



Ultimate Gotham Girls #14
Samantha Chapman

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Ultimate Gotham Girls #14
Façades, part 1
Written by Samantha Chapman
Cover by Carlos

Things were going so much better now. Harley Quinn hummed to herself as she dusted around Ivy's little house, fluffing several colorful pillows that she had scattered around the living room. Already two months had gone by, and Harley was quite at home here. She skipped around with her pigtails bouncing, free of her old costume, and grinning even as she passed by Ivy scowling in her favorite cushioned chair.

The radio was blaring and Poison Ivy tapped her foot angrily, grinding her teeth as she listened.

"... the proposed legislation would clear the way for Councilman Livingston to begin re-building Gotham's old coal-driven power plant, to help meet our city's ever-climbing energy needs. The plant could provide hundreds of jobs during its renovation, and hundreds more permanent positions once work is complete. Livingston and fellow Councilman Darien are promising to leave as much work unautomated as possible in order to help alleviate unemployment in Gotham."

"Aw, Ivy, I hate the news! Turn it off," Harley complained.

"You have no idea what this means, do you?"

"Nope."

Ivy shook her head, still unable to understand how Harley could stand to live in ignorance. "Starting that smoke-belching hazard back up is like putting the whole city on a pack of cigarettes a day," she started to explain, glaring out the window in the direction of the abandoned plant. "I can't believe they'd even consider something so sickening. I might be able to ignore poisons, but they couldn't, and this planet certainly can't." Ivy looked up and glared again to see Harley nodding mechanically. "Will you listen to me, Harl? God, I take all this time and keep you here

and you can't pay five minutes of attention to the things that I really care about-"

"No no, I'm listenin, I am, Ivy!" Harley protested. "I get it, I do, I promise I'm not stupid. S'just... I mean there's a lotta people who need it, you know? I mean... sorry... "

Harley trailed off and Ivy sighed as her anger ebbed away. "Doesn't make it the right thing to do."

"Okay," Harley agreed, nodding again and dropping the subject, going back to her fluffy pillows.

Ivy sighed again and stood from her chair, cracking her back. "Look, I'm sorry. You know you're allowed to disagree with me right?"

"Uh-huh, course I do."

"So don't feel so bad telling me when you do. Better conversation that way anyway," Ivy smiled a little.

"Dunno what yer talking about, Ivy," Harley replied in a tone that implied that she did. She changed the subject abruptly. "So um, I'm gonna go mail somethin' in a little while, kay? You need anything while I'm out?"

"Harley." Ivy laid a hand on her hip.

"What?" The little blonde put on a smile that withered quickly as Ivy held her other hand out.

"Give it."

"Aw, Ivy, come on, he's so lonely!"

"For the last time, you are not sending any more letters to the Joker! I thought you said you were done with him, Harley!"

"I am, I am!" Harley still hesitated before she took a letter out of her pocket and handed it to her friend.

Ivy didn't think twice before tossing it straight into the trash. "Harley, you have got to get over this."

"Yeah... " Harley sank into Ivy's chair with her pigtails drooping. "I know, really I do. I just wonder how he's doing, right? Just wondering... that so wrong?"

Ivy had nothing to say to that, and she flicked the radio back on to kill the silence.

"... -cilman Livingston here in the booth with us this morning, thank you for joining us."

"My pleasure, Paula."

"Councilman, let's cut to the chase. The loudest objections to this plan are coming from the environmentalist groups-How do you respond to claims that re-opening the plant will harm the environment in the long term?"

"Well Paula, I have done my research. There really aren't any answers that are going to work for everyone, and I have to put a higher priority on the people I serve. Gotham City needs jobs and power now, or it won't last into the long term. The needs of the people today just have to come before the needs of the planet tomorrow."

Ivy's hand slammed down on the radio and Harley jumped. With a nasty snarl on her pretty white face, Ivy stormed out into her garden. "Oh I am going to kill that man."

By now he was used to the stares he got on the street. They were to be expected. He was a freak, despite the dark hood half-wrapped around his face to hide his freakishness. Some looked at him with revulsion hiding behind the pity in their eyes; some with pity hiding behind their revulsion. One side of him hated to be hated. The other pitied himself for being pitiful.

Harvey took a deep breath and stood before the station, looking up. It had never looked so tall before. He used to walk right through those doors whenever he needed, for whatever he needed. Usually evidence, occasionally advice, every so often just a friendly chat and a cup of coffee. These men and women had been his family, in such a stronger way than his blood family had. But now he stood standing in front of the police station, half of him unwilling to go inside.

The coin came out of his pocket and flipped several times in the air. Harvey snatched it from its fall and slapped it on the back of his hand, nodded, and stepped inside.

James Gordon was thanking god that he had a little bit of time to walk among his men today. He'd been in this line of business plenty long enough to know that everything could fall apart if the people involved didn't feel like a team. The smile that came to an officer's face when Jim asked about his son, the relief on another's at the offer of a helping hand on the paperwork, these were the little things that cemented Jim's force together. So Jim made his rounds through the station, and he was standing right in the main hallway when Harvey walked through the door.

"Well I'll be damned." Jim took a half-second's pause to excuse himself from his conversation before he walked straight up to his old friend. "Harvey Dent! I was starting to think you'd vanished somewhere out there." Jim smiled and stuck his hand out for a shake. But when Harvey's bad hand started to come forward, Jim drew his back out of instinct, clearing his throat before switching hands. "It's good to see you, Harvey."

Harvey's bad hand reached up to adjust the dark hood around his face. When he spoke, it was with no trace of anger or hardship. He used the same cool, confident voice he always used to. "You too, Jim. I'm... back in town. Been busy. I was hoping I could have a walk around-for old time's sake."

"Whatever you need, DA," Jim gave him a smile as he repeated the words he'd said so many times in bygone days. "You visit as long as you like, you're my guest here today. Listen, I'll give Renee a call, let her

know you're around."

"Renee isn't here anymore?"

"She left the force a little over a year ago," Jim explained. "Took a job somewhere in Waynetech, but damned if I can get her to tell me what. She's fine though. Good kid. Always was."

Harvey smiled and cleared his throat, looking around at the officers who had started to spill into the hall. "Lots of new faces," he remarked, pulling the hood even tighter around his face and shoving his bad hand back into his pocket.

"Don't worry, Harv, you're still a legend," Jim chuckled. "I'll go make that call, you just get comfortable."

Harvey managed another smile and slowly wandered off into the halls of the station while Jim picked up the phone.

Within half an hour, Renee burst through the doors with a bright grin of her own. She gave Jim a warm handshake and glanced around the room. "Where is he?"

"Just been wandering, getting his bearings back I think." Jim stuck his head into a secretary's office, planning to ask if she'd seen the man, but hadn't opened his mouth before he heard Renee's fast footsteps running down the hall and he turned to see Harvey rounding the corner.

"It's been a long time, DA," Renee said, her dark hair bouncing as she approached him, but before she could get too close he took a hesitant step backward, and she stopped in her tracks. "Oh, Harvey... "

He reached up and tugged violently on the half-hood, but not soon enough to prevent the gasps as those around him caught a glimpse of the hideous, scarred face. His bad hand was deep in his pocket, gripping something tightly as he turned his head away. The greenish, boiled skin made even Renee take a gulp, but what scared her more was the look that she thought she had seen in his eye. Something wasn't right, apart from the green skin. Without really thinking Renee leaned a little closer to try to see what it was. The red eye just glared back at her under the

hood, looking... wrong.

"You knew I had... scars... " Harvey's light voice snapped Renee back to attention, and she stepped back with a nod of her head.

"I didn't get to see you after they took the bandages off. You left in kind of a hurry."

"I had things I had to get straight."

Renee stepped back closer to him, looking up at the man she once looked up to. Ignoring his uneasy look and his own step backward, she pushed back the dark hood and looked right on both his faces. "It's not so bad."

With that she went up onto her toes to hug him, warm and friendly and completely unexpected. Harvey looked down on her in surprise for a moment before hesitantly wrapping his good arm around her shoulders. It didn't last very long, but when it was over he managed a true smile.

"Listen, I have to go, I've been really busy these days. But you track me down, got it?" Renee asked, snatching pen and paper from a nearby desk and scribbling her number. "We've got a lot of catching up to do," she winked.

"I'm sure we do," Harvey answered half in a daze, slipping the paper into one pocket and keeping his bad hand firmly in the other as he watched her wave and rush back outside.

Councilman Daniel Livingston kicked up his feet and rested his polished shoes on the soft ottoman by his favorite chair. He took a deep breath and let it out, glad for the solitude of his apartment. His wife was away with their son on one school trip or another for a few nights, and Daniel appreciated having the time to unwind, especially now that he was working so hard. He swirled his drink in its glass and took a long sip, flipping on the television and letting his head fall back on the top of the chair.

He had barely closed his eyes when he felt something rough and tight

around his neck, constricting and stealing his breath. Daniel's eyes snapped open but his vision was already clouding. All he could make out of his attacker was a dark shape behind him. He reached up his fingers to try to grab at the rope, but it only tightened, blocking off his air. He was fading fast, he couldn't see, he couldn't scream...

When Daniel had fallen unconscious, the killer paused, standing still at the scene for quite some time before tying a sturdy knot in the rope and leaving the victim in his chair. The room was darkened, but there was still plenty of light to find the phone and dial 911, albeit with shaking hands.

"Daniel Livingston has been murdered."

The police arrived only minutes later. Their investigation turned up two unmistakable pieces of evidence: a few long red hairs, and an old, dried piece of an ivy vine.

A few short hours later, Batgirl was keeping silently to the shadows around Ivy's toxic house, unobserved by the two women inside. Renee's teeth were grinding, her head full of the scenes of the crime. Two cold murders, of two good citizens, both ambushed at their homes and both pointing straight to Poison Ivy. First Dan Livingston, then John Darien. Only days after their energy plan had gone public. Both of them strangled, the police called anonymously to find the obvious clues.

The only question in Renee's mind now was how to get Ivy locked up. She was used to calling cards in this city; there was just a special breed of criminal in Gotham that wanted acknowledgement for their wrongdoings. No need to wonder why Ivy had made herself known.

Although, as Renee picked her way through the back door and into the small house, she did have to wonder why there seemed to be nothing out of the ordinary going on. She could hear something simmering on the stove, unconcerned voices from another room, but nothing that indicated any sort of excitement. Even without any remorse, Renee had assumed that Ivy would feel *something* for the crimes.

There were footsteps coming near. Renee ducked around Ivy's refrigerator. She had a decent view of the rest of the small kitchen; a stove and oven along the opposite wall, to her right the door she'd come in through, to her left a doorway into a cozier-looking room. Everything that Renee could see had a vaguely old-fashioned feeling to it, all in earthy colors and soft fabrics and nothing quite seeming to fit with the criminal she knew. She didn't have time to try to reconcile the décor, instead crouching into what shadow she could find as Ivy stepped into her kitchen to check on the boiling pot.

With reflexes and control that would have made several more powerful heroes proud, Renee leapt at Ivy from behind and had the redhead's arms behind her back in seconds.

"What in the god-damned hell—!"

"You're coming with me," Renee growled from behind Ivy, putting herself in the mindset of the people who trained her. Move quick, and let them show all the fear.

Unfortunately, Ivy was not the type of scared goon that the Batman's tricks worked best on. "Oh great, it's you. The hell are you doing in my house?!"

"I know what happened to the councilmen," Renee said again, holding Ivy's wrists together even as she stood fairly calmly, for the circumstances.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh no, of course you don't. So why'd the police get called a few minutes after?"

"What? Get off of me!"

"S'going on?"

Renee snapped her head around to see Harley walking into the kitchen, and her grip loosened just enough for Ivy to tear herself free. Harley's entrance broke Renee's rage enough for her to start to notice things that

weren't right. Ivy was wearing nothing but a low-cut nightshirt, the same emerald green as her costume but nowhere near as useful to go out in. Harley was likewise in a tank top and pajama pants (though the pattern of balloons and stuffed bears gave her a much more innocent look). The savory stew on the stove looked like it had been cooking for longer than the victims had been dead, and there was no sign anywhere of any preparation to leave the house. For that matter, there was no sign that anyone had come in for hours. Renee gritted her teeth again and kept up her guard.

"Livingston and Darien are dead," she told Ivy, watching the woman's face carefully. "They found your mark."

"What?!" Ivy's shock looked genuine. "No, excuse me, what?"

"Just a couple hours ago," Renee started to explain, slowly bringing her fists down and beginning to believe that she'd been wrong, despite the blinking neon signs of evidence. "They were in their homes. Police were notified probably a couple of minutes after the murders. Ivy, they found this," Renee reached into a pocket on her belt and tossed a small, dry leaf toward her.

"But we've been in here all day!" Harley protested, as Ivy turned the leaf over in her hands. "Honest, I was with her, can'tcha trust me?"

Renee gave Harley a look. "You are barely trustworthy," she said, glancing back at the growing fury on Ivy's face before adding, "just barely."

"Are you so completely out of it that you really think I'd leave this behind?" Ivy asked, her voice quiet and her snarl pronounced as she shoved the leaf back at Renee. It snapped and fell to the ground. "It's dead. It's *been* dead. A long time now."

Renee's eyes narrowed under her cowl. "They found your hair, too. It's not like it's a tough conclusion."

With another scowl toward the dead leaf, Ivy started to pace and crossed her arms in front of her. "How'd they die?"

Renee gritted her teeth and shook off her police instincts. A year and a

half ago she would never have talked about a case like this. "Strangled."

"With?"

"... .Rope." Renee cringed inwardly as the inconsistencies started to come together.

"Real nice detective work," Ivy drawled. "You told me once you followed my career. How does this look anything like what I used to do?"

"The targets," Renee answered without hesitation, glad to have at least one strong point to stand on. "Unless you expect me to believe you're all in favor of the coal plant coming back. They weren't exactly quiet about their positions."

"So, you've got a shitty substitute for my mark, a pair of guys I hate, and absolutely nothing else," Ivy finished the summary by laying her hand on her hip. Renee quickly brought her glance back up to the flashing green eyes. "I didn't do it."

There was, behind her anger and confusion, some sense of honor deep in Poison Ivy's eyes that led Renee to nod her head. "Alright... then who did?"

"She didn't, she really didn't!" Harley shouted, going so far as to throw herself between Ivy and Batgirl as she chattered at top speed. "I swear, I was with her, and I mean I lied before and okay you don't have to trust me but you have to trust me! Ivy would never-well, maybe she would-but she didn't! An' that's what counts! An' it's not like I was with Mister J, I swear it, THIS time I promise I'm tellin'-"

"Harley. Stop helping."

"Look... I believe you," Renee admitted, her mind combing back over the crime scene. "But someone killed those men. And if you know anything about it-"

"I know one thing," Ivy cut her off, raising a finger and taking a step closer to Renee. "You owe me."

"What?"

"That's right," Ivy smiled, her temper going back down to a simmer as she began to walk a small circle around the costumed woman. "You owe me. Big-time. Promised as much last April, remember?"

"I was counting on you forgetting that," Renee said, watching Ivy's eyes and trying to bring her mental guards back up. "I am not about to just let this case go."

"Neither am I." Ivy sat herself on her kitchen counter, bare legs crossed over each other as she leaned forward in her nightshirt. "You're going to find out who wanted me put away. I think that works out for everyone, don't you?"

"If you want to waste your favor," Renee said, her voice much cooler than her mind. She cleared her throat and looked straight into Ivy's eyes. "It's my job to find the criminal."

"Well yes, but the favor is that you're going to do it for me," Ivy smirked, clearly enjoying herself despite her earlier shock. "I want to know who's trying to pass off as me. I want to know why... and I want you to bring them to me."

"I'll find out," Renee said with a soft growl in her voice. "But not for you. I'm here to help justice, not revenge."

Ivy shrugged. "Long as you're not leading the cops to my door, I'll deal. Which reminds me, you're going to want to get out of here soon." Ivy smirked again, and Renee began to notice the cloudy, tight feeling in the back of her head. "So before my house gets the better of you, do we have a deal?"

Batgirl paused for a moment, and then stuck out her gloved hand. Ivy smiled a scintillating smile and shook it.

Renee turned to head back out the door, feeling the poison in this air and needing to get back to what passed as fresh air in the city. Before she left, she looked over her shoulder at Harley and Ivy, convinced enough now that they hadn't done anything wrong this time. "Do you have any idea

who might be trying to frame you?

Ivy put a finger to her chin, grimaced as she remembered a day from months ago, and nodded. "Maybe one."

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

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From the same author on Feedbooks

Ultimate Gotham Girls #11 (2008)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Clown College, Part 2 (of 3).

With the Joker's 'school' well underway and the clock ticking closer to 3pm, will Batgirl and Zatanna be able to prevent even more carnage? What about with some unexpected help? And how will Harley hold up when forced to choose between her man, and her only friend?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #10 (2008)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Clown College, Part 1 (of 3).

The Joker's been lurking in the background, and it's never good when he rears his head again! Harley's ideas and Joker's plans are coming together at long last, but is Harley really on-board with the joke? Ivy sure hopes not! And either way, the Clown Prince of Crime is going to have his hands full when Batgirl and Zatanna catch up to him!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #2 (2008)

Don't Say a Word, Part 1 (of 2)

Ultimate Gotham Girls #1 (2008)

Girls' (K)night Out.

Meet Harley Quinn. She is bound and determined to meet her number one hero, the object of her affection, Gotham City's premiere costumed champion...The Joker! To do it, she's teaming up with the seductive and deadly Poison Ivy...whether or not Pamela Isley likes the idea! Just what a neophyte Batgirl needs for on-the-job training!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #3 (2008)

Don't Say a Word, Part 2 (of 2).

The all-new, all-daring Batgirl is put to the test, tracking down a ruthless killer of children! But there's more to the mind of Mockingbird than meets eye, and Renee must walk the abyss of madness to figure it out!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #4 (2008)

The Joker Rules April Fools!

It's April Fools Day in Gotham and that can only mean one thing! The Clown Prince of Crime is giving the city a hearty greeting, and Batgirl must struggle, not only with a diabolical mastermind that gives even Batman pause, but whether or not to accept help from a shocking source!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #5 (2008)

Harvey and Ivy.

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

Last Sun of Krypton #1 (2008)

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

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

Last Sun of Krypton #2 (2008)

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

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

Last Sun of Krypton #3 (2008)

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

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

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

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

Ultimate Gotham Girls #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 #15 (2009)

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

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

Ultimate Gotham Girls #16 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Facades, Part Three.

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

Ultimate Gotham Girls #17 (2009)

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

The disturbing origin of Two-Face revealed to her, Batgirl now has to finally face off against her friend-turned-enemy. How badly can Renee stand to hurt Harvey? How badly will she have to, if Two-

Face gets the upper hand? And what shocking revelation will finally end the battle? Find out in our stunning conclusion!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #18 (2009)

Gotham Girls: Jack of Hearts.

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

Ultimate Gotham Girls #19 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Now and Then.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #22 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Save Our Circus.

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

Ultimate Gotham Girls #24 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Face to Face, Part 2.

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

Ultimate Gotham Girls #23 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Face to Face, Part One.

Harvey Dent has had enough. After months of treatment and no progress, he is desperate to get rid of the voice in his head, the other half of his mind that has always been there. And with the help of a touch of magic, Harvey can get his wish...but at what price?

With Two-Face on the loose and no coin to contain him, how will Batgirl be able to keep Gotham City safe?

Ultimate Gotham Girls Annual #1 (2010)

Ultimate Gotham Girls Annual: Resolution & Spoiler's Nutcracker Suite.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #25 (2010)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Beginning Again.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #26 (2010)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Scout's Honor.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #27 (2010)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: A Light in a Dark Wood.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #28 (2010)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Rocket's Red Glare, Part 1.

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