



Danger Trail #6

Don Walsh

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Previously...

... Speed Saunders and King Faraday returned to Washington, D.C. in possession of the Ineffable Libram, an ancient tome of dark lore, a book that top government experts have been working on to decipher and understand; this investigation being examined in light of a battle with vampires in San Francisco and Aztec sorcerers attempting to conquer Mexico; the man called Midnight has found himself caught up in each of these missions, and as he returns to San Francisco, he is forced to wonder if he can escape...

The Danger Trail!

Issue #6: "The Man in Stitches Affair, Part One"

Written by Don Walsh

Edited by Mark Bowers

Washington, D.C.

July 11th, 1935

The three men sat in the conference room and stared at each other over the piles of reports, papers, books, stone sculptures, and several other odd bric-a-brac. None of them looked very happy about what they were seeing, and even less happy with the reports they'd each brought to the table with them. At the center of the table lay the Ineffable Libram, and a sheaf of preliminary translations from Harriet Cooper.

"Well, gentlemen, I've told you everything we have in P3. Make of it what you will, but I'm gonna say up front, I'm glad to be able to share some of this with others in the same boat." Martin Cook leaned back into his chair and sighed heavily as he slapped shut the file folder in front of him. In his mid-thirties, his sparse black hair was already flecked with gray, and he looked every bit like he should be twice his age. His naval uniform was impeccable, with a bright polish to his lieutenant commander's insignia, and he clearly took pride in his appearance, weathered as it was.

Army Colonel Philip Darnell looked over at his aide Major Derek Trevor as the two men digested the information. Trevor gave out a slight cough and Darnell nodded a little, and then Trevor spoke.

“We’ve had a briefing on this ‘Aztec Incident’ in Mexico from Agent Faraday,” the slender, blond-haired soldier started saying. He slid a different folder over to Cook and continued, “While a civilian matter, it just fits into this whole Parapsychological, Psychic and Paranormal Department you’ve just filled us in on.”

“Would have been nice of the Navy to include the other branches earlier, I might add,” Col. Darnell chastised. Of average height, Darnell was an older man, nearly bald, with a weathered ruddy face and piercing blue eyes that stared at Cook. Not that Cook seemed the slightest bit fazed by the dressing down. “We’re all in this together after all. National security and all.”

“You’re getting it now,” Cook answered. “I don’t have to answer for my superiors, that’s not my job. What is my job is convincing you guys to come on board. And help us to figure out how to pitch this to the President. We have to get control over what’s in this book,” he thumped the Libram for emphasis, “and we have to get control of the people who seem to have gotten... attached to the book.”

“They’re civilians. Even Faraday; he’s Secret Service, not military. We won’t even talk about the mystery man,” Darnell snapped back. “I say we cut them out of the loop, make them know that they keep their traps shut for the good of the nation.”

“And start from square one?” Cook shot back with an incredulous look. “These guys have a clue, let’s take advantage of that.”

Darnell pursed his lips and thought it over slowly, staring again at the artifacts on the table; a decade of shocking revelations gathered by the Navy’s Department P3. And now, this report on vampires, ghosts and Aztec priests summoning pyramids. He rubbed the bridge of his nose and shook his head.

“I think he’s got the right of it, sir,” Trevor said. “Joint effort. Get these

guys in, bring in some of our own guys to backstop and watch it all. Make sure it's done right. And use this book, this... Danger Trail to our advantage. If it's not just hokum... well, considering what's going on out there with the mundane stuff alone... "

"You mean in Europe? That's got nothing to do with this. It's hogwash, and propaganda. And it's not any of our affair," Darnell snapped back at Trevor quickly. He looked at the two junior officers and sighed, standing up and sliding the book toward them. "Get Cooper to finish the rest of this. Give me your proposals. We'll take it from there. I could almost not care less what happens with all... all of this," he swept his hand over the table, "as long as the military doesn't lose oversight of it. I won't have that happen, not at all." He turned and stormed from the room.

*San Francisco,
July 12th, 1935*

The man called Midnight stalked the darkened streets once more. It had been almost two weeks before he slipped into the worn blue suit and tied on the domino mask. David Clark had spent those two weeks mixed with emotion. He smiled at the memory of his friend Juan when he was presented with his rescued nephew. That good feeling was dampened by the adventure that revolved around the kid's rescue. And the adventure before that involved vampires and ancient secret societies from across the oceans. All of it was getting to be too much for a former college athlete and would-be news reporter.

What next? he wondered as he crept up an alley, and peered out across the nearly empty street. There was no moon tonight; the sliver that hung in the night sky was covered by dark clouds, and the only light was the dull yellow of the street lamps. He watched intently as two men walked under the dull yellow light and toward a dilapidated building. There was no one else in sight, and he darted from his alley to crouch behind a car, watching the pair give a special knock. A tiny panel slid open, and then the door opened and admitted the pair. *This is more like it. Opium den pushing into blue-collar neighborhood, blackmail and extortion scheme, nice and simple.* He gave a tight grin as he dashed across the street and started to explore the building. *Simple, straightforward bad guys. And no Faraday or*

Saunders anywhere in sight. That made his grin wider as he examined the sealed basement windows, and then crouched down at one and picked at the corner of a board with his fingers.

It took some work, but eventually he managed to peel the board off. He tried to peer inside, but the grime and lack of light foiled him. *Lack of light tells me that no one's down there though. So good entrance.* He kicked at the small panes, and then lowered himself into the room. His foot caught the edge of a wooden table and he nearly lost his balance. Instead, he controlled the fall and landed a few feet away, recovering nicely he thought.

The basement smelled of musty old wood, water-stained brick and something else. It was an odd odor, a tang that taunted his nose and made him unconsciously wipe at it before trying to adjust his vision to look around. *Flashlight. Gotta bring a flashlight in the future,* he thought, annoyed at his lack of planning. He reached out with his arms and slowly stepped forward, finding the edge of the table. He reached the end of the table and then there was something smooth. It was rounded. And it was tall. He frowned and tried to figure out what he was feeling. He knelt and ran his hands down, and started to imagine a cylindrical shape. He pulled off one glove and pressed his fingers to the surface again, hearing a familiar squeak of flesh on glass. Then his fingers found the glass riveted into some kind of metal base.

That was when his world went from pitch black to brilliantly lit, which still left him blind. He heard a cry of "Who're you?" from somewhere behind him, and he swiftly rose to his feet and spun in the direction of the voice, slowly seeing stairs come into view, two large men headed down those stairs and toward him.

"Blue Coal delivery rep?" Midnight offered, but the growls of the two over-sized thugs clearly proved they weren't buying the story, never mind any coal. "Right, well okay then, guess we do this the hard way."

He stepped forward, ducking under a big swing from one of the thugs and crashing into the other, tackling him into the cellar wall. A thud from the back of the man's head was followed by a glass stare, as Midnight sidestepped a second punch from the first thug.

"Thanks for the help, buddy," Midnight said when he watched the second thug's nose break, before he launched his own flurry of blows. It wasn't long before he was finished with the first thug as well and smiling ear to ear now. "Oh I've missed that! Nice simple thuggery, protecting a nice... simple... opium ring..." Midnight's voice started to falter and trail away as his eyes settled on the strange object he was feeling earlier.

The tall glass cylinder was bolted into the floor and into the ceiling, and filled with a strange bubbling liquid. Suspended by copper wires from the top of the cylinder, floating in the clear-but-slightly-bluish liquid, were an assortment of body parts. A couple of arms, three or four legs, a mismatched pair of eyes staring back at the vigilante, and several organs. With each item that registered in Midnight's brain, his smile dimmed and the excitement faded. Instead his heart beat faster as he saw the bizarre collection.

"Aw damn it! That's just not right!"

Baltimore, Maryland
July 12th, 1935

The music was fast and furious as dancers whirled and twirled and other patrons watched from tables set around the edges. Waitresses maneuvered between customers as they delivered drinks and food, and the frenetic pace of the entire nightclub lit the air with energy.

At the center of this whirl of energy was Cyril "Speed" Saunders and Harriet Cooper. Both had drawn looks from the other dancers, and caused fevered whispers from the seated patrons as they attempted each dance that came their way. Not that their ability to dance without cessation was the cause of the stir. It was the handsome, if quite younger man, holding court with the attractive yet older woman that was part of the rounds of gossip. The rest of it came from those people who knew of the Cooper family. The Coopers had long roots stretching into Baltimore, down through Washington and even into Richmond and other parts of Virginia. Well-respected academics and scholars; that was the Cooper legacy. Professors, researchers and sponsors of academia.

And there was the daughter and heir apparent to the Cooper name, dancing with scandalous adventurer Speed Saunders, recently of some noted debacle in Mexico (where the citizens could never get their act together and become a true and proper government, all of the high society agreed on). And so the talk continued, and the watchers continued and in the center of it all was the dashing-dressed blond Saunders and the elegant auburn-haired beauty in the demure dress, dancing anything but demurely.

“Whew! Okay... okay, Speed, I think I need a break,” Harriet laughed as the band wound down its rendition of *It Ain't Necessarily So*. “It's been some time since I've done this much dancing. And how on Earth did you get the band to play a song like that in here?”

The pair sat at their table, Speed at her chair to pull it out for her, and grinned wickedly. They could hear more murmurs and mutters as Speed took his seat and signaled for some wine. “I got my connections, and the tune's become something of a favorite of mine since I first heard my friend Ira working on it.”

Harriet's eyes bugged out at the name-dropping and shook her head. As the wine glasses were filled, Speed lifted his and clinked it against Harriet's. “Hey, you're running in the big time now, sweetheart.”

“Well, I'd like to think I was already big time before you came along, Cyril,” Harriet teased in return and sipped at her glass. “But I appreciate the sentiment.”

“So when do you hear back about the translations you filed?” Speed asked as he leaned back and took a deep drink of his wine.

“I'm supposed to get a briefing tomorrow. That's what I've been told. I have no idea what else they want me to do, but hey, if it gives me money to do some of my other research, I'm not turning them down,” Harriet answered, eyes glittering with excitement as she sipped further. “Your pal is supposed to be in there tonight, I gather. I'm surprised he didn't tell you.”

“King? He's talking with the bigwigs? Wow. No he's said nothing, but

that's the spy type for you," Speed replied. "All secrets and working behind people's backs and all. I just hope they don't think they're shutting me out from all this. I've not gotten this close to my goal just to get bounced now."

"Relax. As long as you keep being good to me, I'll keep you in the loop," she said with a laugh and a wink.

"How good do you want me to be? Just this celebratory night alone has put a hurtin' on your reputation as a lady. Did you want me to put it out of its misery?" Speed reached across the table and took her hand in his and offered his own smile, all teeth and warmth and a dash of mischief for spice. "'Cause I can do that, oh yeah."

Harriet actually blushed, but let her fingers wrap up with his. "Maybe not yet. But some more dinners and a movie here and there, and we'll work some more on your Danger Trail."

"You got it, baby." He gave the slim fingers a squeeze, and then tilted his head a bit. "Other research? You know, I don't think you've ever mentioned other research. You're helping me with my deal, only fair I return the favor. Right?"

She pursed her lips and thought it over and put her other hand over his before nodding. "Okay. Yeah, you're right, of course. And considering what your deal is, I guess you'll believe mine."

"Well, if that's not a shifty way to start things off," Speed laughed as he enjoyed the feel of her hands on his.

Harriet looked around and then stood up. "Let's talk about this somewhere else, and give these wags something to really gossip about." She laughed and led the way, with Speed hurriedly tossing a bill onto the table in her wake.

Washington, D.C.
July 12th, 1935

King Faraday entered the room and looked at the two men already seated inside. The shabby office held a makeshift wooden table, and was as thrown together as everything else the War Department used to meet and plan in. He closed the door behind him and stared at the two military men staring back up at him.

“Secret Service Agent King Faraday?” asked one of the men, a blond fellow with bright green eyes and young features and broad shoulders. An Army officer, a major. He stood and reached a hand out in greeting. “I’m Major Derek Trevor, U.S. Army Corps. This is Commander Martin Cook, Navy Intelligence. Please sit down.”

Faraday shook the hand, a wary and brief shake, before he sat in the chair and faced back to Trevor. He noticed that each officer had his most recent case reports in front of them, something that made him frown.

“We’ve dissected the initial translation and report on the Ineffable Libram, the book you retrieved from the Black Dragon Society,” Commander Cook said, as he idly flipped through one of the two reports. “In light of the events you’ve submitted of late, with similar reports filed by my people over the seven years, we want to make you an offer.”

“I’m not joining the military,” Faraday replied quickly, cutting the Naval officer off. “I want to serve my country, but if I wanted to do it in a uniform, I’d have signed up for one. I like what I do, and I do it very well, I think.”

“We agree,” Trevor answered. “Martin and I, we think you and your friends do a very good job, considering the... amateur nature involved. We want you to form the center of a special unit to keep handling these matters.”

“Still sounds military. I don’t want that,” Faraday countered, though he was interested in what the two men were suggesting. It slowly sank in that Commander Cook had mentioned something about corresponding reports to his own, and now he looked at the man. “You’ve got more of these incidents?”

“Not your concern to ask right now,” Trevor spoke up, redirecting Faraday’s gaze. “If you want an answer to that, you can say yes, of

course.”

“What does saying yes mean?” Faraday countered with a low, suspicious voice. He was shifting his gaze between both men now, trying to get a read on them.

“It means you will be at the core of a special unit,” Cook replied. “You’ll stay a Secret Service agent, you’ll still answer to your regular superiors, and, under normal circumstances, you’ll have nothing to do with the two of us.”

“Okay. So far, so good,” Faraday shot back, letting himself grin slightly as Cook’s face darkened. He found it quite interesting that Trevor actually suppressed a smirk.

“But we’ll direct certain cases to you, as the need arises,” Trevor continued after rubbing the bottom half of his face to cover the near-smirk. “They’ll be tabbed with a special mark. You’ll keep this mark on all files of this nature, and your bosses, they’ll know to bump the reports back to us, without reading them. They won’t have the clearance.”

“You’ll be allowed to keep Saunders working with you, as needed,” Cook added as he folded his hands over the reports. “He’s been... cleared by trusted sources. We’re going to extend an offer to Miss Cooper to remain on your staff for future translation work; you’re to get her into decryption as well.”

“Okay. My staff. I’m liking that, I think,” Faraday replied. “Do you really think this is going to be a big problem, that it needs a special response?”

“We’ll let Miss Cooper fill you in on the contents of the book, and Saunders already has enough of an insight about this ‘Danger Trail’ he keeps bringing up that he can tell you as much as we could,” Cook answered, looking unhappy about the fact.

“Probably more. And from what we gather about the Libram, I don’t think we want to know more,” Trevor further explained. “In fact, I know I don’t.”

“You’ll be assigned other people as we find suitable agents,” Cook

added before Faraday could say anything else. "Military and civilian. You'll work with whoever they are. And chain of command will be worked out as we find these other people and fill this unit out."

Now Faraday started to fume, but bit off a sharp retort. He let the proposal being offered bounce around his head for several minutes before letting out a long, low breath.

"Well? This is all a start, we'll be hammering out specifics over the next couple of weeks, along with our immediate superior, Colonel Darnell," Trevor said. "But we need to know if you're willing to say yes. I know it's hard, but it's a commitment. If you say yes, you're in for the long haul. But we need a yes now."

"Sight unseen, huh?" Faraday didn't look pleased about the push.

"Col. Darnell," Trevor said as if it would explain things. He then added, "He wants this kept purely military, he wants this out of your hands. And by yours, I mean... "

"Out of the hands of Saunders. And Midnight," Faraday filled in and watched the pair of men nod. "Fine. I'm in. But you two had better be ready to deal with bringing me in, because I'm not a military man, and that's just the way it's going to be." He stood up suddenly, to bring the conversation to an end.

Cook remained in his seat and just stared straight ahead as Trevor stood as well and reached a hand out again. "Understood, Agent Faraday. Let's hope we can all make this work out then."

Faraday shook his hand, then turned and left the room, leaving the two military men in uncomfortable silence.

San Francisco
July 15th, 1935

Midnight shook his head in frustration as he moved through the weather-beaten cemetery. Small faded stones, most makeshift, pocked

the grounds like a mouth filled with decaying teeth. There were splashes of green grass scattered about, but many other areas were bare or swallowed by low weeds. None of the graves held flowers or other tokens. In fact all seemed to have been forgotten by nearly everyone.

The small building at the rear of the small graveyard held the only man who hadn't forgotten the residents of this Potter's Field. It was this small cottage that Midnight stormed up to, bypassing the rows of graves for indigent and unknown, and, with a clenched fist, banged on the door. He then banged again and waited, only to catch the slight movement from the curtain at the front window. He shook his head again, slowly and in frustration and darted around to the rear of the building.

There he saw the caretaker trying to quietly slip away toward tall hedges that lined the rear boundary of the graveyard. Midnight quickly caught up to the older, slightly-built man and placed a strong hand on one of his stooped shoulders.

"Okay, McMurphy," Midnight growled as he spun the man around. "I know about the grave-robbing, so spill!"

"Huh? What? Someone's been robbing the graves? That's horrible!" the caretaker cried out in mock horror, clapping his hands over his face. "You've gotta find them and stop them!"

"Who's doing it?" Midnight snapped as he grabbed up the man's collar and pulled him close. "Who's stealing, and where are they?"

"I don't know who!" McMurphy protested as he tried to squirm away. "Honest! I get an envelope dropped off at my place every so often, with a decent wad of cash and a date! I leave the gate unlocked and the truck shows up. That's it! Honest, I got no clue!"

"Truck?" Midnight grinned and pulled McMurphy closer. "Don't suppose you got a name for that truck? Or a license plate?"

"Naught," the caretaker said in a shaking voice. "Naught Truckers. I... I peeked out the first time, and the truck had that on the side."

Midnight put McMurphy down and nodded as he let the information

sink in. "Okay. Okay, McMurphy, sounds good. I hope you got that all right. I'd hate to have to mess up your wardrobe again." Midnight carefully smoothed out the man's collar, and then pivoted on his heel and marched back through the graveyard, leaving the shaken caretaker to sink to the ground.

London, England
July 15th, 1935

The butler answered the chimes sounding at the front door, pulling the door open and greeting the tall, exotic woman with fine porcelain features and stark red hair, carefully bobbed and coiffed. She wore a lavender silk dress that clung to her slender figure, and the design and cut added to the slightly exotic air she carried around her as she stepped into the ornate and ancient hall.

The butler gave her a curt bow and led her down the main hall, over the marble floor and beneath the high arched wooden beams as the woman fairly glided behind him, heels clicking softly as she did. Her eyes stared ahead, not quite seeing the butler, indeed, she didn't seem to be seeing anything with the pale blue orbs. She paused at the doors to the parlor while the butler stepped in to announce her presence to the master of the house, and then she was admitted.

"Rupert St. Cloud, what a great pleasure to see you again," the woman said as she walked over to the elderly man. He rose from his overstuffed leather chair, leaning heavily on a gnarled oaken walking stick, and met her halfway, taking her hand and offering a polite kiss to its back.

"Rose Psychic," Rupert answered in a rich, dry voice. "You look as lovely as ever. Come, sit. Did you want a drink?"

"Oh no, thank you, Rupert," Rose replied as she settled down onto a pale red settee.

"Well, I'll have one for sure," he said as he poured himself a glass of Scotch. "Your visits, I find Scotch fortifies me for them."

“Rupert, you dear,” she chuckled softly, a hand to her lips as she demurely looked up at him, “you say such the nicest things.”

Rupert took his glass and slowly limped back to his chair, settling down and taking a deep sip. “What brings you to my home, Rose?”

“I’m here to call in a marker, Rupert,” Rose said without any further wait. “The minor debt. The small matter. I have a small matter that this would be perfect for.”

Rupert set the glass down and leaned back into his chair, sighing softly. He knew this day would come. “What is this matter?”

“I need your daughter to fly to America,” Rose explained as she watched the man squirm slightly at the mention of his family. “New York City to be precise. I’ll need retail space for an endeavor I’m preparing for, and Argent will be perfect for taking care of the arrangements.”

Rupert closed his eyes and mused over the information before he slowly nodded his head. “Sounds reasonable. I’ll tell Argent at dinner tonight. Unless you wished to stay for dinner and talk to her yourself. You’re quite welcome to stay, Rose.”

“Thank you for the kind offer, but I have other things to see to,” Rose said as she stood up and stepped over to Rupert. “Thank you so much, dear.” She extended her hand and shook his. “I’ll send a courier over in a day or two with all of the details she’ll need to take care of. Give her my best, will you?”

“Of course, Rose. Of course.” The old man stood up as they shook and then watched the enigmatic woman leave his parlor. He shook his head and frowned and never once believed that this would be a simple matter of finding Rose Psychic a storefront. *That isn’t how she or her damned partner work*, Rupert fumed silently as he finished his drink.

San Francisco
July 19th, 1935

Midnight clutched the roof of the truck with all his strength. He watched the city block zip by as the truck unwittingly carried him to his destination. He'd cased the garage facility for the Naught Trucker Company over the last few days and realized that getting in would be tough. The doors only opened for one of the trucks, and none of the crew seemed to ever leave the building, which helped to verify that there was something very suspicious, but also made it extremely tough to get through the heavy metal doors that allowed access only to the company's vehicles. It had taken him a couple of days just to find a truck to hitch onto, but now he was being pulled into the building and he'd get a chance to get to the bottom of all of this. His only consolation remained the fact that he still hadn't seen hide nor hair of Saunders or Faraday, so maybe this wasn't as weird as it could be.

The truck came to a stop, and he heard the cab doors open up. A voice from off in the distance spoke out, asking if the delivery had gone well, and the answer was affirmative, and now all three men joked about getting a beer. Midnight could only think that he hoped they went right away, so he could get off the damned roof. The longer he lay up there, the more he realized that this might have been a very, very stupid plan after all.

But he was inside, and he heard the three sets of footsteps echo off the concrete floor and leave the garage, followed by a door slamming shut, and Midnight breathed a sigh of relief. He rolled to the edge and dropped himself gingerly to the hard floor below, taking a moment to get his bearings. There were three trucks in the garage - the smell of grease and oil filling his nose - and tools and rags and cannisters and shelves of equipment lining the walls. Nothing out of the ordinary here, and he didn't look happy.

What did you expect, the secret plans to the villain's scheme to be tacked up on a wall for easy reading? Get with it, Clark! he chastised himself as he started to look around. Aside from the door the three men left through, there was a second door, and this was locked up tight. There was also a locker on the far side of the room, drab green in color. Midnight looked at the second door, wondering if he could pick the lock or maybe force it open, but the locker drew his attention again. He looked it over from across the room and then looked back at the door. But again the locker drew his gaze, and this time he stormed over to it and examined it carefully.

Words printed on the side made him frown again. *Property of the US Army? Maybe it's surplus. Yeah. That's it. Surplus,* Midnight tried to convince himself.

He sighed heavily and walked back over to the truck he'd snuck in on. He pulled out a key from his pocket and scraped at the paint on the truck, revealing a drab green color underneath. "Oh man." He then slowly walked over to the second door, the locked door, having grabbed up a heavy mallet on the way. Annoyance helped to power his swings as he broke open the doorknob and swung the door open, revealing a supply room littered with boxes stamped "Property of the US Army Corps".

"So much for my nice simple opium ring," he sighed.

To Be Continued!

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

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From the same author on Feedbooks

Danger Trail #1 (2007)

Danger Trail: The Blood & Dragon Affair, Part 1 (of 3)

Danger Trail #2 (2007)

Danger Trail: The Blood and Dragon Affair, Part 2 (of 3).

Ninjas and vampires and diabolical plots, oh my! King Faraday, Speed Saunders and the Enemy Ace are joined by a masked crime-fighter as they face two secret societies with a monstrous agenda! Pulp action at its finest as we seek out...the Danger Trail!

Danger Trail #3 (2007)

Danger Trail: The Blood and Dragon Affair, Part 3 (of 3).

Learn the mission of the Blood Red Moon! Uncover the mastermind behind the Black Dragon Society! Watch our heroes try and work together when some can't trust others, and one has no clue that there's cavalry coming to the rescue! Who would have thought marital strife could be so much danger for the heroes, or so entertaining for the readers! It's the conclusion to "The Blood and Dragon Affair!"

Danger Trail #4 (2007)

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

Mightiest Mortals #1 (2007)

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Mightiest Mortals #2 (2007)

Mightiest Mortals: In a Crash of Thunder

Mightiest Mortals #3 (2007)

Captain Marvel: Under a Seal of Six Gods!

Justice League #8 (2007)

Justice League: Lucky Number 7.

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

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

Justice League #9 (2007)

Justice League: To See Tomorrow.

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

Justice League #10 (2007)

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

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

Danger Trail #5 (2008)

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

What connection lies between la Llorona's kidnapped children and Nyola's captured heroine Rima? What is drawing the natives of Central America and Mexico together? Speed Saunders, King Faraday and Midnight are joined by Doctor Occult to learn the truth before an Empire of Blood washes over the land!

Weird Western Quarterly #11 (2008)

Johnny Thunder: Steel Heart Iron Soul.

As Johnny Thunder, John Tane has evaded the deathbed oath to his mother never to do violence, and become Mesa City's great protector. Now he's about to be challenged on a whole new level when a powerful land baron makes a grab for greater wealth and glory, and the enigmatic renegade, Madame .44, has Johnny Thunder's heart in her sights! What might be his most dangerous

mission yet will also be the first chapter in a ballad of love and gunslinging like the Wild West has yet to see!

Danger Trail #7 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Man in Stitches Affair, Part 2 (of 2).

The Revenant Program proceeds apace as Saunders and Midnight must struggle with former ally King Faraday to find the evidence that can shut down Doctor Zero for good! Maybe, just maybe, newcomer Argent St. Cloud can help out!

Speeding Bullet #4 (2008)

Bulletman: The Birth of Bulletman, Part 4 (of 4): Man Made Gods.

This is it! The mystery is revealed and the gloves come off as Bulletman duking it out with the Murder Prophet and his god of murder, the Nihilist! Can he come through his baptism of fire and blood intact? And even if he wins, does the Prophet truly get the last laugh?

Danger Trail #9 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Nation of Murder Affair, Part 2 (of 2).

As Speed Saunders and King Faraday join Argent St. Cloud to search for Michael Gallant, a wave of murders leaves the city of New York reeling as the heat rises, tempers flare, and Rue Morgue revels in the bloodbath!

Danger Trail #8 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Nation of Murder Affair, Part 1 (of 2).

Gangsters want Thomas Dewey dead at all costs, bringing Michael Gallant onto the case, Argent St. Cloud at his side! But when Murder, Inc. steps up to the challenge, can even he call on enough reinforcements to save the day?

Danger Trail #10 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Stolen Myth Affair, Part 1 (of 3).

It begins here! Threads woven from the start of the series, put into play centuries beforehand, all start to come together in this issue, as familiar faces return to the scene, dark forces gather for the attack, and the secrets of the Trail yawn wide and threatening! All this and a special guest-star...the Queen of the Amazons!

Danger Trail #11 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Stolen Myth Affair, Part 2 (of 3).

Things heat up for our heroes as the Dragon Queen and the Queen of Blood unite to betray Vandal Savage; Savage raids Washington, D.C. to acquire the Ineffable Libram; and King Faraday and Speed Saunders face off with Queen Hippolyta and Rima the Jungle Woman! Things couldn't get any worse than this, could they?

Danger Trail Annual #1 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Savage Sins Affair.

As the Stolen Myth Affair heats up, as a covert war rages on the Danger Trail, take a peek inside the history of the man who has set this all into motion...Vandal Savage! Balloon Buster Steven Savage is doing just that as he uncovers threads and connections surrounding the many figures of the age that all lead back to this diabolical mastermind, some stretching back centuries! If the truth about him can't be unraveled soon, those threads will choke the present day and continue into the future!

Danger Trail #12 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Stolen Myth Affair, Part 3 (of 3).

Vandal Savage begins his plan to bring the world into his control! King Faraday, Speed Saunders and Midnight, along with their assembled allies, make their bid to stop him, but there are three queens in this game, and each one has their own vision for how the endgame should play out! It's the end of the first year on the Danger Trail...is it also just the end?

Speeding Bullet #1 (2008)

Speeding Bullet, Part 1 (of 4): Modern Gods.

James Barr has developed a special device that allows him tremendous powers! Now he steps into a new world of masked men and heroic deeds, but is he really ready to take his place among the world's newest gods? Will the Murder Prophet usher in an age of blood first?

Speeding Bullet #2 (2008)

Speeding Bullet: The Birth of Bulletman, Part 2 (of 4): Deepest Secrets.

James Barr steps into costume for the first time, and Bulletman is on the case of the Obermyer murders. But so is another person...the actual killer, a mysterious being called the Murder Prophet, who is paving the way for his master, and the police and the rookie hero struggle to catch up and stop him!

Speeding Bullet #3 (2008)

Speeding Bullet: The Birth of Bulletman, Part 3 (of 4): Bleeding Truths.

The race is on to uncover the real killer as Detectives Farley and Doherty try to dig through the murder mystery, Martin Obermyer meets the killer and Bulletman stumbles in a critical way, leaving him to face the fury of his wife!

Mightiest Mortals #4 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: Wielding Fists of Virtue.

Captain Marvel is caught between a throwdown with Ibac and Sivana launching an all-out assault on our hero and the Fawcett itself! As bad as that is, though, it gets worse for Kit Freeman...much worse! Meet Sabbac!

Mightiest Mortals #5 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: Scenes of a Day

Mightiest Mortals #6 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: Between Opposing Forces.

Freddy finds himself having the most startlingly worst day of anyone's life! Can it be worse than losing a close relative? What about the dark secret within another relative? Or the secrets being held by his best friend? It all comes crashing down on him in a terrible avalanche of revelations! All this while the city moves on without him!

Mightiest Mortals #7 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: From the Shadows of Twisted Minds.

Get ready for action and excitement! Freddy buries his cousin, Christopher Freeman, and has another showdown with his stepbrother Tim Karnes. And we discover just how fiendish Sivana can be when he pushes Captain Marvel's every attribute in an

issue in which the World's Wickedest Scientist...doesn't even appear! All this, and the fate of Beautia!

Mightiest Mortals #8 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: To the Truth of the Matter.

Billy and Freddy have their confrontations on secrets kept, power hoarded and relations hidden, all the while the forces of the law struggle to keep Lady Justice apart from her new champion and Miss Minerva asserts her innocence!

Mightiest Mortals #9 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: The Abyss of Blood Relations

Fawcett City goes on despite the gang war, despite the debut of new heroes, despite it all, Fawcett City goes on. Come and see how it does, as Chief Kitchens deals with the presence of Captain Marvel and what it means for his police force! And has Miss Minerva over-played her hand?

Mightiest Mortals #11 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: The Tide of Heroism.

The beginning of the stunning two-part finale to Captain Marvel's first year! Sabbac has gone on a rampage, and Ibac is taking advantage of the chaos! Bulletman struggles to intervene, but everyone wants to know where Captain Marvel is! All this and more (and boy, do I really mean it this time)!

Mightiest Mortals #10 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: The Punishment of Good Deeds.

Amazing origins issue as we discover the secret behind the magic words, and the history of Sabbac and Ibac! Freddy walks into a deathtrap, Victor Craize starts to feel the power of the people, and the police make a startling discovery about Miss Minerva!

Mightiest Mortals #12 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: By an Act of Love.

This is it! Sabbac is on a rampage! Ibac sends his men out against the leaderless forces of his gangland opponent! Into the middle of this stands Captain Marvel and his allies! When the smoke clears, who will stand triumphant?

Nightwing #30 (2008)

Nightwing: The Riddle of the Sphinx.

Just when you'd think Dick's got enough trouble juggling Titans duties as Nightwing, solo duties as the Batman, and mentoring duties with Tim, things get harder. There's a new villain hitting the streets, one with a dangerous delusion, and Dick's not happy to see that Nightwing is apparently on the case, without Dick's permission! Come and join us for "The Riddle of the Sphinx!"

Nightwing #31 (2008)

Nightwing: Riddle of the Sphinx, Part 2 (of 2)

Dick must try to get to the bottom of the crazed King Tut and foil his rampages, but he also needs to figure out how to deal with the new Nightwing! As he digs up more information on both, all three men spiral into a collision course of tragic proportions, and Professor McElroy might just be the ultimate victim in all of this!

Justice League #11 (2008)

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

Things are falling into place at a rapid pace now... for the villains! With the League stretched thin across the globe, friends come racing to the rescue and the action only heats up! Watch Hawkgirl lead the storming of the JL satellite; witness Superman confront Mon-El over his mysterious mission; and thrill to the throwdown between Wonder Woman and the Persuader, as the master villain behind it all draws closer to his goal! All this and more!

Danger Trail Vol. 1 (2009)

This volume collects Danger Trail #1-12 as well as Danger Trail Annual #1. This is the complete first story arc in which our pulp heroes confront the treachery of the Blood Queen, the Dragon Queen and their mysterious backer. Stay tuned for Danger Trail #13 coming soon!

Danger Trail #13 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Brown Lady Affair, Part 1.

In the wake of the battle with Vandal Savage, Speed Saunders has set his sights on finding the Sigil of Seven; that quest being his only remaining link to the missing (and treacherous) Harriet Cooper! His friends Argent St. Cloud and Michael Gallant, along

with ally Doctor Occult, want to know what his intentions are, but first they must untangle a dark scheme involving the ghosts of Great Britain!

Mightiest Mortals #13 (2009)

Mightiest Mortals: Opening Passages.

As Fawcett City recovers from the fall of Ibac and Sabbac, our heroes find more things to be worried about. Susan Barr must prosecute the bloodthirsty Tim Karnes while reassessing her stance on costumed crime-fighters; Dudley must wrestle with what he should reveal to Billy, and Billy must deal with the fact that Freddy refuses to return to his crippled body!

Danger Trail #14 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Brown Lady Affair, Part 2 (of 2).

Speed Saunders must deal with the fact that the artifact Harriet had been searching for, the Sigil of Seven, is Doctor Occult's primary weapon against supernatural evil! In the wake of her treachery, what can that mean? And none of our heroes can take the time to figure it out now, as they struggle to save Michael Galant 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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