



Danger Trail #5

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Previously...

... the man called Midnight was asked by a friend to investigate the disappearance of his nephew; an investigation that brought the vigilante to a no man's land between Mexico and the United States along the Rio Grande, an investigation that also brought him into contact with King Faraday and Speed Saunders, and led to the discovery of several other missing children; an investigation that has brought them face to face with the enigmatic supernatural detective called Doctor Occult. All this while Rima, the mysterious Daughter of the Didi and guardian of the Guianan jungles pursued missing tribesmen of the region up into Mexico, and into the clutches of Nyola, priestess of the Aztec gods!

And now, step onto...

The Danger Trail!

Issue #5: "The Verdant Darkness Affair, Part Two"

Written by Don Walsh

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The turbulent sea of people surged and crashed against the intruders. Old and dusty Mexico City seemed to groan under the weight of the mobs filling the streets, while at the edges of this ocean the Mexican troops tried to contain and dismantle the riots. Gunfire had started some time ago, and people on both sides were falling to the ground in pools of red, and the trio of intruders in the very heart of the rising tide of rioters could only watch in horror as the ground beneath them broke open, and stones ripped up out of the clay and concrete, and an ancient building started to reform, one brick rising over another as each person fell.

How did I get into this? I never once imagined anything like this, David Clark thought furiously as he swung a backfist into the side of one full-blooded native, and kicked down another such attacker from a different direction. Hell's bells, how could anyone picture something like this? This is insane! He

drew out his revolver as the crashing waves of entranced Mexican Indians pulled at him and struck at him, and tried to pull him down before he could move any closer to his goal. His jacket tore under the pressure, and he heard his shirt tear at the sleeve as he leveled his gun at one of the natives, directly toward the man's knee.

"No! Midnight, can't you see what's making the temple rise?" Speed Saunders cried out as he strained against the quartet of natives that were piling on him as well, pulling him from the slowly rising peak of the ancient temple.

"Temple? A temple?" Midnight frowned as he realized what Saunders meant. He spun the revolver so the barrel was gripped tightly in his hand and brought the butt down hard on one attacker. *Calling up ancient temples from the ground? I came here to rescue a kidnapped nephew, and now we're trying to stop... whatever he's doing?*

Midnight's gaze fell on the man perched on the rapidly-forming building. The strange man's eyes were ablaze with fervor and design, a well-muscled body under the feathery scarlet cloak he wore. His arms swung about, his fingers at play in the air, as if he conducted a symphony, and it occurred to all three intruders, Midnight, Saunders and King Faraday, that it was indeed what this person was: a conductor in a symphony of blood. Blood that stained the streets below and built up this long-lost temple brick by tainted brick. The blood-red cloak shimmered as it fluttered in the hot wind, light striking it and altering the colors from time to time, as the devilish conductor continued his wicked performance.

"Hey, cape boy!" Midnight cried out as he spun his gun back into a shooting position and leveled it toward the villain. "How high do you think your blood will build this up, huh?" He prepared to pull the trigger, but couldn't when he saw a wave of willing victims throw themselves in his line of sight.

"Weak gringo," the man laughed at Midnight. "None may harm the Feathered Serpent! I will have my Empire of Blood, anointed by my queen and high priestess, and you three shall be the first brought to judgment in its birth throes!"

Midnight just stared ahead as he felt more of these poor souls piling onto him. His own limbs grew heavy and sore, his breathing became more labored, and below and behind him, more screams of the dying drove the Feathered Serpent further into the air astride his burgeoning temple of blood.

How did I get into this?

Socorro, Texas, not so long ago

“Okay, Faraday, play this straight with me.” Midnight remembered calling on the government agent as the pair of them stood behind their colleague Speed Saunders and a strange new member of their company. Faraday and Midnight stared at the stranger all wrapped up in his trench coat and the slouch hat that somehow obscured his eyes, and neither man was happy with the explanations that had them all staring at a ramshackle hut along a small, muddy stream. It was old, cracking and peeling, fighting a losing battle against the weeds and reeds that wished to consume it.

“I would if I could, but I have to admit, the last couple of months, my spy game has taken a really twisted turn,” Faraday muttered as he puffed at a cigarette angrily. “Saunders seems to know this guy. Which is good, because I’ll be damned if I can remember any government brief on him. I’m low on the totem pole, so that’s not saying a lot... but it says something, I’d like to think.” He threw the cigarette to the ground and stubbed it hard with the heel of his shoe.

“Some messed up Mexican ghost story is behind all this?” Midnight coughed as the stranger Saunders called Doctor Occult held his arm out, hand grasping a simple scarlet disc, slashed with crossed black wedges.

“Well, we met over a vampire couple in need of a marriage counselor, so I’m keeping an open mind... for the moment.” Faraday shrugged and his face scowled at the notion.

“This is the place,” Doctor Occult announced as he lowered his arm and looked over to the other three. “Inside we will find the next step in our

mystery.”

“The kids?” Saunders asked, his eyes glued on the paranormal detective’s every move.

“Only the Trail,” Occult answered. “The start of the Trail is within. It is guarded though, and none of you will be helpful against the guardian.”

“This Lauranna dame, right?” Midnight asked with a scoffing tone.

“La Llorona,” Occult corrected with a voice of infinite patience. This would not be the only one to mock what he couldn’t understand. “The Weeping Woman. She is a powerful spirit, and given the chance, she could do serious harm, even kill, one or more of you.”

Faraday’s face twisted up in frustration and he stepped right up to the strange man, his finger jabbing the chest to emphasize his words. “Be cryptic on your own time, Doctor. You said the trail begins in there. What trail? What do we do? I’ll give you the chance to call the action, if this Weeping Woman is all you say she is. So get to it.”

“Yeah, right. Call the play, Doc,” Midnight added, his arms folded over his chest.

“The Weeping Woman does not work the way she has been working. She takes a child from time to time, under varying, but specific circumstances,” Doctor Occult replied without his voice showing any response to Faraday and Midnight. He casually swept aside the jabbing finger and turned back to the shack. “There have been too many victims in too short a time, and then she had them brought here rather than drowning them. She is bound, most likely by magic etched inside that shack. There is a... stepping stone, you might call it, as well.”

“The Danger Trail?” Speed asked in a hushed, awe-filled tone. His eyes were wide with excitement, as he knelt near and nearly bounced on the balls of his feet.

“Yes. A good enough slang name for it. The same mystic pass I used to get here as swiftly as I did,” Occult answered. “Whoever has bound the Weeping Woman to these attacks has taken advantage of this trail, but I

have no idea where it leads to.”

“I see where you’re going, Doctor,” Faraday said as he ran a hand over his jaw. “You’re going after the Woman, and you want us to take this stepping stone and follow it to... wherever. You think the kids are on the other side.”

Doctor Occult nodded, eyeing the agent with a level of respect.

“What the hell is this Danger Trail?” Midnight asked in an exasperated voice. “What’s this got to do with... aw, to hell with it. Tell me about it later. Just get this show started, okay?”

“When we rush the building, I’ll make the Trail visible to you all, though you might each see it differently. It’s how your minds can accept it without better training. The moment you see it... ”

“Right, right. We understand. I’m kicking the doors down first though, Occult. No offense, you got the mumbo-jumbo, but if this Weeping Woman is the roughhouse you say she is, she’ll cut you to ribbons before you can get out abracadabra.”

Doctor Occult said nothing, just slid his hands into his coat and took a step to the side, leaving a clear path for the agent to take.

Moments later, the front door was splintered, the door jamb left in shards as he tore into the decrepit structure. A wicked sounding wail followed by a suppressed grunt of pain followed soon, as flashes of white flickered in the dark interior as the ghost assaulted the intruder.

The other three charged in immediately, with Doctor Occult drawing out his talisman again, holding it out toward the flickering, fluttering creature that wafted like a tattered mist around King Faraday. A head stared down with soulless black pits, a wide mouth lined in corpse-blue lips opened wide as the tattered edges of the semi-human shape sliced at the recoiling agent.

“By the Sign of the Seven, turn and face the end of your misery, creature!” Doctor Occult commanded in a powerful voice, that rattled the walls and, like an invisible fist, turned the ghost toward him.

A multitude of glyphs and sigils littered the walls, ceiling and floor of the simple building, all painted in what looked initially like rusted brown paint, but there was no fooling the hardened adventurers to the sight of blood. One sigil in the corner of the room, like a spiral with splintered lines, seemed to call each of their gazes, and each saw something there, leading into the corner.

For Midnight, it was a darkened alley, luring in innocent victims to some twisted criminal mind or desperate homeless sub-human that preyed on the unsuspecting citizens of his home. He didn't even pause as he stepped onto the spiral and vaulted down the alley.

Right, that's how I came to be here. Midnight felt himself getting borne down by the mob as the temple rose.

Mexico City, not so long ago

Rima, Daughter of the Didi and guardian of her forests in Guiana, held her face up high as she was paraded down the streets of the besieged Mexican capital. Her arms were bound tightly, outstretched from her body to a firm metal bar and thick hempen rope. She was led from behind by her captor, Nyola, a tall and willowy woman of insufferable opinion, Rima had decided, but, for now, she allowed the Aztec priestess to believe she held the upper hand. A better time would present itself.

The pair of them rode a wave of pure-blooded Indians from the region, those who could be directly descended from the ancient Aztec and Incan empires. Perhaps even the Mayans. These cultures meant little to Rima other than glimpses of their dead past she would find from time to time littering the landscapes. But Nyola had been sure to make Rima aware of the significance.

Within the withered and cracked walls of a time-lost building, Nyola had Rima taken from the metal bar and bound up high off the floor, the hemp now circling her wrists and keeping her petite body at least a foot from the ground as the priestess made ready with other preparations. Rima watched carefully as Nyola's eyes went blank and those around

her failed to understand the significance.

Rima's senses alerted her though. The birds, the animals, they'd trained her instincts well, she mused as she could feel (more than see or hear, which couldn't happen with such limited senses) Nyola's spirit slip her sheath of flesh. Where it went to or why, Rima didn't know. But she just gave a calm smile, tilted her head back and used the woman's distraction for her own ends.

"Ah, my beloved has returned at last," spoke a deep, rich, powerful voice. He was a broad and tall figure, his well-chiseled physique wrapped in a gaudy skirt of ancient Aztec design, a shimmering cloak of feathers swirling around him. He approached the unseeing Nyola but did nothing when he realized why she gave him no response. "Ah. The children." He turned instead to the hanging jungle girl and stared at her, icy eyes sweeping her svelte form. "Rima, I presume?"

The Daughter of the Didi tilted her head back down to stare into the man's eyes, showing no emotion, remaining calm in the face of this dangerous man. "I am called that, yes. You are the one my captor calls the Feathered Serpent?"

"Yes. I am so glad you could join us for the birth of the true Empires of this land," he said, his hand reaching up to cup her cheek. "Soft. Smooth. My fellows will appreciate you."

"They will never have me," she answered in an impassive voice, not moving her face.

"You misunderstand, Rima. You will be our ultimate sacrifice. You and the children of the enemy. The pure will swim in the blood of the impure, the children of those who stole our land will paint my temple, and you... your heart will break the fast of my fellow gods." He let his fingers slide down her cheek and over her throat before turning to face Nyola again, for a soft cough from her caught his attention.

Rima watched as Nyola awakened, her spirit sliding back into its meat and her eyes dancing with joy at his appearance. Behind her there was a lush forest path cutting through the stones and dust of the ancient city. She recognized this path, for she'd used it to reach her enemies as

quickly as she could, and now she saw how these two were despoiling it for their own ends. A half-dozen children had followed behind her, bound in spiritual chains, water-soaked chains and shrouds that left them unable to do more than whimper, cry out, cling to each other and seek out parents that couldn't hear them, and couldn't save them if they could hear the children.

"Ah, your water spirit has done her work well, my devoted love," the Serpent gloated as he watched the priestess direct the children over to Rima. They sobbed, and recoiled from the wicked woman's touch, and some cried out in fear at the sight of the Feathered Serpent.

"It is all right, children," Rima said in a soft, lilting voice, looking upon each one in turn with compassion. "Come to me." She then glared, dark eyes piercing into Nyola with the first sign of emotion, an anger in her chest.

"Yes, yes, listen to the sweet woman, pequeños niños," Nyola encouraged, directing them to her. A couple clutched Rima's legs and others stared up at her, wondering how she could do anything.

"You will come to regret this," Rima said, her voice grown more quiet but more firm as she narrowed her eyes. "Rest assured."

"Of course, Rima. Of course." She laughed and hugged the Feathered Serpent tightly and they kissed, a terribly obscene kiss for children to watch. One that was broken with the first sounds of gunfire, and the first appearance of the bricks of the ancient Aztec temple they stood over.

"Now the government advances our plan," Feathered Serpent cried out as he started to weave and control the eldritch forces that the spilled blood and bygone magic generated. Slowly, the temple cracked and thrust at the pavements and surrounding buildings as the battle on the streets began in earnest.

"Blow, winds, blow!" Nyola cried out now as the Feathered Serpent carefully called up and constructed the temple. Her own efforts drew in dark clouds and stirred up bitter winds that tore at the small stones and dried dust, making the battle worse, flaring tempers more fiercely. "Crack and crash, let loose your tempests!" Thunder now started to

rumble, shaking the land as strokes of lightning laced the skies.

"I used that path of shadows to get here so quickly," Rima said to Nyola, drawing the priestess's attentions as the children clung to Rima's legs tighter now, the storm and the battle and the smell of blood and ozone filling the air making them more and more frightened.

"And?" Nyola jeered, taking a moment to stare back at Rima.

"And you used it to bring the children here," Rima continued to explain, calm, head held high again.

"And? What is your point? Did you wish some sort of... reward for knowing of the Road to Power?"

"I have all the reward I could want, in these children that know by instinct to trust me to protect them," she answered. "How sad it must be for you, to know that no child will ever know such an emotion or bond for you."

Nyola's face turned red with fury, and she stepped up so she could slap Rima's face hard. "How dare you?"

"No child shall ever know love from you, nor for you. A sad lot for a woman." She let her head snap to the side with the vicious blow from the priestess. Slowly she turned to look back at Nyola, smiling sweetly. "But my point is, if I know the Path of Shadows, if you know 'the Road to Power', then it only stands to reason that others know it to. And can use it. Even now. Right now."

Elsewhere at the scene, at that moment...

... King Faraday led the charge into the city, Midnight and Speed Saunders at his side. The temple had already begun to climb up into the sky, and so the trio were only at its base. But without hesitation, Faraday led the charge up toward the Feathered Serpent.

"No! Midnight, can't you see what's making the temple rise?" Faraday

heard Saunders shout to their partner. He spared a glance to see Midnight grunt angrily in agreement and start clubbing with his pistol, and then continued his own determined march up the steps, a vicious kick breaking one person's hip, a powerful punch breaking teeth from another native, a head-butt sending a third attacker tumbling down the growing steps.

"Hey, cape boy!" Midnight was trying to taunt the man in the shimmering red cloak now, and Faraday took advantage of the situation. As Midnight cried out "How high do you think your blood will build this up, huh?" Faraday watched as a large number of defending natives leaped forward to stop whatever bullet was to come. Faraday just grinned at the sudden swell and press of people

"Weak gringo," the man laughed as he stared at Midnight. "None may harm the Feathered Serpent! I will have my Empire of Blood, anointed by my queen and high priestess, and you three shall be the first brought to judgment in its birth throes!"

"New at this, aren't you?" Faraday asked as he leaped up the last dozen steps or so, crashing onto the floor at the Serpent's feet, and rolled with his momentum. He shouldered the madman's calves and forced him to stumble, while struggling to get to his own feet. "Forgetting to keep an eye on all the attackers."

"Unconcerned about foolish infidels," Serpent snapped back as he quickly recovered and blocked a punch from Faraday.

Faraday felt his hand cramp up badly, and he staggered back, clutching the bruised fist. "My people's fervor gives me strength you can't imagine, invader! You are not welcome here, you hold no power here!" He stepped forward and thrust out with an open palm, catching Faraday in the chest with a powerful blow. The agent staggered back, the breath forced from his body, and he felt his feet slide from the perilous temple floor.

The Serpent spun back and roared to his people, as the pyramid continued to rise and the dark storm clouds poured in, rain dripping down at first, a herald to the powerful strokes of lightning. "The time has come, my devoted beloved!"

Nyola had finally torn her gaze from the Danger Trail which had brought these intruders to her Feathered Serpent. She cursed herself, and fumed and roared foul words into the rising tempest, her anger rousing the furious clouds above to greater levels. She barely heard her dear one command her to begin the sacred pyre, but she did, and she nodded. She pivoted on her heel and drove her hands high up into the air and called for the greatest fury of the heavens to heed her demand for blood.

“You will all burn so that we may bring back the true ways!” she screamed as she looked down toward the children and Rima and Speed Saunders. “Who... ?”

“Just a gentleman come to help a fine lady out of a small jam she seems to have gotten into. Hope you don’t mind?” Speed replied with a nod of his head.

Rima’s arms were freed. Her slender, pale leg kicked up the metal bar she’d been bound to when she was paraded through the streets of Mexico City, and let it fall easily into her hand. Without a single half-second lost, her arm fluidly threw the bar at Nyola, who felt it tangle up into her own cloak as Speed worked to sweep the children up under his arms and hustle them from the two female foes.

The lightning roared down, answering Nyola’s cry for blood, enticed by the eternal love for metal to slice into Nyola. Rima and Speed both hurried with the children as a terribly cry of pain and agony lit up across the skies: a woman betrayed by her own power.

The scream of pain and the brilliant flash of light made the Serpent turn to see what had occurred.

“Devoted? Beloved? Nyola!” he screamed in shock as he watched the lightning crash into her, missing each and every one of the sacrifices, and throw her from the top of the pyramid. **“NO!”**

“Gotcha now!” Midnight called out as he staggered out of the pack of defenders, shirt in tatters, heavy shoulders crashing into the Serpent’s chest. David Clark, the Man called Midnight gasped with each move he made, his chest on fire and his arms like lead, but he made his tackle, all

his power tilting the powerful madman backward, but not putting him down.

Not until Faraday clambered back to the top and hurled himself into the Feathered Serpent's knees. With a sudden crash, the three men landed hard on the unyielding stone, no one moving for several long moments. The Serpent was the first to stir, raising his powerful arms up to the sky and preparing to speak. A kick to Faraday sent him skittering down the pyramid, each step a jarring crash into the agent's body. As he rose to his feet, arms still upraised, he turned and looked at Midnight.

"And now for you!" he started to pronounce, but stopped cold.

"Need this? Do you? Just a hunch, but I think you do," Midnight said with a weary, cocky grin, and chucked the shimmering red cloak out into the air, letting the stormy winds catch it and send it flying far from the pyramid.

"No!" the plucked madman called out and raced after the cloak as Midnight noticed the stones starting to crack, the pyramid shaking and shuddering, the gunfire coming to a slow end in the distance. "Not so close! Not so close!" The madman started to vanish in the crashing of the temple as Midnight stumbled down the stairs, he and Faraday bouncing away from the demolished rubble.

As the tremendous sounds subsided, as the dust was pounded back into the ground by the remnants of Nyola's rainstorm, the crowd of natives slowly came to a stop, slowly started to disperse, slowly started to wonder where they were, why they were where they were... lost and confused; the military no longer shooting and now trying to corral and direct the lost mob.

Faraday and Midnight picked each other up off the street, battered, bruised, breathing hard and blood of their own, and others, staining them in places.

"Now that was what you call a showstopper!" Speed Saunders said out loud, his face bright and cheery, hair mussed, lip split and leading a half-dozen frightened children who still clung to the petite jungle girl called Rima. "Great work, guys! Great work!"

Midnight looked over the six children, seeing Manuel in the mix, holding Rima's hand in his own grimy little clutches, and he smiled back at Speed and nodded. *That's what I'm doing here.*

THE END!

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!"

Danger Trail #4 (2007)

Danger Trail: The Verdant Darkness Affair, Part 1 (of 2)

Mightiest Mortals #1 (2007)

Mightiest Mortals: With a Stroke of Lightning!

Mightiest Mortals #2 (2007)

Mightiest Mortals: In a Crash of Thunder

Mightiest Mortals #3 (2007)

Captain Marvel: Under a Seal of Six Gods!

Justice League #8 (2007)

Justice League: Lucky Number 7.

What are the chances that a rash of good fortune across the globe could be the League's next case? Pretty good when this luck starts rewriting the laws of the universe and threatening the existence of

ages-old mystic defenses keeping ancient, primordial forces at bay!

Justice League #9 (2007)

Justice League: To See Tomorrow.

Why are there hawk soldiers of Thanagar on Earth? Who are the strange new superhumans appearing around the globe, testing and probing local governments? What exactly is the Justice League facing when a quartet of self-proclaimed heroes declares Earth "their last stand?" It's the beginning of an epic threat wrapped inside two strange mysteries that will leave the Justice League hoping that Earth survives "To See Tomorrow!"

Justice League #10 (2007)

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

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

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 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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