



Danger Trail #13
Don Walsh

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Previously...

... Harriet Cooper has been tracking down the mysterious Sigil of Seven for most of her career, having enlisted adventurer Speed Saunders to help her cause; she's told him she believes it to be the universal key to translating ancient writings that pre-date humanity, and their last lead turned their attentions to Raynham Hall in England, but shortly after arriving, they and their allies became wrapped up in stopping Vandal Savage from a complex plot to take over the Iconic Realm; it was then that Harriet turned out to be working for the immortal mastermind, translating the Ineffable Libram for his plot, a plot she shattered by purposefully mistranslating a key passage.

With Savage defeated and Harriet missing in the wake of the climactic battle, Speed has become more determined than ever to see the cause through, reach Raynham Hall and find the long-lost sigil, with Michael Gallant, Argent St. Cloud and Doctor Occult at his side, unaware of where it actually lies and unprepared for the ghosts that surround his quest... ghosts metaphorical and literal!

The Danger Trail!

Issue #13: "The Brown Lady Affair, Part One"

Written by Don Walsh

Cover by James Stubbs

Edited by Mark Bowers

Norfolk, England

October 1st, 1935

"There it is, folks," Argent St. Cloud announced as she pointed out the grand structure at the end of the private drive. Elegant green lawns and rows of tall trees lined the narrow roadway that directed the sports car toward the three-story mansion, all red brick and white framework, imposingly set in the midst of sprawling emerald grounds. "Raynham Hall, ancestral home of the Townshend family for centuries."

"Wow." Michael Gallant nodded approvingly as he looked around. He stepped out of the car and took a slow circle, eyes scanning all directions. "This is one sweet house. And we're staying here?"

“For a couple of days, at least,” Argent answered. “I have it all agreed with Lord Townshend. He was very gracious about it all.”

“And why shouldn’t I be, Argent?” George Townshend asked as he walked down from the house and toward the group. He walked briskly up to Argent and she gave him a friendly hug. “It’s a delight to have such guests here, and to look into some of the mysteries residing in the Hall.” He turned to Argent’s two companions and offered his hand. “George John Patrick Dominic Townshend, 7th Marquess Townshend DL, at your service, sirs,” he announced as he shook hands.

“Michael Gallant, Army Air Corps lieutenant,” the broad-shouldered blond said with a hearty handshake and broad smile. “Reserve. For now.”

“Cyril Saunders,” the more slender of Argent’s companions said as introduction. “But everyone calls me Speed. Please.”

“A pleasure to meet you both. Do come in, and we’ll get you all settled,” George said as he guided the small group into the house. The two American guests let out low whistles of appreciation at the elaborately laid out foyer, the main hall leading deeper into the ancient house, a grandly ornate staircase leading upward.

“The guest rooms are up on the first floor, the staff should have them set up,” George said as he headed up the staircase. “We’ll get you all settled in, have a pleasant afternoon tea where I can introduce you to Lady Chessly,” he said with a keen enjoyment in his voice at that name, “and discuss your search for the Rose Chapel.”

As the quartet headed up the stairs, a maid stepped out from the nearby music room and glanced up behind them. She smiled and passed down the main corridor, giving a light swipe of her dust rag to different knick knacks she passed. She entered the dining room and headed toward the kitchen, but was intercepted by a tall, gaunt man, well-dressed in a black suit, who stopped her with a haughty gaze.

“The Viscount’s guests have arrived, Rose?” he asked her. He stared down at the slim young woman with great interest.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Hudson," Rose said with a bright smile. She held her hands at the small of her back, twisting up the rag as she talked. "He's showing them to the rooms now. Michael Gallant, Argent St. Cloud and Cyril Saunders."

"Hmm," Mr. Hudson mused over the news, stroked his jaw, and gave a withering look on his wrinkled, weathered face. "Speed Saunders. Fascinating. And the St. Cloud woman. She's tiresome."

"He'll be bringing them back down for tea anytime now, sir," Rose continued. "To talk about something called the Rose Chapel. Should I take care of the rooms then?"

"Yes," Mr. Hudson answered slowly as he nodded. "Lady Chessly will be here for tea, at the Viscount's invitation. Her presence will surely provide plenty of time to tend to the guests' rooms. I must alert Mrs. Bridges to the current situation, and see that her preparations are well underway." He nodded curtly to the maid and turned to leave for the kitchen. As he pressed against the swinging door, he paused and turned back. Rose had nearly reached the main hall when he called out to her.

"And, Rose, this time... stick to the job. No diversions. I don't care how adorable he may turn out to be."

"Why, Mr. Hudson, he who?"

"Whichever one. Does it ever matter?" He then disappeared through the doorway and let Rose continue to her assignment.

Washington, D.C.

Wind and memories filled the ears and mind of Secret Service Agent King Faraday as he directed his Cord 812 through the early-morning streets of the nation's capitol. He was tired, and ready to sleep for a week, but wanted to make a quick stop at his office first. As he sped along, he thought over recent events, trying to sort them all out. Even with Vandal Savage defeated, even killed apparently, there were still elements of his at large out there. Project M still lurked in the shadows, and he needed to get to the bottom of that situation. He wasn't about to have

elements of his government dashing around doing whatever they liked, with no oversight and no regard for what it did to the country.

He stalked into the halls of power, the soft echoes from his steps heralding his return to no one. He let his thoughts drift to the dozen of them as they slowly peeled off from each other, each headed off to their own lives again. The German had headed for his home in Germany straight from the aftermath. Faraday found a grudging admiration for the soldier; his fighting skills and patriotism matched Faraday's own, and the agent could see a pain behind Hans Von Hammer's eyes that clued him in to something he should pay close attention to in Europe, even if the rest of his country didn't think it was all that big a deal.

Also need to keep my eyes peeled for the foreign dames, Faraday mused. He gave a look that was half-smirk and half-wistful at the thought of the four of them. Rima seems a good egg. Harmless, honest. Could she lie if she wanted to? And Mikey, well, he seems to have taken it on his own to give St. Cloud a good watching. He chuckled at that as he pulled the key ring from his coat pocket and twirled it around a finger. The Amazon and the Oriental though, a whole other business there. Especially with Dee keeping company with Midnight. Still not sure what to think of him.

He paused at the door to his office and slid the key into the lock, but it failed to turn. He jiggled the handle, then tugged harder. He stared at the doorknob in frustration, and that's when he saw the packet tucked securely under the door.

"Damn," he muttered as he bent down to retrieve it. He already knew what was inside, he'd seen these before. But he tore open the top and slid official documents out into his fingers.

Agent King Faraday—

In response to various official complaints lodged against you for a number of unsanctioned actions taken by yourself in the past weeks, you are hereby suspended from active duty with the Secret Service effective immediately. You are to report to your Section Chief to turn in your service weapon and credentials, at which time you will be informed of your disciplinary hearing. This matter is classified Top Secret, and not to be discussed outside of the designated locations, as presented to you by the Section Chief at the time of your revocation.

"Top Secret?" Of all the information provided by the document, that was the one that triggered his warning bells. A Confidential matter, sure. That was standard. His transgressions were Top Secret? *That's some heavyweight muscle. That's someone out to get me. No way it could be Savage, even if he's alive.* Faraday leaned heavily against the doorjamb as he struggled with a decision he knew he had to make now as he read the paperwork for the fifth time. *He just wouldn't have had the time to start something like this. Has to be a power grab.* He ran a hand over his tousled white hair and shook his head. *Top Secret. Can't talk about this, or else. But I'm dead if I've got no one at my back. This is just the first step. Shove me out in the cold and then I get taken out to the country.*

He headed down to the small cafeteria to grab a cup of coffee and wait for his boss to arrive. And in that hour, King Faraday resolved to do something that turned his stomach. He'd violate Top Secret, and see if Major Trevor really had the stroke he claimed.

***Raynham Hall,
Norfolk, England***

"So this is the woman I have been hearing such tantalizing tidbits about?" Argent St. Cloud asked as she extended a hand in greeting. She looked over the tall, elegant looking woman curiously, as her mind turned over every nugget of high society gossip she'd gathered in her years.

"It is. Please allow me to introduce Lady Victoria Chessly, of Warrington," George announced with great pride. "Victoria, these are my guests for the weekend. Argent St. Cloud, Lt. Michael Gallant and Cyril Saunders."

Argent and Victoria shook hands as Argent's clear blue eyes stared hard up at Victoria. The Lady of Warrington stood nearly six feet tall, with striking straw-blond hair and eyes of sea-green/blue, deeply tanned skin and a firm grip. "Pleasure to meet you, Lady Victoria," Argent said quietly as she stepped aside and let her friends up next.

"Indeed. Very nice to meet you," Michael said with a firm shake of his

own, and quick look at Argent when he'd stepped aside.

"Please, it's Speed, m'lady," Saunders said with a polite bow at the waist and a kiss to the back of her hand. "Enchanted."

"I hope I'm not late?" The voice was clear and resonant, and all eyes turned toward Doctor Richard Occult as he entered the terraced patio where tea was being taken. He handed his trench coat to Mr. Hudson with grateful nod and clasped hands firmly with George Townshend. "Good to see you again. Rose sends her apologies, but business in New York is keeping her away."

"I didn't know you'd be coming, Doc," Speed said as he settled down in a chair. "Good to have you with us."

"Indeed. The ghost detective, at our own haunted house, how delightful," Lady Chessly said slowly as she greeted the latecomer. Argent narrowed her eyes at Victoria's comment, but let it slide for now. There was no one present who could not see how smitten the Viscount was with this lady. "Do make yourself comfortable. We had just made introductions."

"Indeed, good to have you here, Richard," George answered as the group settled down and began the lively small talk that comes with tea and new people to know. A woman named Ruby delivered the three-tiered tray of cakes and sandwiches, the platter of cups and pot of tea, smiled courteously, bowed and retreated from the scene quickly.

Argent didn't let it go quite so easily though. She eyed the servant carefully before looking back at the conversation at hand. George was busy explaining to her male companions the story of Dorothy Townshend, sister of Lord Walpole and believed by many to be the strange Brown Lady that haunted the hall. Argent saw Victoria's keen interest in this tale as well, and Argent settled back into her chair and chewed thoughtfully on her food. Something wasn't adding up. She didn't know everyone in British society, but so much of George's life was changed since she'd last seen him.

Michael continued to pay close attention to the conversation, it seemed, but even as he kept his focus on George and his tale, one hand reached

out to Argent's knee and gave it a squeeze. Argent arched her brow at him and suppressed a chuckle at the overly-familiar contact, until she realized one finger was pointed up toward the house. Argent glanced over carefully, but it took her several seconds to understand what she was seeing.

There was movement in their rooms. In her room, someone in her room. One of the servants, for certain. Why? There was no need.

"Pardon me, everyone, I need to freshen up," Argent said as she stood up suddenly. She smiled, bowed her head and headed up to the house with a restrained haste. No one else seemed to pay heed, save for Lady Victoria, who glared after her, then let her gaze drift up to see what had brought on this sudden excusing.

"I do believe what you're looking for would be at the ruins of Raynham Fort, Speed," George explained. Victoria shook her head a moment to realize that the conversation had shifted. "I believe Richard can confirm this. I've been collecting papers on the subject, in hopes of restoring it, perhaps as a center for historical interest and tourism."

"Just like the man said," Richard Occult added with a wink. "If the Rose Chapel you're seeking is in the area, it'll be somewhere in the fort."

"Great. When can we head out?" Speed asked, excited now, on the edge of his seat, and barely able to hold back from heading out immediately. "I mean, hate to miss any big plans for the evening, you know."

The three men all chuckled at Speed's reaction. "I see no reason you and the good doctor can't head out after tea is done. There will be plenty of time before dinner is served."

"I must say, with all this energy, the night should be most interesting," Victoria mused as she leaned in and hugged George's arm. "It's been quite some time since I attended a country house party. And with such fascinating American guests." She offered up a particularly broad smile at Michael, Speed and Dr. Occult.

Inside the house...

... Argent quickly dashed up the stairs to the guest rooms, one eye kept on a lookout for the servants and anyone else who might notice her. She slowed as she neared the door to Michael's room, where they had spied the earlier movement. Now it was empty, and nothing seemed out of place at first glance.

Warily, she picked her way through his room, looking under the pillows, checking in the draws, peering behind the opened door to the closet; nothing struck her as unusual. *It was probably a servant, and maybe they had something to bring up last minute. That's not proper, but nothing so far, outside of George, had seemed proper.* She leaned against the edge of the dresser and stared at the room, pondered the idea of checking the other rooms. Michael had offered tacit approval to root through his room, but not Cyril. There was her own room though. She started for the door out to the hall when she noticed it. She stared up at the top of the doorjamb, and squinted to make it out. She pulled a chair and clambered up for a closer inspection. A thick-bladed dagger pointed downward had been etched into the wood, then dabbed back over with varnish to hide the defacing mark. She ran her fingers over it, and noticed the brown mark her tip. *Fresh. What is it though? I don't recognize it. But we have someone with us who will,* she mused with a sudden grin. She stepped back down from the chair and put it back to the side, then slipped out of the room and headed back to the others.

In the kitchen, Mrs. Bridges hummed as she chopped away at the food, wrapped up in her own world it seemed, as she prepared the evening meal. To anyone who peered into the cook's domain, she'd be lost in her own domestic chore, happily cutting and cooking.

To anyone who tried to peer closer though, Mrs. Bridges kept one sharp eye from that wrinkled, sagging face on the flat blade of her cleaver, rested in a place of honor near her. Reflected in that blade, Mrs. Bridges kept a close eye on the retreating Argent St. Cloud.

New York City

"Eel" O'Brien slunk through the dingy back alleys of New York City, well-versed in this route. He didn't spend much time in the Big Apple, but it didn't matter. He'd learned in his years of being a grifter, thief and not-very-nice person that pretty much all alleys led to the same places in

each city. It was like there was one grimy, littered trail that ran through every major metropolitan center in every country in the world, and once a person of disreputable skills mastered it, it led him the right way each and every time.

O'Brien approached the small shop in Greenwich Village, and started to let himself hum a jaunty little tune. This had been one of the easiest jobs he'd encountered in a long time. Since he'd gotten word from his friend Steven Savage that it was safe for him to pop his head up once more, Eel hadn't been able to find a decent paying job. Then the woman with red hair and cream complexion hired him for a simple snatch and grab. He wondered why such a respectful looking dame wanted a scoundrel like him to steal something from a Knickerbocker like Avery Updike, but in the end, it didn't really matter. What mattered is that the red-headed dame pay him.

He reached his destination, eyes still glancing, keeping a close watch on his surroundings, and put his hand on the door knob. He stopped for a moment when he saw the name on the door, and wondered how much more weird this simple little job would actually turn out.

"Psychic Investigations?" Eel muttered as he read the stenciled letters. "What's a psychic investigation?"

The knob twisted in his hand and the door opened up for him, held wide by the red-headed woman with the cream complexion, who smiled at him sweetly. "Please, come in and I'll tell you."

"Tell me what?"

"What a Psychic Investigation is," the woman said as she closed the door behind him.

Eel O'Brien stepped into the small shop. As he crossed the threshold, he felt like he stepped into a different world. Inside was dim and cool, rings of sweet-smelling incense hanging in the air, coiled as if to sense him, escort him. A case of books lined one side of the shop, a desk sat kitty-corner on the other side, near the rear door. Various strange and unnerving knick knacks littered smaller shelves scattered here and there. "I think I can guess at this point," Eel answered. "Can we just get to

business?"

"Some tea, perhaps?" she asked him, lifting a pot from a small hot plate and poured the steaming water into one porcelain cup. That sweet smile, those bright ruby lips, filled his gaze and Eel got a little light-headed.

"Um, yeah. Sure. Why not? Smells great," he admitted as he found a chair and plopped heavily into it, the case rested at his side. "Pleasure before business, I always say. Which is why I'm always out of business."

"I am Rose Psychic," she said softly as she handed him the cup and took a chair next to him with her own drink.

"Odd name. Parents not like you much?"

"Portentous name, Patrick. I can call you Patrick, may I?" she asked, then sipped her tea, brilliant green eyes unblinking as she stared up at him.

"Call me whatever you like, doll," Eel answered softly and drank the tea. "Call you Rose?"

"Please. You have the package, Patrick?"

He nodded as he gulped the beverage, ignoring the way it sweetly scalded his throat. On some level, he realized that Rose was much like the tea... sweetly scalding him. He grabbed up the attaché case he had brought. "Here we are."

He popped the lid and showed the contents to Rose, who smiled sweeter and warmer now. She put her cup down and delicately lifted the object out with her fingertips. It was golden, and gleamed in the soft light of the shop. A mask of gold, marked with the finest of etchings all over its inner surface.

"Oh, Patrick, you've made me a very happy woman," she said to him, her gaze returned to his face now.

"Glad to hear it. Now, about the money?"

"I'll be happy to pay you the contracted fee, Patrick," she said as she

returned the object to its case and closed it back up. She took the case and slid it under the desk, before she turned around and leaned against it. She crossed one leg over the other, stretched out against the furniture as she looked at Patrick. He couldn't help but notice that the soft green dress she wore clung to each curve and swell on her body, and he swallowed hard without the tea this time. "But I'd like to put you on retainer for an even larger case, if you are of a mind."

"What kind of case?" Eel asked as he leaned forward in his chair, intoxicated with the smells and sounds and sights in this room.

"The mask is but a small part of a much larger situation," Rose said softly, her eyes never leaving his now. "It will be very dangerous, but I'm told by our mutual friends that you can handle yourself very well. If you agree, I will gladly tell you everything about the reason for acquiring the mask. But if you'd rather not, then it is safest that you just leave now."

"Well, I gotta admit, I've never been one to take the safe route," Eel admitted as he stood up now and stepped up to Rose. "Mutual friends? I have friends? Well, I guess if I've got people who say I'm a friend, I can't really walk away from this, can I? Don't really remember having friends before, so... yeah, guess I'm in. Depending on what kind of retainer, that is."

Rose gave a soft laugh, a musical chuckle that melted Pat "Eel" O'Brien like he'd never felt melted before. She took his hand in hers and nodded. "Well, I believe we can discuss that as well, Patrick."

Somewhere inside, Eel's mind tried to point out that women didn't come on to him, that he wasn't handsome, he wasn't smooth and suave, he wasn't a drooly sheik; that part of his mind screaming a warning just made the part that was doing the thinking now realize she must really need his help.

"Some drinks, we can talk about what I need to know, and afterward we can... negotiate that retainer?" he suggested with a wink.

"Just let me get my coat," Rose said as she slipped his hand from hers,

leaving his fingers feeling cold now. "And I'll start by asking what you know of a person called St. Dumas?"

Raynham Fort

"Ruins of a fort is right," Speed Saunders observed as he and Doctor Occult picked their way across the rubble-strewn courtyard of the ancient structure. "So somewhere around here, we're going to find the Rose Chapel? It's not going to be easy to tell one part of the building from the others."

"I have faith you can do it," Doctor Occult said as he followed along, eyes looking over the ruined fort, fingers touching various stones in a familiar way.

"From what George told us, it was originally a standard motte-and-bailey," Speed mused aloud. "Meaning that the chapel in question would be in the inner bailey, or courtyard, and most likely close to the central tower." Speed pulled out a large flashlight from the backpack he carried, and switched it on.

Doctor Occult watched his partner as he moved across the low hill, picking at stones and ancient rotted timber, peering under with the powerful light as the sun slowly sank off into the tree line. He had an amused look as Speed rattled off the historical facts concerning ancient British fortifications. "Perhaps here?" he called out as he stood by one particular pile of debris. "I think I see what looks like what's left of a crucifix."

Speed dashed over, one athletic leap over a broken beam landing him next to the ghost detective. He flashed the beam down into the ground and grinned. "Yup. Definitely something down there. Give me a hand with this, will ya, Doc?"

The two of them pushed, pulled and heaved the rock out of the way, and revealed an opening into the grassy mound. Speed squirmed down into the gap, dropping into the darkness as Doctor Occult slipped his trench coat off and folded it neatly, resting it to one side before he followed Speed into the ground. His head peered around at the ruined bailey as the breeze picked up and reminded him of a mournful groan, then he too dropped into the earth.

"This isn't what I was expecting," Speed admitted as Occult stepped up next to him. They stood in a low underground chamber, no more than twenty feet in diameter, the hole they'd dug up looking down on a crude brick dais. "This is new," he added as he knelt down and plucked a brick up. "Couldn't be more than... fifty years old. Not sure if the chamber is the same age, but this is not as old as the fort." He stepped around the chamber, peering at areas along the packed earthen walls. Divots and pits revealed where once rested various objects, long since gone. He paused at one deep gouge in the side and saw a round symbol etched into the floor below it.

"Looks familiar," Doctor Occult said as his hackles prickled and stood on end. "Doesn't it?"

"It does. The Sigil of Seven rested here. Or more likely up in here," Speed said as he jabbed his head into the earthen wall and felt around, finding only roots and small rock. "Nothing. Not here." He pulled his arm out and leaned against his shoulder instead. "What *is* this place? What happened here, and when?"

"I'd say it was an attempted sacrifice," Doctor Occult said as his hand slid into his suit coat pocket, fingers tightened around the disc it held, and his eyes peered into the gloom. "Some alien monstrosity, with a powerful relic named after it and the Sigil to attempt to allow the cultists to communicate with it."

Speed stared at Richard Occult now, focusing his beam in the detective's direction. "That's a damnably specific guess for so little evidence, Doc. So keep guessing. What happened to this relic, and more important, the Sigil. That cult still have it."

"No. No, I'm guessing a group of white hats snuck in and made off with the sacrifices and the Sigil while the alien creature did its will to the cultists." He slipped his hand back out, and let it glow a soft white as he gripped the token tighter.

"What's wrong?" Speed asked as he pushed himself off the wall and stepped toward Doctor Occult. "You're getting all spooky on me. Where'd the relic go? What is the relic? Where did these 'white hats' run

off to? How do you know all this?"

Doctor Occult looked up at Speed and turned his hand palm up, unwrapping his fingers to show the red and black talisman that was the Sigil of Seven. "Sweet mother Mcree! You've had it this whole time? And you didn't tell me?"

"I didn't know why Ms. Cooper wanted it so badly," Richard answered.

"She said why, that it could translate those pre-human languages," Speed shot back as he pointed the light at Doctor Occult's face.

"She did say that."

"Yeah, right. I know. She said a lot of things. But... "

"Doesn't matter for now. I came here, with back-up, so I could verify my senses. The spirits here, they're restless. Very restless. I have no idea why." Richard glanced around as the wind blew in and stirred up loose dust and dirt, and now both men heard the moans.

The adventurers turned back to back and watched the dustdevils grow, and shift into humanoid forms, black voids for eyes glaring back at them both. A dozen slowly rose and took shape around them, and Speed frowned and clenched his fists, knuckles going white.

"Ghosts. I hate these guys," Speed grumbled.

Raynham Hall

Argent St. Cloud was a frustrated woman. As she marched out to try and arrange a private chat with Doctor Occult, and ask about the symbol she'd found, she was deflected at every opportunity. Mr. Hudson had to ask her several questions about accommodations and hours to be awoken; then Lady Chessly took her to one side of the group, to ask her about the St. Clouds, and various tidbits of gossip; and even George took a moment near the end to inquire about her recent travel to America. By the time she'd gotten past all of these digressions, Speed and Dr. Occult had departed already.

Worse, she'd lost track of Michael while talking to George. Ruby informed her that Lady Chessly had walked off with him, eager to hear more about his time in the service, and pointed off to the tennis court on the eastern side of the hall.

"Either Ruby is as thick as she looks, and can't tell her east from her west," Argent grumbled as she arrived to find a rose garden and a rolling hill of green and flowers beyond, "or much smarter than she looks, and knows precisely where she lured me."

Argent turned to march back to the hall, when she noticed the dark clouds roll in. Lightning flickered in the cloudbank, thunder rolled over the ground, and she could feel the wind pick up.

"Hmm. Sudden thunderstorm, or omen?" she mused as she headed toward the main doors of the hall. She paused at the double doors and looked at the long drive, seeing the empty spot that had held the car used by Richard and Speed. "Still at the fort. I'll go on the assumption of omen then."

She stepped through the doors and marched past the foyer. She could hear George's voice drifting out through the main hall from the dining hall, talking to Hudson about the dinner. She took another step in that direction and froze in place.

Drifting down the staircase, draped in gray and brown, was a woman. She was translucent, the stairs visible behind her. Black hollows for eyes gazed out from a pale face that glowed an eerie soft light, as the apparition turned her attention on Argent. She reached the bottom stair, barely more than a yard from the frozen adventuress, and the slit of her mouth parted. As her foot touched off the staircase she dissipated from view, leaving only a single sound hanging in the air.

"Koth."

To be continued!

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Danger Trail #1 (2007)

Danger Trail: The Blood & Dragon Affair, Part 1 (of 3)

Danger Trail #2 (2007)

Danger Trail: The Blood and Dragon Affair, Part 2 (of 3).

Ninjas and vampires and diabolical plots, oh my! King Faraday, Speed Saunders and the Enemy Ace are joined by a masked crime-fighter as they face two secret societies with a monstrous agenda! Pulp action at its finest as we seek out...the Danger Trail!

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Danger Trail: The Blood and Dragon Affair, Part 3 (of 3).

Learn the mission of the Blood Red Moon! Uncover the mastermind behind the Black Dragon Society! Watch our heroes try and work together when some can't trust others, and one has no clue that there's cavalry coming to the rescue! Who would have thought marital strife could be so much danger for the heroes, or so entertaining for the readers! It's the conclusion to "The Blood and Dragon Affair!"

Danger Trail #4 (2007)

Danger Trail: The Verdant Darkness Affair, Part 1 (of 2)

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Mightiest Mortals: In a Crash of Thunder

Mightiest Mortals #3 (2007)

Captain Marvel: Under a Seal of Six Gods!

Justice League #8 (2007)

Justice League: Lucky Number 7.

What are the chances that a rash of good fortune across the globe could be the League's next case? Pretty good when this luck starts rewriting the laws of the universe and threatening the existence of

ages-old mystic defenses keeping ancient, primordial forces at bay!

Justice League #9 (2007)

Justice League: To See Tomorrow.

Why are there hawk soldiers of Thanagar on Earth? Who are the strange new superhumans appearing around the globe, testing and probing local governments? What exactly is the Justice League facing when a quartet of self-proclaimed heroes declares Earth "their last stand?" It's the beginning of an epic threat wrapped inside two strange mysteries that will leave the Justice League hoping that Earth survives "To See Tomorrow!"

Justice League #10 (2007)

Justice League: To See Tomorrow, Part Two (of Four).

"To See Tomorrow" continues as the stakes only get higher and secrets slowly start to unravel. Hawkman and the Martian Manhunter are caught between the Thanagarian invaders and their own satellite! The rest of the League is caught between Mon-El and Wandjina! And in the big picture, it's all symbolic of the Earth being caught between the enigmatic Overmaster and a still-hidden mastermind with dreadful intent!

Danger Trail #5 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Verdant Darkness Affair, Part 2 (of 2).

What connection lies between la Llorona's kidnapped children and Nyola's captured heroine Rima? What is drawing the natives of Central America and Mexico together? Speed Saunders, King Faraday and Midnight are joined by Doctor Occult to learn the truth before an Empire of Blood washes over the land!

Weird Western Quarterly #11 (2008)

Johnny Thunder: Steel Heart Iron Soul.

As Johnny Thunder, John Tane has evaded the deathbed oath to his mother never to do violence, and become Mesa City's great protector. Now he's about to be challenged on a whole new level when a powerful land baron makes a grab for greater wealth and glory, and the enigmatic renegade, Madame .44, has Johnny Thunder's heart in her sights! What might be his most dangerous

mission yet will also be the first chapter in a ballad of love and gunslinging like the Wild West has yet to see!

Danger Trail #6 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Man in Stitches Affair, Part 1 (of 2)

Danger Trail #7 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Man in Stitches Affair, Part 2 (of 2).

The Revenant Program proceeds apace as Saunders and Midnight must struggle with former ally King Faraday to find the evidence that can shut down Doctor Zero for good! Maybe, just maybe, newcomer Argent St. Cloud can help out!

Speeding Bullet #4 (2008)

Bulletman: The Birth of Bulletman, Part 4 (of 4): Man Made Gods. This is it! The mystery is revealed and the gloves come off as Bulletman duking it out with the Murder Prophet and his god of murder, the Nihilist! Can he come through his baptism of fire and blood intact? And even if he wins, does the Prophet truly get the last laugh?

Danger Trail #9 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Nation of Murder Affair, Part 2 (of 2).

As Speed Saunders and King Faraday join Argent St. Cloud to search for Michael Gallant, a wave of murders leaves the city of New York reeling as the heat rises, tempers flare, and Rue Morgue revels in the bloodbath!

Danger Trail #8 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Nation of Murder Affair, Part 1 (of 2).

Gangsters want Thomas Dewey dead at all costs, bringing Michael Gallant onto the case, Argent St. Cloud at his side! But when Murder, Inc. steps up to the challenge, can even he call on enough reinforcements to save the day?

Danger Trail #10 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Stolen Myth Affair, Part 1 (of 3).

It begins here! Threads woven from the start of the series, put into play centuries beforehand, all start to come together in this issue, as familiar faces return to the scene, dark forces gather for the

attack, and the secrets of the Trail yawn wide and threatening! All this and a special guest-star...the Queen of the Amazons!

Danger Trail #11 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Stolen Myth Affair, Part 2 (of 3).

Things heat up for our heroes as the Dragon Queen and the Queen of Blood unite to betray Vandal Savage; Savage raids Washington, D.C. to acquire the Ineffable Libram; and King Faraday and Speed Saunders face off with Queen Hippolyta and Rima the Jungle Woman! Things couldn't get any worse than this, could they?

Danger Trail Annual #1 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Savage Sins Affair.

As the Stolen Myth Affair heats up, as a covert war rages on the Danger Trail, take a peek inside the history of the man who has set this all into motion...Vandal Savage! Balloon Buster Steven Savage is doing just that as he uncovers threads and connections surrounding the many figures of the age that all lead back to this diabolical mastermind, some stretching back centuries! If the truth about him can't be unraveled soon, those threads will choke the present day and continue into the future!

Danger Trail #12 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Stolen Myth Affair, Part 3 (of 3).

Vandal Savage begins his plan to bring the world into his control! King Faraday, Speed Saunders and Midnight, along with their assembled allies, make their bid to stop him, but there are three queens in this game, and each one has their own vision for how the endgame should play out! It's the end of the first year on the Danger Trail...is it also just the end?

Speeding Bullet #1 (2008)

Speeding Bullet, Part 1 (of 4): Modern Gods.

James Barr has developed a special device that allows him tremendous powers! Now he steps into a new world of masked men and heroic deeds, but is he really ready to take his place among the world's newest gods? Will the Murder Prophet usher in an age of blood first?

Speeding Bullet #2 (2008)

Speeding Bullet: The Birth of Bulletman, Part 2 (of 4): Deepest Secrets.

James Barr steps into costume for the first time, and Bulletman is on the case of the Obermyer murders. But so is another person...the actual killer, a mysterious being called the Murder Prophet, who is paving the way for his master, and the police and the rookie hero struggle to catch up and stop him!

Speeding Bullet #3 (2008)

Speeding Bullet: The Birth of Bulletman, Part 3 (of 4): Bleeding Truths.

The race is on to uncover the real killer as Detectives Farley and Doherty try to dig through the murder mystery, Martin Obermyer meets the killer and Bulletman stumbles in a critical way, leaving him to face the fury of his wife!

Mightiest Mortals #4 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: Wielding Fists of Virtue.

Captain Marvel is caught between a throwdown with Ibac and Sivana launching an all-out assault on our hero and the Fawcett itself! As bad as that is, though, it gets worse for Kit Freeman...much worse! Meet Sabbac!

Mightiest Mortals #5 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: Scenes of a Day

Mightiest Mortals #6 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: Between Opposing Forces.

Freddy finds himself having the most startlingly worst day of anyone's life! Can it be worse than losing a close relative? What about the dark secret within another relative? Or the secrets being held by his best friend? It all comes crashing down on him in a terrible avalanche of revelations! All this while the city moves on without him!

Mightiest Mortals #7 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: From the Shadows of Twisted Minds.

Get ready for action and excitement! Freddy buries his cousin, Christopher Freeman, and has another showdown with his stepbrother Tim Karnes. And we discover just how fiendish Sivana

can be when he pushes Captain Marvel's every attribute in an issue in which the World's Wickedest Scientist...doesn't even appear! All this, and the fate of Beautia!

Mightiest Mortals #8 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: To the Truth of the Matter.

Billy and Freddy have their confrontations on secrets kept, power hoarded and relations hidden, all the while the forces of the law struggle to keep Lady Justice apart from her new champion and Miss Minerva asserts her innocence!

Mightiest Mortals #9 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: The Abyss of Blood Relations

Fawcett City goes on despite the gang war, despite the debut of new heroes, despite it all, Fawcett City goes on. Come and see how it does, as Chief Kitchens deals with the presence of Captain Marvel and what it means for his police force! And has Miss Minerva over-played her hand?

Mightiest Mortals #11 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: The Tide of Heroism.

The beginning of the stunning two-part finale to Captain Marvel's first year! Sabbac has gone on a rampage, and Ibac is taking advantage of the chaos! Bulletman struggles to intervene, but everyone wants to know where Captain Marvel is! All this and more (and boy, do I really mean it this time)!

Mightiest Mortals #10 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: The Punishment of Good Deeds.

Amazing origins issue as we discover the secret behind the magic words, and the history of Sabbac and Ibac! Freddy walks into a deathtrap, Victor Craize starts to feel the power of the people, and the police make a startling discovery about Miss Minerva!

Mightiest Mortals #12 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: By an Act of Love.

This is it! Sabbac is on a rampage! Ibac sends his men out against the leaderless forces of his gangland opponent! Into the middle of this stands Captain Marvel and his allies! When the smoke clears, who will stand triumphant?

Nightwing #30 (2008)

Nightwing: The Riddle of the Sphinx.

Just when you'd think Dick's got enough trouble juggling Titans duties as Nightwing, solo duties as the Batman, and mentoring duties with Tim, things get harder. There's a new villain hitting the streets, one with a dangerous delusion, and Dick's not happy to see that Nightwing is apparently on the case, without Dick's permission! Come and join us for "The Riddle of the Sphinx!"

Nightwing #31 (2008)

Nightwing: Riddle of the Sphinx, Part 2 (of 2)

Dick must try to get to the bottom of the crazed King Tut and foil his rampages, but he also needs to figure out how to deal with the new Nightwing! As he digs up more information on both, all three men spiral into a collision course of tragic proportions, and Professor McElroy might just be the ultimate victim in all of this!

Justice League #11 (2008)

Justice League: To See Tomorrow, Part Three (of Four).

Things are falling into place at a rapid pace now... for the villains! With the League stretched thin across the globe, friends come racing to the rescue and the action only heats up! Watch Hawkgirl lead the storming of the JL satellite; witness Superman confront Mon-El over his mysterious mission; and thrill to the throwdown between Wonder Woman and the Persuader, as the master villain behind it all draws closer to his goal! All this and more!

Danger Trail Vol. 1 (2009)

This volume collects Danger Trail #1-12 as well as Danger Trail Annual #1. This is the complete first story arc in which our pulp heroes confront the treachery of the Blood Queen, the Dragon Queen and their mysterious backer. Stay tuned for Danger Trail #13 coming soon!

Mightiest Mortals #13 (2009)

Mightiest Mortals: Opening Passages.

As Fawcett City recovers from the fall of Ibac and Sabbac, our heroes find more things to be worried about. Susan Barr must prosecute the bloodthirsty Tim Karnes while reassessing her stance on

costumed crime-fighters; Dudley must wrestle with what he should reveal to Billy, and Billy must deal with the fact that Freddy refuses to return to his crippled body!

Danger Trail #14 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Brown Lady Affair, Part 2 (of 2).

Speed Saunders must deal with the fact that the artifact Harriet had been searching for, the Sigil of Seven, is Doctor Occult's primary weapon against supernatural evil! In the wake of her treachery, what can that mean? And none of our heroes can take the time to figure it out now, as they struggle to save Michael Gallant from the Dagger of Koth!

Danger Trail #15 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Falkenstein Affair.

Once rivals of the air and enemies at war, now the Enemy Ace and the Balloon Buster must work together to penetrate the secrets of Castle Falkenstein and the strange mad scientist ready to bring two worlds together to fuel his rise to power!

Danger Trail #16 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Blood of Templars Affair.

Danger Trail #17 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Blood of Templars Affair, Part Two.

Things heat up for our heroes as they head into an ancient Knights Templar castle as one of three groups desperate to unlock its secrets and find a powerful relic that will decide the victor in the opening battles of a far greater war, one that has the attention of the enigmatic Sanguine Father! A far greater war that echoes across the decades!

Danger Trail #18 (2009)

Danger Trail: Affairs of Blood and Fate, Part Two: The Angel of Death!

The strangest crossover of all times continues here, as Rose Psychic, Eel O'Brien, Speed Saunders, Midnight, Trin Dee and Andrew Bennett find themselves caught in a holy war between the forces of the Order of St. Dumas and the Sanguine Father, who offers a glimpse into a terrifying future for the world!

Danger Trail #20 (2010)

Danger Trail: Affairs of Blood and State, Part 6 (of 6).

Danger Trail #19 (2010)

Danger Trail: Affairs of Blood and State, Part 4.

Weird Western Quarterly #18 (2010)

Weird Western Quarterly: Lust Faith Love Treachery.



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