



**Batman: City of Crime #4**  
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*Batman: CITY OF CRIME*  
Issue 4 of 5: "Knight Fall"  
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There's a hungry, hot wind blowing tonight. Hot as hell. Every gust feels like a thousand blazing razors slicing into my face. It hurts. It hurts like hell. And I love it.

The pain is good. Reminds me I'm still alive. Still kicking and still crazy. Even after all these years.

Thing is, I shouldn't be. Right now I should be a bloody smear on the side of the dumpster in Crime Alley. I should be a cold corpse in a city where murder is an underground industry. Yeah, I should be dead with a bullet in my head.

I just took another beating. The second in as many days. This time at the hands of Detective "Mad Dog" Maddox. His glock was pointed right at my skull. He was ready to give me the hard goodbye in a lousy alley that's home to rats, roaches, and rubbish.

It would have been if not for the ghoul I've hobbled up ten stories of fire escape here to talk to.

A myth. A boogey man. A vampire. A monster. A hero.

The Batman.

He's standing right in front of me, like a shard of the night itself given form.

I try to pull Camel from the pack in my pocket. My hands tremble like the walls of Jericho and I drop my smoke. The wind steals it and tosses it down into the alley bellow.

"Aw, crap."

"Fynn. Pay attention." Batman's voice penetrates the howl the wind like the ring of a hammer on anvil. Like Gustav Holst's "War" rises from his throat every time he speaks.

"Huh? Yeah, sorry. Lost my smoke," I said. Truth told this guy scares me more than Maddox and Frank the Tank combined. Not that I'm going to show it. I steady my hands enough to get a Camel to my lips and light it. Heaven in a stick. "What did you say?"

"This story you're working on. There's more going on here than you think."

A couple of drags and my nerves settle a bit and I take in the dark knight. Or try to. Batman sticks to the shadows and I never get a clear look at him. I take a half step forward, he melts a little deeper into the blackness. He even slinks back from the moonlight when it breaks through the clouds, as if by instinct.

He's like a living shadow. I can't tell if he's one those Dudley Do-Rights in tights like that Boy Scout in Metropolis or that guy with the ring in green Danceskins over in Coast City. That might be a cape draped over Batman's body. But for the life of me they look like wings. Leathery bat wings.

Then there are the horns rising out of his head and those blank, milky eyes. No irises. No pupils. Just a featureless blank. Almost like he has cataracts. Pretty sure he can see me well enough though.

The Batman. Real as the nose on my face.

Go figure.

"No kidding, Bats," I say, trying to keep my voice from breaking. "I'm guessing Maddox is a serial killer along with having bad breath."

"Could be Maddox. Could be someone else."

"And that would be?"

"I don't know."

"Great. Not that I'm not grateful you stopped me from eating one of Max's slugs, but that ain't exactly helpful."

Batman's shadow shifts slightly and a thin plastic file folder slides across the roof, stopping at my feet.

"You'll find news stories going back 15 years in that file," Batman says.

I pick it up and quickly flip through the files, turning my back to the wind. Batman's weatherproofed all the pages. Maybe the guy's got OCD.

"Gotham. Metropolis. Paris. What is this?" I say, reading one headline after another. Ritual murders. All victims strangled to death. All missing their hands. The word DEVI always scrawled in their blood. "Athens. Central City... . Jesus. This guy gets around."

"Interpol places Maddox in almost all those cities at the time of the murders, but he is always cleared as a suspect," Batman says, drawing his wings around him like a cloak.

"So he's either the killer or working with someone else?"

"Or for someone else. Interpol has no positive ID on the killer, just a pseudonym. 'The Wrath.'"

"Catchy."

One story, out of New Delhi, suggests the killings appeared to be based around the murders committed the Thugee, an extinct cult in India. Local authorities dismissed the theory as wild speculation. I probably would have too. But then, up until 10 minutes ago, I ranked the Batman up with there with the Tooth Fairy, Santa Claus, or Ra's Al Ghul. Shows what I know.

My nerves have calmed down enough for me to feel the hot twist in my gut again.

"Why come to me? If half the stories I hear about you are true, you'd be hunting this Wrath guy down."

"I'm busy." The way he says it makes me believe Batman doesn't like being questioned. "Maddox's your best suspect."

"You're too busy for an international serial killer?"

"The Joker escaped Arkham last night. He's my priority. You'll have to do this yourself."

I light another camel and take a long drag. The wind's dying down and I blow a few smoke rings toward Batman. They dissipate in his face, but he doesn't so much as flinch.

"Yeah well excuse me, fella, but that isn't exactly comforting. Following Maddox around isn't exactly high on my list of priorities. Or did you did miss the maximum beat down he put on me before you broke his arm in two places?"

"Three."

"What?"

"I broke his arm in three places." It could just be a trick of the moonlight peaking through the clouds, but I could swear I almost saw a smile on Dracula's face for moment. This guy must be a blast at parties.

"Uh, right... ok, three places. Anyway, what's to stop him from trying again? Never mind if that nut bag is our serial killer..."

"My associate has been assigned to help you if you need it."

"Your associate?" I ask. "Who the hell is that? The Wolfman? Imhotep, maybe?"

The clouds drape over the moon and we're standing in total darkness. I

can still make out the Batman's creepy blank eyeballs for a moment, and then he vanishes. Right in front my eyes he vanishes.

"He'll be in touch," Batman's voice says.

And I'm alone on the roof.

I've never needed a drink so badly in my life.

I hobble back down the fire escape and limp my way to the Gazette. The night crew is on duty now. Only a couple of reporters working and the editors who lay the paper out. Everyone's too busy to pay me much mind. Good thing. I must look like something run over by the Devil's horsemen.

I log into my computer and start checking out the info in Batman's file. Everything seems on the level. I call Ducard, an old contact in Interpol, but he isn't much help. Half the investigators there don't even think this Wrath exists. The name itself only comes from some intercepted internet traffic. Nothing solid. Ducard says while the serial killer is real, and very probably Maddox, the Wrath is an urban legend, he says.

I just happen to be in the mood to believe in an urban legend or two at the moment.

I have enough for another story, but little on the occult angle. My headache is getting worse. I need some booze to clear my head and steady my nerves. I'm just going to place one call before hitting the Gargoyle for some Canadian Club. Then everything will be right with the world.

This is the kind of call I love making. Long distance makes my editor go six kinds of crazy. And the guy on the end of the phone doesn't like being bothered. Hell, he's more of a jerk than me. But he knows everything about anything about things that go bump in the night.

"Hmmm?" the voice on the line says. "'Oo the hell is it?"

"Rise and shine, Johnny. It is morning in Liverpool right?"

"Fynn? Christ almighty," he says. "It's 6 .a.m., you wanker."

"Is it? Sorry, Constantine. Lost my watch."

"Bollox. This had better be good. I'm workin' on an ace of a hang-over."

I give him the rundown on the case. Just the facts. John isn't ever in the mood for small talk. I think I'm putting him to sleep until I get to the bit about the Thugee.

Apparently, the Thugee were Muslims in India who worshiped Kali, the Hindu goddess of death. They strangled their victims with silk scarves, murdering to appease Kali.

"Appease her why?"

"To keep her from entering our realm. Why else?" John says. I can hear him lighting a smoke. He takes a long, deep drag that makes me shiver. Christ, I need a smoke. "Kali is a beastly old hag, I'll tell you that for nothing. If someone is making sacrifices to her... I'd better to check to see if she's still asleep."

"Still asleep?" I never get John's sense of humor. "That's a joke right?"

"A joke? Yah, Mickey. A joke. Sure," he says. "Listen, if this Wrath guy is serious about this, he probably thinks he's doin' us all a favor. He ain't, but probably thinks so and will stop at nothing to do what he thinks he must. Watch yer back, mate."

"I will."

"Now, if there is nothing else I'm going to go off and get bladdered before checking on the old hag," he says, drawing a long deep drag on his cigarette. "Oh and Mickey, if you ever wake me up again I am going to shove this phone so far up your... ."

I hang up before he can finish the thought. Charming guy. Really.

I've been so busy taking notes while talking to Constantine that I didn't notice it until now. The flashing icon on my computer screen. I've got a new instant message.

I click it, and a window pops open.

**WofK: Hello, my Little Friend. I see you have been admiring my Work.**

I stare at it the message for a full minute. WofK. Not a user I know. But then those geeks in composing like to play games on computers, especially Larry. That's what happens when you never met a girl you didn't have to blow up.

**MFYNN: Is that you Larry? I'm busy.**

**WofK: Oh, I am not Larry, Little Friend. Following my Work is what got you in that alley. It was only by the grace of your winged friend that you still live.**

Aw, crap. It's Maddox. The ugly bastard is trying to freak me out. He's probably got the paper under surveillance. "WofK" must mean the Wrath of Kali. Figures. These morons all need a name these days.

**MFYNN: Cute Max. How's the arm?**

**WofK: Max? Yes. You refer to Detective Maddox. You believe I am he. Perhaps you are not quite as clever as I thought, little friend. Perhaps this will help.**

**NOTICE: WofK is sending file *Maddox.jpg*  
Click *HERE* to accept.**

I click my mouse and pray for the best. No one is listening. Either that, or the answer is no.

"Holy, Christ... ."

The image that pops up is a photo of Maddox. Tied to a wooden pole. His throat has been slit. His head is titled back and his eyes are wide

open. In terror. He was alive when the photo was taken. The remains of a sling hang off his shoulder. This happened not long after Batman dropped the hammer on him.

Blood has poured out down his neck and onto his naked chest. Written in the blood, obviously scrawled by someone's finger, is a string of non-sense words and numbers that read: Dempsey (page not found)-327 ).

My instant messenger flashes again. The Wrath has sent me another message.

**WofK: I trust, my Little Friend, that I have your attention now.**

**MFYNN: Yes.**

**WofK: Poor Max. He was a useful pawn for so many years. But in the end, he was more concerned over his own pathetic life than ensure the continuance of the Great Work. Do you know that he wanted out, the Bat frightened him so? Can you imagine? But the Work must continue. So little Max was sent away. But not to see Her. That is only an honour for the Chosen. Max was not Chosen.**

I'm starting to get that hot twist in my stomach again. That and a serious case of willies. The Wrath has been watching me. How else would he know I was here at my computer?

**MFYNN: What do you want?**

**WofK: Many have attempted to understand the Great Work. A few have come close. But they were Chosen and cannot speak. But now I think it is time for the world to understand my Work. Understand my genius. Understand what I do for them.**

**WofK: You are selected, but not Chosen, my Little Friend. You will tell the world of the Great Work. You will tell the world about me. About the Wrath of Kali.**

**MFYNN: You want me to write more stories?**

**WofK: Oh yes. It is time the Work came to the World. Time the world**

**truly feared Her. And as an indication of my good faith I have a secret to tell you. Do you want to know, Little Friend?**

What choice do I have here? I've only got a whore's chance in church it's not something worse than my worse nightmare. But what choice do I have?

**MFYNN: Tell me.**

**WofK: I knew I had selected wisely. You began following me when you discovered that the lovely Nancy Hartigan had traveled to meet Her. Nancy's sister was persistent. Followed me relentlessly. Much like you have, Little Friend.**

Tess. Tess Hartigan. Gone missing shortly after Nancy vanished nearly a month ago. I just assumed she was dead too.

**MFYNN: Have you killed Tess too?**

**WofK: She is Chosen, but not Sent. In order that the world will know of the Great Work, you and she have an important role to play. Tess Hartigan lives. Or at least she does for now. You must reach her in time. This is your test.**

**WofK: Max will tell you where to find her, Little Friend.**

**NOTICE: WofK has logged out.**

And he's gone. Like he wasn't even there. Gone.

I pull up the ghastly photo of Maddox again. *Max will tell you where to find her.* Got to have something to do with that bloody scrawl on his chest. But I'll be damned if I can make it out.

"Oh my God!" It's Vale. Standing behind me. I was so focused on the photo I didn't hear her. "Mickey, what the hell? Is that... is that Max Maddox?"

"I know, Vic. I know," I say. "The guy who killed Nancy Hartigan just killed Max and sent me a souvenir. That nonsense on his chest is supposed to tell me where this nut bag has Tess... "

Vicki leans forward to get a better look. She's tougher than she looks. Covered war zones, and dozens of murders. You might be able to surprise her, but it takes a hell of a lot to scare her and keep her that way.

"I don't get it," she says in a matter-of-fact-I-am-woman-hear-me-roar kinda tone. "What is that, some of riddle?"

"Some kind of riddle," I say. "Some kind of stupid enigma."

"Hmm, well, maybe... Marv, you look like hell," she says.

"Yeah. I tripped."

"How many times?"

I don't answer. Just stare at the photo. That loon didn't tell me how much time I have to save Tess, but I have to figure it ain't long. This guy wants me to dance the dance and goddamn it if I can't hear the band striking up.

What the hell does *Dempsey*( *page not found*)-327 ), mean?

My head hurts. I need a smoke. God I need a drink. When did I last have one? More than a day now. A drink. A drink and my head would clear. I've even starting to feel sick to my stomach. I'm a drunk. That much I know. And no drunk works well when he has too much blood in his alcohol system. It's simple math.

And a grenade goes off in my head.

"Simple math," I say.

Vicki, who's pulling out my spare suit from the footlocker under my desk, bumps her head trying to look up at me.

"What? Math?"

"Yeah. Math. Look Vic," I say, pointing at the screen. "This is a math equation. Algebra. You put something in brackets like that in algebra. So we have to subtract 327 from... .a page that isn't found... "

Nice one, Mickey. Oh Jesus and all the saints I need that drink.

"No wait," Vicki says. "You're right. Page not found in brackets is used on the internet... "

"I hate the internet," I say. "Only good for porn."

Vicki slaps me on the back of the head.

"Ow!"

"Pay attention! When you try to open a webpage that isn't there you get an error message .A 404, page not found, message."

"So, its 404 minus 327?"

"Yup," says Vicki, running her hands through her hair. The way she says it I know she's pleased with herself. If she's right about this, she is going to be impossible to live with. "So, what's Dempsey77?"

"Son of bitch," I grow under my breath.

Dempsey-77 is an old boxing gym up on the north side of Gotham. Seventy-Seventh Street. Ted Grant used to train there back in the day. Back when he was champ. He still pops in now and again. Trained me for a couple of years when all my hair was still brown and my favorite drink was Kool-Aid. This Wrath certainly has a sense of irony.

"Vic, I need my spare keys."

Vale folds her arms across her chest and give me that look again. I knew it was coming. I'd usually try and turn on the charm here. But I look like I've spent the last two days getting banged around in a cement mixer filled with sledge hammers. I gotta get right to the jugular.

"Come on, Vic. I need to pick up Lucille."

"Lucille, huh? Why?"

"You know, you're cute when you're jealous."

"Why, Marvin? You told me that last time was the *last* time."

Aw crap. This is going to be harder than I thought.

"Yeah, I know, kid. But this is a matter of life and death. I gotta pick up Lucille."

"The last time you... "

"I know, Vic. But I haven't had a drink in over a day. That won't happen again."

Vale reaches into her pocket and pulls two keys from her keychain and tosses them to me.

"I hate Lucille."

"I know. Thanks."

"Ok, let me get my camera and we're going."

See what I mean? Things are never easy with her.

"We? *We* aren't... "

"Listen, buster. Whatever is going here is too serious for you to go off solo again," she stands so close to me I can smell her perfume. It makes me a little dizzy. I'd probably flirt with her, if it weren't for the fact she had one perfectly manicured fingernail pointing right at my eye. "And if you think I am letting you go out alone with that bitch again, you have another thing coming. Now get changed, and call us a cab."

I watch her walk off for second before picking up the phone. I try to call

Bullock, but the secretary at the cop shop says Maddox suspended the Bull for a week. Even dead, Mad Dog is a pain in the ass.

Thirty minutes later, I'm in a clean suit and in an old warehouse 10 miles from the Gazette that's filled with more dust than a coal mine. Lucille is waiting.

"I still think this is a bad idea," Vicki says.

I light a Camel and blow two smoke rings in the air before walking into the blackness of the warehouse. Moonlight pouring in through the window lets me find my way. Find my way to her.

And there she is. Where she always is. Wrapped under a silk sheet. Waiting. Like a Siren that leads sailors to the rocks with her song, Lucille calls to me.

I yank the sheet back with a single movement of my arm and toss it aside, revealing every last make-you-beg-she's-so-sexy inch of Lucille.

"Hey, baby," I say, dropping my smoke and crushing it under my boot. I run my hand along her skin. She feels just the way I remember.

"Oh, brother." Vale says. "Gimmie a break already, will ya?"

Lucille. My jet-black, 1968 Dodge Charger. Haven't taken her out in nearly four years. Not since that accident that earned me a DUI charge. I was so drunk I nearly hit an old lady walking her dog. I did hit that parked cop car. Took me weeks to repair Lucille. And since then she's waiting here for me.

"Ok, lets go," I say, lighting another smoke and slide into the drivers seat. I turn the ignition and Lucille roars to life. Like a lioness on the prowl.

"Where are we going?." Vicki pours herself into the passenger seat. No matter what she says, she digs the car. She doesn't like it when I'm driving.

"Dempsey's gym"

"Your old... .Dempsy-77? Oh, but this killer is clever."

"Yup."

We pull out of the warehouse into the parking lot. It'll take 45 minutes to get to the gym in light traffic. But I'm driving. We'll be there 20.

BAM!

I'm about to hit the gas when the body lands on the hood. Vicki screams like teenager in a horror flick. The kid standing on the hood is maybe five and half feet tall. Wrapped in a dark crimson hood and cloak. All I can see, peering out from inside the hood, are pair of blank, white eyes.

Just like Batman's.

He pulls the cloak back, revealing a dark red and green body suit. Some kind of next-gen body armor. Over his heart is a golden letter R on a black oval.

"You Fynn?" he says with a snicker he doesn't bother to hide.

I stick my head out of the window and toss my smoke away.

"Get off the hood!"

"You look like a Fynn," the kid says, hopping down. He steps up to the window. Even up close it's hard to see his face under that hood. Just those eyes stand out. "Bats sent me."

"Gee, I'm shocked."

"Oh, a smart guy. Bats said you were smart guy. So you got a lead on this Wrath dude?"

"Yeah... "

The kid laughs. A young laugh. Real young. He can't be older than 15.

"Figured by the way you two rushed out of your office," he says. "Nice wheels."

"Thanks," I say, getting out of the car. The kid barely comes up to my chest. "You coming for the ride?"

"Hell, yah. I was getting bored tailing you anyway," he says, bouncing into Lucille's back seat. "I always love a good game!"

I slip back into the driver's seat, and give Lucille some gas.

"This isn't any game, kiddo," I say.

"Aw, Mickey, sure it is. All life's a game," he says. "By the way, you can call me Redwing."

"Right."

Lucille tears down the parkway with a snarl. One way or the other, we're in for one wild night.

*To be concluded...*

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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 #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: City of Crime #2 (2007)

Batman: City of Crime, Part 2 (of 5): Into the Inferno.

Reporter Mickey Fynn's investigation into the ghastly murder of Nancy Hartigan takes him to the one place he knows he shouldn't go - the lair of the Penguin! Oswald Cobblepot might provide a critical lead on the case...if Fynn lives long enough to hear it.

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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