



**Danger Trail #2**  
Don Walsh

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"Speed Saunders" "King Faraday" vampires Midnight

## *Danger Trail*

Issue #2: "The Blood and Dragon Affair, Part Two"

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Cover by DrDread

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### *The Pacific Ocean*

*Five days before the present of May, 1935*

"What is it with you and this obsession over women?" Hans Von Hammer said with restrained irritation, looking up from his books to look over his partner.

Cyril "Speed" Saunders merely flashed that mischievous grin of his as he tightened up his black bow-tie while staring into the mirror. "Hans, Hans, Hans. If you don't know, then I don't know what hope there is for your family line." He chuckled as he turned to present himself to the German, arms out and modeling his formal attire. The tuxedo fit snugly and made his already lean physique almost dart-like in appearance. The bright blond hair slicked to the left from its part on the right, the only contrasting color.

"I'd ask why you had a tuxedo with you on a dangerous pursuit into the Chinese hinterlands for a grimoire of terrible knowledge," Hans answered with a shake of his head, "but I believe I can figure that answer out on my own." He leaned his head against one hand to help him contain the slight smile that wanted to break out. Over the weeks, he'd found Speed to be a bubbling font of optimism and excitement. While that was wearying at certain points, it also added a pinch of something to this latest mission of his that he'd not felt since... well, since he had been Cyril's age.

Adventurous fun.

"I only ask that you don't fall over yourself, fawning all over her," he added as he focused his attention back to the two books, and the well-worn

notepaper scattered around them.

“Do you... I don’t know, actually think out those lines in advance? Seriously, Hans, no one speaks like that. I know poets who aren’t that good at writing verses like that.” Speed was sincerely impressed at this killer of the skies and his facility for language. *Maybe there’s something to this noble thing after all*, he mused silently.

“Practice, Cyril. Just like attracting the attentions of the ladies comes with practice. Not preening and certainly not slick and insincere blandishments,” Hans answered. There was no judgment in his voice, just honest lessons. “You’re handsome, and quick with your own silver tongue, but over the years, you’ll need more.”

“Maybe. Tonight, let’s hope it’s enough,” Speed answered as he grabbed up his suite key, and ran a last check over the suit and accessories. “This is a high-class dame. I could actually be over my head on this one.” He winked at his partner.

“Are you referring to the rather elegant woman with the auburn hair who boarded at our last port of call?” Hans looked up with concern now.

“Yeah. Why? You weren’t actually interested in calling on her, were you?”

“No. Far from it. Though I agree, I can see aristocratic breeding in every move she makes. You are over your head.” He stroked his jaw and looked back down at his papers. “Be very careful, Speed. I... I can’t shake the feeling that I should know her from somewhere. And with what we’ve been through already, that can’t be a coincidence.”

Speed bit his bottom lip for a moment, sharing Hans’s look of concern, then headed for the door of the cabin. “We’re just frazzled and seeing menace in our own shadows. She’s a lovely lady, and we’re going to dine and dance.” He stepped out into the hall, but then peeked his head back in. “But I promise to be careful, Dad.” Then he closed the door and left Hans Von Hammer to his research, his meticulous note-taking and his thoughts.

*The State of New York*

*Less than 96 hours from the Present*

"So you really have no idea what your vampire buddies are doing with Japanese killers?" Faraday grunted the question as he tugged down a hefty piece of luggage from the upper rack and used it to block a vicious thrust from one blade. With a sharp turn of the solid case, he disarmed the attacker and then smashed his powerful shoulder into the man, sending him staggering back. Without hesitating, he then brought the case up fast and hard into the chin of a replacement killer, sending him sprawling into the first guy.

"None, I assure you," Bennett replied in a soft growl as he lashed out with his cane and twisted the head of another attacker, dropping him to the floor viciously and swiftly. "Do you wish to explain, Maximillian?"

"Not particularly, Master Andrew," the squat, cruel vampire spat back. "All will be explained to you in short order, don't fear." He stepped back as the remaining Black Dragon attackers tried to push forward in the cramped train quarters.

As one of the assailants lashed out at Bennett, the elegant vampire instead caught an arm and hurled him hard, face-first through a nearby window. Faraday had meanwhile snatched up a dropped short sword, desperately blocking two new attackers as he was forced backward down the car. He artlessly hacked down on one thrust and then suddenly stepped forward, throwing a vicious punch, a loud crack and spurt of blood signaling a broken nose.

"Agh!" he grunted in pain as he felt a dagger stick into his side, but he focused and spun on a heel, bringing a hard elbow to the attacker's face and shoving him hard into the seats. He staggered back a couple of more steps and tenderly felt at the tear in his waist. "Damn," he murmured with a grimace as he found his back to the door of the car.

Andrew had managed to put down two more attackers now though and was slowly making his way toward Maximillian, who merely gave a cocksure grin at the Englishman. One of the Black Dragons remained between the two vampires, sword at the ready.

“Your lackey holds little threat, Maximillian. Call him off, or I’ll kill him to get to you,” Andrew stated in a voice almost weary with the situation.

“Oh, Master Andrew, you have no idea. Your wife, my Queen, she’s made sure we’re ready for this.” He patted the Japanese swordsman on the shoulder, and he leaped into action, a whirlwind of strikes and lunges that put even the vampiric Andrew momentarily on the defensive. Bennett then responded, his cane lashing out and driving the Black Dragon down, but it took all his focus. With the focus so narrowly defined, the assailant from behind was able to throw a pair of shuriken that dug deeply into Bennett’s back. Out of instinct, the vampire spun to face the newest attacker, snarling, fangs extended and eyes flashing red.

“That will do you little good, foolish man!” Andrew growled as he stepped forward, and then felt a wave of nausea sweep over him. The red faded, and worry crossed his face as he staggered from the rocking of the train as it continued to roar down the track. He looked back to Maximillian, confused.

“Aqua Vitae, Master Andrew. Her Majesty sent her ‘lackeys’ well-prepared,” the squat thug sneered as he stepped forward and punched Bennett hard in the face. “Water of life. Paralyzing to a creature of unlife.” He punched Bennett again, and then a third time as the regal man sank to his knees, struggling against the weakness flooding his body.

“Bennett!” Faraday cried as he watched his ally drop to his knees. He tried to move forward, but the surviving, and a few recovering, Dragons now converged on the agent, forcing Faraday to lash out furiously with sword, fist and kick to keep them at bay.

Bennett grasped his cane and roughly pulled it apart in both hands, a wicked silver short sword sliding into view. In desperation, he thrust the sword through Maximillian’s kneecap, the most vulnerable spot he could reach now beaten onto his knees. The thug cried out in shock and pain, falling away as Bennett had hoped. With a snarl of frustration, the vampire forced himself to his feet and spun hard to strike the Black Dragon behind him, scattering him to one side.

Faraday had gripped the metal bar of the luggage rack and lashed out

with a powerful double-legged kick before dropping back to the floor and watching as Bennett, his face contorted into a furious, animalistic fury, bulled through the rest of the Black Dragons. "You've got to get out of here!" Bennett roared as he swept into Faraday and smashed through the door.

Faraday was stunned at the power he felt from what looked like the slender, fragile arms now holding him. "What the hell—?"

"You must find her, you must stop her! You can't stay here! Escape!" Bennett snarled in pain, his steps labored as he tossed Faraday, the agent controlling the throw to land against the door of the next car. As he clutched the rail to steady himself, he watched Bennett fall to his knees. He watched as the vampire thrust his hand down between the two cars, stared as veins pumped deep, dark bluish-red through the pale skin.

"What are you doing?" Faraday cried as he prepared to leap back to his ally's side, noticing as the Dragons and the one called Maximillian now surged forward toward the wounded Bennett.

"You're escaping!" Bennett declared, and spared Faraday a glance. The agent saw he was sweating blood now. Bennett gripped the latching pin and roared angrily, painfully and pulled upward.

The steel groaned, resisted, fought the attempt, but then a wrenching sound was immediately followed by Bennett staggering backward. He clutched the mechanism in his hand and smiled weakly at Faraday, who was now starting to shrink from view as the rear of the train lost locomotion.

*On the Pacific Ocean,  
48 hours from the Present*

Speed Saunders had been having a great time over the last couple of days of this cruise. The woman he'd been wining and dining, the elegant Mary Seward, had proved to be a charming companion, full of humor and excitement. Dinner the first night had gone so well, that they had elected to meet again the next night and danced into the early hours of

the morning. She was a beautiful woman, elegant in her fine silks and velvet, locks of dark red hair framing her ivory skin, and dark eyes that flashed with life and fun each time he'd joked, or made some observation.

They'd shared a long walk under the moonlight that first night, and shared the roads that had led them together. She was going to meet up with her family in San Francisco after a long separation due to business, that had kept her so long in the Orient. She was almost giddy at the thought, he noticed as he told her of his return to his homeland with new artifacts for sale. Oh yes, he told her, he was a globetrotter that returned with all manner of old world relics that museums clamored over. It was how he kept himself in the luxury he'd grown accustomed to after all. That he never spoke of what the latest artifact was could only be deemed caution on his part.

After all, he rarely found the woman during the daylight hours. Not that this was too surprising, they were up late into the night, and she seemed a delicate society girl. But he'd also caught sight of her at one point talking to the steward that managed the suite of cabins that included his own and Hans's. Of course, she also had a nearby cabin, so again, it might seem foolish to be suspicious of the beautiful flower that was Mary Seward. And there were many women he'd met in his short time as a man of leisure that were always cold, and could stand a warm pair of arms around their shoulders. But Mary seemed to suffer this condition more than others.

And for all these cues, Speed was particularly irritated that it was his compatriot that had put the bug in his ear about being wary around her. He should have thought this way from the start. So now, as he followed the steward through the maze of service galleys that stretched throughout the length of the ship, Speed Saunders bitterly chastised himself mentally. For not paying attention to his own instincts, for listening to the German's instincts, and for believing that the sweet British flower Mary Seward was somehow involved in a Japanese secret society.

The steel corridors were narrow, and Saunders couldn't escape the feeling that if von Hammer was right, and the steward was a danger, then this would make a really great place to be ambushed. But he pressed on, and maneuvered through the passages, until he found the steward had

stopped, just ahead, in deep conversation with a pair of other crew members. Their stained clothes and grubby appearances marked them as workers down in the engine rooms, he was certain. He tried to get closer, needing to hear their conversation.

The steward nodded at some report from the other crew members. "Excellent," Speed overheard as he tried to press into a door set into the wall. "How about the other, did he follow?"

"Yeah, he's somewhere back there," the older of the two replied, jerking a thumb over his shoulder.

"Fine. I'll take him, you take care of the young one," the steward answered as he walked past the two seamen and down the hall, and Speed watched the pair head straight for him.

*So much for my masterful shadowing technique,* he mused as he leaped out at the two men. He ran in a shoulder tackle, slamming himself into the stomach of the younger crewman and grunting and staggering back as did his target. "Man, they feed you guys good on this boat," Speed commented as he quickly struggled to regain his footing while the older crewman drew out a wicked-looking blade, short but thick, the edge looking keen and hungry.

All three men then heard a shot ring out, followed immediately by a cry of pain from down the hall. The steward limped back into sight, and fell to the ground, clutching his thigh as Hans von Hammer stepped out with his pistol aimed straight for the two seamen.

Speed took the moment of surprise, and grabbed the hand gripping the knife, smashing it three times hard into the steel bulkhead, the last time ending in a sharp crack that made the worker cry in pain, and the knife clattered on the floor. The third man barreled past Speed, shoving him into the wall in his haste, but the young adventurer didn't much care, he just looked at his partner with concern.

"If we're both here, and they knew we'd both be here, where does that leave the books and notes?" Speed asked.

"Locked into the safe," Von Hammer replied as he bound up the

steward's injured leg. "I suspected this might be a set-up when I came across one specific page in the diary this morning." He pulled out a folded piece of parchment and handed it to Speed before he looked back to the steward.

"What... what's going on?" the steward asked, confused, hurt, staring around in shock. "Wh... why am I shot?"

"Is he serious?" Speed looked down at the stammering crew member as his hands unfolded the paper. "Is he seriously trying to get us to think he doesn't know what he's doing?" He then glanced at the sheet of paper and his own face was enveloped in shock. "Oh, no way!"

"I suspect the steward, and the other two crew members, were hypnotized," Hans said simply as he stood up and stared at his companion. "Yes."

Speed looked up from the lovingly-rendered sketch of Mary Seward, tattered slightly at the edges, paper yellowed with time. "You've gotta be kidding me, Hans. This is... this is the same doll?"

Hans Von Hammer nodded grimly, as Speed slowly pieced together everything and then almost smiled as the blond man shook his head slowly, in dawning realization.

"No, no, no! This picture came out of that diary? The one from... "

"The seventeenth century, yes. From Doctor John Dee, legendary master of sorcery from the Elizabethan Court," Von Hammer finished the sentence for him. "I've had it authenticated in the two years since I came into its possession."

"Two hundred, three hundred year old dame, hypnosis, late nights. You're really trying to tell me she's... "

"Ein vampir, ja.."

"Crud."

"Sie können das wieder sagen."

“Crud.”

Speed folded the parchment back up and slid it into a back pocket. “Don’t they come with great strength? Sharp senses?”

“The legends say as much, yes.”

“And you really think our safe is going to keep our books safe?” Without a second’s hesitation, the two men raced back to their cabin, knowing full well what they wouldn’t find.

*San Francisco,*

*The Present, May 1st, 1935*

The masked figure watched from his hiding place, eyes locked onto the approaching cruise ship steaming up to the docks. He was cramped up from crouching for so long, but refused to move. He was well-hidden and refused to do anything to change that now. Secure between the buildings that provided him such an excellent view of the arriving ship, he merely forced himself to focus on other things.

The dark blue suit blended nicely into the shadows, and he hunched up inside the long leather coat that provided additional camouflage. His deep blue eyes scanned the area again and again, anxiety and excitement keeping him on edge as he witnessed a car speed by. He gave it a second look as it sped from sight, marking the details that he could.

Government issue, with thick runners for standing on, a short aerial out the back for the radio, new and shiny and expensive. He wondered what brought G-men into the area this night of all nights, but he merely noted its presence and returned his gaze to the ship that was now being tethered to the dock. He’d have time to investigate the government’s presence in his city after his own lead was resolved.

The man called Midnight by most of San Francisco’s citizenry then saw the ramps being lowered into place, but that was quickly ignored for the sight of a lovely young woman in auburn locks making a daring escape

from the vessel. She was scrambling, rather deftly the crime-fighter noted, down the thick rope holding the ship to the dock. But despite her agility and strength in navigating the broad rope, she was hardly dressed for the situation. She was sheathed in a shimmering deep green fabric, the skirts down to her ankles, but gathered by her clambering to offer glimpses of her smooth leg. She dropped down to the dock and looked back and forth as Midnight couldn't help but see how the silken top clung to her full bosom and swept up to her graceful neck.

He tried to look closer as he noticed straps over her shoulders, which seemed out of place with the attire she wore. She had a pack strapped to her back, he saw that now as she started to move as quickly as she could, looking furtively over her back from moment to moment. He soon spied why when two men hurriedly dashed from the ship, evading the ship's crew and even the four police officers that had shown up. They were good, very good, and Midnight was glad his friends in the force had slipped him the tip that strange occurrences on the ship might be to his interest when it arrived in dock.

Quietly, and quickly, Midnight crept back from his hidden refuge and took advantage of the back alleys to effortlessly intercept the pursued and pursuers.

"Where the Hell did she get to, Hans?" Speed asked as he turned around a street corner and saw it empty. "She's not down here."

"No, but I am, pal," Midnight replied as he appeared out of an alley, his fist colliding with Speed's face and jerking the blond man's head back. "And in my town, bad men hunting down damsels in distress get a serious beating!"

Hans Von Hammer spun around to face the sound of the fight, fingers clutching for his firearm. His gaze narrowed as he saw the man in the blue business suit, darker blue trench coat fluttering in the night breeze, eyes behind a domino mask and under the shadow of a fedora. He couldn't be sure who the man was, but by the fact that Speed seemed flat on his back and stunned by one punch, he was not someone to take lightly. For some reason though, when Hans met the man's masked eyes, he hesitated and left the pistol holstered.

"Hey, don't I recognize you?" Midnight asked as he quickly closed the distance between himself and the German pilot. He leaped forward to tackle him, bear Von Hammer to the ground, but the warrior was prepared and caught Midnight under the shoulders, pivoting and throwing the masked man to the street behind him.

"Perhaps," Von Hammer simply said as he stepped back toward Saunders. The younger man was back up on his feet and wiping blood from his nose. "It's irrelevant though, masked man. We must stop the woman you'd foolishly protect."

"This way, pal," Speed said as he caught a glimpse of Mary Seward at the far end of a narrow street, and started to dash after her with a sudden grin.

"Oh no you don't!" Midnight called out and grabbed up the lid of a trash can. He sent it hurling in a vicious arc, catching Saunders in the middle of his back and staggering him as Von Hammer closed in on the vigilante.

"The woman is a deadly enemy of Mankind, you fool," the German warrior declared and lashed out with an expert punch, one sidestepped by Midnight. The two men circled each other, Von Hammer impressed with how Midnight managed to duck or roll with each strike he threw.

"Midnight's the name, putting down Nazi saboteurs is the game," the masked man replied with a cocky grin as he watched carefully for an opening and realized very quickly that this man one of the best fighters he'd ever seen.

"Okay, enough's enough," Speed said in an irritated voice as he grabbed Midnight's shoulder and spun him around. "Repeat after me: Speed Saunders is **not** a punching bag!" He punctuated the emphasized word with a powerful blow to the jaw, and then a second emphasis on the last word to Midnight's stomach. "Got it?" The third punch was just narrowly blocked by a winded Midnight, who used the momentum from the blow to hip toss Speed into Von Hammer.

"Saunders? Speed Saunders?" Midnight asked as he wiped the corner of his mouth. "I heard of you. You're supposed to be one of the good

guys.”

Speed’s fists were balled up as he righted himself and prepared to charge back into the fray, but Von Hammer gripped the young man’s shoulders and held him in place. “Hold up, Cyril. I believe we’ve reached the moment when reason prevails.”

“Cyril?” Midnight chuckled.

“Speed.” Saunders clenched and unclenched his fists repeatedly, trying to let the flush of anger wash away. “Are you sure about this, Hans?”

“This is Midnight. I’ve read transcripts of his broadcasts. If he’s all the radio says he is, he might be the only hope we have of finding Mary Seward at this point.” Von Hammer glared at Midnight. “So tell me, masked man, are you all I’ve heard of on the radio?”

“Well, you can’t believe everything you hear over the air waves,” Midnight said, staring at the pair warily. “But I got some moves, and some savvy, yeah. Why? What’s going on? I don’t trust Fritz the Nazi as far as I can throw him, but Speed Saunders, well... that’s a name good for a few minutes of a doubt, I suppose.”

“Really? Well ain’t that the bee’s knees,” Speed replied, straightening up a bit and grinning at the compliment. “Well then, we’ll level with you. Though, now that I think about it... man, you are just not going to believe this.”

*Elsewhere,  
In San Francisco*

King Faraday focused on the street as he barreled along in his car. The sleek lines and powerful engine helped to provide him a semblance of normalcy as he sped down the road after a vampire and his Japanese cultists. The surreal nature of this case left Faraday struggling to keep a sense of perspective, but as he neatly passed other cars and sped through the nearby dock area, he felt more and more confident in his mission. He noticed from the corner of his eye a large cruise ship pulling into the

wharf in the distance, and a pair of police cars at the boarding ramp, but he quickly dismissed the scene from his mind. He had other matters to attend to.

He turned the car smartly down one corner and into the hilly streets of San Francisco. After the battle at the train, it was easy enough to trail a group of Japanese cross-country, especially laden as they were with coffins for Bennett and Maximillian. He'd kept his distance in the pursuit though, outnumbered and overpowered by Maximillian. Instead, he arranged for a group of agents to meet him at their destination, which was quickly coming into sight. Another Chinatown, another building converted to a temple recently, all the hallmarks of the case so far.

Faraday pulled up two blocks away and slowly walked back to the street containing the innocuous building. He watched it for a short time, and then headed over to the nearby hotel, to meet the team he'd been assigned. He had no clue how he was going to explain certain aspects of this case to these people.

He walked up the rickety stairs and entered the dimly-lit room. He prepared to speak and stopped short instead, looking around at the wreckage within. Broken furniture, a lamp on its side on the floor, the curtains slashed into ribbons, and not a sign of his men. He immediately drew his gun, body tense and angry.

"You know, Mr. Faraday," Maximillian said as he stepped up to the front door, "it is not difficult to spot outsiders in Chinatown. Not any more than you had difficulty trailing us, nor was it a surprise that you pursued us. I don't know why you're acting so surprised, unless you aren't the suave super-agent you imagine yourself to be."

Faraday said nothing, instead lunging at the squat, mean man in the doorway. He knew his bullets would be useless, if all the vampire tales were true, but he brought his gun down as hard as he could against his enemy's temple.

"Guh!" The vampire grunted as he found himself forced back a step, while Faraday kept up the offensive, driving his elbow into Maximillian's face, and driving the butt of his pistol into a cheek with both hands now.

“What’s happened to my men?” Faraday demanded to know as he bull rushed the squat man into the far wall with a thunderous crash, splintering the plaster.

“They’re alive for the moment, but they, like you, have an important part to play in the Queens’ plans!” Maximillian snarled, his face cracked from the blows, skin split and scant drops of blood welling up. His eyes flashed with furious red, and his thick hands snatched up Faraday’s collar. “So shut up, stop hitting me, and fall over already, damn you!” He lifted the larger Faraday off his feet and charged back into the room, smashing him into a far wall as well, between two windows that rattled with the force of the blow. Air was driven from King’s lungs, and his spine was jolted by the blow.

“Your queen has a lot to answer for then!” Faraday snapped back angrily as he brought the gun to Maximillian’s face and let go with a shot, the bullet smashing into the soft orb of the thug’s eye. Even the vampire felt tremendous agony from this as he let go of Faraday and clutched his face.

“You bastard! Good God, I’ll tear you apart, I’ll splash in your blood!” Unable to see Faraday, who was cagey enough to stay on Maximillian’s blind side, the vampiric thug shook the pain away and lunged in the direction of the agent’s smell. He never realized just how cagey and skilled the agent really was until it was too late.

The wooden stake, kept carefully concealed at the small of Faraday’s back, had been drawn when the vampire was blinded by pain and fury and bullet, and was now piercing the squat, cruel man’s heart. Faraday spun with the force of Maximillian’s leap, using it to help force the weapon deep into its target.

“Nooo! I will not fail my Queens’ plans!” He screamed his last as he clutched Faraday’s shirt collar in a death grip, his rapidly disintegrating body using its remaining strength to pull Faraday with him, through the window with a crash.

Faraday found himself hurling through shards of glass, slicing through his skin before he then started to tumble through open space; the hotel,

the temple across the street, the dark night above, the streets below, all spinning around him in an insane spiral. A spiral only ending when that unrelenting street below smashed into his body, through the now splintered bones of Maximillian that Faraday desperately tried to use to cushion the fall..

He lay there, in the scattered remains of his enemy, tasting copper in his mouth, eyes unable to focus, muted cries of shock trying to penetrate the cloud fogging his brain. He drew a deep breath that caused him intense pain, and he saw the ruined socket of the thug's eye some distance away, mocking him.

"Queen is... out of luck... " he grunted as he tried to stand, unsuccessfully. It was then he noticed a half-dozen Black Dragon members heading toward him. He heard them speak to each other as he fell to the curb, too dizzy to keep on his feet, and then another powerful blow on the back of his head drove the lights from his eyes. He understood enough Japanese to recognize some of his enemies' last words. He mumbled them to himself, trying to keep awake, but unable to succeed.

"Two... queens..?"

**TO BE CONTINUED**

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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!"

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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!

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Why are there hawk soldiers of Thanagar on Earth? Who are the strange new superhumans appearing around the globe, testing and probing local governments? What exactly is the Justice

League facing when a quartet of self-proclaimed heroes declares Earth "their last stand?" It's the beginning of an epic threat wrapped inside two strange mysteries that will leave the Justice League hoping that Earth survives "To See Tomorrow!"

Justice League #10 (2007)

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

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

Danger Trail #5 (2008)

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

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

Weird Western Quarterly #11 (2008)

Johnny Thunder: Steel Heart Iron Soul.

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

Danger Trail #6 (2008)

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

Danger Trail #7 (2008)

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

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

*Speeding Bullet #4 (2008)*

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

*Danger Trail #9 (2008)*

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

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

*Danger Trail #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 step-brother Tim Karnes. And we discover just how fiendish Sivana can be when he pushes Captain Marvel's every attribute in an issue in which the World's Wickedest Scientist...doesn't even appear! All this, and the fate of Beautia!

Mightiest Mortals #8 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: To the Truth of the Matter.

Billy and Freddy have their confrontations on secrets kept, power hoarded and relations hidden, all the while the forces of the law

struggle to keep Lady Justice apart from her new champion and Miss Minerva asserts her innocence!

*Mightiest Mortals #9 (2008)*

*Mightiest Mortals: The Abyss of Blood Relations*

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

*Mightiest Mortals #11 (2008)*

*Mightiest Mortals: The Tide of Heroism.*

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

*Mightiest Mortals #10 (2008)*

*Mightiest Mortals: The Punishment of Good Deeds.*

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

*Mightiest Mortals #12 (2008)*

*Mightiest Mortals: By an Act of Love.*

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

*Nightwing #30 (2008)*

*Nightwing: The Riddle of the Sphinx.*

Just when you'd think Dick's got enough trouble juggling Titans duties as Nightwing, solo duties as the Batman, and mentoring duties with Tim, things get harder. There's a new villain hitting the streets, one with a dangerous delusion, and Dick's not happy

to see that Nightwing is apparently on the case, without Dick's permission! Come and join us for "The Riddle of the Sphinx!"

Nightwing #31 (2008)

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

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

Justice League #11 (2008)

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

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

Danger Trail Vol. 1 (2009)

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

Danger Trail #13 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Brown Lady Affair, Part 1.

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

Mightiest Mortals #13 (2009)

Mightiest Mortals: Opening Passages.

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

Danger Trail #14 (2009)

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

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

Danger Trail #15 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Falkenstein Affair.

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

Danger Trail #16 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Blood of Templars Affair.

Danger Trail #17 (2009)

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

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

Danger Trail #18 (2009)

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

The strangest crossover of all times continues here, as Rose Psychic, Eel O'Brien, Speed Saunders, Midnight, Trin Dee and Andrew

Bennett find themselves caught in a holy war between the forces of the Order of St. Dumas and the Sanguine Father, who offers a glimpse into a terrifying future for the world!

Danger Trail #20 (2010)

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

Danger Trail #19 (2010)

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

Weird Western Quarterly #18 (2010)

Weird Western Quarterly: Lust Faith Love Treachery.



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