



## **Danger Trail #9**

Don Walsh

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"Argent St. Cloud" "Enemy Ace"

## *Previously...*

*... dangerous and desperate gangster Dutch Schultz arranged with the mysterious killer Rue Morgue to kill U.S. Attorney for New York Thomas Dewey, despite the gangland Commission's refusal to permit such an act; Schultz wants to force war to reclaim his lost power, Rue Morgue wants to take over Murder, Inc. and Michael Gallant, special aide to Dewey, wants to help stop the rising tide of organized crime; but when Rue Morgue suddenly and savagely kidnaps Michael Gallant from his hotel room, Gallant's friends Argent St. Cloud and Speed Saunders are left to wonder for what purpose as time continues to run out!*

### *The Danger Trail!*

Issue #8: "The Nation of Murder Affair, Part Two"

Written by Don Walsh

Cover by Claw

Edited by Mark Bowers

*New York City,  
under a blazing August heat*

*"That dirty bastard!"*

A powerful thump followed that pronouncement, as a fist drove into the heavy oaken top of the antique desk. The ugly face glared out at his best friend and partner as rage seized his mind. Charles Luciano had long ago reached a point where he wasn't to be ignored. Now he was being ignored by a gnat of a man in a the worst way possible, and "Lucky" wasn't going to have it.

"Calm down, Charles," Meyer Lansky said, trying to calm his longtime companion down. "We got time. We got all our people in on this; Dutch won't be able to take a piss without our finding him"

"That ain't happened so far, has it?" Luciano snapped back as he stood up and ran his hand over his hair. The ugly scars were livid white

against the flushed crimson anger as the top gangster in the city, in the country, fumed. "And the hitter, Rue Morgue, how we gonna find him? No one can; no one even knows what he looks like. He's the real danger!"

"It's okay, boss. We got that angle covered too." Lansky smiled easy with that statement.

"Oh?" His friend's calm response helped to ease Luciano's own rage. Schultz was just a street thug with a nice suit and limited time left to him, but Rue Morgue scared everyone. To have an angle on the killer made Luciano very interested.

"Yeah. We got an in. You remember Owney Madden? The Killer, over in Hell's Kitchen?"

"The mick? What about him?"

"He's close with a cousin who's close with the Feds. It's how he keeps getting out from Dewey and the other G-men." Lansky nodded as he saw the way this mollified Luciano.

"Well, that just means we got more people who can't find this Morgue guy, but at least it's something."

"It's more than something, Charles." He slid a San Francisco paper across the desk to his friend and pointed to the picture of a young, blond-haired man in a dapper new suit, flashing a cocky grin to the photographer. Next to him was a bulky-looking, silver-haired federal agent hunched into his coat and trying to look like he wasn't hating the press, and the two of them stood in the photo beneath a banner headline that screamed, "Saunders and Faraday Bust Major Opium Dealers!"

Luciano looked up at Lansky with a great big smile. "Oh. I see. Well, yeah, that's a different matter altogether."

"Especially since Madden assures me that Saunders is already in the city anyway. He's as good as on the case of a guy like Rue Morgue. It's covered, Charles."

Luciano chuckled as he sat back down and looked over the paper again. "Lucky me."

Both men laughed.

*Elsewhere in the city,  
hours after the attack*

The telephone rang nearly to the minute when Harriet Cooper expected to hear it. Perhaps a little earlier, but then King Faraday was always one to prefer being earlier than later.

"Ms. Cooper," Faraday said in a low, even tone that already hinted to his annoyance with her.

"Good evening, Agent Faraday," she replied, unfazed by the sound of his voice. She leaned back in the chair of her hotel room, a pencil doodling odd little pictures on a pad of paper as she reviewed some notes from Speed's researches. "How are you doing?"

"At two in the morning? I'm tired and grumpy, Miss Cooper. Explain to me what I'm doing up in New York City throwing my weight around the FBI's local office. Please." The please was very critical and disparaging, and Harriet couldn't help but giggle a little, stifled by the back of her slim hand. She then followed that with a yawn before answering.

"Sorry if I woke you up," she said sincerely. "But Argent found this weird skin sample," Harriet shuddered and wrinkled her tiny nose up at the memory before continuing, "and it just seemed to me that we could use some of your governmental muscle, especially since it seemed to deal with gangsters. You do still catch gangsters, right?"

The silence was deafening, and Harriet straightened up in her chair and put the pencil down. "Sorry, really, but it's a rush, and we had to—"

"Who's Argent?"

"St. Cloud. A friend of Michael's."

"Who's Michael?" Faraday's frustration was mounting.

"Gallant. A friend of Speed's, from the sounds of it. He got snatched by Rue Morgue." Harriet was much more deferential now, as she detected the boundary of his patience, and didn't want to cross it.

"Who's... No, never mind. Okay. Does Speed need my help? I've got a couple of cases, but nothing pressing, and since it's gangsters, and the Bureau still *does* capture gangsters..." Faraday let his voice trail off as he too stifled a yawn.

"Um, I... No, I think they've got it covered." Harriet thought about Argent's story, how this Rue Morgue seemed to shake off being kicked hard in the chest without a shrug, and how an inch-long peel of his skin was found caught on a piece of window but there was no sign of that bothering him as he escaped with the burly Army Air Corps pilot. Maybe she was being too hasty. "But honestly, I'm not sure. I'm not much of a cavalry charge if things get bad."

There was another moment of silence as Faraday mulled things over. "I'll check up on things tomorrow. Good night, Miss Cooper."

"Good night," Harriet replied quickly as she heard him hang the phone up on his end. She looked at the handset and sighed heavy. She put it back down and returned to her paper and pencil, continuing to scratch out translations and marks, slowly filling in various notes as she looked at the picture of a wood etching of the Symbol of Seven.

*On the city streets,  
under the heavy hot moon of August*

Speed Saunders and Argent St. Cloud looked tired and battered from their scrabbling through the city trying to find the trail of Rue Morgue. They'd learned precious little after quickly losing the trail of the mysterious hit man, who seemed to be completely uncaring about his own welfare.

The most important information they'd managed to pry out of the reticent barflies and stoolies of the city was that no one but no one knew who Rue Morgue was, and no one but no one wanted to be the first to find out. He unnerved them all, but no one could put a finger on why.

Argent knew why the killer unnerved her though. She'd heard the sound his chest made when she had expertly kicked his chest. He didn't flinch, even when she had, at the sound. That wasn't right, and she shivered at the memory.

"You okay? You can't be cold," Speed commented as they trudged across the city, back to his apartment, where Harriet stood guard at the phone waiting for information on the strange sample of skin that had been left behind during Rue Morgue's dramatic exit. Speed started to pull his suit coat off, but Argent stopped him.

Her platinum blonde locks hung limply around her alabaster face, cheeks flushed red with the recent exertion needed to 'convince' their last stop of the night to cough up any information to be had. She was dejected and exhausted and she shook her head at his gentlemanly action. "I'm not cold. Just thinking. About that... about him. And that... monster."

Speed nodded in agreement. He'd not seen it, but didn't doubt something very odd was at work. Never had he seen such a response from even the most open-mouthed of informant.

They were silent as they returned to their hotel, the heavy orange moon long dropped behind gray canyon walls of the city, and the sky now breaking up into slate and hints of red sun. It would be more hot, more humid, more oppressive.

"I need a shower," Argent muttered softly as they headed for the elevator, the desk clerk giving the young pair a curious and judgmental stare.

"Yeah, me too." Speed looked over at Argent, ready to add a quip about favors and washing backs, or going in the direction of pretend embarrassment about a scandalous inference. He just shrugged and said nothing, heat and fatigue and a big dead end in their case stealing his thunder away.

The elevator opened up to their floor and they stepped off to be greeted by Harriet, who smiled excitedly and waved them over as she also ran up to them. "It's about time you two got back! Have I got news for you!"

The pair stopped and gave her vacant, tired stares, but Harriet ignored them and continued, "We've got some information back from the Bureau, and they think they have a lead on where to find Rue Morgue!"

*In that actual location,  
at that actual moment*

Michael Gallant slowly tilted his head up, through the pounding headache and forced his heavy lids open. He pushed himself into consciousness, his blue eyes finally focusing on what was around him.

He was bound to a chair, that he noticed right off. Heavy ropes lashed around his muscular chest, holding him tightly to the back of the chair. His wrists were cuffed tight behind him, stretching his shoulders, and that had been the case for a while, because those broad shoulders ached and stiffened into position. He sighed as he tested the expert knots.

He noticed he was between two tables, each holding a mirror. He found it disconcerting to be staring at himself ad infinitum and turned away from the flanking glass. The dusty, musty basement was cluttered with boxes and broken furniture and tattered dress dummies and more, all coated in layers of grime and webs and the droppings of vermin, and Michael cringed slightly. Still, this situation was far from hopeless. The chair felt like it had give, and if he could reach a mirror and break it...

"You might be able to free yourself," Rue Morgue said. At first, Michael didn't see him. Then some of the early morning sun struck the glassy lens of his mask and then the rest of his black-clad body stepped from the muck-like shadows. "Yeah, I know the feeling well. A caged beast, belonging in the wild, ready to gnaw your own limbs off to get back out there. Makes the blood flow, don't it? Used to make my blood flow, Gallant."

“Well, I’ll be sure to make your blood flow right quick when I get myself out of this then,” Michael snapped back as he tested his bonds once more.

Rue Morgue ignored the testing he could see as he dragged over his own chair, and brought it so close in front of Gallant. He then fixed each mirror, allowing him to see both profiles. No matter how he turned, the mirrors provided a full view of Gallant’s face. Only then did the bizarre killer sit down in the chair.

“No. No you won’t. Can’t happen. I appreciate the offer, I do, more than you know.” He slid his coat off and put it to the side, and then pivoted to show the tear in his shirt just under his ribcage. The piece of missing flesh, ripped out of his body like the piece of missing material missing from his shirt. “But you’ll know soon. Very soon. I need to borrow your face. So I can do my job, whack Dewey.”

“Borrow my face?” Michael stared at the killer, who was peeling off the sweaty, grubby mask. Michael stared in shock, in horror, unable to believe what he saw in front of him. But he knew too much in his time helping his friend Thomas against organized crime, and before that, helping out other departments go after this breed of robber and burglar who liked shooting it out with the cops. “You’re dead!”

“Yeah. Yeah, I am, actually. Pardon me, I need to spackle my face a bit,” John Dillinger chuckled as he pulled out some paste and started to repair the hole just beneath his right eye. “‘Powder my nose’ as the dames like to say.”

“How?” Michael struggled to keep from vomiting at the sight of the dead man casually filling in the wound in his face.

“I woke up in a lab somewhere down by Montauk, near some lighthouse,” Dillinger explained as he started to examine the mirrors closely, his fingers gingerly touching his face in places, as if testing something. “I heard some pencil-necked geek in a white coat say something about a west formula, but wasn’t about to stick around to hear about no other formulas from other directions. Busted loose and decided to get into a new game, now that I was dead and all. Figured why should I be all alone.”

Michael watched and listened as the deceased bank robber started to push his face around, muscles protesting at first, but slowly giving in, his face acting like putty as he molded it, slowly but surely, into a replica of Gallant's own.

"Just gotta dye my hair now, and we'll get this show on the road. Gotta say, pal, thanks for all the help. You feel free to try and bust loose now, and maybe we'll talk more later. If you're not off to the joint first." Rue Morgue stood up and snatched up his mask and then grabbed his coat before heading out of the basement, leaving Michael Gallant struggling to recover from the bizarre, horrific sight.

*Meanwhile,  
on a small island off the coast of Greece*

<"It is late, Herr Kiss,"> said the tall, lean man with the aristocratic features and steely eyes. <"Perhaps it is time to leave this work for the morning. The door will be there in the morning, I am sure.">

<"Not this close, not when I am this close, Baron von Hammer,"> the gaunt man with the wild eyes replied, his fevered voice shrill and demanding. <"Tell me that you have never known such a determined moment in your life, I dare you!">

Hans von Hammer gazed around the large, carefully dug square of a pit the two men stood in. A month of work had brought the archaeological expedition to this point, and, with each step closer, the Enemy Ace had grown more stern and melancholy while his companion, architect and archaeologist Edmund Kiss, grew more excited and driven. He looked back now, under the gas-powered lamps that flooded the scene, guttering yellow light illuminating the outer levels of the ancient palace long covered by stone and dirt.

<"You can't, as I suspected. If you want to watch, don't let me stop you, but if you don't mind getting your aristocratic hands dirty, help me with this pry bar!"> Kiss exclaimed as the thick piece of metal slid into the cracks he'd found around the tightly sealed door.

<“I have gotten my hands dirty before, Herr Kiss,”> Hans said as he stepped up and helped put his strength into the endeavor. Slowly, dust and mortar and earth broke away and the door slowly swung open. Stale, cool air swept out around the two men as Kiss peered in, snatching an oil lamp from a nearby stand.

<“Apologies, Herr Baron,”> Edmund said in a softer, reverent voice as he looked into the long-lost room that lay beyond. <“Your exploits are legendary. I let myself get carried away. I should thank you; after all, your sponsorship made this expedition possible.”>

<“Do not mention it,”> the Hammer from Hell replied as he took a step back from the scientist. <“Please,”> he added under his breath.

<“Why did you offer to fund this trip, anyway? You never seemed to give an interest in archeology before. And then to come in person. Don’t trust me with the funds?”> Edmund giggled lightly at the joke as he stepped into the past.

<“I find... my interests expanding as I grow older, Herr Kiss,”> von Hammer replied as he watched his companion enter the stone room. He could see the lantern light wash over the many stone statues within, shadows playing hauntingly across the walls.

Kiss leaned in close to one, then another stone figure, both ornately detailed, in poses of fear and shock. He smiled wider and wider as he pulled a brush out and swept the figures quickly. He peered closer, pulling out a magnifying glass now, and he glanced over at von Hammer.

<“Our masters will be quite pleased, Herr Baron. There can be no doubt we’ve found the hall! These statues... are not statues, and somewhere in here, we’ll find it!”>

Hans von Hammer stepped in after Edmund Kiss now, staring closely at the first terrified figure he came across, peering into the long-frozen eyes. He knew the look of doom all too well. This was something no sculptor, no matter how skilled, could capture.

<“Our masters,”> the baron muttered as he shook his head ever so slightly, eyes downcast. <“This was a real person, Herr Kiss. I agree. Somewhere in here... ”>

<“... in here is the head of Medusa! And with it, my acceptance into the Ahnenerbe!” He clapped once, a sound that rattled throughout the by-gone audience chamber of King Polydectes. <“You never answered my question. Why? What do you get out of this, Herr Baron?”>

<“One step closer to ‘my masters’.”> He watched Edmund Kiss begin a frenzied search for the gorgon’s head in sullen silence as his words faded slowly in the dusty, dry chamber.

*Back in New York City,  
later in the morning*

Michael Gallant was hurting. He’d broken a mirror, and collected a shard and sliced slowly at his bond, the sawing motion also helping to weaken the wooden chair he was bound too. His shoulders ached, and the slicing was getting more difficult as the glass cut his fingers, and his eyes were shut tight as he tried to focus past the pain and mentally decry all the pulp stories that made this look so easy.

“Hey, pal. Want a hand?” Speed Saunders called out to his friend as he removed a basement window, giving him access to the room.

“Huh? Speed?” Michael looked up as the slim blond man dropped down and headed over. “How did you find me?”

“Turns out that this neighborhood is one of the only ones in the city that has a rare weed in its yards,” Argent explained as she followed, disregarding the dirt and grime and unladylike behavior needed to drop down into the basement after her partner. “That’s what Miss Cooper said she was told by the authorities.”

Speed looked at Michael, who looked back up at the young man with equal suspicion in his eyes. Neither person seemed to really believe the information, but it had been right, and so neither of them said anything

aloud either. Instead, Speed pulled out a Tom Mix pocket knife, and sliced off the rest of the already ragged ropes from Gallant.

"That's not all we got from the G-men," Speed said as Michael rubbed at his arms, trying to get the blood flowing, stretching his limbs. "Rue Morgue left behind some torn skin when he made off with you, and, according to them, it's dead. Past dead, dead when it got ripped off. There's a chemical in it they can't identify yet, but they're working on that."

"Rue Morgue is John Dillinger," Michael answered as he walked up to the basement door and rattled the locked knob.

"Ain't he kaput?" Speed asked incredulously.

"Yeah. He is. Dead as a doorknob." Michael glared at the obstinate barrier, pulled back and charged into it, crying out as his throbbing shoulder crashed through the wood, pulling the door off its hinges and sending it skittering across the hall. His hand rubbed his shoulder and he shook his head. "But he's out there, and he's got my face, and he's going after Tom Dewey. Looking like me."

"I'm confused," Argent said as the three of them exited the abandoned tenement, Michael squinting in the mid-morning sun. "A dead bank robber has your face and is going to kill someone? Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

"Yeah, it is. Welcome to my world," Speed replied with a grin. "Come on, we ain't got much time!" He stepped out into the street and directly in front of a taxi cab. "Get in!"

"City Hall and step on it, mister!" Michael said as he held the door open for Argent. He grinned at his companions, despite the pain and wounds, and added, "Always wanted to say that." He swung himself into the vehicle after Argent, and the cab sped off down the street, Speed clutching onto the running board on the other side from the older, brawnier blond man.

"Let me see your hand," Argent ordered, as she pulled a handkerchief from her clutch bag. "Come on now." She took the large, strong hand,

and wiped at the blood tenderly. She rolled her eyes as she heard hisses of pain from the large man, and then wrapped the bandage tightly around the wound. "We'll have to have that looked at when we're done with all this excitement. Try not to use it too much until then, right? Rely on your other hand to hit the boulder."

The vehicle raced along the streets, the cabbie grinning at the request and the talk of the three people he transported. *Best city on Earth, no question*, he thought to himself as he brought his taxi to a squealing stop at the very steps to the City Hall. "Here ya go, Joe," he said to them.

"Thanks, pal," Speed answered as he tossed a five dollar bill into the driver's side window. "Keep the change."

"Where can we find this Mr. Dewey, Michael?" Argent asked as she took the marble steps two at a time, slim but athletic legs carrying her quickly and offering a scandalous flash of her legs to anyone wanting to stop and look. Speed wasn't stopping, but he was looking, while Michael wasn't looking, but was letting himself have a moment's smile at the sight of those who did notice the lady at his side.

"Back side of the building, first floor," he called back to her as Speed handily caught up to the others, his nickname accurate in this instance. "At least, that's his office. We can hope he's there, otherwise, this could get pretty dicey."

At the doors to the grand old building, all three paused and Speed glanced back out to the street. "I think I hear sirens." A moment later, the sound grew more insistent and he nodded. "Yeah, coming this way I think."

"We're too late?" Argent asked.

"No! I refuse to be too late!" Michael Gallant glowered and charged through the door, followed closely by his companion, while Speed stayed at the door and watched two police cars pull up suddenly, four uniformed men stepping out and dashing up toward him.

"You there! Freeze, police!" commanded one of the cops as he moved toward Speed, gun drawn. The young man lifted up his hands as another

of the police grabbed his partner's shoulder and redirected him.

"Nah, it's okay. That's that Saunders guy we were told would be here, remember? He's square!"

"Yeah, that's me, glad to be square," Speed chuckled nervously as he put his hands down. "What's the situation? Is the killer inside?"

"We got a report of shots fired, yeah," the second cop answered as all five people moved into the building. "We have more units coming, but they're a few minutes away still. And the men already on duty here in the hall. Who's the killer?"

"Jo... um... Rue Morgue... who... well, he doesn't look like... the guy who you wouldn't believe it is, and... wow, let's just say I'll know him when I see him," Speed answered as he realized how impossible it was to explain that a reanimated bank robber was inside with a stolen face.

Gunshots echoed throughout the marble and stone halls, and Argent St. Cloud came rolling out of the way as Speed and the police turned a corner. "Down that way, Argent?"

"You could say that," replied the athletic woman as she pulled herself up quickly. "Dewey's still alive, I caught sight of him down by the secretarial pool, scrambling behind desks. Michael popped in and drew some attention away, but... "

More gunshots came from further down in the cavernous building, sending everyone dashing after the sounds.

"He went that way!" Michael Gallant cried out as he barreled from out of a different hallway this time, pausing just long enough to see Argent. "We can cut him off if you guys head that way!" he insisted, directing her and the police and Speed.

Without missing a beat, Argent spun on her heel and headed the way Michael had pointed, police starting to follow her lead a few moments later, adjusting to the idea of this new stranger ordering them about. But he had seen the killer, and the woman was listening to him, so they followed in hopes of putting this crisis to an end.

Speed ignored the directions, however, leaping to the side instead and fitting his fingers behind a large portrait of a city founder, as Michael swept out an arm he had stashed behind his body. The tommy gun was brought up and leveled at the running figures, but Speed paid that no mind. Instead, adrenaline-fueled strength tore at the picture and sent it hurtling down on the disguised Rue Morgue, driving the shots wild, cutting off his view of his targets. A hail of bullets scattered and cracked off the hard corridor, winging a couple of the police, as Speed leaped onto the back of the huge portrait.

“Oh no you don’t!” Rue Morgue insisted, animated muscle pressing up against the tremendous weights pressing down on him. His body protested, but dead and strengthened by the strange formula, he flung heavy frame, thick canvas and adventurer away from him, sending them sliding down the hallway. “No way are you keeping me from killing you all!”

Rue Morgue, the former John Dillinger, reanimated by some strange science, was now maddened and beyond reason as he jumped for his gun, until the true Michael, the one that was bleeding through the makeshift bandage Speed noticed the impostor lacked, hurtled out of nowhere. The two Michaels crashed hard into the marble, dried construction putty bursting from the bank robber’s old wound when his cheek cracked on the unyielding surface.

The two burly men rolled and grappled across the floor, splintering the picture frame, each landing tremendous blows against the other. The living Michael finally staggered back, but that gave Speed the opening he needed to grab one of Dillinger’s arms and spin him into the wall. The back of the killer’s head cracked, but he bounced back and smashed his forehead into Speed’s, and the young man fell back, stunned and senseless.

“Kill you all!” Rue Morgue roared, greenish-white flecks of foam appearing now at his thin lips as he stepped forward, balled fists ready to launch a new flurry of attacks. That’s when the fireman’s ax chopped heavily into the monster’s neck, quickly followed by a second chop that dislodged the head, sending it rolling down the hall and letting the body blindly stomp around until it crashed into the opposite wall and fell onto

its back.

Argent leaned on the ax, breathing a heavy sigh of relief as she saw the headless body lurch and jerk and slowly come to a halt. "You men and your fisticuffs," she said with a saucy smile.

"My hero," Speed replied as he lay on the floor and smiled back up at her.

"I saw her first, Cyril," Michael interrupted with a cough as he limped over to his companions.

*Hell's Kitchen,  
two days later*

The apartment was bare of furnishings. Wallpaper was peeling from the walls, brown dirt covered the windows, but that was okay because the windows only faced the cracked brick of the next door tenement. The wood floor was warped and creaked under the lightest steps. The seedy room was completely at odds with the young woman who stood inside of it, in her pretty flower-print dress of tailored silk, coiffed hair that might easily cost a week's rent for these shabby four rooms, and a look of sweetness and innocence under the auburn bobbed look.

The woman, Harriet Cooper, stared at her cousin, Owney Madden, the Killer, head of Irish gang activity in the desperate streets of New York's Hell's Kitchen, as the pair of them stood in what was the kitchen of this filthy little hole.

"So everything's all squared away?" Owney asked in a rough-hewn voice that matched the burly, boxer's physique. This was a man who most often settled business with a heavy object in his fists and his 'partner's' blood on his shirt, but he actually gave the slim young woman a kind look.

"As much as possible. I don't think Speed believes that I got the information on the building from the Feds, but the Commission has their end back under control, and Lucky's happy with your help," Harriet

reported in a soft voice. "I see you're skedaddling."

"Yup. Time to cut loose while I can," the gangster answered. "Things are too hot here in the city, and it's only gonna get hotter after this whole mess. Gonna go to this place I know; I think I'll make me a good livin' there. I'll send you a letter when I've set up shop."

"That'd be nice, cuz. But we're settled. I'm not doing this again. I'm done with this, your world, Lansky's world. I've paid you back, and I'm getting clean," Harriet insisted.

"You ain't never clean when you've been in this biz, Harry. But I'm done leanin' on yah, yeah. Thanks a lot. You be careful out there, 'kay? This kid, this Saunders kid, he gets into some strange crap, so just... we're family, kid, so be careful, 'kay?" He put a hand on her shoulder and she smiled and nodded.

"Get out of here." She patted his hand and then watched as he grabbed a suitcase and bolted out of the front door, leaving her alone in the decrepit apartment, sighing and wondering if he was right, if she could be right, if anything would be right after this.

*The End!*

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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!

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Mightiest Mortals: In a Crash of Thunder

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Justice League #8 (2007)

Justice League: Lucky Number 7.

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

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

Justice League #9 (2007)

Justice League: To See Tomorrow.

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

Justice League #10 (2007)

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

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

Danger Trail #5 (2008)

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

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

Weird Western Quarterly #11 (2008)

Johnny Thunder: Steel Heart Iron Soul.

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

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

*Danger Trail #6 (2008)*

Danger Trail: The Man in Stitches Affair, Part 1 (of 2)

*Danger Trail #7 (2008)*

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

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

*Speeding Bullet #4 (2008)*

Bulletman: The Birth of Bulletman, Part 4 (of 4): Man Made Gods. This is it! The mystery is revealed and the gloves come off as Bulletman duking it out with the Murder Prophet and his god of murder, the Nihilist! Can he come through his baptism of fire and blood intact? And even if he wins, does the Prophet truly get the last laugh?

*Danger Trail #8 (2008)*

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

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

*Danger Trail #10 (2008)*

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

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

*Danger Trail #11 (2008)*

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

Things heat up for our heroes as the Dragon Queen and the Queen of Blood unite to betray Vandal Savage; Savage raids Washington,

D.C. to acquire the Ineffable Libram; and King Faraday and Speed Saunders face off with Queen Hippolyta and Rima the Jungle Woman! Things couldn't get any worse than this, could they?

*Danger Trail Annual #1 (2008)*

*Danger Trail: The Savage Sins Affair.*

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

*Danger Trail #12 (2008)*

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

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

*Speeding Bullet #1 (2008)*

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

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

*Speeding Bullet #2 (2008)*

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

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

Speeding Bullet #3 (2008)

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

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

Mightiest Mortals #4 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: Wielding Fists of Virtue.

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

Mightiest Mortals #5 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: Scenes of a Day

Mightiest Mortals #6 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: Between Opposing Forces.

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

Mightiest Mortals #7 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: From the Shadows of Twisted Minds.

Get ready for action and excitement! Freddy buries his cousin, Christopher Freeman, and has another showdown with his stepbrother Tim Karnes. And we discover just how fiendish Sivana can be when he pushes Captain Marvel's every attribute in an issue in which the World's Wickedest Scientist...doesn't even appear! All this, and the fate of Beautia!

Mightiest Mortals #8 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: To the Truth of the Matter.

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

*Mightiest Mortals #9 (2008)*

*Mightiest Mortals: The Abyss of Blood Relations*

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

*Mightiest Mortals #11 (2008)*

*Mightiest Mortals: The Tide of Heroism.*

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

*Mightiest Mortals #10 (2008)*

*Mightiest Mortals: The Punishment of Good Deeds.*

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

*Mightiest Mortals #12 (2008)*

*Mightiest Mortals: By an Act of Love.*

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

*Nightwing #30 (2008)*

*Nightwing: The Riddle of the Sphinx.*

Just when you'd think Dick's got enough trouble juggling Titans duties as Nightwing, solo duties as the Batman, and mentoring duties with Tim, things get harder. There's a new villain hitting

the streets, one with a dangerous delusion, and Dick's not happy to see that Nightwing is apparently on the case, without Dick's permission! Come and join us for "The Riddle of the Sphinx!"

Nightwing #31 (2008)

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

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

Justice League #11 (2008)

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

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

Danger Trail Vol. 1 (2009)

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

Danger Trail #13 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Brown Lady Affair, Part 1.

In the wake of the battle with Vandal Savage, Speed Saunders has set his sights on finding the Sigil of Seven; that quest being his only remaining link to the missing (and treacherous) Harriet Cooper! His friends Argent St. Cloud and Michael Gallant, along with ally Doctor Occult, want to know what his intentions are, but first they must untangle a dark scheme involving the ghosts of Great Britain!

Mightiest Mortals #13 (2009)

*Mightiest Mortals: Opening Passages.*

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

*Danger Trail #14 (2009)*

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

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

*Danger Trail #15 (2009)*

*Danger Trail: The Falkenstein Affair.*

Once rivals of the air and enemies at war, now the Enemy Ace and the Balloon Buster must work together to penetrate the secrets of Castle Falkenstein and the strange mad scientist ready to bring two worlds together to fuel his rise to power!

*Danger Trail #16 (2009)*

*Danger Trail: The Blood of Templars Affair.*

*Danger Trail #17 (2009)*

*Danger Trail: The Blood of Templars Affair, Part Two.*

Things heat up for our heroes as they head into an ancient Knights Templar castle as one of three groups desperate to unlock its secrets and find a powerful relic that will decide the victor in the opening battles of a far greater war, one that has the attention of the enigmatic Sanguine Father! A far greater war that echoes across the decades!

*Danger Trail #18 (2009)*

*Danger Trail: Affairs of Blood and Fate, Part Two: The Angel of Death!*

The strangest crossover of all times continues here, as Rose Psychic, Eel O'Brien, Speed Saunders, Midnight, Trin Dee and Andrew Bennett find themselves caught in a holy war between the forces of the Order of St. Dumas and the Sanguine Father, who offers a glimpse into a terrifying future for the world!

Danger Trail #20 (2010)

Danger Trail: Affairs of Blood and State, Part 6 (of 6).

Danger Trail #19 (2010)

Danger Trail: Affairs of Blood and State, Part 4.

Weird Western Quarterly #18 (2010)

Weird Western Quarterly: Lust Faith Love Treachery.



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