



Nightwing #30
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"King Tut"

Nightwing
#30: *Riddle of the Sphinx*
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Clouds skittered across the night sky, sliding past a sliver of moon, adding to the ominous darkness that helped the young man to remain hidden in the shadows. He leaped from roof to roof, swinging from a fire escape here to a jutting cornice there as he moved across the skyline of unfeeling Gotham City. His eyes remained sharply attentive to the grid of streets and alleys below, the city's scars still painful to look at. Gotham was his home, and to see her hurting like this hurt him as well. But that's why he was out here, after all.

As the night wore on, he grew more anxious, more tense and more alert. The city was trying to hide the darkness, the dirt and the grime from him, and he wouldn't let it. He searched harder now, more determined, moving more and more quickly despite the fatigue beginning to wear on him. He hadn't worked this long, trained this hard, just to be thwarted now.

So, when the cry panic cut through the night air, his head twisted sharply in that direction and a smile crossed his face. The call had come at last, and he leaped without hesitation to answer it. He glanced down at the three thugs converging on the young couple they'd spotted as prey. They'd cut the two off, trapping them in a dead end alley, knives visible as they made their demands. It was the woman who had cried out, and the man was holding her shoulders protectively as they stared at the criminals moving in on them. All five heads turned upward though, at the shrill war cry from above, the shadow hurtling down on them as he grinned excitedly. He bounded into their midst, lashing out with hard blows that staggered the would-be attackers: a back-kick shoving one into a brick wall; a backhand that caught another one in the

throat, driving him down gagging and choking. The third received a shoulder-block from the costumed man's bounce—which sent him reeling with terrific force.

The couple watched the dynamo in action, his lean, compact form splashed with a brass-colored feather pattern across his chest, dark blue beneath and lighter blue above, his masked face smiling the entire time. When he was done, he turned to the couple and gave them a nod. "You're going to be just fine now, but I'd suggest getting home quick."

"Th-thanks," the man said as he started to guide his girlfriend away while she stared at their savior with wide, awe-filled eyes.

"Who are you?" she finally asked as they reached the end of the alley, her eyes focused on the raven-haired young man with the wing-scalloped domino mask and swashbuckler behavior as he prepared to return to his skyline.

"I'm Nightwing, miss. I'm back and I'll be making sure there's someone Gotham can count on," he answered as he leaped into the darkness.

"Oh dear," Alfred muttered as he finished fixing the breakfast tray and then folded the newspaper back up and arranged it in place neatly. "Oh, this will not make him happy at all." He shook his head, and 'tsk-ed' and headed up for the master bedroom. He gave a perfunctory knock before entering. "Good morning, Master Dick," he called out as he shut the door behind him and placed the tray of food on a nearby table. He walked over and drew the curtains back to let the morning sun in, which helped to bring the world back to Richard Grayson.

For his part, Dick tried to ignore it. He rolled over, and buried his face into the thick pillows, and moaned slightly. Then he lifted himself up and took a sniff. He rolled back over and sat up fully now, staring at the tray of food and grinning. "Breakfast in bed? Is it Valentine's Day?"

"Hardly, Master Dick. However, since Master Tim had early projects at school today, and you had a late arrival from your Titans meeting in New York, I felt you'd appreciate a touch of pampering," Alfred

answered as he walked back over and poured out the coffee. "A late morning, by a full twenty minutes, and some good food to brace you for the morning news."

Dick arched a brow suspiciously as he sipped the coffee and reached for a piece of toast. "Oh?"

Alfred merely stood to one side and waited, eyes glancing down at the Gotham Times. Dick finally picked it up and started to scan the articles, until his eyes locked onto one in particular. He read the details, then read them again. He put the paper to one side, and took a deep breath, then picked the paper up and read it a third time, taking in each exacting detail before looking back up at Alfred.

"Nightwing?"

"On the positive side, it must be comforting to know that your *other* other identity has its followers," Alfred observed dryly.

"Someone is dressing up as Nightwing? Here in Gotham?" Dick put the paper back down, and got out of bed in a flurry of sheets.

"You aren't sleep-crimefighting then? That *is* good to know. I assume then that you have not passed this alias to another? That you are unaware of this man's identity?" Alfred asked.

"No. To both. I have to get to the bottom of this, and quick," Dick replied as he grabbed a robe and wrapped it around himself before stomping toward the bathroom. "I've got to nip this in the bud."

"If this man is capable of being Nightwing, isn't that a good thing, Master Dick?" Alfred called out as he began to put the rumpled bed back together.

"*I'm* Nightwing. This guy could be a criminal out to use my rep for his activities," Dick replied as he turned on the faucet and splashed water over his face. "Could be part of a plot to discredit me. Could be a super-stalker out to replace me... the hard way."

"And if it's a man of principle out to replace you for all the right

reasons?"

"I'll have to set him on the straight and narrow," Dick answered quickly. "I can't have this guy running around in my city, using my name, and doing whatever he wants!"

"Congratulations, Master Dick," Alfred said.

"For what?"

"Master Bruce couldn't have said that any better. His city, his streets, his vigilante territory, his decision who gets to patrol it." Alfred finished making the bed. "I'll leave your tray. Please do try to finish the food this time. I'll be downstairs if you should need me."

Dick hunched over the sink, the water still running as his face stared into the mirror. He saw the dark circles under his eyes that wouldn't go away, and felt the dull aches that refused to fade, a dozen little signs informing him of the strain of three separate lives.

"Ah, gentlemen, gentlemen, be very, very careful now," Professor Albert Lincoln McElroy said as he guided the movers out of the back of the truck and into the loading dock of Gotham City University's science complex. "This is priceless, invaluable. And much too fragile. Careful now... good, good."

The man was in his early thirties. He was tall, slender and well-dressed. He was also a man who obviously cared greatly for his appearance. Short, wavy blond hair was immaculately trimmed to his oval head, dark eyes gleamed with excitement as he watched the cargo being loaded into his laboratory. He reached for the door into the heart of the building as the other two more rough-hewn workers slowly carried their precious container. "We want our guest to be as safe as possible, gentlemen," he said as he held the door wide for them.

"Is he really gonna notice, Prof?" one of the workers asked with a grin. "Ain't he been dead a while, now?"

"Respect, gentlemen. Respect," chided the professor. "Tutankhamen was royalty, a Pharaoh, and more significantly, an important link to the ancient past. Even if he has been at rest for several millennia."

"Well, how about you rest him over here instead, then?" The voice was feminine, but hard as steel, and very demanding. The woman came storming onto the loading dock from the annex doorway. She was followed by three mean-looking companions. While they were dressed rather mundanely, simple jeans and t-shirts, she was much more elaborately garbed. She wore a flowing white cloth that wrapped around her lush, attractive body in diaphanous waves, held in place by an elaborate collar and mantle she wore on her slim shoulders. Various hieroglyphics adorned the piece, and rich golden bracelets rattled on her wrists as she pointed a gun at the professor and the two dockworkers. Her upper face was hidden under a golden mask and headpiece as she walked more slowly, behind the three thugs who moved up to the container holding the mummy.

"What do you think you're doing, young lady?" the professor demanded as he watched the four criminals storm the area.

"I'm liberating my beloved husband," the woman said in reply. "Tell your guys to hand over my Pharaoh, and do it now. Like you said, we don't want anything happening to him. He's priceless, Professor McElroy."

"You heard Ankhesenamun," the professor replied through gritted teeth. "I'd hate for anyone to get hurt."

"Kay, Prof. Here ya go... easy... no shootin', now." The dockworkers yielded their positions to two of the three criminals, while the third thug waved the university staff out the door with his gun.

The woman, who was claiming to be Tut's wife, sauntered up to one of the dockworkers and held her hand out. "I'll just take the keys to the truck, and your gate pass, if you don't mind?" She smiled as he handed them over. "Now, you three just wait in there for fifteen minutes. We don't want you being heroes and calling security or police and risking my husband, do we?"

"You witch," Professor McElroy cursed as she watched the quartet of villains move back to the truck and load the mummy away.

"Thank you for all your help. You have the thanks of a grateful queen," Ankhesenamun said with a low bow. Then they boarded the truck and pulled away.

"How'd you know her name, Prof?" the driver asked as he looked over at McElroy. "Anksoomoon, or whatever?"

"Ankhesenamun," he corrected slowly, patiently, like the teacher he was. "According to all known references, she's the wife of Tutankhamen. Since she claimed the mummy was her husband, I assumed that's who she was. I am, after all, a professor of Egyptology." He straightened himself out, tightened his tie and cleared his throat. "My father will be quite unhappy to hear about this."

"This is absolutely shameful, totally reprehensible!" Bahar Khoury was livid as he slammed his fist into the great oaken conference table. He turned to the man at his side and added, "I told you this Gotham trip was a foolish idea! I was nervous about the psychotics, even before the city blew itself up, but now... now!"

Cory Brighton sighed and shrugged as he looked over at the representatives for Gotham City University. "I am forced to agree with my counterpart, Mr. Khoury. How could you let this happen? Where was your security? How was it bypassed so easily? Tell me why we should continue with rest of the show coming down to the Gotham Museum of Antiquities if we're at the mercy of the city's 'freak population'?"

"I am as outraged over this as you are, I assure you, gentlemen," Chancellor Arthur Childress said quickly, trying to mollify the two men responsible for the King Tut Exhibition touring the United States. "We are looking into how the security was breached, and into how we can recover the mummy. It *will* be found, rest assured."

"As I assure you, the security surrounding the exhibit's arrival at the Gotham Museum of Antiquities is completely separate from that of the

university," Reginald DeVane added. "As Director of Egyptology at the museum, I promise you, I've taken extra steps to ensure the safety of the exhibit. There will be no repeat of yesterday's shameful theft."

Professor William Omaha McElroy squirmed in his seat as he listened to the others bad-mouth his people. An older man, rotund with ruddy heavy cheeks and long flowing brownish-blond hair bound very tightly back, Professor McElroy was a distinguished and respected presence, but the theft had left him in a difficult position. So he remained quiet on the matter and listened to the assembled persons rail about the event as he sighed softly.

"What sort of extra steps?" Bahar asked in a suspicious voice.

"It so happens that both Professor McElroy and myself have availed ourselves of contacts in the Wayne Foundation," DeVane explained calmly. "They're helping to finance the showing here in Gotham, and we can all admit their reputation is above reproach. They have been apprised of the situation, and we have the promise of Richard Grayson himself that WayneTech security specialists will be called in to oversee the arrival and maintenance of the exhibit."

There was murmuring among the men at the table as Professor McElroy rubbed the small beard at his chin thoughtfully. He was worried for the exhibit, for the reputation of his school and for the museum. Now the Foundation was at risk and he wondered what, if anything, he could do about it. If Bruce Wayne's protege promised things, they would happen, the professor was sure. *Would that, could that, be enough?* he wondered as he heard various agreements reached and saw hands shaken.

"Well, that seems to have cleared things up, eh, Will?" DeVane asked after the others left. "Good thing for us Lucius was able to reach this Grayson kid." He looked at his old friend. "Something wrong?"

"Oh no. No." McElroy sighed softly, his slightly effeminate voice even lower than normal. "It is good we could reach an agreement with the Foundation. I'm just worried. Gotham needs this; we need this. We have to prove we're past the freaks running the city. I just hope we can, Reggie. I really hope we can."

Leather wings fluttered in the night breeze as the dark shape dropped ominously onto the rooftop of the two-story ranch house. With skilled ease, the shadowy form hung over the roof's eaves and undid the window latch, permitting him entrance to the study. "Good evening, Professor."

William Omaha McElroy jumped at the voice, and stumbled out of his high-backed office chair, grabbing his chest. He staggered back from his desk as he stared at the rising shape that approached him, and smacked his head against the partially opened door to the room. "Ouch!"

"Sorry, Professor," the Batman apologized as he held a hand out to steady the teacher. "I didn't mean to scare you."

"I'm an old man," he chastised as he took his seat and took several deep breaths. "You didn't mean to scare me? In that outfit? Who do you think you're fooling? Young man, you should know better, in fact, you *do* know better, or you wouldn't sneak around in an outfit designed to make you look like you rose up from the underworld."

Dick had to suppressed a smirk at McElroy's response. He did nod, and reply, "You're right, of course. I shouldn't have done that to you, sir." He had no doubt in his mind that the professor had raised two children to adulthood. "I came because I need information."

"About the robbery, I presume?" the professor surmised as he rubbed the back of his head.

"Partly, yes," Batman replied as he slipped a packet out from a rear pouch. He bent it hard and rolled it around in his fingers. "Here, for your head." McElroy nodded appreciatively as he rested it over the bruised skin. "I also need to know where this Ankhsunamun will strike next. I doubt she'll be waiting for the exhibit to arrive from New York. I also need to ask about who might have a motive for the robbery."

"Ankhesenamun, young man," McElroy corrected the crime-fighter. "And you want to know if you think I, or one of my sons, might have something to do with the robbery."

"It had to be an inside job," Batman confirmed. "Whether it's someone connected with the university, or inside connected with the exhibit, I haven't figured out yet. But so far, everyone's a suspect, yes."

"What you need to figure out is whether if someone thinks they are the Pharaoh reborn, Batman," McElroy explained. He leaned back into his chair, and described the robbery exactly as it had been relayed to him by his son Albert, by the dock-workers, and from what he himself had seen of the security footage. "If this young woman feels she's the Pharaoh's wife, I would question if she's planning to resurrect him." He rolled his chair back and looked over his bookshelf carefully. He pulled out one hefty book and handed it to the Dark Knight Detective. "Here. This will give you a good overview of the ancient Egyptian views on life, the after-life and the spirit. It might help."

Batman took the book. "Thank you. What about other possible targets? Are there any in the city right now? Or is this a waiting game?"

"Reginald DeVane has in his personal collection something called the Eye of Ankhnesenamun," McElroy explained. "A particularly exquisite sapphire set into a lovely headdress. I can't imagine, if this woman truly believes she is the reincarnation of the queen in question, that she wouldn't want it back."

"Unless Reginald is the inside man," Batman mused a little too loudly, and caught the look on McElroy's face. "Everyone is a suspect. If it gets stolen, odds are good he's not the thief. Thanks for your help, Professor."

"Anytime, Batman," McElroy answered with a nod of his head. "But perhaps next time, you could just call?"

Batman slipped out of the window, vanishing into the darkness as the elder man groaned lightly.

"Dad? Everything okay?" The professor's younger son peered into the room, around the door. "I thought I heard you talking."

"No, no, Geoff, just chastising myself for my clumsiness," William replied as he turned in his chair in the direction of Geoffrey Columbus

McElroy.

"I thought you were telling someone to call?"

"I was saying it was clumsy of me to fall. For no good reason." He noticed now that his son had on a heavy coat. "Going out? It's rather late, isn't it? Don't you have an early class tomorrow?"

"Yeah, but I won't be long. Just some business I have to tie up. Nothing serious, don't worry."

"You have responsibilities, Geoff," William replied sharply. "You mustn't get slack, relying on your family's reputation. You must prove yourself to the school."

"I know, I know, Dad. Just because you're a department head, just because Al is going to be tenured soon, I have to do my own stuff," Geoff replied in a tired voice, irritated with another repeat of the lecture. "I realize this, and I'm not slacking off. Now if you don't mind, I have to go. Next time, be more careful around the house." He stormed off, slamming the office door behind him, which made William wince in pain.

The Batman crouched high atop one of the older skyscrapers in Gotham City, blending into the shadowy gargoyles as he mused over the situation in his head. He had binoculars out, scanning the vista of rooftops vainly seeking out this other Nightwing while wrapped up in his cloak.

"A to B," came the distinguished voice over the cowl's communicator. "We have that information about which you were inquiring."

"Excellent," Dick replied. "Go ahead, I'm listening."

"Well, our little bird has done his computer wizardry, and there is no indication that Reginald DeVane has any financial stake in seeing any of his private collection stolen," Alfred explained. "None of the usual indicators send up any warnings. Finances are in order, insurance is an appropriate amount and bought back when the piece was initially acquired, no signs of outstanding debts, sudden loans or transfers... Mr.

DeVane is every bit as clean as Mr. Fox stated. Thus the reason he had Richard Grayson clear the expenses for the extra security."

"Any reports about this other Nightwing?"

"Nothing since the initial one," Alfred answered. "Whose privacy shall we invade next, B?"

"The McElroys," Batman replied as he stood, stretched and aimed his grappling gun into the night sky. "Start with the sons. I'm going mobile. B out." He fired the gun, tugged on the line and then swung out into the night air.

"B, there's a private alarm going off within the DeVane residence. I believe we can safely rule out coincidence."

"I'm on it!"

"I'm sorry, boss! The security, it's more sensitive than I expected!" The criminal looked over at the strangely-dressed pair, worried, as the sensors they carried alerted them that the silent alarm had gone out.

"'Your Majesty', you mean, fool!" Ankhesenamun chastised harshly, stepping up to strike the man, but her companion held her arm in his.

"This is not the time," he said, his voice muffled by the gold helmet he wore, which bore a version of the famous Tut mummy mask. "We must move quickly. I will not have my queen deprived of her possessions a moment longer. Joe, Bill, Dan, go quick!" he commanded, pointing into the house's private office with his scepter.

"You're always thinking of me, my love," the woman replied with a smile, leaning on his slender shoulder.

The office window exploded in a shower of glass shards that sprayed the room and made the quintet stagger back. The man calling himself Nightwing landed in the middle of the office and looked up from a crouch, grinning wildly. "Why am I not surprised to find you here,

lady?"

"Stand aside, creature," the man commanded with a wave of his hand. "We are here for her rightful property."

"Seeing as she's been dead for about 5300 years, I'm thinking her claim of ownership is weak," Nightwing replied as he leaped at the pair, only to be intercepted by Joe. The wiry man's strong hands latched onto the vigilante's shoulders and forced him down onto a desk.

Dan and Bill started to move toward Nightwing as well, while the royal couple watched the action. "You can claim what you wish, but it will avail you naught. You can stand aside, or be executed by royal decree!" The man in the Tut helmet lifted his scepter toward the crime-fighter as Nightwing managed to dislodge Joe and kick Bill hard in the stomach, staggering him back. Dan however, got in close and grabbed his hair, ramming Nightwing's head into a wall.

"Then you're claiming to be Tut? That's loopier and loopier," Nightwing taunted the costumed criminals as he jammed an elbow into Dan's ribs to loosen the grip on his head, before spinning around to catch the side of the thug's head with a powerful forearm smash. "Seeing as that makes you dead for at least nine years longer."

"A winged fool fights crime and pretends to be Khufu and you will believe him, but I am doubted? I will not tolerate such temerity!" King Tut proclaimed as he stepped back from Nightwing, as the vigilante leaped at him. The crime-fighter grabbed the criminal's biceps, and Tut jabbed his scepter into Nightwing's side, releasing a powerful jolt of electricity. Nightwing cried out in pain and felt his body seize and collapse to the floor as the criminal "queen" kicked him hard in the ribs.

"Don't you dare hurt him, you jerk!" she proclaimed as she kicked Nightwing a couple of more times. "He's gonna get me all sorts of jewels and money, and you can just go to hell if you want to hurt him!"

The three thugs stood up and moved toward their bosses as the sound of sirens wafted in from the distance. "I fear though, my dear queen, that the Eye will remain beyond our grasp for now. If one vigilante has found us, and the police are on the way, then it can only mean you-know-who

may arrive at any time. And we are not ready to duel with the guardian of *this* underworld yet."

"Awww... okay, love. I understand. Bill, Dan, Joe... time to spl... um, let us depart!" The five ran off out of the room as Nightwing struggled to his feet, legs shaky and fingers numb.

"Damn. Okay... okay, it's okay, Nightwing. Tut got you this time, you'll get him next time."

"No, you won't." Batman appeared in the room, stepping from the darkness, and glowering at the novice crime-fighter. "You're going to get out of that costume and go back to... whoever you were before this started."

Nightwing's eyes widened and he stepped back at the sudden intrusion. "Batman? Hey... hey listen, I got as much right to be here, doing this, as you do. What are you going to do? Beat me up and expose my identity? Huh?"

Batman stopped, stared down at Nightwing, and watched the man with his other alias swallow hard. "This is dangerous. People get killed. Good people, innocent people. Hero people, even."

"Well... who are *you* to decide I can't cut it? Huh? Aren't you the guy running around with kids?"

"Do you see any children here? Do you see me playing games? Didn't you see what happened just a few weeks back?"

"Yeah! I did actually. I saw what you did. I saw what you let happen, and heard all about your screw-ups. And then, Nightwing came to town to bail you out, and then, after you took two weeks' off... or whatever it was, and he was running around covering for you, he vanished. Gone. He was doing good for the streets and now its back to you. Well, *I'm* Nightwing now, and I'm gonna make sure the people know they have someone watching their backs when you decide you're going to go... wherever you go when you aren't around!"

Dick Grayson stood fuming at the very one-sided argument, hardly able to defend what had happened. Even if some of it was explainable, he

couldn't let this stranger into the inner workings of Bruce and his network of allies. His 'family'. He balled up his fists and took a deep breath. "Get out. Out of here, out of that suit, out of this business."

Nightwing stepped back and looked in the direction of the sirens that were drawing closer. He looked back toward Batman and was startled when he found only empty air. The rumors were true. He was like a ghost, and now he was gone. Nightwing licked his dry lips and then he noticed a small card. It was embossed with that bat-symbol that adorned the Dark Knight's chest, and it had an address on it. He tucked it into a pouch and ran into the night as fast as his jangled muscles would let him.

Batman watched as Nightwing ran off and the police arrived. He frowned. Alfred's words from earlier rang in his head, and wondered just how to handle this new Nightwing. He had to learn about him. Had to find out if he was on the up and up. He certainly seemed to be. And did well against this "King Tut" and his cronies.

He slipped into the night and let a plan start to form.

To be continued!!!

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

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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

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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!"

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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 dukes 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 #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!

Danger Trail #13 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Brown Lady Affair, Part 1.

In the wake of the battle with Vandal Savage, Speed Saunders has set his sights on finding the Sigil of Seven; that quest being his only remaining link to the missing (and treacherous) Harriet Cooper! His friends Argent St. Cloud and Michael Gallant, along with ally Doctor Occult, want to know what his intentions are, but first they must untangle a dark scheme involving the ghosts of Great Britain!

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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