



Ultimate Gotham Girls #10
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Ultimate Gotham Girls #10
Clown College, part 1
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Most people, when they reached the front door of Stately Wayne Manor, had already been either expected, or caught on the tastefully hidden security cameras. It was rare for anyone to have to knock even once, before Alfred's gloved hand whisked the door open to admit them. But one person, when she did come to visit, always managed somehow to slip past all detection, and reach the heavy door with enough time to tap out a jaunty rhythm before Alfred could reach her.

As ever, his smile was firmly in place when he saw her. "Aah, Miss Zatanna. It has been too long."

"Absolutely." Zatanna twirled off her top-hat and let it bounce between her fingers as she grinned back. "I just got back into town. Touring's nice, but it's good to see the old city again. And I'm kinda getting the feeling it needs me. You know that one well enough."

"Indeed, too well. Won't you come inside," he offered, graciously holding the door.

Zatanna shook her dark head. "I haven't got too long. Is Bruce around? I checked by the office, but we both know he never actually works there."

Alfred chuckled. "No, I'm afraid Master Bruce won't be home for a few days yet. He's away on business."

She raised one eyebrow. "Business, or 'business'?"

Alfred only chuckled again. "I'm afraid you know him quite too well, dear girl. I'll be sure to let him know to call on you. If you'll be staying in

Gotham, that is.”

“Yeah. Here, give him this address. Sserdda raepa,” she shouted, and a paper appeared in Alfred’s hand. “I’ll stay in touch. It’s good to see you, Alfred.”

“You as well, Miss.” They both smiled again, and she flipped her hat back over her long, straight hair. She walked down the path back toward the street with all the confidence in the world.

The laughter rang through the halls, joyful and unrestrained.

The poor fellow on the ground wasn’t so happy. He’d really only come for the free pizza. And didn’t even get that. Instead, he’d gotten a pop quiz, a wrong answer, and a ticket to meet his maker. Sitting casually on one of the desks, the Joker wiped away a tear.

“Just the pizza! Ahahaaa, what last words! Oh that’s too much.”

Behind him, a small crowd of terrified individuals forced themselves to laugh along. Even the little clown girl on the other desk wasn’t truly joining in the amusement. She gulped and even winced, but Harley still laughed to see the Joker’s smile. “I’ve never seen this side of you Pu—uh, Mister J!” She corrected herself quickly; she’d already been scolded once for making him look bad in front of the new minions.

Lucky for her, he didn’t seem to notice the slip-up. His smile was genuine, and his eyes glittered with almost a boyish excitement. He might never have been as dangerous. “Harley, my girl, what a wonderful day it’s turning out to be! Why don’t you bring in the next one?”

Harley skipped off, and returned shortly with a terrified woman following behind her. “Look,” she was saying, “I don’t really think this is a good idea...I mean not to, you know, not to upset you or anything but I just think I should...go home...oh God...” she trailed off, as wide eyes landed on the grinning white face before her.

“Too late for that!” The Joker said cheerily, and indicated the desk in front of him. The other poor man was still lying on the ground, and the woman made every possible effort not to notice. “Now sit down, sit!”

She sank quickly into the chair, and Harley skipped back around to perch on the other side of the Joker’s desk. “Now then,” he began, lacing his fingers in front of his chin. “Do you know why you’ve been called here?”

“N-no...listen, I won’t tell anyone or anything, I just want—”

“Too late for that! You’ve misbehaved, haven’t you?” He grinned as he taunted her, feeding off of her fear and letting it fuel him.

“Look, please, I have a son—”

“You’ll have to do better than that,” said the Joker. “But you’re in luck! It so happens I’m willing to give you a chance to earn back some extra credit.”

The woman looked around, from the Joker’s mad smile to the tight crowd of other terrified souls, and the one who hadn’t made it. “What do you want from me?” she asked desperately.

“Harley, would you do the honors?” he gestured toward her, and she jumped at the chance. The woman braced herself for some sort of impact and flinched at the noise she heard. But it was only Harley’s gloved hand slapping down a sheet of paper and a pen.

“Pop quiz!” she said, smirking, but with a trace of doubt and worry in her eyes. The woman looked up at her, desperately trying to connect and earn Harley’s sympathy, but the clown quickly shook her head and looked away. “Ya got fifteen minutes.”

The woman stared for only a moment before hunching over the paper, confused and desperate as she studied the...jokes? Each joke had several multiple-choice punchlines, many of which were too gruesome and depraved to be at all funny. She scanned over the instructions at the top which told her only to complete the jokes, and sweat began to bead her forehead as she wrote with a shaking hand.

The Joker was having one of the best days he could remember. All morning had been spent terrorizing and testing the terrified civilians who wandered into his "school". At first they'd come almost too quickly, but it had been Harley who thought to lock them all in the waiting room so none could run away when they heard the screams. It had been a marvelous idea, as much as he hated to give her that credit. His smile fell just slightly. Why on earth was he even thinking about Harley? There was an imminent victim sitting right in front of him!

"Time's up!" he called.

"But...uh, boss, it's only been five minutes..." started one of the new recruits. Almost immediately he wished he hadn't said anything. The glare from that clownish mask of a face was a death sentence.

It was Harley who moved. She grabbed a hammer from the desk drawer and before anyone could blink, she slammed it into the man's watch. It shattered. So did his wrist.

"Now time's up!" she shouted.

The sudden act sent the Joker into fresh peals of laughter, and Harley's heart warmed. A couple of the new minions snickered, and even the poor woman couldn't keep back something between a laugh and a sob.

She still loved that laugh. She knew she had to be doing something right, the way he wanted. Even as her heart began to soften, making that hot, uneasy feeling in her stomach, Harley knew she wasn't really betraying him. Making him laugh proved that she still got the jokes, that she still belonged right where she was by his side. Now if only she could laugh with the same joy that he did, everything would be perfect.

"Well then, let's see how you've done, shall we?" Joker hopped off the desk and snatched the paper away from her, ignoring the quiet and continuous pleas. "Hmm...Not bad, not bad...Ooh, nobody got that right, very good for you...why, this sense of humor is almost as perfect as mine!"

The woman looked up, daring to hope, but shrank back again at the

Joker's vicious grin.

"But I'm *so* sorry, you ran out of time!" He laughed again, and Harley watched in anticipation. "Another failure!"

"I'll do anything!" the woman cried, "Just please god let me go!"

The laughter died down to an amused chuckle, and the Joker grinned even more maliciously. Behind him, Harley bit her lip, and did her best to say nothing. "I would, of course. If it were up to me. But you see, this city just isn't keeping up with the curriculum! Can't leave anyone behind, that's what I always say. Isn't it?" He shot at the lucky few who had passed his test.

"You bet, Boss," one of them answered.

"Now if it were up to me, all this funding would be going to the drama club. Or at least a few renovations..." he glanced in the direction of the 'tuition' that had built up during the morning—credit cards, jewelry, cash—and around the worn-down room in which he had set up shop this time. "But it's just not my call! We've got to cull away the students who are just going to bring the rest down." He leaned over the chair where she sat, his gleaming eyes only an inch from hers. "I'm sure you understand."

Harley saw the terror and desperation in the woman's face, and couldn't keep it back. "Puddin, maybe we shouldn't—"

The Joker turned back to her with the fiercest of glares, and Harley's protest turned into a squeak before she fell silent again. Deaf to any pleas for mercy, he jammed his finger into a bright red button on the edge of the desk.

A buzzing noise filled the room. The woman only screamed for a moment before a round disk shot out of a slot in the wall—a wall clock, with the face broken and hands filed to deadly sharpness. It flew straight for her head, and all but a few minions watched transfixed as the life ran out of her.

"Oh, I'm so glad we went with the button." The Joker wandered over to

the money pile and started to count. "You know Harley," he started, "This *was* a brilliant plan. Just think what we can do now!"

"Now, Mister J?" she asked, hesitant at his sudden good spirits, and daring to hope that she'd been forgiven.

"We have resources now, Harley! The means to whatever fantastic ends we desire!" He paused for a moment, his mind filled with thoughts of chaos and carnage. "Now go get the next one."

"She was the last one, Puddin'," Harley said.

He glanced over at her, then returned his attention to the money in his hands. "Then go get some more. Bring a minion."

Harley started for the door, but looked back before she was able to leave. A vise was closing on her chest, and she couldn't stand the feelings of guilt. "Mister J...I dunno, maybe...I mean maybe we shouldn't do this..."

"Do you want to disappoint me, Harley?" He asked in a low voice. "Do you want me to throw you out?"

"No, no not at all!" She bit her lip again, wincing softly as she felt the skin give way and the blood start to trickle into her mouth.

"Then go get my victims! And if you argue with me once more then I'll just have to think about where this relationship is going." His voice was heavy with meaning that hit Harley like a truck. She nodded vigorously and darted out of the room.

Tap. Tap tap. Knock knock. Knock-tap-tap-knock knock...knock knock

Barbara sighed and called, "I'm coming, Zee!"

"Zee?" Renee raised an eyebrow from her comfy chair in the corner of Barbara's apartment. The two of them had spent the morning with

several of their favorite DVDs and an early bowl of popcorn, neither having anything more pressing to attend to. Barbara put up a finger to signal Renee to wait, and began to wheel over to the door.

“Don’t get up, Babs,” said a voice from the other side, followed by a string of what sounded like gibberish to Renee’s ears. “Yhsalf tropelet edisni!”

With a flash of bright light and the rustling of feathers from several conjured doves, she appeared in the center of the room, twirling and raising her arms into the air. “Ta-da!”

“What the hell was that?” Renee jumped, her eyes drawn immediately to the woman’s costume, a well-cut and even modest tuxedo from the waist up, but tapering off to nothing but fishnets and high boots on her legs. The top hat at a jaunty angle set the whole outfit off, and she grinned.

“That was Zee, showing off,” explained Barbara with a chuckle. “Renee, this is Zatanna. Zee, Renee.”

“Pleasure to meet you,” said Zatanna, racing to catch all of the birds before they made any more of a feathery mess. “Kcab erehw uoy emac morf,” she cooed to them, and they vanished.

Renee cleared her throat and shook herself out of a slight daze. “Pleasure’s all mine.”

“She’s been a great friend of ours as long as I remember. What brings you into town, Zee?” Renee asked, as Zatanna set her hat on the coffee table and took a seat. “I thought your tour wasn’t gonna be over for another month.”

“It’s not, I’m just spending the rest of it in Gotham,” she explained. “I was gonna surprise you all. I’m playing at the Lovborg Theatre downtown until next month. You guys get special passes of course. If you want them,” Zatanna winked.

“Oh, you perform?” Renee asked. “What sort of show?”

With another brilliant grin, Zatanna answered, “Magic.”

“But that’s not why you’re knocking at my door, is it?” asked Barbara shrewdly. “What’s going on?”

Zatanna reached into the pocket of her coat and unfolded a poster. “This, apparently. Bruce is out of town, and I couldn’t find Dick, so I figure it’s up to you and the birds to help me out with this one.”

Barbara took the paper and glanced over it, then immediately handed it to Renee. When the meaning had sunk in for the both of them, Renee and Barbara looked at each other, and both gulped.

“That bad, huh?”

“That bad,” muttered Renee, looking back over the flyer. “Damn....damn, I should have caught him when I had the chance!”

“Caught who? Who is it,” asked Zatanna, looking between the two Bats. “I mean, I just thought it didn’t sound quite right...”

“It has to be Joker,” said Renee quietly. “Quinn’s his latest little hanger-on.”

“Aah.” Zatanna looked back at Renee with new understanding. “You’re the new Batgirl I’ve heard so much about.”

“I am,” she answered, attempting to look away from Zatanna’s knowing eyes, and still keep her own away from that hemline.

Zatanna broke out into a grin, and Renee relaxed slightly. “Well, welcome to the family then. Now come on, let’s get going.”

“And where are you running off to?” Asked Barbara, as she wheeled to block the front door.

“We’ve got a city to save!” Zatanna energetically plunked her top hat back on her head. “Unless Batgirl doesn’t want to join me. But I rather think she does.”

“I’ll just suit up.” Renee shot out of her chair and toward the backpack

that she always had with her. She heard Zatanna tsk and mutter something about “stupid secret identities.”

And then more than a mutter. “Egnahc s’lrigtaB sehtolc!”

Renee started and almost shouted out when she felt cloth rustling around her body, and quite suddenly the street clothes she’d been wearing were her costume. “The hell was that?”

Zatanna laughed, and then laughed harder when Barbara gave her a playful punch in the arm. “Quit it, you’re scaring my protégé.”

“Sorry, Renee,” said Zatanna, her eyes still gleaming. “But that’s quicker, huh? And now you’ve got a spare. So come on, let’s go!”

“We don’t even know what he’s doing this time,” Barbara started to protest. But Renee nodded and adjusted her cowl.

“We know he’s up to something, and we know whenever the Joker is up to something, people die,” she said. “And if Batman and Nightwing aren’t here to stop him...then I will.”

Coincidence after coincidence had always marked Pamela Isley’s life. She had almost gotten bored with the constant run-ins and mishaps that happened around her, and she had certainly stopped being surprised to meet people at just the right moment. All the same, she did a double-take when she saw Harley on the street near one of her favorite secluded areas of park. She’d heard nothing from Harley since she’d left more than a month before, and just as Ivy had occasionally found herself worrying, something looked very, very wrong.

Her distinctive red hair covered by a hood, Ivy stood and made her way to the other side of the sidewalk, where Harley was watching man after woman after child walk by the alley she thought she was hidden in. Each time another person approached, Harley would shake her jingling head, looking more nervous and agitated as she was passed by again and again.

Finally, Harley jumped out to grab a man walking alone, her lips moving to apologize as she knocked him out with his own heavy schoolbag. The man crumpled to the ground, and Harley breathed a sigh of relief tinged with fear.

“Harley, what are you doing?”

She jumped and turned with her fists up, only to lower them gratefully when she saw Ivy’s face under the hood. “Ivy! What’re you doing here, how’ve you—”

“What are you doing, Harley?” Ivy asked again, glancing toward the captive man before bringing her gaze to rest on Harley’s eyes. “I know you, you’re not some petty criminal.”

“I’m helpin’ Mister J,” she answered, stooping to pick the man up and draping his arm around her shoulders. “Oof, lay off the cheet-os why don’tcha...I gotta go, Ivy, I gotta get back.”

“Why do you let him do this to you!” Ivy asked angrily, surprised by how deeply affected she was by this sight. She couldn’t let Harley be pushed around, not after taking her in once before. There was a strong part of her that refused to see her friend looking so afraid. “You don’t want to do this, so why are you?”

“I can’t just not do it!”

“Yes you *can*!” Ivy insisted, struggling to find more words before huffing and throwing down her hands. “I warned you, Harley, you’re going to regret this. And no skin off my back, you’re bringing this on yourself!” She added, despite the nagging voice in her mind that forced her to care.

Harley looked into Ivy’s eyes, looking so small and afraid, but still burning with determination. She shook her head, shifted the man’s weight on her shoulders, and took off the way she had come.

Ivy waited, watching after her until Harley was almost lost to her sight before she began to follow.

"This is ridiculous, we don't need to do this."

"Well why not? It's worked for me hundreds of t—ow! Watch where you're going!"

"I can't!"

"Oh alright, fine. Lecnac elbisivni," Zatanna whispered, and she and Renee materialized on the Gotham street from nowhere, inches from each other, having just bumped into each other. "But you've got to admit it's good and sneaky."

"I'm *Batgirl*. I can do sneaky and still see my own fingers."

The pair of them had found their way to the advertised location, not knowing what they were going to find when they got there. Safety and sneaky measures aside, Batgirl and Zatanna couldn't imagine simply walking in to the center of the Joker's hideout. Instead, they'd decided to find a back way, and snuck along alley after alley until Renee finally got sick of being invisible.

"That door looks promising," Zatanna remarked casually, pointing a gloved finger to a breaking wooden door, hanging on busted hinges from a splintering doorframe.

Renee couldn't keep her eyebrow from raising as she looked over to it, and back at the other woman. "You really think so? It's Joker, I thought he was pretty picky about appearances.

"Yeah, well, it's the same building, isn't it?" Zatanna bent over to inspect the door, drawing more of Renee's stares. "It has to be a back way. If this isn't it, then somewhere else will be, and this can get us there."

"I don't like the look of this," Renee started, her fist clenching involuntarily. There were very few times by now that she missed her gun, but walking into an unsecured building to find a notorious, dangerous

criminal was one of them. "But I guess we haven't got a choice. Let's move."

"Wait, hang on."

"What now, you're the one who wanted to go in!" Renee turned back toward Zatanna from the doorway, to see her holding up her hands in spellcasting position. "What now?"

"Just trust me, okay? Tcetorp." A soft wave of light drifted from Zatanna's fingertips, washing over and coating Renee before dissipating, and leaving her with a warm, protected feeling on her skin. Renee watched almost in awe as Zatanna repeated the gesture on herself, and then strode confidently toward the door.

"I'll never get used to that...thanks," said Renee, taking back the lead as the two of them headed inside.

"Don't mention it." Zatanna softened her voice as they continued to walk. "It's weird and scary. I mean, for you. I grew up with it, so I never had to get used to magic. All I had to deal with was Dad killing me if I used mine irresponsibly." She chuckled. "Great power, and all that."

"I'm just glad you're on my side."

"Oh, you're not yet." Zatanna's eyes glimmered in the semi-darkness. "Just you wait."

When Harley returned to the run-down building, it was without the knowledge that Ivy was only a few yards behind. She stumbled through the entrance with the man coming back to consciousness, and didn't manage to get the door to close all the way before she moved on. "I got one!" She called, moving into the main room.

Making no more noise than her favored flora, Ivy crept into the entrance and stayed in the shadows. She'd made up her mind halfway through her tracking—she was going to see exactly what Harley had been putting

up with, and put a stop to it. She'd also given up trying to rationalize her need to do so. Harley was the first person in a long time to even try to befriend her, and Ivy wasn't about to let that go without a fight.

Ivy could hear the groggy groans of the man as he made his way back to wakefulness, and his sharp gasp. "Oh no...oh God, it's you!"

"Sorry chum, I haven't got it in me to impersonate a deity" The Joker laughed and Ivy crouched tensely in the shadows. By the sound of the murmurs, there were plenty of people in that room. Maybe even enough of them to fight her.

"It's good, Mister J? I did good?"

"Yes yes, fine. Now get me another one."

"Another?" Ivy winced in sympathy at the tone of Harley's voice. "But...But Mister J, I...can't I watch?"

"I told you to go get another victim!" The sudden flare of the Joker's temper made Ivy wonder how many times before it had been provoked.

"But Puddin', it's hard, I can't just—"

"HARLEY!"

The sound of numerous agitated mutters, a snarl, a whimper out of a poor girl's throat. Ivy crept around the doorway to the main room with her limbs shaking in anger.

He had grabbed the frilled collar of her shirt, and she was shivering as she looked into his face. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'll go, I will!"

"You'd better!" He growled, and roughly shoved her down.

The *thunk* of her only friend hitting the hard floor was the last straw for Ivy. She shot up and snarled before she could even think of keeping herself back. "Why you slimy, sadistic, scummy piece-of-shit bastard."

All action stopped. The Joker narrowed his eyes and folded his hands

behind his back. Every minion looked between the new intruder and their boss, and Harley gasped.

“Well...well well well.” Completely ignoring the desperate sounds coming out of Harley, the Joker stepped toward Ivy quite calmly. “I see we have a trespasser, don’t we?”

“Harley, we’re getting out of here,” said Ivy, glaring around the room at the men who made no move. She reached down to grab Harley’s arm, but stood again to find herself face-to-face with the chalk-white grin that all of Gotham knew too well. “Out of my way,” Ivy growled.

“Now now, pretty Pammy, I’m not about to let you steal my little Harley away!” He chuckled darkly as Harley clung to Ivy’s arm, her eyes locked onto his.

“You just try me.”

“My pleasure.” With one long finger, the Joker beckoned to Harley, and she shot back an apologetic glance as she left Ivy’s side for his. “Minions!” Joker shouted, and pulled Harley back to the sidelines.

Ivy was ready before they even started to jump. Only two men sprang forward from the crowd of potential attackers. Ivy had prepared for many more. The massive vine that pulled itself up from out of the concrete floor was enough to send both men flying and crashing into the ceiling before falling hard back to earth.

Harley’s eyes were wide, and her grip tight on the Joker’s arm. She kept glancing between the escalating fight, and the look on his face. Part of her was screaming out to try to stop it...but she had already been enough trouble today. It was with a heavy, sinking feeling that she knew she couldn’t interfere. She didn’t know what he would do if she did.

Meanwhile, Ivy looked to be doing well enough on her own. Her eyes were blazing and her brow beaded with sweat as she pulled vines and roots from deep within the earth, needing most of her power to do so. She struggled and strained, shouting wordlessly as her helpers burst forth, tripping and tangling the Joker’s minions, and leaving many of them scattered gasping or bleeding on the floor.

But that show of strength, that furious energy was her downfall. Before very long Ivy found her arms aching, and had to pull them down. She was panting, watching the carnage she'd brought upon them, but exhausted by the effort. Her head was spinning; she'd done too much too fast, and when the first minion to regain his footing sliced through a thinner vine with his pocketknife, Ivy could do nothing but wince in sympathetic pain.

"That's the thing about flowers," said the Joker loudly, "They always wither away too soon."

Ivy glared, but couldn't concern herself with him now. Four more men had stumbled back to their feet, and they were surrounding her.

The moment one got close enough, Ivy kicked her leg straight into his chin, sending the man reeling back. Two others were able to grab her arms, however, and a third hesitated a split-second before grabbing her leg. Ivy fought and struggled, but had only one leg on the ground and no balance, as her arms were being forced behind her back.

Ivy growled, and the Joker's laughter rang out again. When her struggles were no longer causing any damage, more henchmen found the courage to step forward and help hold onto her, until no amount of muscle and the rest of her strength could free her.

"Now take her back and lock her up somewhere," Joker ordered, stepping forward again with his crazed grin. "Somewhere dark for our flower here. Wouldn't want the sun to revive her would we?" He curled his lip and looked off to the side, shaking his head. "I'll deal with you later, when I've got more plant puns."

Ivy glared at him, and glared at Harley too as she passed by, gone limp to make it harder on the minions who had her in their control. Harley gulped and watched her friend taken out the door, shivering at the Joker's side.

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 #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 #6 (2008)

Reality Check.

Harley Quinn can't believe her good fortune! She's made friends with Ivy, won the love of her sweetheart, The Joker, and discovered her old mentor, Jonathan Crane is now in town. Could any woman's life be any better? She's on cloud nine, facing a future bright and exciting, despite The Joker's dislike of Crane's potential influence on the young woman. And then it happens...

Ultimate Gotham Girls #7 (2008)

Reunion.

Where does poor little Harley run with nowhere else to go? To Ivy's house, of course! How long can she hold up away from the Joker, and could he possibly be trying to get her back? Plus, the Ultimate secret origin of Poison Ivy!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #12 (2008)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Clown College, Part 3 (of 3).

With time racing out, can our three heroines band together and stop the Joker's deadly finale? What's going to happen to Harley Quinn? You won't want to miss the stunning conclusion of Gotham Girls Year One-- with special appearance by the Batman himself!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #8 (2008)

Your Worst Nightmare, Part 1 (of 2).

Jonathan Crane is tired of waiting. He has stores of his prized possession, his finished 'fear gas', all over Gotham. With a push of a single button, he will trap everything that breathes in their own worst nightmare, and for once in his life, Crane will be the one unafraid.

What terrors lurk in the darkest parts of the minds of all our stars? And how will any of them break free? If they even can...

Ultimate Gotham Girls #9 (2008)

Your Worst Nightmare, Part 2 (of 2).

Jonathan Crane --now the full-fledged Scarecrow-- has all of Gotham City under his power, including Batgirl! Can anyone fight their own most feared demons in time to stop Crane from completely taking over?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #13 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Overrun.

The One Man Army Corps have taken the Gotham streets, and they're doing their jobs on the villains-- but are they safe for our heroes? When Batgirl ticks one off on patrol, can she stop a super-strong robot all by herself, before it hurts anyone else in its attack on her?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #14 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Facades Part 1 (of 3).

After years of hiding, Harvey Dent has finally returned to Gotham City. But for his old friend Renee, is this a good thing, or bad? And when Poison Ivy is framed for murder, who's going to search out the truth, no matter how shocking it may be?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #15 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Facades, Part 2 (of 3)

The investigation is underway-- Renee Montoya, AKA Batgirl, hot on the tail of Harvey Dent, AKA Two-Face! But can Renee truly believe that her old friend is a killer? And what would she do if she discovered the proof? Meanwhile, how long can Harvey hold his two selves together, under the stress and the guilt of what he's done?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #16 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Facades, Part Three.

Batgirl's continued investigation of a double-murder frame job finally brings her to Harvey Dent, and forces her to confront what's happened to her old friend. How deep does Harvey's madness extend? How has it affected him, through his entire life? And what will Two-Face do when he finds Batgirl prying into his secrets?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #17 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Facades, Part 4 (of 4)

The disturbing origin of Two-Face revealed to her, Batgirl now has to finally face off against her friend-turned-enemy. How badly can Renee stand to hurt Harvey? How badly will she have to, if Two-Face gets the upper hand? And what shocking revelation will finally end the battle? Find out in our stunning conclusion!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #18 (2009)

Gotham Girls: Jack of Hearts.

Jack Napier has had a crush on Harley Quinzel since they took Psychology together, and she has always ignored him. But when Harley robs Jack's magic shop, could fate be bringing them together? How can a man with such an eerily familiar face win the heart of the girl of his dreams, and is Harley's heart really free for her to give?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #19 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Now and Then.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #22 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Save Our Circus.

Haley's Circus is back in town, and ready to put on a killer show for Gotham City...at least, it was until a half-rate supervillain made a big-name mess by setting the animals loose! Join all our Gotham Girls, even including guest-stars, as they try to clean up in time for the show. And check back in with Harley Quinn, as she makes a couple new friends...

Ultimate Gotham Girls #24 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Face to Face, Part 2.

Two-Face is on the loose, with only Poison Ivy to keep an eye on him. Will Ivy slide back into her villainous ways, or will Two-Face force her to show her new colors? How will Harvey Dent be able to face up to his deepest fears, when he's just become free of them? And what on earth are Ivy and Batgirl doing working together? All this and more in the thrilling conclusion to Gotham Girls year two!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #23 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Face to Face, Part One.

Harvey Dent has had enough. After months of treatment and no progress, he is desperate to get rid of the voice in his head, the other half of his mind that has always been there. And with the help of a touch of magic, Harvey can get his wish...but at what price? With Two-Face on the loose and no coin to contain him, how will Batgirl be able to keep Gotham City safe?

Ultimate Gotham Girls Annual #1 (2010)
Ultimate Gotham Girls Annual: Resolution & Spoiler's Nutcracker Suite.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #25 (2010)
Ultimate Gotham Girls: Beginning Again.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #26 (2010)
Ultimate Gotham Girls: Scout's Honor.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #27 (2010)
Ultimate Gotham Girls: A Light in a Dark Wood.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #28 (2010)
Ultimate Gotham Girls: Rocket's Red Glare, Part 1.
Enter: Roxy Rocket!



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