



Batman: City of Crime #2
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Batman: CITY OF CRIME
Issue 2 of 5: "Into the Inferno"
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I can't hear them. The crowd. The bloodthirsty crowd. They howl for blood like a pack of rabid wolves that smell the coming kill. They scream like banshees. They laugh like fools.

I can't hear them. They scream for blood. My blood. But I can't hear them.

I do hear the drums. War drums. Relentless, driving war drums. The kind that used to lead the armies of Sparta or Rome into battle. Their echoes fill my ears and I am deaf to anything else.

It takes me a moment to realize it's my heart. The pounding of my own heart. The rush of throbbing blood in my ears. It's so loud I can't hear my own raspy breath. I can't hear the bookies outside the cage calling out their odds. I can't hear high-pitched laughter of the man letting it ride that I'm going to die.

War drums. All I hear are war drums.

It's better this way. I'm sure the gurgling sounds crawling out of my mouth aren't that pleasant anyway. Not with the Tank standing on my throat.

Frank the Tank. Six foot five inches, 250 pounds of bald, tattoo covered, albino Frank the Tank. Standing on my throat.

I'm not going to lie. It hurts.

Oh I was so clever. Or I thought I was...

I called Matches Malone, the one man I knew who was my gateway into Dante's Inferno. The nightclub, not the book.

Matches and I go back a few years. He fed me info for stories now and again. He never gave me a bum tip, and I never asked how he knew what he knew. I don't want to know. It's never wise to bother yourself too much with the secrets of scary people. And Matches is scary people.

That's why the Tank didn't get in our way when Matches said we were going in. Even he knows enough to stay out of Matches' path.

"Do not think, Mr. Fynn, that this deliberate and most unfortunate disregard for the rules of your conduct at this establishment, as set forth by my employer, will soon be lost to my memory," the Tank said, adding a slight rumble to his otherwise smooth baritone as we walked past. "I never forget."

Sweet guy. Really.

The bronze doors open. The smells hit me like a thunderclap. Sweat. Blood. The most expensive cigars. The rarest perfumes. The most potent powders of illusion. It smells like money. It smells like sex. It smells like sloth.

Close your eyes for a moment. Conjure up your darkest impulse. The thing you never want anyone to know. The desires you'd never share with your wife. Never tell your husband. Never confess to your priest.

Now imagine a place where there were no rules. No limits. A place where you could indulge your most horrible and most glorious wants. A boy? A girl? Maybe several? Drugs? Maybe you just want to see someone bleed? Or make them bleed?

At Dante's Inferno, you can have it all. Everything and anything. For a price. I once heard about a senator who bought a giraffe here. An actual giraffe. You don't want to know why he bought it. Really, you don't.

Above the din in the Inferno is Gotham City's master merchant. It's Nero Oswald Cobblepot. The Penguin.

Everyone knows what goes on here. They know because they are all here. The desperate. The depraved. The powerful.

Sitting at a table with some of the higher priced talent from Hooker Alley, smoking something pricey from the islands, is Bishop O'Roak. I guess the flock will be tending to him tonight. At the bar sits Justice Wallace, Senator Griffin and Councilor Ubi. Gotham's axis of gluttony. They're adding to their already healthy waistlines eating something that looks rather like stir fried dolphin. At least I hope that's what it is.

But it's the face shrouded in thick blooms of cigar smoke that catches my eye. Maddox. Capitan Max Maddox. "Mad-dog Maddox" the papers call him. Famous for rousting criminals and avoiding misconduct charges. He's dodged three murder raps and rape charge all while climbing up the ladder of the GCPD. Rumor is he and James Gordon are locked in a cold war, trying to place themselves to replace Loeb as police commissioner once the old man kicks it. He has a bum ticker, so it's only a matter of time.

Gordon might be a sanctimonious boy scout - well, a Gotham City version of one anyway - but he'd be a better commish than Maddox. That guy'd chew up this city and leave the rest of us to fight over the scraps.

His eyes lock onto mine as we walk past his table. He says nothing. Just grins. That shark toothed grin. Like he knows something I don't. Either that or I'm his next meal.

"Lad, yer crazy to wander inta place like this," says Matches, flicking the head of another matchstick. "You onto somethin' big?"

"Yeah, Matches. Something like that," I say.

"Yer sure ya want ta go through with this?" Another tiny flames bursts to life before fading into the fog that fills the Inferno.

"Not really."

"Yer sure 'tis a good idea?"

"Nope."

"Oswald t'aint likely to be inna forgivin' mood."

"Nope."

"Ye know there is only so much I can do ta protect ya?"

"Yep."

"Ye really are as crazy as they come, lad."

"Takes one to know one, Matches. Takes one to know one."

Where the drummer's riser used to be, back when this place was drawing everyone from Goodman to Gillespie, sits Cobblepot. The perch he calls it. His bird fetish knows no limits. From there, flanked by his flock of vultures, the Penguin can watch everything at the Inferno.

Keeping a bird's eye on things, he's known to say. Seriously. I can't make this stuff up.

He can watch the strippers. The dealers and the buyers. And he changes the action depending on the crowd's mood. If he is nothing else, Cobblepot is a master observer of the human condition. And he knows the pulse of tonight's costumers.

So the centre stage, home to everything from slave auctions to live sex shows, is wrapped in steel bars. The musty canvas floor is spotted. With blood. Like one of those Japanese ink painting I can't make heads or tails of. Spotted in blood of the fallen.

There's only one way in. One-way out. Once the gladiators - and by gladiators I mean everyone from ex-prize fighters, cops and soldiers to some bum they found on the street corner begging for change - are that cage, the door opens again when only when a single man can crawl out.

By the time I reach the perch, Cobblepot is giggling. Squealing like a schoolgirl. He must be making money hand over wing tonight. It's putting him in a good mood. Not that it will help me any.

Brilliant plan, Mickey.

The Penguin's goons see me first and move forward. Lil' John and the Gator. As mean as they are stupid. And those two are dumber than an AA meeting during Marti Gra. Matches lowers his glasses and gives them a look. His look. They don't need to think about it and back away. Like I said, Matches is scary people.

But it takes more than that to rattle the Penguin's cage.

"Evenin' Oswald," I say.

The Penguin looks past me to Matches. Not a promising start.

"Birds of a feather flock together, especially under my roof. But it appears, my fine fellows, we have a fox in the hen house," he says. "Tell me, Mr. Malone, why have you brought this fouled fowl into my aviary?"

"He needs ta talk to ya, Oswald," Matches says. "Won't hurt ya to hear the lad out."

Snatching up a top hat nearly as tall as he is, Cobblepot hops down from his perch. Slaps the hat on his head and straightens his tie, then his monocle.

"No, but it may hurt him," he says. He pecks an umbrella out of a penguin shaped bucket beside the chair. He twirls it and waddles closer to me. I forgot how short he is. For all fear he commands here, the Penguin stands at my chest level.

And he is wearing lifts.

"Two little black birds, sitting on my wall. One named Malone, one name Fynn," he says, spinning that umbrella like a dervish. "Has one brought the other to wallow in sin?"

"Cute," I say. "Nice. It rhymes. Sorta. I like the umbrella, Oswald. You raid Mary Poppins's coat room?"

SNAP! A cold five-inch steel blade snaps from the tip of the umbrella, stopping just short of my jugular. He's looking up at me from under the rim of his hat. But I can see what he wants in his eyes.

"That's Penguin to you, sir," he says. He drops the phony the British accent and snarls at me in a harsh, low whisper. "You embarrassed me, Mr. Fynn. You embarrassed me in my house. No one, but no one, embarrasses me, sir!"

I can see Matches out of the corner of my eye. He hasn't flinched. Which either means he knows Cobblepot isn't going to kill me, or he doesn't care.

"You're a tough old bird, Oswa... .," The blade bites my flesh. "Ah, Penguin. You're a tough old bird. That story didn't cost you any money. And that's what matters doesn't it? Because if I'm wrong, then you might as well kill me right now."

He chuckles and stares up at me. He twitches his long, sharp nose and the blade vanishes back into its sheath.

"We'll see, Mr. Fynn. We'll see. But know that it is only out of respect for your chaperone that I have not had my wing men devour you alive."

"Gottca."

"A drink, Mr. Fynn? A Blue Heron, perhaps?"

"Canadian Club, thanks."

"Very well. Have a seat then, Mr. Fynn and tell me what brings you to aviary," Cobblepot says. "I rather think I am going to change the name of this place to the Aviary. It's smashing, don't you think?"

"Yeah. Just smashing," I say, sliding into booth behind the Penguin's perch. Our drinks arrive almost as soon as we sit down. Matches stays

within earshot, standing between Lil' John and Gator. They fidget.

"Really, I am not spoiling for a fight with you, Penguin. I am just looking for information."

"My specialty, as it turns out, Mr. Fynn."

So I lay it on him, best as I can remember it anyhow. About two years ago, when I used to come to this five star dump on a semi-regular basis, there was girl here. Nancy. Nancy Hartigan. Everyone seemed to know her. She was a regular, but there was nothing regular about Nancy. She was too classy for the Inferno. Could stop your heart with a wink. Had a body that left you begging for mercy. Hell, you'd beg just for the chance to beg.

Trouble is, three weeks ago she ended up dead. When I tell the Penguin what I saw in Bullock's folder, he turns a little green and I afraid the little fella's about to molt.

He takes his monocle between his stumpy fingers and begins to polish it with a silk rag pulled from breast pocket of his monkey suit. Penguin suit. Whatever.

"Yes, Mr. Fynn. I knew Miss Hartigan rather well," he says. "As I recall, she actually took you home with her one night during one of your more... creative evenings with us."

"Yeah. Yeah she did."

"Well, there is no accounting for taste, even in someone as well bred as the late Miss Hartigan."

I want to say something smart. Something about his height. Or that stupid umbrella. But I know better. At least right now I do.

"Yeah. She was here for a reason though. Something about her sister," I say.

"Now, now Mr. Fynn. You swoop into my home, flap your wings and start squawking. You don't really believe I will just give up what you want to know?"

All this bird babble is getting on my nerves.

"You want me to ... pay you?"

"In a way. I offer you the chance to make up for the embarrassment you caused me, Mr. Fynn. Succeed and I'll tell you what you want to know. Fail... well fail and I get all satisfaction I want."

His goes all squeaky when he says "satisfaction" and that hot twist in my stomach happens again.

"And your terms?"

"Oh my dear boy, it's simple enough. Defeat my man in the cage and victory is yours."

My eyes slide past the Penguini's sharp face to the cage at the centre of the Inferno's dance floor. Cobblepot's 'man' is a regular here. One-Eye'd Jack. One of those tough as nails, calloused skin street brawlers whose only education was found in the dark rooms and back alleys of Gotham. Lost his left eye to Maddox during drug raid about 4 years ago. Now makes his living in illegal tough man competitions and making people bleed for Nero's pleasure.

Yeah, he's tough. But he's old. He's so far past his prime he can't see it in the rear view mirror behind him. And he's only got one eye.

Maybe this is just the Canadian Club talking. Maybe Cobblepot is getting soft. Maybe I should slow down and think straight. But the truth is I know I can take this guy.

I can take him.

"Alright, Penguin, you have yourself a deal."

"Delightful," he says, still giggling. "Delightful. Boys, set the cage for a

new match!"

I slam back the rest of my Canadian Club and toss my black pea coat to Matches.

"Ah, lad... ."

"Relax, Matches. I could whup on Jack after six days of drinking nothing but Russian vodka, and I'm only going on three hours of malt liquor and club. No worries."

"Laddie... ."

"I got it covered."

"Mickey, I don't think Oswald will... ."

"Relax," I say, climbing up the cage stairs. "God, you sound like my mother. Don't lose my coat."

I've been here enough times to know the rules. Walk across the cage to the far side of the to my corner. There is a small pack lashed to the bars. It has hand wraps and some old bandages. Jack's corner is nearest to the door. I roll my sleeves up, put my tie in my pocket and crack my knuckles before pulling the wraps on.

I'm going to enjoy this.

Jack winks at me with his one good eye. And walks out of the cage.

Somewhere beyond the blur of bright stage lights, I can hear Cobblepot laughing.

"Hey, Penguin! Your boy punked out on me!" I yell out.

I hear the hiss of a speaker somewhere above me in the rafters of the Inferno. "Oh, I never said you had to deal with Jack, Mr. Fynn. No, indeed. I have another raptor in mind for you, dear boy."

I feel the floor of the cage rumble and turn around in time to see Lil' John lock the door.

"Mr. Fynn, my employer has instructed me to provide an object lesson in the rules of the house. I'm not going to lie to you Mr. Fynn. This is going to quiet painful."

Frank the Tank. 250 lbs of bald, albino, tattoo covered, Frank the Tank.

Which brings me back to the beginning. You know, with Frank standing on my throat?

It started out well enough. And by well enough I mean I was able to keep my legs from shaking like Californian fault line.

"You know, Frankie, if you want to surrender now that'd be keen," I say as we circle each other. The pounding in my ears has started. "I wouldn't want to hurt you."

I feel the windblast out of lungs and my feet aren't touching that moldy canvas anymore. His size 14 boot. Planted square in my chest. Size 14. I didn't see it coming.

Damn. I shouldn't have had so much to drink at that Gargoyle.

"Ok. Ok Frankie. *Cough*. Nice shot," I pull myself up off the floor and the cage is spinning. The Tank isn't moving. He's just standing there grinning a Cheshire grin. I can see his gold tooth.

He lunges. Tries to grab me. But I see this one coming. Drive a beauty of a left hook into mouth and dig a right into stomach. I hear the gold tooth clang against the cage in a spray of blood. The Tank staggers and falls to his knee.

Better. Much better.

"Is that all you got for me Frankie? Get up you pansy!" I say. "Ol' Ted

Grant taught me that one. Get up!"

The Tank drives a heel back and I'm too drunk, too slow and too stupid to avoid it. I catch it with my groin. And go down. Hard.

I'm on my back looking up at the bright lights, listening to the war drums when the shadow drops over me. The Tank's shadow.

"Mr. Fynn, I'm afraid your act of bravado was rather pointless," he says in that damned smooth baritone. His foot lands on my throat. I make a sound that for the life of me sounds like a piece of rotten fruit hitting the ground after being dropped from a skyscraper. "And I told you. My name is Frank."

I twist.

I writhe.

I buck.

Nothing. It's like having a mountain resting on my windpipe. Nice going Mickey. Moron. Damned stupid drunk stupid moron. You've got your drunken ass locked in a cage with Frank the freakin' Tank and the only guy in Gotham who can save you is locked outside that cage holding your coat.

"*Chaf*. Is that... .all... .yougot... .*chaff*! You big... pansy... "

The war drums get louder and I start to see black lights. Exploding black lights.

I bet my obit will be brilliant. The words "drunken", "drink" and more "drunken" will be featured a lot. I'll bet it's below the fold.

The pressure increases. More black spots. Louder drums.

Oh god, they're going to use my headshot. That stupid head shot. With my old glasses. I look like I'm 12 in that photo. God, they are going to use the 12-year-old stupid glasses shot.

Drums. Spots...

"No, Mr. Fynn. This isn't over yet."

I cough like an unrepentant emphysema patient sucking back another cigar. My mouth fills with blood, but I can feel air coming back into my lungs.

"You have a long night ahead of you Mr. Fynn. A very long night."

Something happens. I'm airborne. Bastard. He throws me clear across the cage. Like a god damn Frisbee. Back into my corner. My face hits the bars. I drop to the canvass like a collapsed building.

"Well done Frank. Very well done! Place your bets my fine-feathered friends. How long can this wounded duck survive," the Penguin's voice crackles across the speakers. The Tank standing centre ring, his arms raised up in the air.

He's milking this for every last goddamned second he can. At least the booze should dull some of the pain.

I hope.

"Laddie. Laddie, listen." It's Matches, standing outside cage. Right outside. In my corner. "His left kidney. Hit em' there. Everythin' ya got."

"*Cough*. Why?" I say, climbing up the bars to get back on my rubberized pins.

"The overgrown lummoX doesn't have one."

"What?"

"He gave it his big brother a few weeks back. Slipped out of hospital early. He hasn't healed up right, lad."

"The Tank... *cough*... has a *bigger* brother?"

"Laddie... "

"Seriously. Bigger?"

"Can you understand what I am saying!?" Matches barks at me. His voice sounds like it changed. Became harsh. Hard. Can't be. My ears are ringing. Nothing sounds right. The Tank is still whipping the crowd up. Giving me the time to get up, just so he can beat me down again.

They are so using that damned head shot in my obit. I hate that photo.

"MARVIN!"

"Yah, Matches. Yah. Kidney. Left side."

"Good, lad," his voice is soft again. "Good. Hit them and don't stop 'till he drops."

I stagger away from the cage wall. From the booze and the beating.

"Hey! Hey Frankie! You hit like girl, you pansy!"

He says something. I can't quite make it out. Probably another long-winded threat about how much pain I'm going to be in. I don't move. I hold my ground. I'm shaking like a girl in the back seat of a car on prom night. But I hold my ground. I need him close. Real close. Close enough to smell him.

He grabs me by the throat and lifts me straight up over his baldhead. On the way up I kick. Hard. Right into his left kidney.

He howls like a wounded wolf and drops me. Still on one knee I drive my fist into his left side.

Again.

And again. And again.

I don't stop until my hands are covered in his blood. The Tank is doubled over, curled up like fetus on the floor. He makes this gurgling noise. His eyes are rolled up in the back of his head. The drums slow

down and the crowd goes quiet.

I stand up, and kick the Tank over on his back. I put the heel of my boot on his throat.

"OSWALD! It's done. Over! A bet's a bet you little bastard! A bet's a bet!"

Silence. All I hear is heavy breathing. It's like being a ten-dollar strip club. Except for the bright lights.

I grind my heel a bit. That finally gets Cobblepot's attention.

"Right you are, Mr. Fynn. Right you are," his voice says over the speakers. "The young woman you are looking for was here every Friday and Saturday night. To watch over her sister Tess, one of my more exotic entertainments."

"Where is Tess now?"

"She flew the coup about a month ago. Said her sister got her a job at her office."

"Where?"

"Wayne Enterprises, Mr. Fynn. And am afraid that you have worn out your welcome. Leave. Now. While you can."

The cage door opens. I take my weight off of the Tank's throat, and give him a kick to that bloody mess in his side to make sure he stays there.

I can't find Matches anywhere. My coat's folded over a nearby chair. I pull it over my shoulders, and slip out.

Once outside I lean against a lamppost and lose whatever was in my stomach. It takes a while. Once the heaves let me go, I reach into my pocket to pull out my Camels. There's a note tucked in the pack. It's on a napkin from the Inferno, but the handwriting is smooth. Perfect.

Mickey;

Don't call me. You've run out of favors. Have a doctor look at your ribs.

Matches.

PS. Stay away from the Inferno!!

PPS. You smoke too much.

The nights finally cooling off. I let the breeze wash over my face. Feels good. Ribs are sore, but it doesn't feel like anything is broken. I light a Camel and pull the collar of my coat over my neck.

Sun will be up soon. I got time for a smoke, a shower, a quick bite and a drink before Wayne Enterprises opens for business.

Looks like I'm going uptown. Somehow, I think I'm going to prefer the Inferno. It's safer there.

-End Chapter Two -

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

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From the same author on Feedbacks

Lobo: Dirty Deeds - Done Dirt Cheap (2007)

Hey you! Get yer greasy paws offa my space hog! Naw, I don't care that ya didn't touch it yet. Ya might have later and ain't but nobody touches my ride!

Aw, yer a human ain't ya? No offense, but the Main Man thinks you ain't nothing but a pack of naked monkeys. Yes he does. Hell, 'bout the only thing ya ever done right was AC/DC. Righteous that is. Cranked up on my space hog whenever I'm on the road....what's that? Ya can't hear hard rock in space? Why not? Cause ya can't hear in space? Stupid monkey! Don't push yer luck! I'd probably kill ya right here, right now, but I got a business-type appointment. Can't figure why a soft skinned chimp like yerself would dare walk into a place like Vogon's Cantina. But I'm in a forgivin' mood, chimp. So ya can come along and watch the action. And there's always action at Vogon's. Just stay outta my way and keep yer head down.

My name? Ya better not forget it ya fraggin bastich. It might be the last name ya ever hear.

Lobo!

Batman: City of Crime #5 (2007)

Batman: City of Crime, Part 5 (of 5): Wrath

Batman: City of Crime #4 (2007)

Batman: City of Crime, Part 4 (of 5): Knight Fall

Batman: City of Crime #3 (2007)

Batman: City of Crime, Part 3 (of 5): Towering Heights.

Batman: City of Crime #1 (2007)

Batman: City of Crime, Part 1 (of 5): Shadows.

Gotham. The city with its soul on fire. A city of victims. A city of villains. A city of heroes.

For years Gotham Gazette reporter Marv "Mickey" Fynn has allowed the dark corners of Gotham to ruin him. Once a reporter who rivaled Lois Lane and Clark Kent, Fynn has become a lost in an alcoholic haze.

With his job hanging by a thread, the jaded Fynn takes on one last story. One last chance to see his name on front page. But when he investigates a murder that would turn even the Joker's stomach, Fynn enters a world he never thought he would.

The world of The Batman - a mysterious vigilante that has only just begun to appear in Gotham City.

Neither Fynn, nor Gotham will ever be the same again.

Set during the first years of Batman's career, Marv "Mickey" Fynn tries to keep his job by investigating a murder that is ghastly by even Gotham City's standards. Convinced he knows the dead woman, Fynn starts his investigation in the roughest part of Gotham, in it's roughest bar. The only person who might keep the jaded reporter alive is the mysterious underworld figure, Matches Malone!

Batman #20 (2007)

Batman: Partners.

The Justice League's world is coming down around them, so they desperately need their key strategist ready for action. Only Batman hasn't been seen in weeks! Superman is dispatched to find his long time partner - only to find he is in no mood to help the League!

Batman #21 (2007)

Batman: Trauma, Part 1.

Batman #22 (2007)

Batman: Trauma, Part 2.

Batman frantically tries to hunt down the Wrath, who has kidnapped Vicki Vale! Meanwhile, when another Gotham villain turns up dead, Batman is forced to come face to face with his greatest failure as a crime fighter.

Batman #23 (2007)

Batman: Trauma, Part 3.

Finally, the fate of Batman's first partner is revealed! What happened to Jason Todd, aka Redwing, after the events of City of Crime? Why doesn't Nightwing know who Redwing was?

Batman #24 (2007)

Batman: Trauma, Part 4 (of 5).

In the second to last story in *Batman: Trauma*, Batman, Nightwing and Alfred go on the offensive against the Wrath. But in doing so they find themselves trapped in the cross fire of lethal agendas. The ultimate fate of Jason Todd is revealed and stakes for Batman and Gotham are raised.

Batman #25 (2007)

Batman: Trauma, Finale.

The sequel to *City of Crime* ends here, shaking the foundation of Batman's world. 'Nuff said.

Batman #27 (2008)

Batman: A Mirror, Darkly Part 1.

Gotham City is under assault. Crime has changed and the old rules of the game no longer apply. Before Batman can even adjust to his new status quo, a ghost from his past returns threatening everything the Dark Knight has ever built or cared for. Be prepared for the DC2 debut of Batman's most lethal enemy.

Batman #26 (2008)

Batman: Agoge.

Things in Gotham are changing. A strange new twist to the Joker's behavior leaves Batman puzzled, but he isn't the only one keeping tabs on the homicidal clown. As Batman past and present collide we learn for the first time how Jason Todd became the Dark Knight's first partner.

Batman #28 (2008)

Batman: A Mirror, Darkly; Part 2.

The history of Ra's Al Ghul's connection to Bruce Wayne is revealed while Batman tries to protect Gotham from his former master. An unlikely alliance is formed under the city streets and the Joker comes face to face with...himself?

Batman #29 (2008)

Batman: A Mirror, Darkly Part 3.

War! The battle between Batman and Ra's spills onto the streets of Gotham City, causing Jim Gordon to question the actions of his long time masked ally in the war on crime. As Ra's makes a hard final push to take control of the city, Batman's new allies led by

Black Mask strike back. And as if that wasn't enough, the Joker has decided it's time to go wild.

Batman #30 (2008)

Batman: A Mirror, Darkly Part 4.

It all ends here! The war between Ra's Al Ghul and Batman comes to a head as Gotham city burns! At stake is nothing less than the future of Batman and the fate of the city of crime! Nothing will ever be the same for DC2's Dark Knight after this!

Batman #31 (2008)

Batman: My Kingdom for a Horse.

During the climax of Ra's Al Ghul's attack on Gotham City, Batman's criminal allies led by Black Mask, Two Face and the Penguin were tasked with defending City Hall from the League of Shadows.

Batman #32 (2008)

Batman: The Grey Ghost.

Gotham's new Batman is determined to follow in his mentor's footsteps....if he survives. Dick Grayson is about to learn the cost of wearing the cape and cowl as he faces his most lethal enemy while being chased by the ghosts of Bruce Wayne's past. Meanwhile Black Mask and Harvey Bullock are forced to come face to face with their own demons....and each other.

Batman #33 (2009)

Batman: Sins of the Father.

As the Grey Ghost continues his assault on the criminal element of Gotham City, Dick Grayson learns about the price to be paid for wearing the cape and cowl. Meanwhile, on the run from Killer Croc, Black Mask and Bullock come face to face with a new player in Gotham!



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