



Danger Trail #4

Don Walsh

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"Speed Saunders" "King Faraday" vampires Midnight Rima

Last time, on the Danger Trail...

... Cyril "Speed" Saunders, independent adventurer; Hans Von Hammer, legendary Enemy Ace; King Faraday, government agent; and the Man Called Midnight found themselves tangled up with the Queen of Blood, Mary Seward, and the Dragon Queen of Japan; lovers who had united their secret societies in a dangerous scheme to create vampire minions with no weaknesses! Aided by the tortured vampire Andrew Bennett, the target of the united cult of the Blood Red Moon and the Black Dragon Society, the adventurers gained control of the mysterious Ineffable Libram, smashed the villains' hidden base, and saw Bennett himself run his wife Mary through, to destroy them both in a funeral pyre that consumed the whole temple!

And now, step on...

The Danger Trail!

Issue #4: "The Verdant Darkness Affair, Part One"

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Edited by: Mark Bowers

San Francisco

2nd May 1935

Wisps of smoke drifted up from the blackened ruins of the building, water dripping from cracked timbers, the acrid smell burning at the nostrils of those who combed the wreckage. Gingerly the firefighters crept through the shattered temple, ensuring that all the embers were dead, that their job was at last done.

"Hey, up here!" one of the crew called out from the rear of the building, up where the stage heaved up over the rest of the broken and charred first floor. He was next to an upended metal candle sconce, heavily warped by the fire. "According to that G-man, there should be two here, right?"

The lieutenant headed over to inspect the scene. He gave the slightest recoil when he looked down on the charred corpse of a woman, the scone thrust through her heart. He shook his head at the scene and put a hand on the younger fighter to steady him. "Yeah. There should be a guy here too; the one who whacked her." They looked around, unable to find anything at all, in the vicinity of Mary Seward's body.

"That leaves us one short?" another man called out from a distance away, a clipboard in his hand, marking the newest location and making a check. "According to the report, there should be a second body up there."

The two firefighters shrugged and pulled the melted length of metal from the corpse, tossing it to one side with a dull clang before gently moving the body. "There's still more to go through; maybe they got that one wrong. Maybe he got someplace else or something," the lieutenant said as he and his partner carried the body out past the edges of the temple, where others were preparing the bodies for transit, a pile of body bags quickly dwindling. Then they dusted off their hands and headed back into the ruins.

They didn't see Mary Seward get placed into one of the black bags, didn't see her get lifted into a waiting vehicle for transportation. Never saw how cutting her off from the sunlight in the hazy sky allowed her eyes to open slowly. Flaking lids crackled as the desperate, hungry look appeared, bright white and blue in the midst of the coal-black face. Never saw a creaking smile tear itself open, fangs sliding into place as the hearse rode off down the street. No one aware of what was happening in the back... or what would happen very soon.

The jungles of British Guiana
23rd May 1935

It was another quiet, desolate scene, the third of its kind, and this just made the woman nervous. She carefully padded through the small jungle village, peering into huts and glancing at all the usual areas where the work of the day would be done. And she found no one in any of

them.

She moved through the emptied village as quietly as her surroundings, bare feet making no noise to give her away. Her body, small and slender, was taut, each well-shaped, compact muscle wound tight and prepared for anything.

When nothing happened to uncoil the readied muscles, it only put Rima at more unease. She swept a dark lock of hair from her brow and stared hard at the scene. She moved to the far north of the village, in haste but still silent as the shadows. Dark eyes scanned the paths leading from the village and found the trails she had expected to find when she came across the abandoned homes.

Three tribes, all gone within the last week. All headed north. Every last one of them, down to the last old man and baby daughter. She had seen the signs of work stopped midway, and then left behind. She found no sign of distress, no sign of fear or battle. It was if they all just chose, as one and at once, to leave their homes, and march north. Already, she was far from her own territory. This village was as far north as she had ever gone. This information made her body even more tense.

For a long time, she stared at the trails that led north. They taunted her, with their secrets and their veiled and so-very-subtle threats. Her brow furrowed and she bit her bottom lip nervously, and wrung her hands. And then, her svelte leg stepped forward. Then, like water through a burst dam, Rima was storming up the path, determination set in her whole body.

Washington, D.C.

13th June 1935

“Harriet Cooper.”

Speed Saunders just looked up at the lovely woman standing in front of him. Pale skin, deep copper-colored hair up in a bob, and bright eyes the color of jade, the woman was dressed in a smart blue blazer over a dark red blouse, a blue skirt sitting trim over a set of hips that kept him

speechless.

"I said, my name is Harriet Cooper. I've been sent over by the National Archives to help you," she said once more, holding out a slim, porcelain-doll-like hand for him.

"Right. Sorry," he said as he shook his head clear and shook the proffered hand. "Cyril Saunders. Friends call me Speed... Call me Speed." He flashed her that big warm grin that lit up the handsome, blond-topped face as he stood up and pulled a chair out for her. "So you're the expert Faraday promised?"

Harriet nodded as she reached out to pour herself a glass of water from a pitcher in the middle of the table. "That's me. Oxford-trained linguist with a specialty in Morphology, with government connections and secret-level civilian clearance," she described herself in a jaunty voice and then raised her cup to him in a mock salute. "Here's to the work, Speed."

"Yeah. Absolutely," Speed answered with an awed hush. He sat down and pulled the large, leather-bound book toward her. He glanced around the small, private room in the heart of the Library of Congress and reached over for a pad of paper and some pencils to put next to the book. "Secret clearance? How'd you rate that? That's more than I got."

"Well Speed, I've spent fifteen years in my field, working next to both big names in linguistics and on some rather sensitive matters for the Bureau of Investigation," Harriet explained with a suppressed laughter in her voice. "That would be... let me see now... " She jotted down some quick numbers on a pad of paper and then looked over at Saunders with mock earnestness. "That would mean I started when you were four?"

"Right. Got it." He chuckled, pouring himself a glass of water. He was enthralled by this woman now. "Well, now that you've put me in my place, let's get to work." He looked over at the book then back up to her. "Morphology?"

She gave an amused laugh and looked over at him as she drained her water. "A specialization in Linguistics. Matching up words that go together." She paused and thought over an explanation. "You know the

word ice. So if you see ice cube and ice house, you can pretty much figure out that all the words relate to ice in some way. That's Morphology. Put very simply."

"Smart and with clearance. What more could I ask for?" Speed watched the way she handled the book. "I know what. You can show me this Morphology thing in action," he said with a wink.

"Sure thing. So the 'Ineffable Libram'?" she mused as she ran those delicate fingers down the cracked leather binding and the brass clasps clutching the vellum within so tightly. "I'm rather excited. This is my first time with one of these."

"One of these?" Saunders asked as he watched her open the volume wide and ran her fingers gently along the first few lines of ink on the page within

"These kinds of 'mind-blasting' books," she chuckled as she reached into her rather voluminous bag, now resting at her feet. She pulled out a magnifying glass and a couple of smaller books. "With a name like this one, it has to be one of those kinds of books, that you only ever really read about, not actually read?"

"Yeah. Right, one of those. Faraday and I got to bring this to William Friedman, and he agreed that we should try to crack it and see what we can get out of it," Saunders explained to the woman, who nodded silently now, acknowledging what he was saying, but all the while inspecting the book with her glass. "I think it's a key to finding some kind of... oh man, how do I explain this without sounding off my nut? Well, let's just say some kind of supernatural main street. A road that can bring people to just about anyplace is, or is gonna be, real important." He paused, and waited to see her reaction, not really sure how to explain it any better, not until he could read more out of the book between them.

"Why is that going to sound like hooey to me? I mean, if someone like Friedman, head of Army SIS, says that this should be looked into, who am I to say you're crazy?" She gave a reassuring smile and returned to the book. "This is going to be very hard to translate, you realize that?"

"You think?"

"Oh yeah." She leaned back in her chair and dropped the glass onto the ancient page. She stretched her arms up and then slid her blazer off, hanging it on the back of her chair. All the while, Speed just watched and smiled, barely restraining a whistle. "We could be at this for weeks." Her face had a mischievous look to it as she spoke, and it was quickly matched by the smitten Saunders.

"Well then we should celebrate over dinner tonight," he suggested very quickly. "I know a great restaurant."

"Why doesn't that surprise me?" She leaned back to the table and started some initial note-taking. "Let's say eight?"

Socorro, Texas

15th June 1935

"Enough with the heat, already," Midnight growled under his breath as he hurtled down the narrow asphalt strip that connected the small town of Socorro to the sprawling city of El Paso just north. It was night, nearing his namesake hour, and he hunched over the wheel of his borrowed roadster. For some reason, the heat of the day hadn't dissipated like normal, and ominous clouds lurked on the horizon, adding to the oppressive atmosphere. He'd discarded his jacket, and his black tie hung loose around his unbuttoned shirt collar as he sped along the roadway.

He knew he was racing the clock. He'd been at this investigation for a week with very little to show for it, and that with the heat combined to leave him bitterly frustrated. He shouldn't even be down here, so far from home, but Juan Diego, he'd asked this favor of David Clark, and so here he was. Juan was one of the better effects men in the radio business, and he and Dave had gotten to be good friends in the last couple of months. Midnight sighed as his mind's eye replayed the conversation that got him stuck down here.

"What's wrong, buddy?" David Clark asked as he plopped heavily into the chair opposite the older, spare-looking gentleman of Hispanic descent. Gaunt cheeks and dark, dull eyes looked up from a weathered face at the radio personality, and

he slid a photograph across the table.

"His name is Manuel. My nephew. My only family, outside of his mother," Juan Diego answered as he watched Dave pick up the small picture in one hand and a glass of beer in the other. "He went missing the other day. And he's not alone, Dave."

The younger man sipped at his beer and looked over at his friend. "What do you mean?"

"He's the fifth. In two weeks, all down where my sister lives," he said softly. "The police are stumped. They've been no use."

"That's a raw deal, pal," Dave said as he tried to hand the picture back. "Wish I could do something for you."

Juan waved the picture off, making Dave keep it. "You can though. I know you can. Or at least, someone a lot like you, Dave."

"Not sure I catch your drift, Juan," Dave replied warily now, taking a longer pull of his beer.

"Please. This will kill his mother. They're all I have left." His eyes stared up and met Dave's and the bulky man felt his heart melt. He nodded his head as he pocketed the picture.

"Now I have a lead," he muttered to himself. "Some lead. Activity in Cordova Island." He again growled low as he took a sudden left. He had learned that a woman was responsible; several women he suspected, because they could be found over a long stretch of the U.S.-Mexican border in far too short a time. The woman sounded very similar in each instance, and several people mentioned seeing gringo children in Cordova Island with the woman. At least briefly.

*"Of course, where the hell is there an island in Texas?" Midnight asked no one in particular. *No, for days I've been trying to find a damned island. It's not an island. No, it's worse than that.**

He continued to drive into a more heavily-built area now. The road became more broken, the buildings low and clustered like they held dark

secrets from the masked intruder. People lurked in the corners and down the shadowy alleys, and Midnight took a deep breath. This was Cordova Island, he learned. A part of Mexico, in the States. Effectively leaving it with no law at all. . Perfect for a criminal enterprise like a kidnapping conspiracy. He pulled the car over to the side of a street, before a run-down church, and parked it.

“Now if I could just figure out why all the women look the same. That’s got to be part of it.” He plucked his hat from the passenger seat and plopped it on his head, straightened his tie, and headed out into the dark to get more answers.

Washington, D.C

17 June 1935

King Faraday moved through the halls of the great library building swiftly, eyes focused intently ahead of him. He ignored the hushed furor around him, and just marched through the grand hall and past the main reading room. He jogged down the steps into the basement levels, and barely paused long enough to let the door to the small work room open before he entered.

“Saunders, I have a... ” He paused in mid-sentence and looked around. No one was in the room. He took a step back and checked on the room number, then back into the empty room. The book wasn’t around, though there were scattered pages of wadded note paper to be found. He picked one up and unfolded it for examination.

“Hey, King, old bean!” Speed called out as he stepped up behind the agent. “What brings you by here?”

Faraday turned around and looked back at the younger man. “Where were you? Where’s the book? You didn’t just leave it lying in the room did you?”

Speed gave King an incredulous look before answering. “No. Of course not. This nice foreign guy came up, and said ‘Hey, there, I work as a spy for another country. Mind if I take the book?’ He asked so nice, we

couldn't say no."

Faraday's face showed little amusement with his companion and he merely folded his arms over his chest and stared. He let out a long, slow breath and then shook his head. "Okay, okay. Ask a stupid question. Where were you then?"

"Oh, I was out taking Harriet on a lunch tour of the local area. Lots of great sights to take in, you know" Speed answered quickly with a proud look on his face.

"Harriet? The expert? The one hired to help with the book?"

"That's the gal. Whew, and what a bearcat! I mean, damn, King! I think I'm in love."

"Isn't she something like twice your age, Saunders?" Faraday asked, as yet unconvinced by the young man's exclamations.

"Aw, you didn't come here to rain on my parade," Speed answered with a friendly slap to King's shoulder. He took a look at the agent, then corrected himself. "Well, *you* might have. But you didn't, did you?"

"No. If you can tear yourself away from your... project," King snidely hinted at the feelings Speed was feeling for his partner, "I have a case out in El Paso, and I thought you might be interested."

"Why? I mean, I like a good mystery as much as the next guy, but I got my work, and you're still on loan to the Bureau aren't you? What do you want me for?"

King Faraday slipped a folder onto the table and let Speed look over it. He picked up one carbon-copied report and whistled. "This... you're saying he's on this case? Ain't that a bit out of his bailiwick?"

"Right. And if Midnight's involved in the kidnappings, then coincidence rears its ugly head again. And with what you suspect about the book..." King let his words trail off. Speed couldn't help but catch the edge of disbelief in the words, but had to respect a guy willing to keep an open mind.

"Gotcha. This might be connected. Well, it'll be good to see the old guy again," Speed answered cheerily. "When do we head out?"

"We fly out of Hoover Field at three this afternoon."

"I'll be there with bells on," Speed said as he started to clean up the small room. "Should give me enough time to pack and let Harriet know I'll be out of town."

"Good. Maybe she'll be able to get some work done then," King said with a smirk and left the room.

Cordova Island
19th June 1935

It had to be the longest four days Midnight had ever spent on a case. Days of record heat only gave way to nights of record heat as he pounded his way through these crooked, darkened, twisted streets.

A pair of thugs in an alley left broken gave nothing of use.

A garage selling stolen auto parts held three beaten criminals and a hint of some bar.

Broken glass and battered door led into a bar where a half-dozen bruisers were nursing cut lips and blackened eyes, and gave him nothing but a group of racketeers on the far side of the island.

A shabby-looking residence found three battered gangsters and gave up a name at last. Too bad it didn't provide Midnight with any help. *La Llorona*.

"The weeping woman?" Midnight muttered as he headed back out into the night, bruised knuckles and a fat lip hinting at the amount of struggle this investigation was offering.

It was the back of a bookstore where a craps game was being run that

brought him some more answers.

“Si, la Llorona!” cried the remaining conscious criminal. <“She seeks her own drowned children and makes off with the children of others searching for them!”>

Midnight grinned and nodded. Finally he was getting somewhere. <“Where does this weeping woman haunt?”>

<“Many rivers! All rivers! Anywhere along the Rio Bravo!”>

<“That’s not very helpful,”> Midnight sneered as he pulled the criminal closer to him, nose-to-nose now.

<“It’s all I know, honest! She takes them! But maybe Father Rivera knows; the padre knows lots of this spirit business,”> the man suggested in desperation, just wanting to get home now without having to first wake up like his partners.

<“Rivera?”> Midnight asked and watched the man nod in confirmation. The head of the church where he had left his car parked in front of days ago. He could only chuckle at the news and dropped the criminal to the ground.

Midnight marched from the back of the building and made his way on foot across the breadth of this lawless section of city. He saw the run-down church coming up on the horizon and grinned at the thought of maybe getting a decent clue. Whatever this kidnapping ring was about, clearly the women were using this legend of a weeping woman ghost as a cover.

“Hey there, pal! Long time, no see! Got the time?” Speed Saunders called out from where he sat on the running board of the vigilante’s car. “Get it? Got the time? Midnight?”

King Faraday merely shook his head at the terrible joke as he walked around the rear of the car to move in front of the masked man.

“What are you two doing here?” Midnight asked, surprised to see the pair. He came to a quick stop several steps away from the agent, fists

clenched, body taut.

“Calm down, Midnight,” Faraday assured him. “Two of the kids taken were from just over the border, in New Mexico. Made this interstate, and dumped it into the FBI’s jurisdiction. When reports came in of a masked man on the case, I snapped it up.”

“So what’s the scoop? Anything you need help with?” Speed asked as he stood up and approached the vigilante, hand out to shake.

“Yeah, I guess, sure. I mean, it’s more like I should ask if the G-man needs my help, right?” Midnight admitted with a rueful grin, shaking Speed’s hand. He filled the pair in as he led them the rest of the way into the church, and the three paused.

It was dark, as expected. It smelled heavily of old dry wood soaked with incense and smoke from hundreds of masses, mingled with the stale scent of sweat from hundreds of heated ceremonies. The heat almost seemed to coalesce and grow heavy with the dark wooden walls, and the three blinked to adjust to the dim light.

“Father Rivera? Padre?” Midnight called out. “We need to talk to you about a ghost story. La Llorona. Can you help us out?” The three spread out and started down the aisles toward the front of the church.

“Are you here?” Speed added, looking around, absorbed in the dim and worn images that marked the Stations of the Cross. He finally noticed that there was very little noise coming from any of them. Even less than he’d expect, in a creaky, ramshackle building like this.

“Nothing. No one here.” King Faraday paused up at the altar for his partners. “What now?”

“The rectory. Maybe he’s asleep. It is kind of late,” Midnight suggested. The darkness crept in around them, and they all sensed it, looking around and at each other. “This is just eerie.”

“It is getting darker then?” Speed asked and watched the other two nod in response. “Darn. I was really hoping it was my imagination.”

"It wasn't," a fourth voice answered now. Walking down the central aisle toward the altar came a figure, fedora low over his face so that his eyes seemed engulfed in shadow. He had a strong jaw and a steady stride, and broad shoulders under the brown trench coat he wore. His hands were jammed deep into the pockets, and King Faraday noted that his left hand seemed to be toying with something inside that garment. He frowned as he watched the newcomer stop only feet away from them. The figure watched Faraday's own hand reach behind him, most likely for a gun, while Midnight again went taut and ready for a fight. But Speed Saunders only grinned.

"Yes! Yes!" he cried out, the words ringing across the rafters, hanging in the heated air over them all, as three sets of eyes turned to look at the young man. "Doctor Occult! Now I know I'm on the right track!"

Southern Mexico
25th June 1935

It had taken all of the skills and abilities Rima could call on to follow the exodus of the tribes, to keep on the road, to maintain the pace to pursue this strange mystery. But now she closed in on the cause. As she crept closer to the large cities of this strange place called Mexico, she could hear people talk about the bizarre arrival of strange peoples. Many of them. They seemed determined to continue north, and talked in a language that no one recognized, and most of the locals chose to avoid the long lines of these natives.

She continued north, toward San Cristobal and then on, and there she became aware of new rumors and startling developments. As her quarry passed through these lands, others joined them. Villages emptied, towns dwindled, city streets were depleted as the ranks of the wanderers increased.

She drew closer though, her speed and determination allowing the jungle woman to at last catch a glimpse of the mob as it continued its steady pace. She watched as a blockade of police rose to put an end to this strange gathering of people. She watched with great interest as the crowd surged like the unstoppable tide they had become, and then many

of the police joined as well, leaving their fellows to be swallowed and pressed underfoot by the uncaring waves.

“Magic,” she murmured, her voice a husky sound far deeper than her size would indicate. But then, her throat had few occasions to utter words these days. “Dark magic.”

“Oh, yes. Dark magic indeed, my dear.”

Rima spun around, crouching low and regarding the other woman on the rooftop, surveying her handiwork. “Who are you?”

The woman was tall and almost painfully slender, wrapped from the waist down in reds and golds etched with a myriad of strange patterns. Her small breasts were clad in simple cloth straps that provided the minimum of modesty. A swan-like neck held an almond-shaped face, small cruel mouth and eyes of coal-black, her dark hair streaked with auburn highlights, all swept up into an ornate array of braids. Her arms were covered in golden bracelets and armbands, rings on her fingers, and a choker containing a circle of obsidian finishing off the decadent appearance. The thin lips smiled wickedly at Rima as she waved her right hand in the air, as if with a mind of its own.

“My name is Nyola, my dear. And I’m so glad you could come and join us. You will be a gift to my beloved, my god, my Feathered Serpent,” the woman said in a lilting voice that charged the circular motions of her hand. Rima struggled to keep her eyes off the thin fingertips, but the voice wouldn’t let her and she began to grow dizzy, and her knees weakened. “Your heart will be the perfect vessel for the resurrection of the empire, my dear.”

To Be Continued!

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

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From the same author on Feedbooks

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!"

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).

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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