



**Ultimate Green Arrow #1**  
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**Ultimate Green Arrow #1**  
The Archer, part 1 (of 2)  
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*Six months ago.*

Star City, the jewel of the West Coast. Filled with tens of thousands of residents, most working hard and doing what they could for the betterment of the city. But with the good, of course, must come the bad. Drug rings, armed robberies, muggings, and so on. That is the price of having a successful city.

Star was primarily known for its flourishing corporations, Queen Industries being the most profitable company in the city. The CEO of Queen Industries, Robert Queen, was a kind and generous man, renowned for his charities and aid to Star City's economy. The Queens had become one of the richest families in the country, Robert, Laura, and their young son. Due to their good nature, the Queens were trusted throughout the city... well, most of them.

Oliver Jonas Queen was a different case. He had been called many things: Playboy, spoiled brat, disgrace to his family name, a whole host of others. It didn't bother him much tonight, as he sat in the 5 Jacks nightclub with his childhood friend, Roy Harper. Oliver was a handsome young man at the age of twenty-two, with bright blond hair, gazing blue eyes, and a small soul patch on his chin. Dressed in a dark wrinkled silk shirt and clutching a beer bottle in his hand, Oliver Queen sat at the bar of the club, watching the people moving on the dance floor.

Roy sat beside him, his fiery red hair spiked in the front and freckles seemingly painted onto his cheeks. He and Oliver (Ollie as most people called him) had been best friends since they were six, when their parents first met. The Queens had hired Roy's father as an executive, and ever since then, it had been popcorn and movie night every Saturday at the

magnificent Queen penthouse.

"How's the beer?" A voice asked, breaking through the barrier of the DJ's music. Another young man stood on the other side of the counter wiping a glass with a cloth with curly brown hair, and a bright grin stretched across his face.

"Well, it's not like what they have in Paris, Bruno." Oliver replied, with a snicker.

"I wouldn't know." Bruno, owner of the club, chuckled.

Oliver gave him a dizzy smile and put the empty bottle on the counter. "Another one..." Oliver commanded sheepishly.

"Don't ya think you've had enough?" Roy teased him.

Oliver just flashed him a cocky smile. "Not even close." Bruno poured a glass of wine and handed it to Ollie, who gave him a stare "I thought I said a bottle?"

"Yeah, you did. But trust me, this stuff is strong enough to still pack one hell of a punch." Bruno nodded, still shining a glass.

Oliver sipped his wine and turned to watch the other people move on the dance floor. Roy fiddled with a quarter he had found on the ground, spinning it on the countertop. Bruno just pulled out his lighter and lit up his cigarette.

"So I hear King's giving your dad some trouble," Bruno said hesitantly to Oliver.

"Yeah. That arrogant scumbag never gives up," Oliver said, still facing the crowded dance floor.

Roy noticed a group of people in the darker back of the club... and their rather conspicuous suitcases. Bruno caught Roy's eye and followed his gaze to the trade in the back. Roy frowned at the sight of it, but Bruno just gave a little shrug.

"My theory is as long as you don't take the drugs, it's alright to see them. I mean, what's the crime in that? The dealers have been helping the club. More and more people come in everyday just looking for their 'sugar'," Bruno explained.

"And that's a good thing?" Roy muttered.

"It pays well enough. I cut a deal with them- I get nearly half the money they make as long as they can use my club for their trade route," Bruno told Roy.

"Well I think we're going to head out for the night," Ollie suddenly stood up.

"Already?" Bruno asked, puzzled by the sudden decision.

"We have a sky diving session tomorrow." Oliver knocking over a glass of wine as he slapped down his money.

"Then see you guys tomorrow night," Bruno waved them out.

Arthur King stood in his office at his corporate tower, staring at the window at his rival Queen's, towering over the rest of the city.

*Queen and his tall buildings. The showoff.*

Arthur King was a middle-aged man, with black hair slicked back around his pale face. For a man his age he was fairly well-built under the expensive suit he wore. His face was emotionless, showing nothing but blankness as he continued to stare out the window

The door to his office jerked open and a red haired woman stepped inside. She paused a few steps in when she saw Arthur posed by the window, back still turned to her.

"Well, Genevieve. What news do you have for me?" Arthur asked, and the woman knew it was a demand.

"Mr. Queen is in the reception room. He demands to speak with you now," Genevieve Teague informed her boss. Genevieve was in her mid forties, with dark red hair, and a malevolent expression usually flashing in her eyes. She didn't need the money, as her husband Edward was a well-known lawyer, but she had been working as Arthur King's secretary for just over nine years. "From his tone, it sounded important... do you think he knows?" Genevieve's voice quivered.

"Of course. Queen's not a fool. I knew he'd find out." King chuckled.

"And you're not worried?" Genevieve was taken aback by his tone.

"Not at all, my dear Genevieve. He can suspect all he wants but he has nothing he can use against me in a court of law."

"So should I send him in?"

"Please do. I want to see how this turns out." Arthur smiled slyly as she left the office.

About a minute and a half later, Robert Queen entered the office at a quick walk. Arthur looked up from pouring a glass of scotch as if surprised to see him. The man was taller than Arthur, though about his age. He looked very similar to his son: short, bright blond hair, handsome, and with the same hazel eyes but aged. But he had what Ollie did not: an aura of experience and authority. And as Arthur had stated, Robert Queen was no fool.

"Robert Queen! What a pleasant surprise! I didn't expect to see you!" Arthur exclaimed, acting perfectly merry.

"Save it, King," Robert was as direct as Arthur King knew him to be. "I know you sabotaged one of my shipments last week."

Arthur raised his eyebrows, seemingly insulted by the accusation. "Me? Why would I sabotage the great Robert Queen's business? Is it even possible? I mean, according to the tabloids, you're indestructible." Arthur picked up today's paper from his desk and tossed it to Queen.

Robert read the headline: QUEEN DOMINATES OVER ALL OTHERS.

KING LEFT IN DUST. A small laugh escaped Robert's lips, and he looked back up from the paper. "I guess the press doesn't just tell lies."

Arthur cracked a smile, though hatred was etched in his face.

"I can't wait to see what they say once I tell them about your stunt with my shipment," Robert glared at the other man.

"I know what they'll say. That you are just trying to get more publicity. You have no evidence of my supposed 'attack'," Arthur stood calmly leaning against his desk.

"That's where you're wrong."

Arthur's eyes widened quickly, his mouth opening. He had not expected this turn of events. Robert Queen just grinned, knowing that he had finally won.

"Mrs. Teague, could you kindly show Mr. Queen out?" Arthur sneered, calling towards the door.

Genevieve Teague walked into the office and glanced curiously at Arthur's red and sweaty face. "Mr. Queen, if you could just follow me." She acted sweet and innocent.

"No, thank you," Robert's eyes still shooting into Arthur's. "I know the way out." he managed to flash a quick smile to Genevieve before he turned and strolled out of the office and towards the elevator.

Genevieve watched Arthur's shock, the man still in the center of the room. "What is it?" She asked.

There was a moment of silence, and then Arthur looked back at her.

"We're going to have to accelerate our plan."

The next day, Oliver Queen sat in his seat on the small plane as it flew over the ocean. Roy sat beside him, staring out the window and

watching their shadow on the water.

"You know I've never done this before, right Ollie?" Roy asked, doubtful his friend cared.

"No worries. It's easy. You count to a certain number, then pull your tag and the parachute pops out. It's clear sailing from there," Oliver shrugged.

Roy nodded, though unsurely. Ollie started to whistle merrily, laughing under his breath at the sight of Roy so nervous. Oliver looked out the window. The clouds passing by were soothing to him, enough to make his eye droop and his mind drift into sleep. But could the clouds really be making him this sleepy? He forced his eyes open, and saw that Roy had fallen fast asleep, too.

That's when he noticed the gas.

A thin cloud of greenish vapor was flooding out of the air vent. Ollie's mind was ringing with warning bells, but he was becoming too tired to think. His eyes started to shut again- he couldn't force them open anymore. His body sank in the chair, mouth open, finally beginning to snore.

A few minutes passed and the flow of gas finally stopped. The door to the cockpit opened. A short, stout, balding man stepped out and grinned when he saw that both passengers were incapacitated. He carefully stripped Oliver and Roy of their parachutes, piling them in front of the exit door, keeping one on his back. He struggled to open the heavy door as wind rushed through the insides of the plane. The pilot held onto a seat to keep his balance as he threw the parachutes out into the open air. Once they were all gone, he laughed, turned back to the two sleeping men, and blew a dramatic kiss before jumping from the aircraft.

Arthur King's cell phone rang as it sat on top of his desk. He picked it up. "Did you complete the task?... Good. We're moving to stage two as we speak. You will get your money when you return." Arthur hung up and put the phone into a drawer in his desk next.

Arthur turned to the window in his office, watching Queen Tower.

Blond hair whipped across Oliver's cheek and his eyes opened. He sat up fast and stared around the plane. The door was open, wind blasting inside. He felt around his body. The parachute was gone.

"Roy! Roy wake up!" Ollie tried to slap his friend awake.

Roy's mouth twitched and his eyes popped open in confusion. "What the hell's going on?" He spat, then quickly realized his situation.

Oliver ignored him and sprinted to the cockpit, only to find no pilot and that the controls for the plane were sparking and ruined, wires everywhere.

*This is not good! This is not good!*

Oliver rushed back into the passenger area, trying to keep his focus despite the panic. He pulled open the emergency closet. It was stripped bare of parachutes.

*Damn it!*

Oliver turned to Roy, who had gotten up and discovered what was happening. They stared at each other for a moment, even as they sped through the air, neither knowing what to say.

"We've gotta get the hell out of here," Oliver finally said, as serious as he had ever been.

"How're we going to do that without parachutes?" Roy shouted, disbelief spread across his face.

"Just calm down. I can think of something." Ollie bit his lip, angry with himself because he didn't have a clue what to do.

Images flashed through Oliver's mind: Waiting outside of his father's boardroom as a child. Being lectured on how he would have to become head of the company someday. Being shunned by his family when he

became known for his partying rather than education.

"Ollie! Come here!" His thoughts were stopped by Roy's shouts.

Oliver followed the voice to the cockpit of the plane. He squinted, blinded by the sun's reflection on the water- the plane was in a nosedive towards the ocean.

"Holy... " Roy whispered.

"Hell." Oliver grabbed Roy by the shoulder and pulled him to the floor, their backs turned to the cockpit as water crashed through the windows and rushed into the plane as it hit.

Arthur King sat in his chair, still facing his window. He sat tall, a martini glass in his hands. His eagle-like eyes observed Queen Tower, the majestic skyscraper that had been proposed to mark a new era for Star City. A time of hope and justice.

*Yeah. Like that happened.*

Robert Queen was full of proposals like that. But Arthur always knew that they were full of hot air. They had been rivals for a long time, ever since the fateful year that Queen Industries and King Corp. had both debuted.

*Robert always was too smug for his own good. Shame, really. In another life, we may have worked together to change the world. Pity for him it hasn't turned out that way.*

Arthur peered at his golden watch, smiling at the time as he sipped his martini.

"Showtime."

Robert and Laura Queen stood patiently through the long elevator ride

to the top floor of Queen Tower. Robert had his arm around Laura's shoulder, comforting her. She was always so worried whenever Oliver went on one of his 'extreme escapades,' as Laura called them. Robert could feel her tension as the elevator continued to rise.

"Don't worry, dear. Oliver is a smart boy. He knows what he's doing... well, most of the time." Robert tried to crack a joke, but Laura didn't laugh.

"I... I just have this strange feeling that he's in trouble," Laura said.

"Well, I for one never really believed in that 'mother's intuition' mumbo jumbo." Robert tried again to make his wife smile, to no avail.

The elevator door opened and they strolled into Robert's office, both feeling a little better just from the moment of relaxation.

"Let's just take it easy for the rest of the afternoon and check in on Oliver later. Sound like a plan?" Robert smiled.

Laura managed to smile and forget her worry. "Yes, dear," She replied, gazing up at the optimist of a man she married.

"Good. Because I, for one could, use some wine. How about y-"

BOOM!

The very Earth beneath them seemed to crack apart and fire engulfed Queen Tower. The sound of thunder roared through the streets as the beauty that was Queen Tower burst into flame.

From his office, Arthur watched, still sipping his glass of wine, and feeling triumphant at last.

The echo of crashing waves filled the air as Oliver Queen's eyes slowly opened. Ocean as far as the eye could see. He tried to sit up but pain shot through his back. He felt so drained, so weakened.

*Where the hell am I?*

Oliver lifted his head as much as he could to look around at the surroundings. He was lying on his back, against sand. He craned his neck and turned; a gigantic jungle full of all kinds of trees was behind him. He struggled to his feet, and looked himself over. His clothes were torn up and stained with blood. He felt his face and then looked at the hand he touched it with. More blood, but fresher.

*Oh god. This isn't good. This is not good!*

Oliver examined the beach and noticed Roy Harper, lying in a heap on the edge of the beach, water splashing over him. Oliver limped over to him as fast as he could, kicking up sand and surf as he went. Once he got there, he knelt beside his friend to check his pulse. There was a very slow beat.

"T... thank god..." Oliver gasped, realizing how tired he was.

Oliver slowly put Roy's arm over his shoulder and lifted him up to his feet as best as he could.

"I'm going to get you out of here, bud. It's gonna be ok." Oliver said aloud to Roy, but also to reassure himself.

Oliver began walking towards the trees, pulling Roy along with him, his friend's feet dragging on the ground. He couldn't believe what was happening. Who could have wanted him dead? Oliver pondered this for a moment and realized that it could have been anyone. He didn't lack enemies. He entered the jungle and searched for a good place to get out of the way of the sun's blazing rays. He lay Roy under a wide, shady tree and took a seat on the ground across from him.

"Some situation we're in, eh?" Ollie let out a sigh, well aware that Roy could not hear him.

There had been a sharp pain stinging his left leg since he stood up. He finally pulled what remained of his pants up his leg to find his entire limb covered in blood, and a good-sized piece of metal wedged near his knee. Panic flooded through his brain.

*Crap. This must have happened when the plane crashed! This is gonna hurt.*

Oliver grasped the sharp chunk of metal and tugged. He let out a scream of agony as he could feel the metal jerk in his leg. He pulled harder, ignoring the fresh cuts in his hands. His eyes started to tear up at the pain, trying desperately to get it out.

*Come on you son of a-*

The piece ripped out from his body. Oliver let out a roar of pain, and frustration. He rolled onto his side in exhaustion. He had to hold onto a tree branch to help himself back up to his feet, and he looked through an opening in the forest to see the never-ending ocean.

"Damn it." Oliver slowly walked back over to Roy, hand clutching his leg in pain, and lightly slapped his pal on the face.

Roy twitched, his eyes fluttering open and staring up. "Ollie? What the hell happened..."

"Shh. Don't worry Roy. We're going to get out of this. No way in hell are we going to be stuck here," Oliver assured him.

"Good... I'm kind of hungry," Roy chuckled.

"Me too, pal. Me too." Oliver turned his head to look up at the bright blue sky.

The wreckage of Queen Tower was inconceivable to the police officers and firefighters at the site. The beauty of a skyscraper had collapsed from the explosion. No one knew what to say to each other. No one could find the words to explain the situation. News reporters and cameramen flooded the streets nearby, desperately attempting to get their story.

A police cruiser rolled up to the side of the street and a man exited the car, slamming the door behind him and approaching the crime scene. He

was about six feet tall, with silvery blond hair and piercingly pale eyes. He wore a long brown trench coat and beat-up clothes. He puffed on his cigarette as he made his way through the crowd of reporters as a patrolman stood in his way.

"Sorry, but this area is off-limits to civilians," The patrolman recited, trying to appear intimidating and clearly having been practicing his line.

"Civilian? Why don't you step aside before I have you court marshaled for disobeying orders. You were assigned to the simple task of keeping CIVILIANS out. Something I am clearly not," The man growled, his voice cold and unrelenting as he pulled out his badge. The patrolman squinted at the ID and took a step back in fear.

"I'm sorry, Lieutenant Vertigo. My mistake, sir." The patrolman whimpered.

Lieutenant Werner Vertigo snarled, enjoying the way the man stared at him. He was known as the most strict and intimidating of all of the Star City cops, and he enjoyed every second it.

"Please don't court marshal me. I... I'll do better next time, I promise!" The patrolman pleaded.

"Shut up and calm down. Go make sure those cameramen don't get through. While I go do some REAL police work," Vertigo hissed, strolling arrogantly past the patrolman and approaching the wreckage where Queen Tower once stood tall and proud.

Werner looked at the sight before him: The still-smouldering embers, rubble, and no doubt bodies lost in the pile of concrete and metal.

*This was no accident. It was precise.*

"Lieutenant Vertigo!" A low ranking detective broke Werner's train of thought by rushing towards him.

"Yeah, what is it?" Vertigo glared, taking a puff of his cigarette and dropping it to the ground, grinding it out.

"We've been trying to get a hold of Oliver Queen, but we haven't been able to reach him. We know for a fact, though, that he was not in the building when it went down." The detective explained.

Vertigo's eyes flared.

"What does that tell you, detective?"

The detective looked at him with a stern confidence.

"We have our suspect."

Oliver would always remember the coldness of the first night on the island. He wasn't sure if it was the actual weather, or just the sense of loneliness and defeat. Roy had fallen back unconscious, but was steadily breathing. Oliver lay against a tree thinking of what had happened.

*It must have been King. That slimeball must have done this. Only he could sink so low just to get ahead in the market.*

Oliver rubbed his arms, trying to warm up. Shivers slithered down his body. He looked over at his best friend, who remained silent on the muddy ground.

"I'm sorry, Roy. I'm so, so sorry," Tears started to form in Ollie's eyes. "I promise you. I'll get us out of this. One way or another."

**TO BE CONTINUED!**

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## From the same author on Feedbooks

Ultimate Green Arrow #2 (2008)

Ultimate Green Arrow: The Archer, Part 2 (of 2).

Oliver and Roy must contend with nature. Trapped on a deserted island with no way out and, for all they know, thousands of miles from human life, the pair of friends must learn the skills they'll need to survive. Meanwhile, Arthur King begins to spread his power throughout Star City and has a surprise meeting with a certain bald billionaire...

Rogues Gallery #12 (2008)

Rogues Gallery: Bizarro, Part 3 (of 3).

Rogues Gallery #11 (2008)

Rogues Gallery: Bizarro, Part 2 (of 3).

Aquaman #15 (2009)

Aquaman: A Promise Kept.

It's a romantic and relaxing day for the happy couple of Aquaman and Mera when the king shows his wife the home he grew up in. However evil lurks in the shadows from both the ocean and the surface. Meanwhile, Aqualad has some startling mood swings.

Aquaman #16 (2009)

Aquaman: Crimson Tides, Part 1.

A series of bloody attacks by a new threat calling himself The Shark worries the people of Poseidonis and their king. Fearing the worst, Aquaman and his brother Orm must venture on a journey to a place no Atlantean would dream of going. They better hurry as The Shark's next murder is nearing!

Aquaman #17 (2009)

Aquaman: Crimson Tides, Part 2

Aquaman and Orm journey towards the domain of King Shark, in search of answers to the recent murders. Little do they know that the real threat still waits at Poseidonis, ready to spill more blood. Plus: Garth reveals his secret!

Aquaman #18 (2009)

Aquaman: Revelations, Part One.

An old enemy returns as a new one emerges! A mysterious swordsman arrives and his first target: Aquaman. Also: the secret of the Ocean Master's identity REVEALED! Don't miss the beginnings of the countdown to KING'S REIGN, the undersea epic coming this summer!

Aquaman #19 (2009)

Aquaman: Revelations, Part 2

The Ocean Master's identity now revealed and the deadly swordsman Thanatos at his side, Aquaman must make one of the toughest decisions of his life. Tension ramps up as the can't miss event, KING'S REIGN, is on the horizon!

Aquaman #20 (2009)

Aquaman: Wealth and Value.

He has had a long troubled history with creatures of the deep. He has known and hated Aquaman for years. He is the only man from either the seas or the surface to ever successfully raid Poseidonis.

He is Black Manta.

And he has found his next target...

Don't miss the final step before this summer's epic undersea event KING'S REIGN!

Aquaman #21 (2009)

Aquaman: King's Reign, Chapter 1: The Uprising.

Twenty issues of undersea action and adventure have all been leading to this boiling point. An epic event that will shake the world's oceans forever! Jam packed with just about every hero and villain the seas have to offer!

Who will reign?

Aquaman #22 (2009)

Aquaman: King's Reign, Chapter Two: The Siege.

This is it! War has arrived on Aquaman's doorstep and it's up to him and Aqualad to defend Poseidonis from Ocean Master's forces. This is when you know what really hits the fan, ladies and gentlemen, and the oceans will never be the same again!

*Aquaman #23 (2009)*

*Aquaman: King's Reign, Chapter 3: The Tyrant.*

The king has fallen and the usurper rises! Ocean Master and his minions have taken over Poseidonis, taking control of the under-sea world as a result. With Aquaman nowhere to be found, the people of Poseidonis must protect themselves from the new government. Meanwhile, Peter Mortimer, developer of the Scavenger suits, finally gets to prove just how worthwhile his inventions are!

*Action Comics #41 (2009)*

*Action Comics: Times Are Changing*

With the arrival of Superboy, Superman's had his hands full. But things become even more complicated when a new reporter shows up at the Daily Planet, Lex continues one of his old plans, and did we mention Parasite attacks?

A new era for both the Man and the Teen of Steel begins!

*Action Comics #43 (2009)*

*Action Comics: Ring of Fire, Part 2 (of 4)*

Superman and Det. Maggie Sawyer try to track down Pete Ross but the situation has become even worse now that Pete's wife and Clark's childhood love, Lana Lang, has also been kidnapped! Meanwhile, Lex Luthor confronts Morgan Edge who has quite a startling secret!

*Action Comics #42 (2009)*

*Action Comics: Ring of Fire, Part 1 (of 3).*

It's training day as Superman tries to show Conner the ropes and how to use his powers. Meanwhile, trouble is brewing in Metropolis that involves The Man of Steel's old friend Pete Ross. And if that isn't all, Lois finally gets her chance to interview the man who should be dead...Morgan Edge!

*Action Comics #46 (2009)*

*Action Comics: Toy Soldiers, Part 2.*

*Action Comics #44 (2009)*

*Action Comics: Ring of Fire, Part 3.*

Tyler McKnight has struck a chord in the Man of Steel, possibly gravely injuring Maggie Sawyer. He must be stopped before his

vendetta is complete. But it may take the help of the young Super-boy to stop him!

*Aquaman #24 (2009)*

*Aquaman: King's Reign, Chapter 4: The Ashes.*

With Aquaman gone and Ocean Master holding Poseidonis in an iron grip, all hopes seems lost. But deep within the home of an old enemy, a small shred of hope emerges from the depths of the ocean....

*Action Comics #45 (2009)*

*Action Comics: Toy Soldiers, Part One.*

Winslow Schott is dead, killed by one of his own creations who has taken the Toyman name. But this new menace isn't the only one in Metropolis with an arsenal of dastardly toys. Another has also taken up the identity of Toyman and he will soon realize...there isn't room in the city for two of them!

*Rogues Gallery #18 (2009)*

*Rogues Gallery: King Shark.*

Travel into the mind of King Shark, ruler of a tribe of shark-men located in the depths of the oceans. Witness his first ever encounter with a much younger, less experienced Aquaman. Also guest starring The Shark!

*Aquaman #25 (2010)*

*Aquaman: King's Reign, Conclusion: The Monarch.*

The time has come for the epic conclusion of "King's Reign", the Aquaman event that has shaken all seven seas to the core! This is the big one, folks! Aquaman finally confronts Ocean Master to decide who is truly fit to sit on the throne. Plus, Aqualad finally unleashes his magic when he must contend with the witch Mer-ganys! King vs. Usurper! Sorcerer vs. Witch! Atlanteans vs. Oceanics, and much much more! You can't miss this jaw-dropping ending where 3/4 of the world will never be the same again!

*Aquaman #26 (2010)*

*Aquaman: Adrift, Part 1.*

*Aquaman #27 (2010)*

## Aquaman: Adrift, Part 2.

The Flash #37 (2010)

The Flash: Game Plan.

Saying that times have been rough lately is an understatement. Recently, I've been put to the test on both my skills as a protector of the world along with my strength as a human being. I've been being stretched like a rubber band at the breaking point and it doesn't seem like it's going to loosen anytime soon.

My name is Barry Allen. Though just about everyone on the planet knows me by my other name now-- The Flash, the Fastest Man Alive.

And today-- the rubber band snaps.

The Flash #39 (2010)

The Flash: No Rest for the Kind.

It seems like a beautifully peaceful day for Barry Allen, now known to the entire world as The Flash. Though when you're the Fastest Man Alive, a regular day of shopping with the wife could turn into a violent struggle for your life when Doctor Alchemy shows up out of nowhere! Plus, the ghost of the Pied Piper?

The Flash #38 (2010)

The Flash: Trick of the Lens

He ruined Barry Allen's life. He outed The Flash's secret identity during one of the most horrifying events in recent history for the Scarlet Speedster, and now - he wants ol' Flasher's help? The Trickster really must be insane if he thinks it's going to go down without a hitch!

The Flash #40 (2011)

The Flash: When Hell Freezes Over.

In this double-sized issue of the Flash...wait...the Flash isn't in this issue? In this return to the series, the Rogues are visited by an old friend, an act that launches them into a hopeless mission to rescue their comrade, the Trickster, from Iron Heights. To do this, they'll have to break into a place they've had loads of experience breaking out of...Iron Heights. When things begin to take an unexpected turn, though, the Rogues may not get out of the prison in one piece!





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