



Danger Trail Annual #1

Don Walsh

Published: 2008

Categorie(s): Fiction, Fan Fiction

Tag(s): Comics DC2 mystery adventure "pulp fiction" "Vandal Savage" "Matt Savage" "Scalphunter" "Steven Savage" "Eels O'Brien" "Brother Blood" "Ra's al Ghul" "The King" "Mister E" "Doctor Occult"

The
Danger Trail
Annual #1
“The Savage Sins Affair
Written by Don Walsh
with historical segments by
David Charlton and Susan Hillwig
Cover by Claw
Edited by Samantha Chapman

A.D. 1933...
Omenplatz, Berlin
by Don Walsh

It is impressive how the things that can threaten to destroy also fascinate. What is it in our natures that bring us to these places, to these moments? I have never in all my millennia uncovered that reason. Perhaps I never shall.

I stand and watch the burning night, eyes taking in the tableau before me. I have seen such things before, but somehow, it never fails to leave even my wearied eyes astonished. This little man in front of me screams his harsh and commanding words into the air, and in response, hundreds of people from all walks of life hurl thousands of pages into the flames. It disgusts me. But then, I expected no less from this little man. It doesn't matter. He serves his purpose for now. As do the others I have drawn here. I have dominoes to set in motion.

My eyes fall on one of those men, whose family I have watched and curried these last few decades. Proud and aristocratic, full of what these people call 'national pride', he is a useful tool in guiding and directing some of the most powerful. This one has so much potential, my Hammer from Hell. The little man curries his favor, since he is a hero of the old Germany that he can still use. I have prodded my Hans to come here, ostensibly to support this new, rising Germany. In fact, I have much different needs for him.

I look harder, but can't locate my other unwitting agent. This one I have not directly encountered. This one I have dealt with only through manipulating his enemies, who I do see in the crowd. The minor mesmerist and seductress, Amara; I

see her and her lackey Hels. But not their foe. I don't worry though. I know of him well enough, I know of his aristocratic demeanor, noble honor, and overwhelming morality. He will arrive, to stop the Queen of Blood's people. I am immortal, but my senses are like any mortal's. He is immortal, and his kind is meant to evade the senses of mortals. So I will not worry. As well as I have learned to master the psyches of mortals, I know he is here, and I allow a momentary smile as I watch the screaming little man and gaze at the fires he has inspired, physical and emotional.

It remains most puzzling to me, how those things which are most dangerous to a person are things most likely to attract that person. These pyres of knowledge, for example, are clear signs of a brewing darkness that none here choose to see, instead fluttering closer and closer to their source. These flames could destroy even myself, despite my cursed prowess. At least for a time. But I had to come here, for the book containing the knowledge extracted from me by my long-gone queen's sorcerer must be kept from the other curse of my life. My beloved Mary, my hated enemy the Queen of Blood.

*I step away from the broken body of Hels, who had attempted to trap me with tricks and talismans, not understanding the power of Lord Andrew Bennett. **I...vampire.** Now I sense a wolf, which intrigues me. Here, in this crowded and raucous venue, there is a wolf. I move in the shadows, the smell of cracking leather and the smoke of burning paper stinging even my undead eyes. I hate this. These poor, foolish monsters, this mob.*

But there is the wolf, and even now, he strikes to protect his master. I stare and watch in stark amazement as the tall and defiant warrior slashes at the woman Amara, one of my Mary's most useful minions. He doesn't know her true nature, though I can sense he is realizing it with each useless thrust of his sword. I stand back from mortal affairs for fear of my hunger, but even I know Hans von Hammer, my beloved homeland's enemy ace, the Hammer of Hell. And I see how he has earned this repute. Amara, for all her superiority, is but evenly matched against this warrior. And the book. Nearby, the both of them. He must want it. I narrow my eyes and reach out with a gentle but firm nudge of my will to his black wolf. He leaps forward and snatches the book, diverting Amara and allowing Hammer to drive his weapon home through her heart. I smile as I hear her scream, and watch her body melt into mist and disappear into

the black smoke of the terrible pyres.

This magnificent beast chooses to defy me though, which fascinates me, and draws me from the shadows, prepared to demand my book. But the wolf merely returns to his master's side, and Hammer turns to stare in my direction, our eyes locking. He is drawn to me, to this thing that fascinates him and threatens him, and I can see the haunted look in his deep gaze. He is troubled by the storms around him. He has seen things, in war-time and now, in this peace of Nazi power. Things that eat at him, like that which eats at me. I bow, and I find my shadows, and know that the book is safely away from the Blood Red Moon. I turn away, this vista offering me no more fascination now.

I stare at the book in my hand. I look at my faithful friend, and then stare up at the brownshirts daring to approach me, daring to demand my participation in this fraud. The book in my hand. I have seen their behavior this night, the terrors inflicted on gentle people. I glare, my ally growls, and they stop short. I hold this book and turn to the stage, and hear the words of our Chancellor. Germany must be strong, it must be proud, it must take its rightful place in the world again. True words, but I see the other man behind him, the one I've been treating with most recently. He is right. True words, but false meanings. Without any comment to these brownshirts, I walk away, staring at the book, my one true friend loping behind me. I have much to consider this night. I will keep this book, despite our Chancellor, despite the Vandal, despite the fires raging around me.

It is truly amazing how that which will destroy us proves irresistible. I wonder if others ever feel that.

1935

Steven Savage had thrust himself as far into his airplane as he could, tinkering on the left engine, grunting and tightening, utterly wrapped up in his work. He was proud of the plane he'd designed and built, and had a feeling his patron would as well. Robert Gross had given him a very good salary indeed for taking aircraft design into new places, and Savage was quite happy to oblige.

He pulled himself out of the metal frame and looked at the bizarre, twin-boom design with a satisfied smile. His contract with the newly-reborn Lockheed Corporation specified that he'd be the one to test-pilot the craft. Oh, there would be progress reports and outside tests and inspections, but until Savage was satisfied, this top secret project was all his.

He gathered up the tools near the engine hatch, turned around to put them away and stopped very suddenly. He stared at the two people standing in his barn, taking in the details of their appearance and mentally chastising himself for becoming so sloppy that not just someone, but *two* someones, could sneak up on him in his home base.

Both were dressed in immaculately-tailored business suits, one all black and the other sterling white (which was very unnerving, considering how dusty the grounds and barn were). The one in black seemed to blend into the large black overcoat he wore, a fedora low over his brow and hiding his eyes in deep shadow. The other had a pristine white trench coat hanging off his shoulders, and leaned heavily on a wooden cane. His eyes were hidden not by shadow, but by the dark sunglasses he wore, those and his dark shoes being the only non-white clothing on him.

"Can I help you gentlemen?" Steven Savage asked in a slow, cautious voice, returning to his routine of wiping off and returning the tools to his cabinet, keeping the big heavy wrench readily available just in case.

"We are here to help you, Steven Savage," the man in black declared as he stepped up to the pilot. Steven turned back to find that the two men had moved up close, two pairs of unseen eyes staring at him. "Your father told you of the time when you would begin the task of gathering the family tree. That time is now."

"Who are you?" Steven asked in that slow cautious drawl, leaning back on the tool bench and folding his arms over his chest. "How'd you know about Pa and all that?"

"I am no more than a Stranger passing through," the man in black replied. "I am only here to set you on your path."

"And you, sir?"

"In the circles I travel, I am called Mister E," the blind man replied without really looking at Savage. His voice was terse, clipped and concise, with an accent Savage couldn't rightly place. "I am here to see you start this quest. When you start on this road, I will start on mine, and meet you at the destination."

Steven pursed his lips and looked at the pair of strange men with an amused look. "I see. Sorta I take the high road and you take the low road and we'll see who gets there first?"

"Sort of," Mister E replied with no hint of amusement in his voice. "Though more properly, I will be taking the high road."

"Well, thanks for setting me straight then," Steven replied with a snort. "You all are serious about this, ain't ya? You really mean for me to get going, to find my Pa's friends and finish up his work?"

"Your family's work, yes," the Stranger replied calmly. "The work that began sixty years ago, and now comes to a head."

"Okay. Well, I don't know why I should trust two weird men in black and white, but I'm game, and Pa did want me to do this when the time was right. Never knew what he meant by that, but I'm guessin' that'd be you two guys?" He shrugged and moved off the bench. "I'll make some calls, fill my baby up, and head on out." He started for the doors to the barn, toward the small farmhouse beyond. "Can I give either of you gents a lift anywhere?" He glanced over his shoulder to see both men gone and chuckled. "Yeah, somehow I had the feelin' that was gonna be the case."

As he walked the path from barn to house, he let their strange words roll around in his head, and let them spark the memories of his father, and what he'd told him of the strange Savage family mission. He remembered the story he'd been told, about how it all began.

A.D. 1875...

The Wild West
(by Susan Hillwig)

This ain't what I call a peaceful night, Matt Savage thought as he tried to get up off the floor, but the bones grinding in his leg made it impossible. He had the jackass kneeling by the footlocker at the end of his bunk to thank for that: the dark-haired mountain of a man had snapped Matt's shin-bone in two with one well-placed kick, the last in a string of injuries leveled at him after he'd discovered the stranger in the bunkhouse. And now that he'd finally been laid low, the stranger went back to the business of rummaging through Matt's personal effects, tossing them aside with the air of a man on a mission. Through a haze of pain and anger, he wondered if this was the same person who'd ransacked his sister Samantha's house a couple months before, and if so, he was glad she hadn't been home when it happened. Personally, Matt was beginning to wish that he wasn't at home tonight himself. But he was expecting a visitor, and had begged off on going to town with the rest of the boys so as to not miss him. The way things were looking now, however, his visitor may arrive just in time to find his corpse.

Gritting his teeth, Matt made one more vain attempt, only to collapse again, sweat plastering his reddish-brown hair to his forehead. The stranger glanced at him and said, "Well, it's good to know that you at least inherited my sense of determination. It's a shame that it doesn't make up for your lack of physical prowess."

"What... what the Hell is that supposed to mean?" Matt asked.

"It means," the stranger said as he turned back to his rummaging, "that after millennia of careful selection and breeding, one bad apple went and ruined all my good planning." He waved a dismissive hand in Matt's direction. "If Tiberius hadn't absconded with such an important piece of that plan, I could have washed my hands of your entire bloodline. Instead, I had to waste two centuries tracking you down."

Tiberius? That was the name of Matt's great-great-great-grandfather, the first Savage to come to America in the late-1600s. Aside from that notable event, almost nothing was known about him, including where in the Old World he'd come from. It had long been surmised in family lore that he'd been an Englishman, mostly because of...

"I should have known," the stranger said as he pulled an old, leather-bound King James Bible out of the footlocker. "What better place to hide it than within the very work that drove him to steal it in the first place?" He turned it over in his hands, then took out a penknife and began to cut along the top edge of the front cover. According to Matt's father, the thick tome was the only possession Tiberius Savage brought with him to the New World, and it was said that he carried it with him always. After his death, it had been given to his son, who began the tradition of noting within it the Savage family history: births, marriages, deaths, all written down on the Bible's endpapers. For six generations, it had been passed on from one son to the next, until it became Matt's responsibility with the death of his own father nearly thirty years ago... and he certainly wasn't going to let this man carve it up like a Christmas goose.

Bracing himself for the agony to come, Matt worked his good leg beneath his body, then launched himself at the stranger, barreling them both over and causing the Bible to fly out of the other man's grip. Unfortunately, that one act was about all Matt had the strength for, and he quickly lost any advantage he'd gained as the stranger wrapped his meaty fist around Matt's neck and began to squeeze. "You are becoming quite the annoyance," the stranger told him. "It's hard to believe that a weak little worm like you could spring from the Savage line."

Matt was struggling to get free, or at the very least draw a decent breath, when he spotted something over the stranger's shoulder, and a smile broke out over his reddening face. "I take after... my mother's side more," he gasped. "My brother... he's the one who... got all of Dad's looks."

The stranger chuckled. "The lack of oxygen must be affecting your memory. From what I know of your family, your brother died not long after he left the cradle."

"That's what most people think," a voice said from behind him. The stranger turned, and was immediately greeted by a fist to the face. He let go of Matt so as to better defend himself, but the buckskin-clad newcomer didn't let up, raining down blow after blow until the stranger lost consciousness. The newcomer then quickly bound the man's hands behind him with a length of rawhide, just in case.

Matt grinned at his rescuer, saying hoarsely, "You're late."

"Not too late, judging by the look of things." Brian Savage, known to most whites as Scalphunter, knelt beside his older brother and checked him over. "You mind telling me what that was all about?"

"Ain't too clear... I think one of our ancestors double-crossed one of his." He gestured to where the Bible landed and said, "Seemed to think there was something hidden in there." Brian left his brother's side to pick up the book, and as he did so, Matt noticed how similarly-built he and the stranger were: the same broad shoulders, the same sort of walk, not to mention the same raven-black hair. Then Matt remembered something the stranger said earlier about "careful selection and breeding." *It's gotta be a coincidence*, he thought, glancing from Brian to the man on the bunk-house floor.

His back to him, Brian asked his brother, "You said he thought there was something hidden in this?" Matt concurred, and as Brian turned around, he began to pull a thin metal sheet out of the cut the stranger had made in the Bible's cover. It was about six inches wide and eight long, nearly the size of the cover itself, and embossed on it were rows upon rows of exotic symbols. There were a few holes punched in it as well at irregular intervals, reminding Matt a little of the music scrolls one used for a player piano. Brian held the sheet up, letting the faint evening light coming through the window dance across its golden surface, and said, "What do you suppose this is?"

"I don't know," Matt answered, "but something tells me we should find a better place to hide it before that jackass wakes up."

1935

Steven Savage had flown all night to reach the rendezvous in Washington, D.C. Eel O'Brien had told Savage he couldn't stay in the nation's capital for much longer, due to a completely different (and totally erroneous, according to O'Brien) set of circumstances. Savage gave a chuckle as he

remembered that comment. Eel always sounded so earnest, he was sure that the criminal honestly believed that he wasn't actually grifting and stealing through life, and that his victims deserved to lose a little cash to make his life easier.

So now, Steven Savage was carefully walking down dark-lit streets of Washington, D.C. and seeking out some rundown bar called 'Winkle's'. When he found the entrance, and glanced through the window, he could only let out a short, dejected sigh at the dingy interior. He pushed through the door and glanced around the smoke-filled room, at the cracked and worn tables and equally rough-hewn patrons. He finally found his target, drinking from a mug of beer and smiling up at him with a wave of his hand.

"Heya, pal! Sit, sit, have a brew," Eel O'Brien said as he signaled to a waitress. "Whattaya think? Pretty neat place huh?"

"You're joking right?" Savage replied as he watched the heavy glass get set in front of him. "I mean, seriously, this is just... just..." He glanced around, trying to pin down the right word.

"Perfect?"

"Grimy, grubby, dirty," Steve rattled off in response. "I feel like I walked into a cliché."

"Exactly! Like I said, perfect." O'Brien grinned and then gulped at his beer. "Can *you* think of any place better for a wanted fugitive to meet a graying, retired 'Balloon Buster' and deliver a secret package?"

"I am *not* graying, thank you very much," Steven said defensively. Sadly, there was very little else he could protest in Eel's description. He took another glance around, sipped some of his beer and had to admit to himself that he was apparently trapped living out a pulp novel. "Speaking of packages, you got it with ya?"

"Of course," Eel replied with a wink. He picked up the square object, wrapped in brown paper. "Now I feel like I'm peddling a peep show."

Steven took the package into his hands and looked at it for a few

minutes. "We're even now, right?" he heard O'Brien ask. "Even-steven?"

"Sure thing," Steven replied with a chuckle. Eel did always have a way of rolling off the bad jokes without batting an eye. "I gotta take off. I got a whole heck of a lot more travel ahead." He hefted the package under an arm and started away from the table, settling his Stetson onto his blond hair and tipping the brim toward O'Brien. "Be seeing ya around."

Steven pushed through the door and signaled for a cab, not noticing the three figures who walked into the bar behind him. The man in the middle glanced over his shoulder to watch as Savage entered the cab and pulled away, chuckling before continuing into the building. The heavy-set man with pale skin and stringy brown hair glanced around and pointed toward the slouched Eel O'Brien, and his two companions lurched and marched toward the criminal, patrons nervously pulling away as they heard whirrs and clicks from the heavily-clothed figures.

"Good sir, you and I, we need to discuss a few things," the man said as he stepped up to O'Brien's table, tugging leather driving gloves off his fingers. "About your friend."

In the back of the taxi, Steven Savage started to undo the bindings on the paper, peeling it open to see the slate tablets within, littered in ancient writings. He tugged out worn papers that had been tucked between the stones before setting them on the seat next to him. He unfolded the pages and settled in to read them, not noticing the soft clicking sounds from the cab driver.

Biblical Times
the city of Babilu
by Don Walsh

Hundreds of workers had slaved on the structure for nearly a year, and now its purpose was coming to fruition. They'd died, and been built into the walls. They'd brought the top to a height greater than any building before, above what many thought could be possible, but were now

trapped at that peak by its masters.

Their king, Nimrod, master of Babylon, had this grand Tower built as a glorification of the will of man. Its uppermost level would reside in the heavenly realms itself, he promised his people, a worthy testament to the grandeur of their culture and his regal might.

And so it was that the monarch of the land strode through the halls of his home, marching hard and eyes steadfastly focused on his destination. He was angry, his frustrations at a boil, and anxious to have this madness done with. He reached the end of the corridor and flung the doors wide.

“Savage!” he roared. “It is done! The Tower stands ready for your use. Be done with this already!”

Barrel-chested, thick-limbed, shaggy black mane of hair encircling his head, dark eyes flashing back at Nimrod, and hands balled into tight fists, Vandal Savage stepped forward. “Do not seek confrontation, hunter-king. You are a master of this age, I am a master of all ages.”

The pair glared at each other, until at last Nimrod turned away and led Vandal Savage out of the palace, and toward the building that he had been forced to construct for this interloper. “Be done with this monstrosity, Savage.”

“Do not worry. I intend to be done with this soon,” the already ancient villain responded. “Very soon, my ritual will be complete, and I will ascend this Tower into the Uppermost Realms. At long last, all my centuries of planning will be completed.”

Over his shoulder was slung a pack containing a number of tightly-bound scrolls. He slipped this pack in front of him and fingered several of the parchments as he smiled at the spire of stone, heart pounding, adrenaline surging. It had been too long since he'd felt such emotions well up in his massive chest. He'd feared that his long life had seared such things from him.

Vandal Savage climbed up the tower, a steady pace as he looked over the scrolls, preparing himself, girding himself for this ultimate invasion. He reached the top of his tower, looked at the bound slaves and nodded

with pleasure.

“No.” The voice was soft, and foreign, and yet still demanding. It came from nowhere, though a shimmering form was coming out of the hot winds that blew across the towering rooftop.

“Who are you? Who are you to say such things to me?” Vandal Savage snarled, and hunched his broad shoulders, prepared to attack.

The dark-skinned man stood, hovering a foot above the stone surface, his arms held to his sides, various marks on his bare chest as he looked at the villain. “I am Nommo, wizard-king of Kor, and I have come to stop your foolishness.”

Savage lashed out with a powerful strike, but it merely passed harmlessly through the image. The voice picked up from a different place, where Nommo again appeared from the hot winds. “All your years of life, all your learning, and you still think like the caveman you were,” Nommo said in a disappointed voice. “You cannot batter your way into the Iconic Realm, you cannot achieve your dream by brute force.” With a wave of his hand, Savage was blasted by the hot winds and hurled across the roof. “You hope to upset the balance of all realities, and it cannot be permitted. This abomination ends here.”

Vandal Savage immediately leaped at the wizard-king, failing to connect with the new image and finding himself clutching the edge of the roof, perilously hanging off the side of the building. “You are like a mist, but it will not save you, I will find a way to destroy you! I will have my conquest!”

Nommo lifted his hands up sharp and quick. Flames burst up from the ground to shatter the tower, sundering it brutally and sending Savage plunging down among the debris and ash, screaming furiously as Nommo hovered in place.

“Mist. Mist,” the wizard-king murmured as he plucked the pile of scrolls from the collapsing ruins and flew off with them, to secure them from the immortal caveman. “I like that name. Perhaps I will adopt it for myself.

1935

Steven Savage tugged up the collar of his flight jacket, and stuffed his hands deep into the pockets as he quickly moved through the rain, over narrow Newcastle streets. He was nervous, after barely escaping from that bizarre clockwork man who was driving his taxi back in Washington. He managed to jam up some gears and get to his plane, but he knew that someone was pursuing him. Someone with a command of science years ahead, yet oddly out of date, and worst of all... unknown to him.

And so he cautiously moved through the rundown industrial city, and sought out his latest destination. The piers and shipyards were rusted and dreary, and only put Savage further on edge. He was never happy with this next contact, and having to meet him here, with these strange artificial men after him... none of this helped make this easier.

"You've arrived," said a deep, rumbling voice from the shadows between two salt-caked pier buildings. "I'm glad to see my efforts were not for naught."

Steven spun and looked into the shadows, watching the huge man lumber out to meet him. Tall, thick, clad in tattered clothes and covered in a heavy overcoat, he did his best to hide his features, but Steven saw them well enough. Skin that was gray-green, dead and taut over electrically-charged muscles, dead black eyes sunk deep into sockets too big for him, his body not quite fitting itself, distorted just enough to make others uneasy. This creature stared down at Savage and held a hand out.

"Good to see you too... Adam," Steven said, shaking the cool, leathery hand nervously. "Wasn't about to drag you all the way here and leave ya hangin'."

"Your family does make good on its word," Frankenstein's monster said with a nod of that squared, unnatural head. "I was surprised to receive word that you wanted the Katherine's journal, I must admit."

Steven shuddered as he listened to the clipped, proper English the monster spoke. He just couldn't correlate that brutish form with the precise annunciation. "I got the word that it's time to cut off 'Granpa' at the knees. So I gotta get all these pieces back together. And find the last couple of missing pieces."

The spawn of Frankenstein passed over the leather-bound book, so small in his meaty hand, and continued to nod in agreement. "I might be able to help with that. On my way here, I heard of a man you might wish to meet, across the Channel. He claims to have an account of a war lost to history. A war that sounds like it might fit one of those puzzle pieces you are lacking. I took the liberty of placing the information on a business card in the Miss Dee's journal."

"Well, sounds like—" The pilot paused and perked his head up as a familiar sound caught his attention. "Sounds like I've been found again, actually."

The two figures peered around the corner of the narrow alley to see four of the clockwork automatons marching toward them with their precision stagger. "Friends of yours, Steven?" the monster asked facetiously.

"Whoever's behind these critters is very, very good at his job," Steven muttered.

"I shall handle this," Adam said as he pulled out a pair of thick antique pistols from under the depths of his coat. "There is a ship that will be heading out to sea very shortly. I suggest you go while I hold the line here."

"Thanks, Adam," Steven said in awe of the creature's actions. "I should stay and help though."

"I can handle this, and you have to finish your task," the monster said as he stepped from the alley and strode out toward the approaching clockwork men. "Now go!"

With a helpless shrug, Steven gripped the book tightly and darted down the alley and toward the steamer he could hear in the distance. If someone as large and obtrusive as the Frankenstein monster could hide

aboard such a vessel, Steven reasoned he could do it handily enough. And he'd be able to read the journal, and try to sort out what it was that his family had gathered about their ancestor, this villain.

1590 A.D.

*South Cadbury, England
by Don Walsh*

"You have gone too far, old man," Vandal Savage said in his deep firm voice, refusing to lose his temper. He tugged at the lace cuffs of his shirt and stared at the elderly man opposing him. "I have allowed your machinations for your 'Virgin Queen' to go on because your keen mind made things interesting for me. But this time, you go too far."

John Dee stared up at the powerful man, and refused to give any sign of the fear bubbling in his heart. This was a task for far younger men, but there were none ready to do battle with this eternal mastermind. He'd spent much of his youth helping to upset the Savage's various schemes, but only recently had he come to realize just how far-reaching was this cunning fiend's vision and power. Still, he wouldn't back down now, though it meant his death.

"I've already removed the pages to somewhere safe, Savage," Dee said in a voice cracked with age, shaking and tremulous just when he needed strength. "As for your trail, and your intention to use it to enact your plan piecemeal, I will not step aside and allow it."

"You will not allow it?" Savage laughed at the tenacity remaining in those brittle bones. "Dee, you fool, you brave, senile fool, you have no choice!" He paused for a moment and then eyed the magus carefully, stroking his thick black beard. "Piecemeal? Can it be you know?"

Dee nodded with a smug smile, that smile that had sent Savage away in frustration in decades past. "What you failed to steal wholesale with the Tower of Babel, you intend to pickpocket in parts. Without the pages, you can go no further than here, and here I will not allow you to take at

all! Camelot remains, I will see to that!"

"We'll see about that, old man. It is clear you have become much too dangerous to leave alive, and so our game ends!" Savage took a scant few giant steps forward, his arm upraised to strike at the old man, but he never got the chance to land the blow.

Instead, the vicious thrust of a powerful spear caught the villain in the side, as a white charger thundered by, ridden by a lean, armor-clad knight from out of legend. Dee staggered back as the attack parted the old foes, and Savage quickly backpedaled and regained a sense of balance.

"Who?"

"You endanger all of Britain with your foulness, and I will not abide that, Vandal Savage," declared the knightly figure, the spear pointed down toward her enemy. "Britomart stands ready to stop you!"

Both men could see that the warrior was a female, radiant in power and beauty, but John Dee noticed that her voice was also familiar. He watched in fascination as Vandal Savage attempted to battle her, but skill and spear worked to defy him despite all of his vast knowledge.

"I am still too impatient," Savage growled as he stepped back. "You will die in scant months, Dee. This... wench... only years longer! I'll have the pages, I'll have my Tower and my conquest, in centuries to come, after you're long dust and long-forgotten!" He turned and stormed off, chastising himself mentally at having lost his temper again. Emotions still resided inside of him, and he grew weary of that weakness. He'd find a way to avenge himself on Dee, of that he was certain. Perhaps through the magus' good friend, this Lord Bennett. *Yes, that could work well*, he thought.

"Kate?" John Dee asked after long moments watching the enemy stalk off. "That's you, I recognize my daughter's voice. But how... how did you come by this... persona?"

The warrior slid from her horse, and hugged her father tightly. "I had to help you, Father. I knew he'd kill you, I knew he'd win, I had to find a

way to help you. So, I used one of your books, and found a guardian spirit, one that would ride with a 'mere' woman." Slowly, the horse, the armor and spear, the radiant power, dripped away from Katherine Dee. "She rode with Roland's court, and she sat with the Round table, and she has allowed me to aid Queen Elizabeth's reign in the past." She blushed as she made her hurried confession.

John Dee smiled at his daughter and leaned against her, as they began to walk from Cadbury Castle and the legendary remains of Camelot, as his mind turned over the references. "Bradamante. Guinevere. Now Britomart. Truly fascinating. I would like to meet this spirit, if I might."

"I think that can be arranged," Kate said quietly. "She has already captured the heart of the poet Spenser. I see no reason why she can't meet the premiere magus of the age too."

John looked over at his daughter with an arched brow, then chuckled. "Spenser? You simply must fill me in on this career of yours, Kate. You must. Before I have to read about it."

1935

"The Master insists that you are more valuable unharmed, so you will accept my protection and follow me in," ordered the tall, muscled Arab. He wore simple dark slacks and turtleneck, and bore no indication of his allegiances or true threat. But this bald-headed man moved with startling grace, and Steven Savage could only gulp and nod his head as he fixed his Stetson low on his head.

"You got it, Ubu. I'm just a guest here, you're the genteel host after all," Savage replied with a light smirk as he looked up at his guide. "Course, I'd love to know how those damned clockworks got here ahead of me."

"That would be my fault, I'd wager," the warrior said as he cautiously approached the rear door of the small country cottage. "My master insisted I rush this to you, and I took a shortcut taught to me. But it's a shortcut fraught with danger."

"Huh?" Steven couldn't ask more, because this strange man, this Ubu, stood tall and launched a powerful kick that shattered the wooden door. Inside the small building, a half-dozen of the bizarre machine men turned toward the disturbance and started to move toward the warrior.

Ubu wasted no motion and no time as he hurtled himself into the building immediately on the destruction of the door, his other leg coming up to smash into the unnerving porcelain face of the clockwork figure, gears and pinions splashing out into the room. A powerful fist caught another in the torso, just beneath the brass chest and up into that chassis. The creature wound down quickly as Ubu's hand yanked back out with a several levers and pistons that had also chewed up the warrior flesh and bone.

Steven wasted no time in coming to his partner's aid, using a kitchen chair to club the head of one clockwork and driving the head into the chest. The remaining automatons worked at the two men through, a pair of them trying to bear Ubu down as the third swung at the pilot with razor-sharp fingers. With all his incredible strength, Ubu smashed his clockwork foes into each other, cracking them open. They collapsed to the floor, giving him the chance to stomp hard on their mechanisms, bringing them to a halt, as Steven dodged a vicious slash of talons that then became lodged in the wooden wall. He brought a heavy cleaver from the nearby counter down against the mechanical limb, severing it with three quick strong chops. The creature staggered away, trying to regain balance, but not before Savage had jammed the thick metal blade into its head and brought the last one down.

"I have *got* to find out where these are coming from," Steven said, panting from the battle.

"Savage knows whenever someone walks his path," Ubu said as he led the pilot carefully into the cottage, warily watching for more of the mechanical attackers. "I alerted him to this meeting." He stopped at the fireplace and activated a hidden lever on the mantle. A thick yellowed envelope fell out of a hidden cubby, and Ubu handed it to Savage. "Here. This will explain things that are missing from your narrative."

"I want you to explain what you mean by shortcuts and his path and all

that malarkey,” Steven insisted as he took the object.

“Savage has explored every inch of this world in his vast time,” Ubu said. “In that time, he has found every path there is to find. He has blazed most of them before history began. The path of power is the path of Savage. You will come to understand this as you continue your quest.”

“Do you understand this?” Steven smirked as he turned the envelope over in his hands.

“I do. I serve a powerful man, a powerful immortal, who strides this world like a god, as my god, and I understand.” He walked to the front door of the cottage and paused, looking back at Steven. “He does this to help with his own goals. He doesn't care if you live or die, but he cares that Savage is stopped. When the time comes, if you survive this war, my Master will come for the debt you now owe him.” Ubu then stormed out of the building, feeling unclean for his momentary association with the Balloon Buster.

“Well.” Steven looked at the envelope, and then his surroundings, and at the ruined clockwork men. “Let's see who this master is that I apparently owe.”

A.D. 1369

Yagovny Castle

by David Charlton

The long, slim sword dangled loosely from the despot's hand as he prowled the corpse-littered battlefield. Carrion birds scattered at his approach, squawking indignantly— but not even they would dare risk his displeasure. He was a grim sight in his red and black robes, his head covered by a helm made from the skull of his father, the blood of his vanquished foes staining his hands.

Brother Blood came upon the body he was looking for. A young man lay, impaled on a spear, and still twisting in his final agony. With the tip of

his sword, Blood pushed back the chain mail cowl of the dying man, and looked into his eyes.

"Did you think to overturn my rule? To slay me...?" The warrior-priest ruler of Zandia hissed.

"The prophecy...!" The man on the ground said between clenched teeth. "*The son shall slay the father ere his days number 99 years and 1... Only I—.*"

"You are a puppet of the infidel Demon's Head, nothing more." Blood said coldly, raising his sword. "I will show him what it means to go to war with the Church of Blood. And I can have other sons." The glittering blade swept down, blood sprayed, and nearby crows cawed in anticipation for their feast.

The castle of Yagovny was a border fortress, held at times by both Zandia and the Turk. Now it was a private fiefdom, owing allegiance to neither the Church of Blood nor the Demon's Head—for the Lord of Yagovny would bow to no man.

"This war must end," declared the dour Lord of Yagovny, alone in the Great Hall with the two antagonists. "You shall both be the fathers of great dynasties, and need not shed each others blood so wantonly."

Brother Blood leveled a finger at the haughty, mustached Saracen, his other hand clenched in a fist. "He has stirred rebellion in Zandia. His assassins murdered my consort." His voice shook with barely-contained rage.

The Demon's Head stared coldly at his long-time enemy. "The Church of Blood is a grotesquerie, a perversion of nature. The earth itself cries out for its extinction. Its stranglehold on Zandia must be broken."

Blood bristled, his teeth showing. The Demon's Head only glared back at him with undisguised disdain.

"Come, Ra's." Came the rumbling, calm voice of Yagovny's lord. "Surely what Sebastian does in Zandia is no concern of yours. Call off the

hashishayun. Let us be united in brotherhood."

Ra's al Ghul turned slowly to the lord, lifted one elegant eyebrow and said, "Why?"

Why. It had been many years since anyone had dared ask Vandal Savage that question. But he remembered the answer to it as clearly as he remembered that day, all those millennia ago, when he had first glimpsed his destiny.

"Because you owe me no less." He told them both. "Because I helped to put you both in your positions of power. Who delivered the shawl unto you, Sebastian? Who whispered the secrets of the Lazarus Pit into your ear, Ra's? And because there shall come a time when a Son of Blood and a Daughter of the Demon will stand beside me at my most desperate hour, as their sires stand before me now."

Ra's eyes became hooded, and Brother Blood hissed in frustration.

"You overestimate your importance to me, Savage." The Demon's Head said in a soft, but deadly voice. "You are but one man. What if we killed you here and now, and carried on with our war, unburdened by your... demands?"

Brother Blood's eyes lit, aroused by the prospect.

But a droll smile widened the lips of Vandal Savage. He faced the Demon's Head, unperturbed.

"Then you would be a fool, Ra's al Ghul. Perhaps you could kill me, the two of you together, but I rather doubt it. I have not lived so long to be undone by such as you and Sebastian. But let us say you succeeded in your mad gambit. Do you think *me* such a fool as to not have prepared for such an eventuality? Do you think I do not have agents in both your camps, prepared to work my will? Think of it, Ra's: any one of your fabled League could owe their true allegiance to me. And you, Sebastian. Which of your followers really calls me 'master'?" Savage's smile turned glacially patronizing. "Do either of you doubt that there shall come a night when the nubile body warming your bed reaches for the dagger beneath the pillow and buries it in your chest? Or perhaps it will be the

trusted lieutenant who will show his true colors when your back is turned? Though it may come from the unlikeliest of places, the blow *will* fall. Could either of you rest easy again?"

They both stared at him, and even these two— these most fearsome of men— were shaken.

And so, a kind of peace fell upon Zandia. Brother Blood called off his crusade, and the followers of the Demon's Head melted back into the shadows. But the carnage had not ended. Upon his return to his capital, Brother Blood began a purge of his closest disciples and concubines, bathing in a great vat of their blood. In his secret lair, Ra's al Ghul was more calculated, sending his beloved Ubu to ferret out the traitor— and finding none, Ra's was left with only one other choice, and slew his faithful servant with his own hand.

But for a long time, neither Blood nor Ra's rested easy. And in Castle Yagovny, Vandal Savage laughed, and bided his time...

1935

"Can't tell you how much I appreciate the help, King," Steven Savage said as the two men stepped out of the sleek, strange plane the pilot had developed. "I didn't think I was going to get back to my plane and out of London with those stupid clockworks after me."

"My pleasure, old buddy," replied the King, clad in his top hat and tails, heavy blue-black cloak helping to conceal his physique, a black domino mask over his eyes. "I'm just glad that your friend O'Brien worked up the guts to tell us about what happened. I'd never have been sent out to help otherwise."

"Yeah, he can be a good joe when he wants to. I just wished he'd want to

a little more often, 'cause right now, he's headed for a bad end," Steven replied with a heavy sigh. "Anyway, Mr. Master-o-Disguise, you gonna stick around and join in the fun now that you're here?"

"I wish I could, but this little excursion 'across the Pond' was strictly vacation time," the King said in a dejected voice. "Though I'm going to hang around long enough to check out this 'Mystery' cat you told me about. He sounds like a hoot. Then it's back to the office."

The King led his friend over to a sleek looking sports car, which would in a year or so be called the Cord 812, but for now provided special operatives of the United States government an edge over the roadways of the country. In this case, the black car slipped through the narrow, twisted roadways of Boston, Massachusetts, and headed into the Back Bay of the old city, to find one lone little bookstore amongst the elegant buildings and quaint parks. When the King turned his sixth corner without luck, the store seemed to suddenly appear and beckon to them.

"Okay, now that's just queer," King said as he pulled the car to the side of the road and glanced around. "I'm sure we came through here at least a couple of times already. How'd we miss it?"

"After what I've bumped into on this trip, let me tell ya, pal, you don't want to be askin' that question," Steven answered with a laugh as he led the way into the store.

The masked man gave a low whistle as he looked around at the rows of books, shelf after shelf, going much deeper than he'd believed was possible from the outside.

"Yes, magician," Mister E said as he stepped out from a back room, staring off sightlessly as he carefully made his way to the two men. "This is true Magick in here. This place is very special."

"Right. Well, you must be Steven's new buddy, Mystery," King said as he put his hand out to shake. He felt foolish and rattled when the man in white turned his face and locked the dark lenses with the masked man's face, reminding all of his blindness while at the same time, examining the King on altogether other levels. The masked man dropped his hand quickly.

"I am called Mister E, though I can see where the mispronunciation extends from," corrected the blind man. He turned toward Steven and stretched out his hand toward the pilot now.

"You get what you were supposed ta, then?" Savage asked as he looked down at Mr. E's hand and tentatively reached out to shake it.

"I did what was needed, yes. Now you shall see, and hopefully get some idea of the depth of the chess game played across the ages."

With that, the two hands clasped, and Steven saw what the blind man could not.

125,000 Years Ago...
in a time-lost land
by David Charlton

He flinched against the bright slash of fire that split the sky and screamed in his ears. The burning, flying thing arced high overhead, and he tracked it with dark glittering eyes, deep-set beneath a beetling brow.

The rest of his people had fled, fearfully, back into the forest, to crawl into their caves and holes. But not he. **He** watched as it smashed into the woods across the stream, causing the very ground to shake, and leaving a scorched trail in its wake.

Vandar Adg wondered what it was. Was it a gift of the Sky God? Was it a fiery bird like the kind his women roasted and fed him?

He was curious. It was what set him apart from the rest of his tribe. He moved forward, loping towards the spot where the thing had landed, his knuckles scraping the ground.

When he reached the site of the impact, the thing was still smoking and hissing. It smoldered in a hole in the ground, a chunk of glowing rock many times his size. Waves of heat buffeted him, but he pressed closer, raising one hairy arm to shield his face. It entranced him, pulsing as if a thing alive...

There was a weird, discordant sound wafting on the air, and colors Vandar had never seen—or imagined!—swam before him.

Every instinct he had told him to run away. To close his eyes and cover his ears. But he was Vandar Adg, Many-Blooded and chief of his Folk. In his hand, he clutched the leg-bone of his father; it had split the heads of all his rivals. He would not run from a rock, no matter that it had fallen from the sky.

He reached out and touched it.

He never even heard the cry of agony that issued from his own mouth. A rushing sound filled his head like the crash of the sea against the rocks. The world fell away, and the universe opened up before him; kaleidoscopes of colors burst like ever-expanding ripples in his head, flooding him with sensations he would never find the words to describe. A vast, limitless panorama seemed to be spread before him, and he flailed around reaching out for it. He barely felt his skin blister and suppurate, or his eyes melt into slag down his hirsute chest: he was seeing with an inner eye.

The weird, discordant sound spoke to him, enhanced him, changed him...

It was a long time before he realized where he was again. Night had fallen, and he was on his back, still in the crater of the meteor. He sat up straight, seeing that the rock had cooled, and appeared now to be like any other rock. But he knew it wasn't.

Just as he was not like any other man...

Climbing to his feet, he checked himself. His skin was pink and clean, the hair singed off. There was no indication of injury. He felt new. A savage vitality engorged him. He drew himself up straight and tall, knowing that he would never hunch or shamble again. He would walk proud and others would look upon him and behold that he was different. That he was *more*... He felt more alive than ever he had.

More than that, he *understood*. The meteor had not only transformed him, but had granted him a revelation. **He knew what was coming.** He wasn't quite sure what to make of it yet, but he knew with a certainty that the vision he had seen would come to pass—it was as inevitable as the moon chasing the sun from the sky.

And it scared the hell out of him.

1935

"Master!" The portly man with stringy brown hair and pallid complexion jumped at the sudden arrival of Vandal Savage in his lab. He quickly slid off his stool and bowed as low as he could. "I... I didn't know... didn't expect you!"

"Calm yourself, Doctor Tock," Vandal said, his voice even and reassuring. He stepped up to the bench where his scientist had been working and placed a strong hand on the stout man's shoulder. "You have done well. Your clockwork men seem to be a success... by and large."

"Thank you for your kind words, Master, but I know they've been deficient, but it's okay, it'll be okay," he quickly added as he pointed toward a chalkboard littered in designs and formulae. "I've corrected for some of their weaknesses, figured out a better way to protect the central chassis, see?" He explained the upgrades he'd figured out, hurriedly trying to prove to his master his true worth in light of the failure to capture the renegade Savage that so frustrated Vandal.

"Very good," Vandal said as he narrowed his eyes and absorbed the

information. He had mastered many different disciplines in his millennia, and although perhaps he wasn't the inventor his minions were, he could handily grasp what was told to him. "You have indeed increased their capabilities, I'd wager nearly one hundred percent. An achievement to go to your grave proud of."

Doctor Tock turned around, face even more pale, sweat beading at his temple. "Master?" Then he looked down as he felt a sudden pressure in his chest, then an excruciating pain as the sword impaled his heart and ended his life. Vandal Savage dismissively tossed the weapon to the side, the heavy body following suit as the villain stepped up to the chalkboard.

"Oh yes. Yes, these will work perfectly against Richard's pawns."

Prehistory

"Now you begin to see," Mister E said as he guided Steven Savage along the steps of his ancestor, the caveman Vandar Adg, who grew in cunning, then in raw intellect, then in brilliant knowledge. His strength, his stamina, his patience all slowly grew as Steven watched centuries unfold, watched Vandar Adg slowly become Vandal Savage, watched as he crossed the Earth, watched as continents drifted apart, but not before Vandal had forged special paths of power, shortcuts across the surface of the planet.

He bent coincidence and luck to his will; the strange energies of the comet, the bizarre nature of his immortality combining with the mutability of this early Earth, to craft cunning roads of speed, of power, of fortune. They were hazardous, these trails, but they offered him great opportunities: to build centers of operation, to found groups of minions, to craft weapons of war, all with a drive that Steven couldn't understand. Vandal Savage had seen something, but what... what was it all for?

The roads crisscrossed the world, a web of pathways. Steven soon saw what Mister E was pointing out to him in this vast tableau of time and space: one long continuous trail encompassing the Earth. A trail blazed

by an immortal man seeking to create destiny. A trail carved in his wake, one of opportunity and destiny and life unbounded by mortal laws.

A very dangerous trail indeed, to walk the path of this cruel and cunning mastermind.

"A danger trail," Steven Savage murmured as he arrived back at the bookstore and Mister E released his hand.

"Now go, Steven Savage. Go and find your opposite and counterpart, go and find the other man who blazes his own path through the heavens, and do *your* family proud."

1935

Vandal Savage gathered his implements and placed them reverently in the leather pack which he then slung onto his back. He took one last look at this castle, this lone outpost that he'd returned to since the fall of the Tower of Babel, and allowed one last glimmer of wistful emotion. Yagovny had served him well, as a place of retreat, a center of meditation, a fulcrum of his power. Now though, his pieces were in play: the Queen of Blood moving to check the hateful Dee Gambit, his Tock-men on the march to bring down the American maneuvers, all of it was in position now. Despite all the efforts that had been put into play by his latest chess opponent. *So much lesser than the magus*, Vandal thought as he headed out of his castle for the last time. He'd have a new place to operate from, befitting the new era of humanity he was about to usher in. *Flashy titles have grown more... well, flashy, and yet, the competitive edge has dulled. From John Dee to this man, this Doctor.* He left the ancient estate, stepping into the fog as he began to walk his Danger Trail.

Then he walked out of the foggy woods and into the foggy London street. He tugged lightly at his sleeve, adjusting the suit coat as he walked steadily toward one particular building. He hadn't wanted to stop here. He was on a strict timetable, something he hadn't had concern for in quite some time. But in this instance, it had to be adhered to. His immortality was irrelevant to the matter at hand. But no, first he had to stop here, regardless of the greater plan. His opponent had left his king

vulnerable.

He walked up the aged, worn steps and wrapped a thick hand around the brass knob of the front door. It was locked, but that proved no obstacle as he forced the door to open anyway, and entered the hall. He took a moment to look around, then marched up the creaking steps to the second floor landing. He glided through the hall with purpose, wanting this to be done now, and stopped at a simple wooden door. He pressed his hand against it, and frowned before battering it down with a sweep of his powerful arm. He entered and stared at the sole occupant, of the room, of the building.

“Richard Occult.”

“Vandal Savage.”

To Be Concluded!

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

All characters are (c) DC Comics and no infringement upon their copyrights is intended. Support DC Comics by buying their monthly comics and graphic novels.

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)

Mightiest Mortals: With a Stroke of Lightning!

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 #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 #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 #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.



www.feedbooks.com
Food for the mind