



Ultimate Gotham Girls #6
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Reality Check
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Harley Quinzel skipped along the street without her costume, and still managed to stick out like a sore thumb. She hummed to herself, swinging the bag of supplies that she'd been sent for in a wide circle, occasionally hitting a fellow shopper. Harley giggled with delight as she thought of the plan.

"Just leave it to my Puddin'!" she exclaimed, drawing more stares from the people around her.

There was only one face on the crowded sidewalk that spared no glance in Harley's direction. The man was writing furiously on a growing pile of napkins in the window of a coffee shop, lost to the world around him, his long legs stuffed awkwardly under the small table. Harley passed right by him, and doubled back when she recognized the face.

"Professor?"

The heavy bag still swinging from her hand, Harley burst through the doors of the café. More than a couple of the patrons jumped at her entrance, one or two spilling their expensive drinks. The tall man didn't notice—from what she remembered of him, he wouldn't notice the building falling down around his head if he was focused on his work.

She bounced over to the window table and sat across from him. "Hiya, Professor!"

He looked up from his papers and blinked several times to clear his eyes. "Harley?" A smile spread across his face. "Harleen Quinzel, is that you?"

"Sure is!" Harley beamed back at him, blonde pigtails bouncing spryly.

“How’ve you been, Professor Crane?”

“Quite well, quite well. But there isn’t need for titles anymore, Harley. You may call me Jonathan, if you wish.”

“Ah geez, but that sounds so weird!” Harley wrinkled up her nose and Crane laughed again.

“Then Doctor Crane will do fine, child. I’m no professor any longer.”

“Oh, what happened?” Harley asked, her bright eyes wide. “They never kicked you out?”

“Precisely,” said Crane, shooting a bitter look at his tea. “Evidently I’d received complaints about my...methods. The university declined to keep me on their staff, considering the bad publicity.”

“Ah, not that one little accident?”

“The poor girl died, Harley,” Crane reminded her.

“Yeah, but still! You’re a great teacher!”

Crane smiled warmly, but with a faraway look in his eyes. “You may be the only one who thought so, child. Now tell me, what have you been doing with yourself? Is it Doctor Quinzel now?”

Harley would have answered, if it weren’t for the high, loud beep of her watch. “Oh no, oh no, it’s five already? Oh, I gotta go!” she stood quickly, knocking into the table and tipping over the napkin pile. Crane barely seemed to notice. “But hey, it’s great seein’ you!” Harley continued, “You’re back in town, right? Let’s meet up, catch up! I’ll call you, kay?” Harley only waited for his nod and the scrap of paper he handed her before bolting out of the café, shopping bag still swinging wildly behind her.

The Joker tapped his foot impatiently from his spot by the second-floor

window, watching as Harley tip-toed around the building, and rolling his eyes at her reluctance to come inside. She always seemed to balk at the door to the blood bank. He didn't know whether she didn't want people to see her come in, whether she hoped not to reveal the building as their new hideout, or whether she just didn't like the sight of blood. It wasn't all that long, though, before she had scampered up the stairs and through the door. "I'm back!"

"You're late."

"Sorry, Mister J." She giggled and shrugged, dropping her bag on the floor.

"I saw you skirting around outside, you know." Joker tapped his fingers on the windowsill and Harley cringed.

"I'm sorry! C'mon, Puddin', look, I got all the stuff!" She said brightly, moving to open up the bag, but the look on his face stopped her before she started.

"I've been waiting a full thirty-nine minutes with nothing to keep me occupied." The Joker stepped slowly across the wood floor toward Harley. "What took you so long?"

"Oh, you'll never guess!"

"Don't make me," Joker said in a tired voice, bringing a hand to his temple.

Harley didn't seem to notice his mood. "I ran into my old college professor! It was so weird, I haven't seen Doctor Crane in...well, I guess not that long," she admitted, chattering excitedly even as Joker lost interest and started to go through her shopping bag. "I only left last year, but Profess—I mean, Doctor Crane got sent off even before I did. He was tel-lin' me about how he got fired again—can you believe it, Mister J?"

"Huh? Oh yeah, sure." He shrugged and wandered back over to the window.

Harley's pigtails drooped slightly once she realized he wasn't paying

attention. "Well, it was really good to see him, anyway. I got his number, so I'm gonna call later and meet back up."

The Joker snapped his head up, suddenly interested again. "Tell me about this fellow, Harley."

She perked back up instantly. "Oh, Doctor Crane was the best! He was my psychology teacher when I was at Gotham U, we had all kinds of cool projects with him. In fact, onea them was what kinda got me started learning about you, Puddin!" Harley beamed as she remembered. "We had a report to do on what makes people afraid, so I picked killers, right? And it was right around when you were startin' out, so there was all this news and all kinds of papers, and I decided I wanted to write a book all about you! So really, Professor Crane brought us together," she concluded, coming up behind him and wrapping her arms around his waist.

The Joker shrugged her off and turned back around to face her. "Then that's when you dropped out to chase down your beloved convicted felon."

Harley missed the sarcasm. "Uh-huh! Ooh, it's so great to see him again." She practically glowed, and didn't notice the attention with which the Joker was studying her face. "Some days I thought he was the only one who got it, ya know? All the other teachers had to get bribed to pass me, but not Professor Crane. He always told me I was his favorite."

She smiled up at the Joker, but couldn't read the expression hidden behind his painted grin.

"Harley, I'm afraid I don't like the sound of this man," he said, rolling his shoulders back and standing taller, speaking with more authority. He started to pace across the floor and Harley's face fell. "Who knows what a mongrel like that could be up to?"

"Aw. C'mon Mister J," Harley pleaded, fluttering her lashes at him coyly and adding a gentle dig, "Can't be any worse than what you are!"

He shot her a disgruntled glare before straightening his face again. "Now Harley, m'dear, I just won't allow it."

“Allow it?”

“I just can’t in good conscience allow you to keep seeing this man,” he clarified, waving a finger in her direction. “It’s my job to look after you, now isn’t it?”

Harley gave him a quizzical look, cocking her head so that her blonde hair bounced. “Mister J?”

He crossed the floor in a few long strides and draped an arm around her shoulders. “Harley, my dear, my *darling*, I won’t have you mixing around with riff-raff! You’re in top company now, my girl, and I won’t have you going back. Got it,” he added, in a voice much gruffer than the light tone he’d been using.

“Okay...”

“Now, now, chin up, Harley Quinn.” He grinned down at her and took her cheeks between his fingers, angling her face up to his. “Let’s see that smile!”

When she let her lips twitch up, he let go of her and wandered off to the window with an “atta girl.”

Harley let her hand curl around the scrap of paper in her pocket, and bit her lip as she watched her love look out at the city. “D’you need me anymore, Mister J? Can I go?”

“Harley, you don’t even know why we’re here!” He shouted, pounding his fists on the windowsill before turning back to her.

“Puddin’?”

“Oh nevermind. Just forget it. Go, then. I’m not in the mood.” Joker folded his arms across his chest and glared at the red cross that hung outside the window.

A little worried, but a little relieved, Harley quietly slipped back out of

the room and down the stairs, and felt his eyes on her back as she scampered away.

“I must thank you again, my dear girl. It’s been wonderful to hear from you again.”

“Aw, don’t even.” Harley smiled across the table and took a long drink of her soda. The sun was starting to set over the Gotham skyline, drenching the former teacher and student in warm golden light. The other patrons of the sidewalk café gave the pair a wide berth on instinct alone.

Out of nowhere, Harley whimpered and ducked down, peering up over the edge of the table and coughing before quickly sitting back up. She glanced behind her and bit her lip. The long, pointed chin she thought she’d seen reflected in her glass was nowhere to be seen.

Crane tipped his head to find the thing that had Harley so afraid, and, seeing nothing, looked at her with a gentle worry in his eyes. “Is something the matter?”

“Ah, no.” Harley dismissed his concerns with a wave of her hand. “It’s nothing. Not a thing. I’m great!”

Crane knew her well enough to recognize her excessive protests, but said nothing.

Even Harley had to admit to herself that she was in a terrible state. Every shadow and trick of the light looked like the Joker waiting to punish her. She had barely been able to enjoy the dinner that she’d eaten, or even listen very closely when Crane had told her about his latest firing. All that she had caught was a vague description of a plan involving the special invention her old teacher had finally perfected.

Finally, after yet another sharp and sudden jump, Crane laid a comforting hand over Harley’s on the table. “What is it, Harley? You don’t have to hide from me.”

She brought her blue eyes up to meet his, and couldn't smile.

"What are you afraid of?"

Harley pulled her hand away quickly and stood up from the table. "Nothing. I just...I gotta go. I should, someone's waiting...I think..."

"A man?" Crane asked quietly. Harley looked back at him again and nodded. "The Joker." It wasn't a question.

With the briefest moment of hesitation, Harley nodded again.

Crane kept his eyes on her for a very long minute, then sighed. "Be careful, Harley. I won't stop you. But please, stay in touch? Just because you aren't my student any longer, that doesn't mean I can't care about you." A small, thin smile flickered across his lips.

"Aw, thanks, Professor." Now Harley did smile, as she picked up her pocketbook and started for the exit. "But don't worry. I'm fine, kay? I'll call you. Don't worry," she repeated, and left.

Jonathan Crane looked after her, left his money on the table, and slowly stood up to leave. He ignored the stares as always when he passed through the crowd.

This is not good, thought the Joker as he paced the floor of his new headquarters. *This is very much not good*.

He should never have let her leave. He was kicking himself for having slipped up. It didn't take a genius to figure out where Harley had gone for so long. It was his fault, really, forbidding her to go. He sneered at himself. He was too good to be making those kinds of mistakes.

"Little lost Harley's found another haven..." he muttered, staring out at the people walking back and forth on the street. This was not acceptable. The Joker was no stranger to the minds of women—despite all rumors to the contrary. He knew quite well that Harley wouldn't put up with him

for very much longer if she had anyone else to turn to. This Crane needed to be out of her life—and quickly.

Joker jerked out of his thoughts at the squeak of the door opening. Harley's blonde head peeked in through the crack, nervously checking to be sure he was not still upset with her.

The Joker swallowed his anger and plastered on the kindest smile he could find. "Harley! Where have you been?"

"I went out wi—" she caught herself mid-word and changed her answer. "I went out to eat."

"Oh did you?" Joker stepped closer to her, advancing slowly, still smiling. "With whom?"

Harley gulped, and found that she couldn't lie. "I met Professor Crane."

"I knew it." The honeyed tone that Joker had adopted dropped away, and Harley cringed to hear the gruff anger in his voice. "I told you not to mix around with him, didn't I?"

"You did," she answered sadly, staring at the floor and twisting her foot back and forth.

"And *why* did I tell you that?"

Harley brought up her eyes to look at him, confused and apprehensive. "Mister J?"

"I'm only looking out for my Harley's well-being," he answered his own question, pacing circles around her and softening his voice again. "After all, I can't help but worry with you in the company of strange and dangerous persons."

Harley's eyes narrowed shrewdly, and she looked into his face with renewed courage. For a split-second, the Joker was sure that she had figured him out—she was smarter than she looked, she knew what he was doing.

But her face broke into a smile and the moment passed. “Aw, Puddin! You’re jealous!”

With only a flash of confusion, the Joker took the cue and ran with it. “I am not,” he insisted, folding his arms and turning his back to her.

Harley was completely fooled. She smiled and hugged him from behind, standing on her toes to hang off of his shoulders. “Aw, Mister J!” She almost squeaked. “You know you don’t have to be jealous! Don’t you worry about a thing. Professor Crane, he’s my teacher, he’s like my dad or something! Not like you at all. Oh Puddin, I’m all yours!”

The Joker grinned in spite of Harley’s crushing embrace. “Very well then, Harley. But don’t give me any reason to worry.”

“Oh I won’t, I won’t I promise! I’m so glad you’re not mad at me!” With a final giggle and squeeze, she skipped off toward the door—but Joker grabbed her arm before she could leave.

“Harley, you do know why we’re here?”

She blinked. “To make ‘em laugh before they die?”

“No, no!” He let go of her arm with a violent twist. “Here, this place, this building.”

“Why are we over a blood bank, you mean?”

“Right.”

“Why?” Harley asked, shrinking back a little bit.

Joker growled and paced back to the window. “I thought it was such a good joke! A blood bank! Don’t you get it?”

Harley shook her head.

“Blood! One of the humors!” Joker waited for her to react, but all Harley could do was stare. He threw up his hands in frustration. “Simple-minded, idiot, hack city! What good is a smart joke if the people are too dumb to get it?”

“Maybe we just gotta make ‘em smarter.”

Joker whirled around to tell her off, but stopped himself and turned over the idea in his mind. “Hmm...maybe...” He broke into a new grin. “Harley, my girl, that’s the best idea you’ve had yet.”

She beamed back at him, and kissed his cheek before skipping away again.

When the door slammed behind her, the Joker allowed himself a sigh of relief, and a smirk. It really was too easy. He should have known better than to think she’d actually leave him.

All the same, he thought, I’d better be more careful with this one.

It was well into the night when Harley came home again. She skipped up the stairs and into their small stolen apartment, humming all the way. “I’m home!” she called into the air.

Harley beamed when the Joker stepped back out into the open room, his chalk-white face tinted orange by the streetlights coming in through the window.

“Hiya Puddin! I just went and saw Profe—I mean, Doctor Crane again, and he thinks just the same as me, and I’m really hope you’re not still all mad at him cause like I told you, you got nothing to worry about!”

Joker’s eyes narrowed, his face hidden by the shadows in the dark room. “You saw him again?” he asked quietly.

“Well yeah—Puddin, I told you! It’s okay, you don’t gotta worry,” she tried to reassure him, but even Harley couldn’t miss the dangerous expression on his face.

“I’ve told you not to see him!” Joker snarled, pushing her hand away where it had tried to touch his shoulder. “Are you disobeying me,

Harley?"

"No, Puddin, come on, It's not like that," she pleaded.

"I don't see how it's not." He started to pace around her, forcing Harley to turn in place, her eyes locked onto his. "I gave you instructions and you didn't follow them. Twice now you've broken the same rule!"

"Mister J, please!"

"I don't ever want you to so much as *think* about going to that nutty professor again, do you hear me?"

"Yessir," she squeaked, too frightened to say anything else.

He shot her a glare and stopped pacing, turning his back to her. "I expected more from you, Harley. You've disappointed me."

She let out a soft whimper, staring at the back of his green head. In a barely audible whisper, she squeaked out another scared, pleading, "Mister J?"

"I've worked hard for what I have and I'm not about to let a willful little whelp share in my triumphs!" He glared daggers at the wall, but kept his back to her, knowing that it would hurt her more.

"Puddin, I—"

"Don't even try it." He was a second away from throwing her out, but he forced himself calm. The Joker knew from his long years that his anger was far more useful when it was simmering deep within the mind.

Harley swallowed hard and bit her lip, waiting to be sure that a further rebuke wasn't coming her way before she spoke. "Well, I just thought you'd wanna know, Professor Crane thinks my idea's really good, y'know, getting people smarter, so they get all your jokes, and—"

"*You told him?*" His voice seethed with a new surge of rage.

"Well yeah...Mister J?" She asked, alarmed by the way he stood so still,

so dangerously calm.

“Get out.”

“But Puddin-“

“I said get out!” He shouted, and she flinched. “And don’t you *ever* spoil one of my jokes! You can’t go around telling the punch line before it’s set up!”

Harley had never, ever seen him this angry. He had turned back to shout at her directly, eyes blazing with anger, clenched fists shaking at his sides. She cowered under the pressure of it all, shrinking into herself, even taking a step backward. It wasn’t until he turned back around in disgust that she could dare to approach him again. “Mister J I’m sorry...”

“Go away.”

She took a few tentative steps toward him, her pigtails shivering, bright eyes glossing over with tears. She reached out a shaking hand and carefully laid it on his shoulder. “I’m sorry, I—“

“DON’T TOUCH ME!”

SMACK.

Harley was sprawled out on the floor, her elbow throbbing where it had hit the ground, her cheek red where it had been hit. The Joker stood over her, his raised hand still stinging from the impact. The room had gone silent.

She took a slow, shuddering breath, her wide eyes staring up at him, unable to blink as the first tears spilled over. Her face was the picture of shock, of betrayal. Slowly, she got to her knees, then her feet. For a very long moment she only stared, her slim fingers running over her cheek.

Then she turned and ran out the door, down the stairs, into the street. And she could feel the Joker’s eyes on her back as she ran.

If you enjoyed this story, you can find more alternate universe tales of your favorite DC heroes at DC3 Multiverse.

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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!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #5 (2008)

Harvey and Ivy.

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

Last Sun of Krypton #1 (2008)

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

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

Last Sun of Krypton #2 (2008)

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

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

Last Sun of Krypton #3 (2008)

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

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

Two days had already gone by, two more days of heartache and fear, of disbelief and thick, destructive denial. Despite the official

pleas from the Board, and despite the few ready rockets off-world that had already left for the colonies, most of the population refused to budge from their homes on only the word of Jor-El. Kal's breathing was quick and nervous in the heated air. All of those people were depending on his bravery, his intellect...
...and on the nuclear bomb strapped to the hood of his small electric car. "

Ultimate Gotham Girls #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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