear entrance to the monastery is still unknown to the Church of Blood," Kzame said to Andrew and Plastic Man as they reached a central room, and handed them the battered, scratched scroll tube. "We can hold them off, and your group can escape that way."

"You've done your forefather Nmura proud, Kzame," Andrew said as he shook the gorilla knight's hand. "When we're safely away, get your people out of here too. Their duty is safely discharged, and they should get to see home again."

"Yeah, thanks tons," Plastic Man said as he wrapped his hand around the tube and hid it from view. "You guys are the best."

"It's been an honor to work with your people," Kzame said as he led them to the rear and pressed a hidden panel. A section of the wall suddenly parted and offered a hidden tunnel.

"We're not late, are we?" Rose said with her ever-present smile.

"Was wondering where you two got off to. Got worried we'd be picking up pieces of one or both of you," Plas said with an exaggerated smile.

"Don't you worry about that, Patrick," Dinah said as she put an arm around Rose's shoulders. "We were just taking care of some girl talk. You'll be happy to know, everything is smoothed out." She winked at Plas, and watched his smile snap away.

Rose wrapped an arm around Dinah as well. "Indeed. The bee's knees, Patrick. After you, Dinah?"

"Oh no, after you, Rose."

"You're right, you should make sure Plastic Man doesn't... you know."

"Oh yes, I do know," Dinah affirmed with a laugh as the two women headed down the tunnel.

"What happened? What's happening? Andy?"

"Four hundred years, and I'm still battling my wife," Andrew said with a sad smile. "My one true love. My only woman. Good luck to you with your two." He then marched down the hall after them and Plastic Man's mouth fell into an exaggerated frown.

"Two women is supposed to be every man's dream," he muttered as he followed and heard the wall close up behind them.

Kzame closed off the secret passage and turned back to his followers. "Gather our supplies and prepare our retreat," he told them. "At long last, we go—" He stopped suddenly and stared out toward the front of the monastery. "Dear, merciful spirits," he muttered and charged for the entrance. His fellows, fearful for his reaction, followed anyway.

The Church of Blood had retreated into the woods, and collected themselves enough to radio for help. "My holy lady, there is a magical barrier we cannot penetrate," said one of the officers. "We have attempted everything in our power, but the gorillas pushed us back. And then the Outsiders struck. We were overwhelmed and the barrier, it doesn't even weaken."

There was no response over the radio, and for several moments, the officer was torn. Did he continue to profess his troops' weakness and failure, or take the silence as a sign he should try again. Then a face appeared in the very jungle floor, growing large, erupting up out of it; a woman's body of rock and earth and tangled vines, which continued to grow larger.

"I will not be denied any further! This is my island, my very body, and I will have what I desire!" the giant jungle-made woman marched across the battlefield as the gorillas spilled out to face her. "There will be no place on this island that no longer defies me, apes! So swears Lady Zand!" She roared now, and gouts of lava poured from her mouth, tearing through the defensive screen and smashing into the walls of the

monastery. "Your feeble mind is no match for my power! Power crafted over seven decades of rule!" She further roared, twenty feet in height, crashing closer. Her arms raised up into the air and geysers of scalding water tore up through the army of gorilla knights. This was followed by torrents of boulders cascading from her massive arms.

Fur and blood, bones and organs, all exploded under her assault, as the troops rallied to her, and fired mercilessly at those who attempted to retreat. Kzame closed his eyes and knitted his heavy brow, reaching out with all his telepathic might, but Lady Zand's mind was truly in the capital of Gamenn, and so the assault failed to make any true impression. To the end, though, he remained a knight. He battled on, even as bullets riddled him and rock tore at him. He was the last of his people to fall.

The smoking remains of the monastery were searched for hours, but all the trembling officer could report to his queen, Lady Zand, was failure. "There are no signs of the Outsiders, the vampire, or the prophecy, my holy lady," he reported with a dried throat.

Back in her palace, Lady Zand turned from the pool of water she used to see her domain. She was tired; it had been years since she had to unleash her power like this. The officer was not worth another knotted muscle. She headed for her bedchambers and pondered what she would tell Brother Blood. Perhaps there wasn't enough time for the Outsiders to make use of the knowledge.

"Just so long as that uppity little bitch Mayhem doesn't overstep her authority," she muttered as she slipped from her robes and prepared for sleep. "How I'd hate to have to teach her a lesson." She chuckled as she lay back on her bed and closed her eyes, envisioning those lessons in her dreams.

Far out to sea, slipped safely from the destruction of the temple, and the dark dreams of Lady Zand, the four heroes pondered their next step. The powerful boat carried them over the choppy, black seas, but left them directionless.

"Black Canary calling any of the Outsiders," Dinah said over her radio. "C'mon, guys, someone pick up, will you? We've got what we need."

“Canary?”

“Huntress? That's you? What's up? We have the Second Prophecy, and some more muscle.”

“Meet us at Vatican City, quick as you can,” Huntress replied in a heavy voice. “Quicker, if you can.”

“Vatican City?” All four passengers looked at each other, Andrew in particular unnerved.

“Yeah. That's where the Grail is,” Huntress replied. “We're headed there now. Most of us.”

“Most of... What do you mean, most of?” Rose asked now, her face darkening as she leaned over Dinah's shoulder.

“Brother Blood was waiting for us there. We got what we needed, but—”

“What?” Rose nearly yelled.

“Well... ”

*Glastonbury Tor,  
short hours earlier*

“I will not flee these villains,” Azrael declared as he drew his sword and prepared for battle.

“I'm not running away either,” Manhunter said as she prepared with her staff.

“Yeah, yeah, you're all warriors,” Cyril 'Speed' Saunders said with a withered sigh of frustration. “We need a Grail, and we're running short on time, get up there!” he barked.

Huntress glowered but had to agree. She wanted to take down the villains as well, but when she saw the new Vigilante fire his pistols, and blue tracers shot out to chop up the hillside, she realized that beating his

treacherous, desecrating brains out would need to come later. "He's right, we're not ready for what they can do!"

"No!" Azrael resisted and started to charge. Vigilante fired, and the bluish energy bullet tore through his calf as if the armor weren't there.

"Ramsey!" Kate Spencer cried out in shock, as Speed stared at the wound. Riddler and Twisted Sister flanked the violent gunman, each with their own malicious grins, as Speed and Kate shouldered a stunned Azrael and pulled him up after Huntress.

"The armor's supposed to be bulletproof," Speed told his allies as they ducked into the ruined building. "I'm betting that maniac's not the only one with a power-up. We have to find the Grail, and fast."

"Come out, come out, wherever you are!" Riddler called in a sing-song voice as Brother Blood's villains entered the building now. "Let me play with my new power! Ooo, it's a goody, let me tell you!"

"I hate that nutcase," Huntress muttered. "But worse, I want to take one of my bolts and shove it up that bastard with the guns where the sun don't shine!"

"The Grail," Azrael said as he looked around, the four adventurers quickly working their way through the lower levels of the tower's ruins. "It's not here."

"Are you sure?" Kate asked.

"Woman, will you ever have any faith?" he snapped at her and Kate's face flushed with anger. "I would know if it was here!"

"It's not," Speed said. "We've reached the point where we kind of reach a middle ground, not quite on Earth still, but a threshold where the cup is supposed to sit and wait for successful testing."

"Where is it? How can it not be here? You said it was here!" Huntress yelled as they heard the three villains draw closer.

"Nicodemus took the Grail back in '35. '36. It was a new year's sort of

thing," Speed mused. "After we did our duty, he took it, was going to take care of it."

"The weird Opus Dei guy you were telling us about?" Kate growled. "The one who just happened to pop up and help out and then disappear?"

"Yeah, him."

"There's this," Huntress said as she pointed to a large white cross drawn in paint on one wall. "This mean anything to you?"

"Our Savior," Azrael said in awe.

"Christ," Kate muttered.

"Exactly." Azrael looked at his mother and smiled, unaware she was not proclaiming her savior.

"Nicodemus, he left us a message. Of course, he wouldn't bring it back here, where anyone could get it," Speed said as he smacked his forehead. "Damn me for being a stupid old man! Opus Dei, he'd want something like that in the one place he'd think it would belong!"

"The vaults of the Vatican," Huntress said as she worked out Speed's thoughts.

"Brother Blood's too smart to think it would be here, knowing how the past went," Speed said. "We can't let him figure out where it would be."

"So now we take out those bastards?" Huntress said as the three villains started to appear.

"Oh, there's no taking us out, trust me," Vigilante said with a laugh and fired his guns.

Manhunter and Azrael barely rolled away from the powerful bullets as they tore up the rock instead. Huntress prepared to raise her crossbow, but Twisted Sister merely laughed and her misplaced eyes lit up. Huntress screamed in horror as she watched the villainous Vigilante turn into

her Vigilante, her Adrian, and yet he still attacked her friends.

“As for you, old man, you get to taste my power first,” Riddler said as he twirled his cane in his fingers. His eyes crackled and greenish electricity arced from the villain to Saunders. “I am as light as a feather, but the strongest man can't hold me for much more than a minute. What am I?”

Speed felt the electricity seep into his skin and impress the riddle onto his very brain, to paralyze him to find the answer. Speed merely smiled and replied, “Breath,” then ducked back to Huntress and tore a pouch from her belt. “Don't be a cowardly bitch!” he shouted into her ear.

“What?” Helena shook her head and turned to Speed and realized what had happened.

“Protect the vessel,” Speed ordered. “Get them out of here! Down that way, and you can get out of the hill, now get them and go!” Speed pushed her, and infuriated her, but the blasts of gunfire and sounds of riddling kept her from focusing as Speed pushed his old body hard.

“We have to battle the evil!” Azrael cried out as the two women pulled him away, his wounded leg betraying his defiance.

“We have to get out of here, call for help, let everyone know what's going on!” Huntress said as she ignored her own heart, and the cries of battle behind them. “Dammit!”

Kate said nothing, hiding her secret relief to get her wounded son away, to give them a chance to figure out how to save him, from himself.

“One old man is going to stop us?” Vigilante laughed as the villains split up to try and find Speed.

The old man in question opened the pouch and pulled out the contents, and moved from crumbling room to broken support, preparing for the battle to come. Riddler caught sight of him again, and called out, “It is said among my people that some things are improved by death. Tell me, what stinks while living but in death smells good?” Again, the ghastly greenish energy passed into Speed's body, but failed to take hold as Riddler heard, “A pig!” called back at him.

“Gah!” Ed Nigma cried out, and unleashed another riddle. “Glittering points that downward thrust, sparkling spears that never rust. What—?”

“An icicle,” Speed said as he suddenly slipped out from a side room and used his own cane to disarm Riddler and bring both canes down against the villain's neck. “I'm a century, buddy. I've heard them all. Come back with some fresh material.”

Twisted Sister heard Riddler cry out and ran after the noises. She thought she noticed movement dart past her and spun to follow it. “Got you, old man! Now you'll know fear!”

“Oh please,” he said as he walked up to her and punched her in the nose. “You're all illusions. And news flash: fear is an illusion. And at my age, there's not much left for me to fear.” He turned away from her; he felt his heart pounding, and sweat trickled down his temples as he fought for breath.

“You'll fear these!” Vigilante growled as he turned a corner and leveled his guns at the old man across the central room.

“You're the worst. My cousin Greg's the Vigilante, and he showed the world what it meant to do the job right. When he dies, the world's going to mourn him,” Speed taunted. “Then Adrian Chase came along, and maybe he made mistakes, but at least he's remembered, respected, loved, for what he tried to do, by people who cared for him. All you are is a treacherous, unfunny joke.” Speed grinned wickedly as he watched his words take hold, watched as the evil Vigilante's hands shook in rage. “When you die, no one's going to care enough to spit on your unburied body.”

“**NO!**” he screamed and fired, but his rage ruined his aim and Speed spun around the post he stood against. Too late, Vigilante saw the thermite that Speed had hidden behind him.

Cyril 'Speed' Saunders would have no more time to say anything as the explosion ripped through the underground rooms, setting off the other locations he'd rigged with thermite. Speed Saunders would never know just how effectively he buried Brother Blood's troops in his last stand as

Huntress, the Manhunter and Azrael all watched the artificial hill collapse in a fiery ball. All three of them stood and stared as the shockwave rolled over them. Azrael crossed himself slowly as the noise slowly subsided, and smoke rose high into the sky.

The silence was deafening as the three Outsiders turned to find their transport, and head for Vatican City.

### *Outsiders headquarters*

"Dear God," Batwoman muttered as she turned away from the radio report the team received from Huntress. She turned away from the monitors, but saw no trace of Anarky. She breathed a sigh of relief at that actually, and slowly walked from the room, and down a hall. She reached another room, a quiet sitting room where Dove and Eddie Fyers sat, each of them focused on a round talisman in Dove's hands. Quartered in red and black, it seemed to shimmer in the light, as Dove mumbled something that she couldn't quite understand.

"I'm going to find Anarky and head to Vatican City to meet the others," she told the two men, though Dove seemed to hear nothing at this point.

"Got it. We'll keep an eye out for you," Eddie said as he stood up and walked over to Barbara.

"What's this all about?"

"Contingency plan," Eddie said. "Took me literally twenty questions to get the answer from Dove here. And honestly, if you're going to stick your neck into the Church of Blood noose, I'd rather you not know. Just in case."

"I hate how sensible that is," Batwoman grumbled. "But we've been doing nothing but underestimating Blood, again."

"Did I hear what I thought I heard about Saunders?"

"Yeah. Yeah, you did." Barbara looked away now.

"I met him once, you know. Back in the... Eighties, maybe it was? Even then, he'd stopped doing whatever it was that kept him young. The Trail, or something, he said? Never understood all that gibberish, but it didn't matter," Eddie said in respect. "He was tough as nails. And Faraday, well... he couldn't say enough good things about him, and let's face it, he don't like anyone."

"Yeah." She turned around now, and marched from the room. She paused at the door and clenched her fists tight. "Another crime Blood's going to pay for, believe me." She then headed out to find Anarky.

Eddie turned back to Dove and sighed as things went silent again, and all he could think about was finishing this at last, and seeing his Mia.

*Over the Atlantic,  
hours away from 1936*

"How's it going, Avery?" Midnight asked as he leaned over the pilot's seat.

"Pretty good. We're making great time," the socialite replied. "I've already radioed into Jeffrey Field in Boston, let them know we'll need a runway and a refuel."

"Excellent. Guess I should go and strap in then." Midnight slapped Avery on the shoulder and headed back into the main cabin. He glanced to the rear, at the coffin strapped into place and tried not to think about it too long. "Okay guys, get ready for our brief stopover in Beantown," he told Nicodemus and Trin as the three of them strapped themselves in.

The plane continued on its path as the passengers looked out of the windows, and each silently mused on the mission ahead. Trin and Midnight held hands as they sat on one side, while Nicodemus sat on the other side of the aisle, and clutched rosary beads. He glanced back at the coffin, and renewed his prayers, as he struggled with the obvious spiritual difficulties of his quest.

"I'm not all that familiar with piloting, Dave, but should we be this fast, and this steep?" Trin asked her masked lover.

“No,” Midnight said as he felt the plane start to dive further. “And we're not really that close to the airport either.”

The cabin radio crackled, and Avery announced, “Greetings, passengers. If you'll look out the side of the aircraft, you'll notice your place of death rapidly approaching. A glorious sacrifice to my lady Zara of the Crimson Flame and the Sanguine Father!”

**TO BE CONTINUED...**

*... in New Outsiders #49, as the losses mount for our heroes, and victory draws closer for the Sanguine Father and Brother Blood, but there's more treachery ahead that will rock the status quo for years to come... in both times!*

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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 duking 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 #8 (2008)*

Danger Trail: The Nation of Murder Affair, Part 1 (of 2).

Gangsters want Thomas Dewey dead at all costs, bringing Michael Gallant onto the case, Argent St. Cloud at his side! But when Murder, Inc. steps up to the challenge, can even he call on enough reinforcements to save the day?

*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).*

*Weird Western Quarterly #18 (2010)*

*Weird Western Quarterly: Lust Faith Love Treachery.*



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