



Ultimate Gotham Girls #1
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Ultimate Gotham Girls
#1 "*Girls' (K)night Out*"
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Cover by Thor Thorvaldson, Jr.

Late night. Gotham City. For most people, not the very best of combinations. But Poison Ivy never worried. The air was crisp that night, and a soft breeze blew it playfully around her mane of red hair. The same wind whispered through the scrawny, well-trimmed trees planted at unnaturally even intervals along the deserted street. From where Ivy stood on the sidewalk, it sounded as if they were whispering to each other, laughing at their own little secrets.

The thought brought a smile to her poison-red lips.

At this hour, on these streets, hardly anyone ever passed by. No one lived in the few buildings that dotted the street. Only the occasional lost car would fly by, the driver knowing instinctively not to stick around for too long. Alley cats and stray dogs occasionally darted across the pavement, seeking their shelter away from the bustle of Gotham's more inhabited streets. Tonight, the only noise was the wind against the trees, and the soft clicking of Ivy's heels on the sidewalk.

And then there was something else.

Ivy's porcelain skin wrinkled over her brow. There was never anyone in this part of the city. The only thing here was Arkham Asylum. And no one bothered to visit the unfortunate souls that lived there. She only passed by on her stroll to have a good laugh for herself; a proverbial middle finger to the building that she had evaded. The one time that Ivy had been caught in a crime, she'd been in Arkham no more than a day before an excellent, well-paid and unscrupulous lawyer was able to get her case thrown out on a technicality.

But now there was someone nearby. Ivy knew it. A rushed, excited breathing was coming from near the main gate to Arkham. Ivy was amazed that she could hear it from as far away as she was. But her amazement gave way quickly to annoyance.

With an irritated huff, Ivy stalked around the bend of the street to where she could see whoever it was intruding on her solitude. She stopped in her tracks, shaking her head and blinking several times when she saw the girl.

She was decked out in the strangest outfit that Ivy had ever seen anyone wear outside of a circus ring. Red and black fabric alternated on what looked like a jumpsuit of some kind, decorated with diamonds of the same colors on the sleeves and legs. There were white frills around the end of the sleeves and around the girl's neck, making her look something like the Fashion-Conscious Jester from Hell. She wasn't actually doing much of anything. She just stood at the gate, looking up at the dark and imposing building on the hill, pigtails drooping off the top of her head. With a sigh, the little blonde leaned heavier against the metal of the gate, muttering to herself too softly for Ivy to hear.

Ivy's quick flash of anger dissipated at the strange sight. Walking more slowly, she stepped up closer to the girl—and she really was a girl; Ivy couldn't imagine that she was much older than twenty.

"What on God's green earth are you doing all the way out here?"

The girl made an odd sort of squeaking sound at Ivy's voice, once it cut through her own muttering, and she jumped a good six inches straight into the air. "...comin' in to get you, I swear I—Wah! Yeesh, don't sneak up on a girl like that!"

"I asked you a question."

"Wha, like this is your place?" The girl closed her eyes and stuck her nose into the air. "For your information, this is public property and I got just as much of a right to be here as you!"

"Can it, clown." Ivy placed her hands on her hips.

"Oh, you noticed?" Blue eyes lighting up with happiness, the girl tugged at the white frill around her neck.

Ivy didn't waste time answering. "No one hangs around Arkham for no good reason. Why are you standing out here?"

"Cause they won't let me go in." The girl's very pigtails drooped with her expression. "I've been tryin' for a week to get in, but they keep callin' security on me."

"Why the hell would you want to get in that place?" She asked, honestly baffled by the sincere disappointment and even longing in the other girl's voice. "I've only known people who wanna get out."

"I just gotta get in!" the girl insisted, stamping her foot in frustration. "I gotta meet him!"

"Meet who?"

"The Joker!"

"Excuse me?" Ivy nearly burst into a laugh, nearly shook her head and nearly shouted all at the same time.

"Wha, don'tcha know him?" The blonde asked with complete innocence, oblivious to the strangeness of her life's goal.

"Are you insane?" Of course Ivy knew him, but she didn't bother to go into details with the girl. Over just the short time he'd been around, Ivy had no love of the man, despite their mutual enemy. "You've been trying to get inside Arkham Asylum to meet The Joker?"

"Uh-huh." The girl smiled, and then cocked her head to the side. "Say, I know you! You're Poison Ivy, right?" Ivy was too amused and astounded to reply. "I'm Harley," she continued, "Harley Quinzel."

"Riiiiiight." Nodding slowly, Ivy started to step away from the blonde. "Well look, it's been great, but I've gotta go."

"No, wait!" Reaching out with surprisingly quick reflexes, Harley

grabbed the older girl's arm. "You can help me!"

"Help you how?"

"Help me get in!" Harley's already fast speech was speeding up in her excitement. "Maybe if I can't go as a visitor, I can go as a criminal!"

Ivy stared down at Harley, speechless for a moment. "You poor, deluded thing," she said finally, "what happened to you?"

Harley instantly dropped Ivy's arm, and clasped her hands together in front of her. "Well, I started off tryin' to be a psychologist. You know, work a little here, write a couplea best-sellers there. So I started workin' up at Arkham. But then they made me take this test, you know, to see if I was all mentally healthy and stuff so that didn't work out—but that's not the story, anyway, so I get in there and they're givin' me this tour, and that's when I first saw him!"

"You were a psychologist?"

"Hey, I passed with all Bs! And I'm tellin' the story, no interruptin'!" Harley folded her arms across her chest, and continued. "When I was in school, I kept hearin' about The Joker, all the things he was doing. I thought maybe he'd be a great subject to study, right? But I tell ya, one look at those eyes of his, and I was just a goner!"

"His hair is bright green."

"Hey, looks don't come in the way of love!"

"Love. Oh for God's sake." Ivy buried her face in one hand.

"But don'tcha see? I've been writin' him letters ever since, but he hasn't answered me yet. But if I do somethin' really spectacular and get inside, then he's bound to notice! And then we can break out together! I've already been studying how!"

"I take it this is your idea of romantic," said Ivy dryly.

"Come on, Ivy, please?" Harley's big blue eyes were pleading now. "I

can help you out too, there's gotta be something you wanna do! I can be like your sidekick, and you know I won't rat on you, come on, won't ya please?"

"Well... " Ivy looked down at the girl, wondering whether she should laugh or cry, or just hit her head against the wall. At first, she had been sure that she would leave Harley right where she was. But then... "There might be something you could do... "

Renee Montoya hadn't always liked this part of the job the best. Stake-outs: hours on end crouched in one position, pressing a pair of binoculars up against her face until they left a mark, some nights sweating a storm, some soaked with rain, some freezing into her crouch. Of course, that was before she'd taken up her new job. Now, she had to judge the mind-numbing boredom of a stake-out with the terror of trying to swing from rooftop to rooftop, with only a bat-shaped bit of metal and a string.

Renee wasn't sure which part she liked the least.

Nevertheless, she did her job. It just so happened that her two least-favorite activities usually came one after the other. As soon as Poison Ivy and her new little companion stopped talking and started walking, it was up to her to make sure they weren't up to any trouble.

Under the black, pointy-eared cowl, Renee's eyes glittered. Her mouth curled into a smile. Knowing Ivy, and knowing what little she had figured out about the strange-dressed girl in front of the gate, there would be plenty of trouble quite soon.

And it would be up to the brand-new Batgirl to stop it.

"There it is."

Harley skidded to a stop after Ivy on the dark city streets. The marble

monolith was fairly well-lit on the outside, although all of the tall windows were dark. The huge stone pillars and steps in front gave it the look of a temple in the middle of the more modernized buildings surrounding it.

"Gotham City Museum of Art," Harley read off of a plaque on the closest pillar. "What're we doin' here?"

"You wanted something flashy, didn't you?" Rummaging quickly in a hidden pocket on her green dress, Ivy pulled out a museum flyer and passed it to Harley. "I did rather have my eye on this."

"Ooh, shiny!"

"You bet it is." Ivy took the pamphlet back to look at for herself. The glossy paper was creased several times from being folded and unfolded over and over again. It advertised a new exhibit, one that had only come to town the previous night. Ivy's red lips curled into a smile at the picture of the featured piece of artwork—an exquisite golden sculpture of a bouquet of flowers, in various sizes and shapes, studded all over with gems of different colors. "Bella LaFleur's new exhibit," she explained. "Most of it sucks, but that sculpture would make a pretty addition to my little lair."

"You got a lair?"

"I'm kidding," Ivy chuckled at Harley's enthusiasm. "It's just a house like anyone else's. Mine just happens to be on an old toxic waste dump." She looked over at the other girl, resisting another laugh at her expression. "Keeps away the Jehovah's Witnesses, I'll tell you that much. They drop like flies before they hit the front door. There's a lot of residual poison in the air," she added with the trace of a smile.

"So how come you can—"

"Look, this isn't the time," said Ivy, and Harley shut her mouth mid-word. "I want the artwork, and you don't mind being expendable. So let's get on it."

"Right!"

The man stood in his snappy blue coat and hat next to one of the back entrances to the museum, pacing slowly back and forth and rubbing his hands across his arms to keep warm. He could see the breath that came out of his mouth, and he longed for his time at this post to be over with. Even the painfully boring night watch of the Modern Art—which he hardly thought to be art at all—would be better. At least it would be warm.

"Yoo-hoo!"

Quickly, the security guard snapped up his head, and stood at attention.

The two women walking up to him were dressed in the strangest fashion, and both were grinning widely. The sight was enough to rob him of his better senses for a moment. Although something did seem disturbingly familiar about the redhead...

"Uhm," he stuttered out, focusing himself again. "No one is supposed to be back here, ladies. I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to leave."

"Oh, that's alright," said the redhead, in a low, sultry voice. "We're allowed in."

"We got special permission," her blonde friend added.

"I-I'm sorry, but no one told me anything about—"

"Harley, would you care to do the honors?"

"Boy would I!" Taking a flower that Ivy had taken out of her dress, Harley bounded over to the guard. Before he could register what was going on, Harley had pressed the flower to his nose. A toxic sort of a scent was coming from it, making him dizzy, making him weak...

Harley laughed out loud as the guard fell to the ground, unconscious. "Ooh, that was fun! I bet my Joker would just love it! It's like in those

movies!”

“Yeah, whatever.” Ivy was already halfway inside the museum. “Are you coming or not?”

“Right behind ya!”

“Well hurry up.”

The two women wandered through the reverently quiet halls of the museum, breaking the thick silence with their footfalls. “Damn,” swore Ivy softly. “Which way...”

“I think it’s over here!” Ivy actually cringed as Harley’s outburst echoed through the halls, and the blonde bounced off down a corridor.

“You’ve never even been here before!”

“Sure I have! I came here on a field trip in school one time, I just remembered!”

“Harley!” Ivy lunged forward to grab her arm, just in time. Harley skidded to a stop right at the edge of a hallway.

“Hey, c’mon, what’s the big idea?”

In answer, Ivy pulled out a small compact full of powder— not an unusual thing for a woman to carry around. With a few flicks of her wrist, Ivy dusted the powder off into the air, revealing line after line of red security beams.

“You see?” she asked, turning back to Harley with a stern look on her face. “You would have walked right into it.”

“Aw man, sorry, Ivy.”

“Just stay behind me, and keep a look-out or something,” said Ivy, slightly annoyed. “Follow me.”

By the time they reached the LaFleur exhibit, Ivy had resigned herself to

being impressed by the skills that Harley had begun to show. She had a remarkable aptitude for slipping around security sensors, and even more of a knack for knowing where things were likely to be. Ivy had expected to take at least a few wrong turns along the way, but Harley seemed to have a built-in radar for where she was going.

“One of my college friends said it was from shoppin’ so much,” she explained casually, when Ivy asked. “I can go into any mall and I’ll know right where to go! Museum can’t be all that different, right?”

“Suppose not.”

The two turned the corner into the next room and stopped. It wasn’t the largest room by any stretch, nor the most ornate. But to Ivy’s eyes, it was the most perfect and beautiful thing that could ever be in any museum.

“Aw, wow, Ivy!”

There was a single tall window at the center of the far wall, and a long shaft of moonlight trickled through it. The pale light landed on the gem-studded flower that sat on its pedestal in the center of the room. Cautiously, almost reverently, Ivy took a few steps forward. The statue was larger than she thought it would be; the tallest petals were at eye-level while it stood on a column about three feet high. Ivy smiled and exhaled slowly. She so loved these moments.

“Hey, Ivy?”

“What?”

“Somethin’s wrong.”

“Huh?” Ivy snapped out of her little trance and looked over at Harley. “What, what’s wrong?”

“Well there’s no one else here,” said Harley, looking around.

“That’s a good thing, Harley.”

“Yeah, but I thought we were gonna get me arrested!”

For just an instant, a shadow fell across the room, passing quickly through the beam of moonlight.

Ivy snapped her head up quickly and grabbed the statue. "We can take care of that later. Now come on!"

Harley let her eyes linger on the window for an instant longer than necessary before she followed Ivy back out of the room.

Renee dropped her concentration for half a second as she swung back toward the museum entrance, and narrowly avoided crashing into a tree. With a sharp gasp, she tried to straighten out her line, but only succeeded in swinging even more wildly. She crashed hard into the hard marble side of the building, and let go of the rope.

"Oof!" Standing as quickly as she could, Renee rubbed her shoulder and side where they had hit the wall. These days, it seemed that every new part of being Batgirl was her least favorite. Stake-outs, Batarangs, bruises.

At least there was always the fun of a good chase. And the way Renee was going, it would be quite a chase if she didn't pick up her pace.

Cursing under her breath, Batgirl ran along the side of the museum at top speed. Whatever Ivy and the new girl were up to, Renee would never live it down if she let them get away.

Of course, there was still a very specific sort of a style that she had to use. Renee smiled to herself. Babs would never forgive her if she let that slip.

A quick throw of a grappling hook, and Renee swung up into a tree at the museum entrance.

"What happened to your sense of direction!?"

"Heck if I know! Yer the one who wanted to get out of here!"

"Ugh, whatever—look, there's the exit!"

Ivy and Harley rushed out of the museum and breathed a mutual sigh.

"I gotta hand it to you, Harley," said Ivy with a smirk on her face. "We make a pretty good team."

"Yeah, guess we do." The blonde grinned, and bounced off down the steps.

She jumped a good foot in the air when a dark, cloaked shape dropped out of the tree.

"AAAH! It's a vampire!"

Ivy closed her eyes and brought her free hand to her temple. "Relax," she said, in a voice much more bored than anything else. "It's just—" But she cut herself off as she looked up at the hooded figure. Her eyes narrowed. "You aren't Batwoman."

"You're right, I'm not." Renee sprang forward with a handstand, and Ivy had to jump out of the way to avoid a kick. "I'm a friend of hers."

"Ooh! Aw wow, one a the Bats! And I haven't even been in town a week!" Harley ran up and grabbed both of Renee's hands, to the latter's intense confusion. "Are you gonna take me to Arkham now? I can't wait, I just can't wait!"

Ivy sniggered and started to take off down the street. "Hold her off, Harley! And thanks for the help!"

"You got it!"

"What?" Renee made the mistake of turning her attention away from Harley. All she caught was a fleeting glimpse of Ivy's green dress and

red hair turning a corner, before a solid punch caught her around the jaw. A couple of stars flickered at the corner of her vision and she staggered sideways.

“Haha, Whadda ya think of that?” Harley folded her arms across her chest smugly.

She got her answer in the form of a very hard hit to the back of the head. The next moment, she was laid out on the street, with a very angry Bat-girl standing over her.

Renee dropped her guard and checked the blonde girl’s pulse. Between the pigtails and the bright patchwork costume, she looked...well, just about right for Gotham City, Renee thought.

“Your ass better be worth losing Ivy,” she mumbled, and picked up the unconscious Harley. It would be a tedious trip back to Arkham, and the sooner she started, the sooner she’d be done.

When it really came down to it, Arkham Asylum wasn't a terrible place to be, if you were insane. The civil rights crowd made sure that inmates weren't mistreated, and various charitable organizations made themselves look good by funding the place. It wasn't hard to get into, either—Harley only had to request a stay at Arkham to be deemed crazy enough to belong there.

Once she was in, it had taken her all of five minutes to find the secluded cell that housed the Joker. And as a low-security inmate, she hadn’t found it too difficult to slip away from the guards for a few moments.

“Well, well,” came the voice down the corridor as Harley slowly approached. “If it isn’t Gotham’s newest young troublemaker.”

Harley hesitated as she came closer to Joker’s cell, flustered by the thought of an actual conversation with him. She hurriedly straightened the orange jumpsuit that covered her slight frame.

“Step right up, don’t be shy!”

Giggling and nervously touching her pigtails, Harley took the last few steps up to the thick glass wall.

Standing up against the glass with his hands folded behind his back, the Joker looked as if he had been waiting for her to arrive. His chalk-white skin and disheveled, acid-green hair stood out against the standard-issue jumpsuit even more than they usually did. The twisted grin looked inviting, almost friendly to Harley’s rose-tinted gaze.

“Evenin’, Mister Joker, Sir.”

“Please, there’s no need to be so formal.” Joker’s calm demeanor was exactly the opposite of Harley’s frantic, excited movement. She continued to giggle with nerves as Joker leaned against the glass. She was standing a mere foot away from her idol. She could feel herself getting light-headed every time he spoke. “Just Joker’s fine.”

“Okay, Just Joker.”

The clown’s laughter rung out across the hallway, and Harley’s heart skipped a beat. “Ahaha, clever. Not bad kiddo, not bad at all.”

“Thanks!” Growing a little more bold, Harley started to gush, “You don’t know how much it means to me to be talkin’ to you! I mean, I’m a huge fan, Mister Joker, really huge fan, and I’ve been dyin’ to meet you for just ages! I mean the whole reason I did the whole crime bit was to get in here and see you!”

Joker’s smile widened even more, and he leaned against the glass at a relaxed angle. “Well I’m glad to hear it, Harley! It is an honor to inspire the next generation.”

Harley couldn’t hold back a grin herself. “You called me Harley!”

“Why shouldn’t I? That’s what you like, isn’t it?” Raising his eyebrow, Joker reached behind him into the cell, and held up a pile of thick envelopes.

"Ah, my letters!" Harley gasped. "You got them! But you never wrote back."

"I would have gotten around to it," shrugged Joker. "But you, my girl, have a wonderful name."

"Really?" Her voice was little more than a whisper, and she put her hands up against the glass. She was a mere few inches away from him, now.

"Harley Quinzel," said Joker, putting a finger up to his pointed chin. "Chop off a few letters, and you get Harley Quinn—"

"Like Harlequin, like the clown!" she cut in loudly. "I know, people always used to call me that!"

"I tell ya, Harley old girl," smiled Joker, putting his hand up against the glass where hers was resting, "It's a name that brings a smile to my face."

Whatever small voice in Harley's mind had still been telling her not to get involved with Joker was utterly flattened. Her fingers tried to curl around the glass. She could almost feel the heat from his hand through the thick cell wall.

"Listen," she said, dropping her voice to an excited whisper. "Before I got in here, I was studyin' all the plans and the doors and stuff and I think I know how to get out—"

Joker chuckled, a strangely soft, dangerous sound. "I've known how to get out of here for months! It isn't like it's hard."

"Oh..." said Harley, disappointed. "But then, why're you still in?"

Joker straightened up and started to pace in front of the glass wall. "Oh, this place isn't all that bad. Sure, orange isn't my color, and the food stinks. But it's free," he paused, stopping again in front of Harley, "And the company just got a whole lot better."

Harley laughed again, even as she felt the blush spreading across her

face. “Does that mean you want me to come back? Cause, I mean, if I’m buggin’ you or anything I don’t wanna do that, and I just wanted to talk to you and—”

“Harley, my dear,” said the Joker, his twisted grin widening to bare teeth as bleached as his skin, “I think this might be the start of a beautiful relationship.

Merely the beginning...

If you enjoyed this story, you can find more alternate-Earth tales of your favorite DC characters at DC3 Universe.

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From the same author on Feedbooks

Ultimate Gotham Girls #11 (2008)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Clown College, Part 2 (of 3).

With the Joker's 'school' well underway and the clock ticking closer to 3pm, will Batgirl and Zatanna be able to prevent even more carnage? What about with some unexpected help? And how will Harley hold up when forced to choose between her man, and her only friend?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #10 (2008)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Clown College, Part 1 (of 3).

The Joker's been lurking in the background, and it's never good when he rears his head again! Harley's ideas and Joker's plans are coming together at long last, but is Harley really on-board with the joke? Ivy sure hopes not! And either way, the Clown Prince of Crime is going to have his hands full when Batgirl and Zatanna catch up to him!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #2 (2008)

Don't Say a Word, Part 1 (of 2)

Ultimate Gotham Girls #3 (2008)

Don't Say a Word, Part 2 (of 2).

The all-new, all-daring Batgirl is put to the test, tracking down a ruthless killer of children! But there's more to the mind of Mockingbird than meets eye, and Renee must walk the abyss of madness to figure it out!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #4 (2008)

The Joker Rules April Fools!

It's April Fools Day in Gotham and that can only mean one thing! The Clown Prince of Crime is giving the city a hearty greeting, and Batgirl must struggle, not only with a diabolical mastermind that gives even Batman pause, but whether or not to accept help from a shocking source!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #5 (2008)

Harvey and Ivy.

Harvey Dent has a curse: he's the acid-scarred mobster Two-Face! And he has a past: having pursued prison for Poison Ivy! Is there a connection between the two events? How does one lead to the other, and how do the lives of these two villains intersect? It's all in this issue of Gotham Girls, as signs point to dangerous storms brewing for our heroes...and other protagonists!

Last Sun of Krypton #1 (2008)

Last Sun of Krypton, Part 1 (of 3).

Travel with us now, into the past, to a time when a great and advanced race of people lived, loved, fought and struggled with the day-to-day and with the higher aspirations of all people. Come and witness Kal-El, with his family around him, as he discovers that for his generation...there seems no future to aspire to! What do you do in the face of the ultimate end?

Last Sun of Krypton #2 (2008)

Last Sun of Krypton, Part 2 (of 3).

Even with the heavy news hanging over their heads, life must go on for Kal-El and his loved ones. But how can they go on with life as usual when the world is about to collapse? Isn't there anything that Kal can do to help save Krypton and its people?

Last Sun of Krypton #3 (2008)

Last Sun of Krypton, Part 3 (of 3).

"If Lyla had still been there to talk him out of it, Kal knew that he would never have even suggested this solution, let alone volunteered for it. He stood alone in the middle of a large, barren field, staring up at the monolith that was an energy plant, and he could feel the heat of the world gathering beneath his feet.

Two days had already gone by, two more days of heartache and fear, of disbelief and thick, destructive denial. Despite the official pleas from the Board, and despite the few ready rockets off-world that had already left for the colonies, most of the population refused to budge from their homes on only the word of Jor-El.

Kal's breathing was quick and nervous in the heated air. All of those people were depending on his bravery, his intellect...

...and on the nuclear bomb strapped to the hood of his small electric car. "

Ultimate Gotham Girls #6 (2008)

Reality Check.

Harley Quinn can't believe her good fortune! She's made friends with Ivy, won the love of her sweetheart, The Joker, and discovered her old mentor, Jonathan Crane is now in town. Could any woman's life be any better? She's on cloud nine, facing a future bright and exciting, despite The Joker's dislike of Crane's potential influence on the young woman. And then it happens...

Ultimate Gotham Girls #7 (2008)

Reunion.

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

Ultimate Gotham Girls #12 (2008)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Clown College, Part 3 (of 3).

With time racing out, can our three heroines band together and stop the Joker's deadly finale? What's going to happen to Harley Quinn? You won't want to miss the stunning conclusion of Gotham Girls Year One-- with special appearance by the Batman himself!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #8 (2008)

Your Worst Nightmare, Part 1 (of 2).

Jonathan Crane is tired of waiting. He has stores of his prized possession, his finished 'fear gas', all over Gotham. With a push of a single button, he will trap everything that breathes in their own worst nightmare, and for once in his life, Crane will be the one unafraid.

What terrors lurk in the darkest parts of the minds of all our stars? And how will any of them break free? If they even can...

Ultimate Gotham Girls #9 (2008)

Your Worst Nightmare, Part 2 (of 2).

Jonathan Crane --now the full-fledged Scarecrow-- has all of Gotham City under his power, including Batgirl! Can anyone fight their own most feared demons in time to stop Crane from completely taking over?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #13 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Overrun.

The One Man Army Corps have taken the Gotham streets, and they're doing their jobs on the villains-- but are they safe for our heroes? When Batgirl ticks one off on patrol, can she stop a super-strong robot all by herself, before it hurts anyone else in its attack on her?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #14 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Facades Part 1 (of 3).

After years of hiding, Harvey Dent has finally returned to Gotham City. But for his old friend Renee, is this a good thing, or bad? And when Poison Ivy is framed for murder, who's going to search out the truth, no matter how shocking it may be?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #15 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Facades, Part 2 (of 3)

The investigation is underway-- Renee Montoya, AKA Batgirl, hot on the tail of Harvey Dent, AKA Two-Face! But can Renee truly believe that her old friend is a killer? And what would she do if she discovered the proof? Meanwhile, how long can Harvey hold his two selves together, under the stress and the guilt of what he's done?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #16 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Facades, Part Three.

Batgirl's continued investigation of a double-murder frame job finally brings her to Harvey Dent, and forces her to confront what's happened to her old friend. How deep does Harvey's madness extend? How has it affected him, through his entire life? And what will Two-Face do when he finds Batgirl prying into his secrets?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #17 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Facades, Part 4 (of 4)

The disturbing origin of Two-Face revealed to her, Batgirl now has to finally face off against her friend-turned-enemy. How badly can Renee stand to hurt Harvey? How badly will she have to, if Two-Face gets the upper hand? And what shocking revelation will finally end the battle? Find out in our stunning conclusion!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #18 (2009)

Gotham Girls: Jack of Hearts.

Jack Napier has had a crush on Harley Quinzel since they took Psychology together, and she has always ignored him. But when Harley robs Jack's magic shop, could fate be bringing them together? How can a man with such an eerily familiar face win the heart of the girl of his dreams, and is Harley's heart really free for her to give?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #19 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Now and Then.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #22 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Save Our Circus.

Haley's Circus is back in town, and ready to put on a killer show for Gotham City...at least, it was until a half-rate supervillain made a big-name mess by setting the animals loose! Join all our Gotham Girls, even including guest-stars, as they try to clean up in time for the show. And check back in with Harley Quinn, as she makes a couple new friends...

Ultimate Gotham Girls #24 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Face to Face, Part 2.

Two-Face is on the loose, with only Poison Ivy to keep an eye on him. Will Ivy slide back into her villainous ways, or will Two-Face force her to show her new colors? How will Harvey Dent be able to face up to his deepest fears, when he's just become free of them? And what on earth are Ivy and Batgirl doing working together? All this and more in the thrilling conclusion to Gotham Girls year two!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #23 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Face to Face, Part One.

Harvey Dent has had enough. After months of treatment and no progress, he is desperate to get rid of the voice in his head, the other half of his mind that has always been there. And with the help of a touch of magic, Harvey can get his wish...but at what price? With Two-Face on the loose and no coin to contain him, how will Batgirl be able to keep Gotham City safe?

Ultimate Gotham Girls Annual #1 (2010)
Ultimate Gotham Girls Annual: Resolution & Spoiler's Nutcracker Suite.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #25 (2010)
Ultimate Gotham Girls: Beginning Again.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #26 (2010)
Ultimate Gotham Girls: Scout's Honor.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #27 (2010)
Ultimate Gotham Girls: A Light in a Dark Wood.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #28 (2010)
Ultimate Gotham Girls: Rocket's Red Glare, Part 1.
Enter: Roxy Rocket!



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