



**Ultimate Gotham Girls #5**  
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**Ultimate Gotham Girls**  
*#5: Harvey and Ivy*  
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Poison Ivy had an adorable little cottage in the middle of the woods where she loved to go to be alone. Now that Spring was in full force, she was spending quite a bit of time to herself in her hideout-away-from-home. She walked easily through the thick forest with a little smile on her lips, feeling the breeze in her hair and enjoying the silence.

There were no visitors, out here. No pesky herbivores either. Not even the smallest and shrillest of birds. Very, very few creatures dared to come this close to Arkham Asylum.

Nearly two years before, Ivy had escaped her first and only stint in the sprawling Victorian building, and she had taken every chance to mock it ever since. Soon after she got out Ivy had discovered the vacant wood and set up shop, even if 'shop' was little more than four walls and a thatched roof over a single camping chair. It was quiet, it was close enough for her to stick her tongue out at Arkham, and it was all hers.

There was a bounce in Ivy's step as she got close to her hideaway, the sunlight dappling through the trees and shining in her flaming hair. But a few yards away from the cottage, she stopped short.

"Oh no..." she muttered, ducking behind a tree and studying the situation with a deep furrow in her white brow. "No way."

Two men were standing guard outside her door, both sweltering in heavy black uniforms, both armed with impressive guns, and both looking around nervously into the silent trees. Obviously somebody's goons, but whose? Ivy glared as she watched them, grinding her teeth to see one casually shredding the grass by dragging his foot up and back along the ground. They'd be easy enough to deal with, Ivy knew, but someone

else had to be involved in invading her sanctuary.

Then Ivy caught sight of the face in her window, and her anger doubled. "Oh *no*."

Once, not very long ago, he had been handsome, respected, looked up to. An admirable public figure. A crusader for justice.

Now he sat on a canvas chair in a shack in the woods, a ruined hand over the ruined right side of his face, brooding on his ruined life.

"Hey boss, Mister, uh, Mister Two-Face." He turned his good face toward the goon with a glare. "There's a...well, Buzz thought he heard somethin' outside, like a person maybe. Want us to check around?"

Two-Face flipped the coin in his fingers a few times before launching it into the air. He caught it in his bad hand and laid it on the back of his good. The face of George Washington was crossed out angrily, covered in scratches. "No," he answered. "Just leave it. Can't be that important."

"If you say so, boss." The goon stepped back out the door, leaving him alone again.

He *was* alone, he told himself. There had been doubts, these last two years since the accident. He scoffed. Some people thought that it was so much gentler, so much less distressing to call it an accident. But he preferred to face the brutal truth. It had been his death—and his birth. Duality in action.

The man's right side was that of any other normal, relatively handsome man. Clear, lightly-weathered skin, smooth lips that used to show an easy smile, hair neat and combed, a deep, honest brown eye. The fingers on his right hand were long and nimble, looking as though he had never seen a day's hard work in his life. But his left side was that of a monster. This hand was corded and bony, this skin the same pale, mottled, greenish color as the left side of his face. This eye was red, these lips distorted, this hair burned away.

His two selves were as unlike as his two hands.

Two-Face frowned with both sides of his mouth. He couldn't say when he'd first noticed the Split in his mind; it had been far too long ago, and far too subtle. But he could remember very clearly the day that the Split became uncontrollable. Some nights, his head still ached with phantom pain—his skin on fire, eye burning, hand blistering where it had shot up to protect him... but worse, far worse was the feeling that his mind had been split in two, the blinding, sickening, white pain all along his skull...

He shook himself back into the present. That had been nearly two years ago now, and no amount of medicine since had been able to help him. He had been to all corners of the globe looking for a cure—for his face or for the Split—but nowhere was there anything to be done. All he could do was accept it and move on.

Now he sat in a hut, planning revenge—on Gotham, in part; on people, in general. But most importantly, on *her*.

Ivy had retreated home to plan her attack. She paced around the floor of the house she had built over the toxic land, where she could at least be assured her privacy.

There was no mistaking that face, not after what had happened the last time Ivy had seen him. Harvey Dent. She grimaced.

She'd been there when it happened. In fact, it had been her fault that it happened at all. Ivy preferred to think of it as a triumph.

Ivy still fumed as she paced. "If it had been anyone but *him*," she muttered, finally slumping into her chair.

Ivy would have been content just to get rid of anyone but Harvey Dent. If it were anyone else, she'd have just knocked out the goons and kicked the whole little group out of Gotham. But Harvey Dent was a special case. Harvey Dent had tried to send her to Arkham.

She took a deep breath and steepled her fingers. It had to be the right plan. Ivy laughed softly at her own thoughts, allowing herself a moment to feel silly and really play the villain. But if she had to indulge herself, there was no better victim. She might as well have fun with a grudge.

There needed to be a really good scheme involved in this. Ivy let her head fall back over the head of the chair and exhaled slowly. As much as she enjoyed a good plot, the really brilliant ones had never been her territory. The Joker was really the one who had that niche.

Ivy was just going to have to make do with her own techniques. She smiled as the idea started to form in her head, the grin spreading slowly across her poison-red lips.

“Oh yeah, that’ll do,” she said to herself, mentally running through lists of what she would need. “That’ll do very nicely.”

It had been a sweltering day. The old fans whirred from the courtroom ceiling, doing more to distribute the heat than to banish it. District Attorney Harvey Dent paced the limited room he had, his eyes never leaving Poison Ivy’s face except to examine the evidence he had in his hand. It was too easy. It would be too enjoyable. It was more than about time Ivy went behind bars.

She sat calmly on the other side of the courtroom, almost looking bored. She wasn’t sweating, or fidgeting, not even looking around the room. Just examining her nails.

This was going to be Harvey’s day. His greatest triumph yet. There wasn’t any question at all about Poison Ivy’s case. She was guilty beyond a shadow of a doubt—at least in the eyes of Harvey, and the media—and he smiled grimly to himself at the prospect of being the one to put her away for good. As DA, he’d had his share of criminals to get rid of, but never a name as big as Ivy, and never with the help of the Batman. This time, the trial was news, with reporters and press everywhere. All of the evidence was right there in his hand. Harvey Dent was the best lawyer

that Gotham had seen in decades; there was no way that he could lose.

But then it had happened. Harvey no longer remembered what irrefutable point he was going to make. He only remembered picking up the sample of the acid that Ivy had used to destroy the façade of an environmentally unfriendly factory, and the faces of a good number of workers as well. One moment, he was walking up to the stand to question her about it. The next thing he knew, he had tripped—a small plant left carelessly in the corner had exploded with growth at Ivy's orders, rushing across the courtroom floor and winding around Harvey's ankles. Amid the shouting and the gasps, Harvey Dent's life had ended.

The vial of acid had flown out of his hand, turning over in the air to spill its frothing contents onto Harvey's face. He threw up his hand to try and block it, but not soon enough. The acid was already burning away at his hand, his hair, his cheek, his eye. He was screaming so loudly that he couldn't hear it, couldn't hear anything but the faint sizzle of his burning skin. His hand was turning green, boils and blisters sprouting on the back; his eye had sealed itself shut in agony; his legs had buckled under him, his whole body giving into the pain.

But worst was what was going on inside his head: the Split was getting stronger by the moment, pulling apart from him, finally breaking away. All Harvey could see was a blinding whiteness, his mouth stretched into a chilling scream, until the pain became too much, and he had passed out...

Two-Face sat sprawled in Ivy's tiny camping chair, idly flipping his two-faced coin into the air. That day had been his birth, as far as he was concerned. Born in pain and blood and screaming like everyone else, but able to remember it.

The coin came up and down, over and over, heads, heads, heads. Always a head, a face.

When he'd worked as a public defense lawyer what seemed like so long ago, Harvey had used a tailed coin to make his decisions. Back then he

had to defend the guilty and the innocent alike, and Harvey Dent never lost a case. He had despised winning for the guilty. Whenever they had tried to make him take a client who he knew was in the wrong, Harvey would insist that they pick someone else. When they didn't, he would make them flip a coin. Heads, Harvey, tails, some other soul. It became a joke in the office, Harvey's coin. It was an arbitrary way to decide, but at least this way there was a chance that real justice would be served.

The two-faced quarter was still arbitrary, still such a random way to decide. But it had a more important job, now, even more important than handing out justice. These days, the coin decided which side of the Split was going to be in control.

Two-Face was beginning to form a question to ask the coin when he heard the commotion starting outside. The two lackeys he had hired were shouting obscenities, and he distinctly heard the sound of a gun going off. He didn't have to flip to know that he had to go out there to see what was going on.

Ivy stood hidden in her bushes and trees and watched her carnage, hardly able to keep her laughter to herself. Coming back with a veritable army of her favorite forms of plant life had been a good idea; bringing the flower specially designed to spit its nectar into a man's eye had been a stroke of genius.

She grinned as she looked on at her handiwork. The goons howled as strands of various vicious vines attacked them, some drawing painful sores over the skin they touched, some constricting their arms and legs to keep them from moving.

And then her cottage door burst open, and out stepped Two-Face. Ivy's grin went even wider, and one of her more aggressive flowers sprang magpie-like for the glittering coin in Harvey's hand.

Two-Face stifled a gasp as the coin flew into the air, reaching out to catch it before it hit the ground. Despite the vines creeping around his legs and the screams of his hired help, Harvey sighed in relief.

By now, Ivy had seen enough. With the confidence brought of the power she wielded, Ivy stepped out of hiding with her hands on her hips. The flowers and vines receded before her feet to give her room to walk, a couple slithering up her arm to nuzzle at her hand like pets.

It was worth every minute of rage and planning for Ivy to see the look on Harvey Dent's face.

"Hello, Mr. Dent," she said, beaming at him as he gaped at her. "Or can I call you Harvey? Or what about just 'Trespassing'?"

The memories rushed to the front of his mind when he saw her face, the face that had laughed when his eye began to burn. "You."

"Me," Ivy agreed. "You know, somehow I thought that you'd made an effort to try and steal my little home here, but you do look so surprised to see me. Must have just stumbled blindly across it, hm?" She added with a wicked smile.

Two-face growled. The sound chased some of Ivy's grin away; it was as if the acid that scalded his face had affected his voice as well. "Is this when you waste your time mocking me?"

"Oh please. Like you're that important." But Ivy was unnerved by the way that his reddened eye was watching her. "Get off my lawn, losers."

While one of the goons had fallen, pinned and tangled in vines on the ground, the other had managed to keep some of his dignity, and remain upright. He fought his hand away from a snapping flower to pull out his gun. "Where do you want her, boss?"

Ivy laughed. "Sure, you have fun with that."

Another green tendril twisted around the guard's hand to jam the weapon, and a fragrant white flower blossomed in the barrel.

"Look Harv," Ivy started, pacing around the clearing and focusing on his good eye, "I'm going to make this easy for you. Don't know how bad that little accident scarred your brain." She didn't pause at the snarl that

Harvey let out. "I want you to pack up whatever little plot you've got going and get out."

"And why do I do what you say?" he asked, his swollen lip curling up.

A creeper slid around Harvey's neck to answer for her. "Let's just say I got nothing against burning that other eye," said Ivy, as a poisonously pink flower bloomed in front of his face, spitting nectar.

Harvey loosened a tightly-clenched fist to free his two-faced quarter, tearing his arm away from the vines with a mad strength.

"Oh what are you doing?" Ivy asked, laying a white hand on her hip out of annoyance.

"Gonna regret screwing with me you little...gonna wish you'd just killed me," Two-face snarled, flipping the coin into the air. But at the first glint of sunlight on the silver, two leaves from yet another vine snapped together to catch the coin before it could fall.

"What are you gonna do, shatter me with probability?" Ivy smirked. "This is the brilliant lawyer who so very nearly put me away?"

Harvey grabbed for his quarter, and the plant grew out of his reach. "My coin!"

"This is just pathetic!" Ivy crossed the small clearing, stepping over her flowers and vines and the goon on the ground to get to her door. "Whatever, take it then." The leaves parted, and Harvey's coin fell to the ground. "I'm done with this."

Two-Face stood silent, both eyes locked on the quarter as it fell. Ivy opened the door, preparing to slam it behind her.

With a barely-audible *clink*, the coin landed, good-face up.

Harvey stared down at it, bent to pick it up, and turned his back on Ivy and the house as he stood again. "Don't think you've seen the last of me. I can't wait to see you back in Arkham where you belong."

"Yeah, have fun." Ivy rolled her eyes, but stood in her doorway looking out as Harvey walked away.

When the mass of vines receded from the goon on the ground to let him crawl away, his partner reached for the working gun he'd left on the ground, tossing his blooming one away. "C'mere, sweetcakes, I gotta present to give ya!"

Before Ivy could make a move, Two-Face grabbed the front of his hireling's shirt. "Shut up," he said, and tossed the man roughly away. "We're leaving."

"But Boss—"

"I said we're gone!" The snarl was back in his voice, and the goon's protest quickly died away.

Within minutes, the three had all left. Ivy was alone in her cottage in the woods, with her plants, thoughts and memories for company.

In the thickest part of the chokingly humid night, Renee found herself finally starting to enjoy the feeling of swinging through the air. She wished that her cowl had a hole in back like Barbara's to let her hair out to stream in the breeze, instead of keeping it tucked tight and hot next to her neck.

She swung past a man walking on the street below and stopped herself at the next fire escape to watch him. Something seemed very, very familiar about him...something else seemed very strange. Something about his skin...but the next time she looked he was a normal man. Too far away to recognize.

Renee didn't have time to stay and observe. She swung back off into the night, and later made a brief, vague reference to the man in her morning report.

Far below, Two-Face never knew that he had been watched.

## Epilogue

It took the tall man a rather long time to crawl out of the taxi. He had to stoop back to the ground to pick up his bags before the car raced off into the Gotham night.

He stood in front of the run-down building, looking it up and down with clear, scrutinizing eyes.

He checked again to be sure that his equipment was all in the bag. It was, just as it had been when he left, and at the airport, and on the plane, and in the cab. It was silly to be worried, but he never liked to feel even a pang of fear.

A cat yowled somewhere in an alley, and a pair of pigeons strutted down the street in front of him. The man narrowed his eyes at the sight. He bent to the ground again and picked up a stone. His long gangly arms sent it flying, and the birds scattered.

A thin smile passed his thin lips. It was good to be back in Gotham. It was good to be home.

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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 #1 (2008)

Girls' (K)night Out.

Meet Harley Quinn. She is bound and determined to meet her number one hero, the object of her affection, Gotham City's premiere costumed champion...The Joker! To do it, she's teaming up with the seductive and deadly Poison Ivy...whether or not Pamela Isley likes the idea! Just what a neophyte Batgirl needs for on-the-job training!

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!

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.  
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