



**Ultimate Gotham Girls #19**  
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**Published:** 2009

**Categorie(s):** Fiction, Fan Fiction

**Tag(s):** Comics DC3 Batwoman "Roland Dagget" "Poison Ivy" Batgirl

**Ultimate *Gotham Girls***  
*# 19: Now and Then*  
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Dark had fallen, but the night was still young. Only a few people remained in the factory that stood heavy and stout beside the river. A janitor swept up the floors that would be seen by impressionable business partners, when they came by to see the condition of the place. A security guard made his rounds through the halls. Roland Dagget had his feet up on his desk in the big president's office at the top floor. He sighed and smiled, tapping the button on his intercom with a well-polished shoe. "Charlene?"

"Yes, sir?"

"You go on home. I'm about done here. Say hi to Paul for me."

"Yes, sir." The speaker clicked and all was quiet again.

Dagget sighed again and dragged himself up out of his chair, moseyed to the window and looked out over the land he owned. These days, most of it was bare and brown. The few trees he could see were late to bloom, still standing naked long after the winter had receded. Dagget could care less—it was his own land, after all.

His smile widened with the thought. It had taken a lot out of him the last few years, but the factory, the company was still his, even after prison. It had been a long time worrying, a lot of letters sent and money spent, but Dagget had held on to what he needed. He could work his way back up

the food chain.

The darkness was growing thicker, and Dagget started for his door to go home. He didn't reach it. Something strong shook the very foundation of the building and tossed Dagget roughly back against his desk. He shouted as his head smacked into the wood, rubbing the bump on his head through slick auburn hair as he pulled himself back to his feet. He had been half-expecting the sight outside his window for the entire day.

"So I guess you didn't learn anything in jail," she said sharply, sitting easily among the branches of the tree. Poison Ivy's powers had reached even this sick one, giving the poor thing the energy it needed to bloom. The earthquake had been caused by the roots of the tree snaking through the building's foundation as they grew.

Dagget took a single step away from the now-shattered window, folding his hands behind his back. "Well," he spoke as evenly as possible, "You can hardly expect great things from a man on his first day back."

"Nothing I'll ever expect from you is great, Dagget." There was venom in Ivy's voice, and she stood on her branches with catlike balance and grace. "If the rumors I'm hearing have any truth to them, you're going to be in worse trouble than ever."

"Then I really don't have the motive to tell you if they're true, do I?"

"Don't test me, Dagget!" Her branch shot out closer to the window, propelling Ivy forward as she leapt out in front of him. "You're starting your abomination back up. You're going to pull the same tricks you did before. I'm going to give you thirty seconds to change your mind."

"Or?" Dagget raised one eyebrow, and the other came up to join it as his eyes widened.

Ivy's body was nearly glowing with her power, a livid aura shaking the man's confidence. "Or I'll cut you once for every leaf that failed to grow on these trees."

"Big words." Dagget tried to keep his voice level, but the raw power and ferocity in the woman before him made it hard.

Ivy only put on a smile. “No Batwoman to save you this time...just you and me, Dagget.”

“Good thing I tagged along.” Batgirl dropped down from the shadowy ceiling to land between Ivy and Dagget. She faced the other woman, a hard look on her face. “You’re getting predictable, Ivy. There was no way you weren’t going to try something here tonight. I warned you what I’d have to do.”

“It’s not predictability,” Ivy shook with anger at the interruption, preparing her next movements carefully. “It’s personal. So stay out of this.”

“Are you going to kill him?” Batgirl asked coldly.

Ivy shrugged. “I might.”

“Then I’m going nowhere.” Batgirl stepped into her fighting stance and stared Ivy down. “The man may be a scumbag, but you’re still going to have to go through me to get him.”

“You know, I resent that—”

“You run,” Batgirl snapped at Dagget, and raced toward her foe.

Ivy was ready for the attack. She drew an arc with one hand, guiding a branch to move in front of her as a shield. Batgirl stopped short of running into the branch, doubling back one step and ducked underneath it. With a swish of her cape, Batgirl threw a side-kick toward Ivy’s stomach. Ivy grunted at the impact, but dropped to the ground to avoid the next blow.

The fight felt so familiar. Batgirl had plenty of tricks of her own, but it was clear that most of what she knew, she had learned from the old Batwoman. Every punch and kick was an echo of one in the past—albeit one with more force, and different movement behind it.

Ivy dodged and manipulated her plants with ease even while she thought back in time; the fighting had all become second nature by now. She kept a close eye on Batgirl’s style as they danced around each other,

batarangs and branches sending splinters over the floor. Where Batwoman had fought with wild, even joyful abandonment of caution, Batgirl kept her guard close, using more carefully-timed jabs and fewer acrobatic stunts. She was more rooted than her predecessor, harder for Ivy to knock off her feet.

The branches of Ivy's tamed tree flashed through the room, knocking over Dagget's chair and various small breakables on his desk. Ivy glanced toward the source of the shattering sounds. "Some damage done, at least. Knowing him, that little crash was worth at least a couple thousand dollars."

"This can't seriously be about money." Batgirl threw another quick kick and closed the distance between them.

"Of course not. But it's a nice bonus."

"It's all just some stupid revenge thing, isn't it?" Batgirl glared from under her cowl and dodged another flying branch. "Just can't let him win, not even after three years in prison?"

Ivy's attacks came to a sudden halt as she stared at the hero, furious. "What kind of half-assed, obsessive idiot do you take me for?"

Batgirl shot back easily, "The same kind I fight every night on these damn streets. But I guess you're different than them, huh?" she added with disdain.

Ivy gritted her teeth and spread her arms wide for another violent strike. "How dare you?" Two of the tree's branches slammed together where Batgirl had been standing a moment before, as she just barely ducked away. "Is it just that hard to believe that I want a horrible man off this earth? Is it so hard to believe I'm trying to do some goddamn good here?"

"Yeah, maybe it is." Ivy thought she heard something more than pure banter in her opponent's voice. "When all I've ever seen you do is kill or steal or destroy to get what you want...that or sit on your ass safe at home." Batgirl's mouth was twisted into an angry grimace. "You want to do good? Have you ever thought there was a better way than this? What

do you want, Ivy, what do you stand for? What *are* you?"

Ivy could only glare, her snappy retort lost somewhere in her throat. She leaped back out the window, landing in a soft canopy cushion as she shrank her tree back down. "All we've been through together and you can't trust me?" Ivy's tone was mocking, but her lack of a straight answer gave away how much she was shaken. She quickly lowered the tree back to its natural height and threw herself to the ground. "Whatever I am, I'm no quitter. You care so much about that bastard, you better keep watching him!" With no more than that, Poison Ivy started away, leaving Batgirl to watch her silently through the shattered window.

She took out her frustrations on a brick wall as she made her way on foot along the Gotham streets. This was so much more than a normal loss—this was a failure. And worse, a failure that her opponent had used to try and trip her up. And worse than that, it was working. Batgirl's words were still ringing in her mind. "*What do you want...who are you?*"

"I want that rat-bastard dead in the ground where he belongs," Ivy muttered to herself. She kicked at a stray rock and sent it flying into the street hard enough to dent the car it struck.

Her mind would have gone back to that day unbidden, if she hadn't already put her thoughts there. There was too much to go over, too much to remember, too many thoughts to think. She would need to get it all out of the way before she could even begin devising a new plan...and still those words were ringing around her head, calling back the memories even more strongly.

*"What do you stand for?"*

### ***Three Years Ago***

He was an evil, heartless man, and he needed to be stopped. Pam Isley was stalking the front of the office building, just waiting for her chance.

She crept along the brick walls, feeling just how empty the earth was beneath her feet. It brought hot, angry tears into her eyes.

The accident had only been a short time earlier. Pam was still young, and felt younger from the way her powers made her feel, and with each new trick she learned with them. She was far past the point of accidental injury, but she knew that Poison Ivy could do more than she had yet discovered. In her mind, there was still that disconnect, still that separation: Poison Ivy was still just another name.

Roland Dagget was a name that inspired great hatred. The man had come onto the scene mere months before, but he was already an industry giant. His factory churned out plastics and metal parts faster than the other companies could use them up. He was the linchpin of half the industry in Gotham, and quickly spreading his territory. No one could fathom how Dagget produced so much, so quickly, and he was not giving up his secret.

*At least, Pam thought, not without a fight.* She had a few clues to go on, and she was itching to bait him into a confession. The first clue was the mysterious truck that stopped in at the factory every morning before dawn, unmarked and leaving quickly. The second was the mass production itself—machines working that fast would generate near-deadly amounts of heat, without something to cool them down. And most pressing, Pam could sense the trouble in the earth all around Dagget Industries. If she was right, then there was a particularly painful poison being used inside the building she stalked. Judging from the amount of damage, it couldn't possibly be legal, either. She smiled grimly. If no other comfort came to her, then at least Pam would have the pleasure of riding the earth of this scumbag once and for all.

There—at last. Pam crept below an open window on the first floor and leapt onto it, her strong, lithe body framed in the square and bathed in moonlight. The room was empty; she was in.

Pam paused to take a slow breath. She could feel the poison hanging in the air, scraping her lungs. It wouldn't harm her too much, as long as she didn't stay long. But the fury in her heart burned brighter than ever. She had her legs and her movement; her sisters in the surrounding land, the trees and bushes, all of them down to the weeds, they were trapped.

Stuck at the mercy of a man who would slowly kill them without a thought to anything but his own wealth.

That was that. He would die.

She slipped down from the windowsill and walked out into the hall with a strong, resolute step. She had been watching the place for weeks now. She knew that the man had set up his office on the highest floor, and she knew that he had taken to leaving late. Pam let a soft, selfish prayer cross her lips as she made her way through the building, that the enemy would still be there when she arrived.

She met no resistance even as she climbed higher toward him. It had grown very late. There were no workers, not even a guard around to make a comment on her pale skin, or her leafy dress, or the hate in her eyes. She passed through the hallways unseen, and allowed herself to smile.

Finally, there were no more stairs to climb. Pam stood in front of the door that read:

Roland Dagget—President

She took a long, deep breath, and kicked the door in.

He jumped in his chair at the noise, ripping the papers he had in his hands. Pam grinned. He was hers. She walked into the office with all the confidence in the world and stepped up to his desk, glancing out the big window to be sure that she'd have the help she needed. "Evening."

"Who the hell are you?" Dagget had climbed out of his chair, something more difficult than usual as he had to untangle his legs after jumping, and stood staring at Pam, looking her over from head to toe. She could see his thoughts muddled between fear, anger, and less-wholesome feelings, if she were reading his face right.

Pam stepped even closer and leaned over his desk. The fury still burned like a full sun in her chest, but she was beginning to embrace her sex

appeal, now that she had begun fighting opponents who it worked on. "I want to have a little talk with you, Dagget. You can spare the time for a little talk, can't you?" she fluttered her lashes, and somehow the hints of cruelty in her smile made it all the more lovely.

Dagget gaped, until his eyes finally saw past her face and landed on his splintered door. "You uh, could have knocked," he said with a watery laugh.

"I didn't." The sultry qualities slipped from her voice, and Pam lay her hand on Dagget's wrist tight enough for her nails to leave sharp white marks. "Do you have any idea what you've done, Dagget?"

"No."

Pam hissed, and her lips drew back into a snarl. His calm voice was infuriating. "There's poison in this air. All around for miles. All centered in your little factory here."

"To be fair, it's quite a *big*—" Dagget finally stopped joking when Pam's hand found his neck.

"There's something deadly in here. Something illegal, and deadly. And you don't give half a damn, because it's making you rich. That's right, isn't it? You can't fool me."

"Who...are you?" he asked again, finally in the scared tone that she had been waiting for.

"Call me Poison Ivy," she told him. "Or rather, call me that if you live. What are you using?" Ivy demanded, tightening her grip.

"Alright, alright!" Dagget coughed and tried to free himself—Ivy allowed him enough room to talk. "There's a, there's a special cooling agent I use. Called Bossnium, my own formula, keeps the machines going, all day, all night. No one knows."

"I knew it." Ivy dropped him. "Now you're going to destroy it. All of it."

"But I'll be ruined!" His eyes were going wide with the panic of losing

his business.

It was the last that Ivy could take. “Yes, you’ll be ruined, if you’re lucky! If I don’t kill you right here and now for what you’ve done. Your money!” She spat on his floor. “You can’t even comprehend how much pain you’ve caused, how much death already! You can’t feel what they do, you can’t hear them scream!” She swept her arm out to indicate the surrounding forests. “I’m done reasoning with you, Dagget, I’m done! You’re dead!”

“Not on my watch.”

Ivy whirled around at the voice, in time to see the Batwoman land neatly on the floor. There was a cocky smile on her face, and her bright hair fanned out from beneath her cowl. Her fist were up, legs parted, ready for a fight. “So you’re Ivy, huh? Welcome to the Gotham Underworld, I’ll be your one-woman welcoming committee.”

“Finally got some attention, have I?” Ivy looked warily at the newcomer, already knowing her well by reputation. “Back away, Bat. This is my fight.”

“Sorry, I was here first.” Batwoman leaped forward with a kick that sent Ivy spinning toward the wall. “But you’re right, of course. Think you were the only one who knew this guy was up to no good?”

Ivy glanced out the window, calling silently for help. Within moments, she could feel her call being answered. The floor rumbled beneath the three people, and out the window they could all see the vines snaking toward them from the ground. Ivy grinned—Batwoman was taken aback for just long enough. Ivy sprang toward Dagget, still steadfastly focused on her goal. One of her vines burst in through the window, wrapping around Dagget’s body and trapping his arms against his sides.

Unfortunately for Ivy, Batwoman had far too much training to be stunned for too long. A sharp batarang whizzed through the air and cut through the vine, leaving Dagget trapped but no longer in danger.

“I’ll take care of him.” There was a softer edge in Batwoman’s voice. “I can’t say I blame you for coming after him, honestly. But don’t you

worry, I'll get him behind bars where he belongs."

"He belongs six feet under," Ivy snapped at the other woman, taking no action now but to circle around her. "Naked in a ditch. Then he could at least give something back to the earth he's hurt."

"That's not for the likes of us to decide," Batwoman answered her quietly. "Look, I understand. I heard about you a little before. You want to do some good for the planet. That's great. But you can't do it like this."

"Can't I?" Ivy circled around and around, faster and closer each time. "There's nothing else, nothing that works. You want to lock him up? What happens when he gets loose again? What happens then? And what if you don't even get him there?" she added with more vitriol, "Darkwood labs got off, what makes you think you'll get him?"

"Nothing," said Batwoman softly. "But I can't let you kill him. No matter what he's done."

"Then you're an idiot.. I've got to do this, got to do something that has some meaning!"

"So you'll play judge, jury and executioner?" Batwoman was beginning to get angry now, something more fearsome was in her eyes.

"If I don't, no one will." Pam couldn't be sure why she was spending so much time trying to explain. Perhaps she just needed someone, one person, to understand. "I have to do something. No one else can hear them," she pointed again to the trees and plants out the window. "No one else is going to look after them."

"Okay, Lorax, I'm officially done caring." Batwoman kicked out, now close enough to hit Ivy hard. "I'm not about to let you get away now."

They were telling last words—Batwoman's next kick sent Ivy flying out the open window, and she did nothing to resist. Pam heard a gasp from inside as she soared through the air, calling for help and landing safely on a dutiful tree canopy.

She was outmatched. There was nothing left to do, no matter how much Ivy hated to admit defeat. “Fine, come after me!” she shouted up as the trees lowered her back to the ground. “Bring me to justice! 'Cause she’s never stayed put when I needed her!” She ran into the night, feeling the pain all around her, and letting her rage simmer deep in her heart.

### *Now*

Some time ago, she had lost the passion she used to use when she fought. She could trace it back to the crime that nearly sent her to Arkham—she had been lazy that day, and hung around too long after destroying a partner lab of her old enemy, Darkwood. She hadn’t done much damage that day, either. Truth be told, she hadn’t wanted to. The fire was gone, the rage, the indignation. All she had done was make a statement; she hadn’t hurt anyone.

She had been getting softer for years. Whenever she had been active in the last year or two, she had been working with Batgirl for some greater good. But that wasn’t what had stopped her activist efforts. Ivy only had herself to blame for losing her passion, for forgetting the creatures she defended.

That fire had been missing, but it was coming back. Ivy stood from her chair and made her way to the door. She remembered, now, what she had been put on this earth to do. And she was going to do it, in whatever form it took.

As she left her home again, she thought with a fleeting smile that she had Batgirl to thank for reminding her.

It was just before dawn. The first faint rays of sunlight had only begun to bleed into the dark sky from below the horizon. The street was quiet. In this part of the city, even the stray dogs had been trained well enough to keep silent. The buildings were large and impressive, surrounded by trimmed shrubs and tethered ivy grown to make the rich homes look

richer.

Poison Ivy walked up to the correct rich home with quick, determined steps, knowing that for all his wealth and influence, he was alone tonight.

She wasted no time, and tried no subtlety. A sharp kick sent the front door crashing down, and Ivy headed up the stairs before the echo had died away. A dog started barking in a neighboring house, alerting whoever would listen to the intruder. Ivy didn't care. She had only one goal tonight. She didn't even care if she were caught.

Roland Dagget sat up in his bed when his door came crashing down, wearing the same expression he had mere hours ago, not nearly frightened enough. "So it's you again, is it? We really should stop meeting like this."

"Third time's the charm." Ivy walked up to him, her eyes flashing with the fire within. She stood slightly bent over the influential man, looking so much less powerful in his striped nightshirt. She brought her eyes up to the ceiling, looking around. "If you're around, don't drag it out."

Silence answered her, and Poison Ivy grinned. "You know what that means, Dagget...no Batgirl to save you. This time, It's really just you, and me."

"You're right," he said with no more provocation, his own eyes glancing up and out the window, looking for some salvation. "I was gonna go back. I have a life, I have expenses...but, I can change," he insisted, swallowing hard at Ivy's continuous gaze.

"I don't believe you. Why should I?" Ivy demanded, feeling outside for her aids, a tall shrub poking the top of its leaves through the window.

"I don't want to die," Dagget said quietly, not moving an inch. The man was shaking his blanket, and Ivy was satisfied that at least he was afraid. "I'll do whatever you want, I will. I'll get out of there, I'll sell the plant, I've learned my lesson!"

Ivy's fist clenched and the shrub came rushing to meet her. She looked

down at her enemy, her own body still and tensed with the anger she'd held for years. There was a buzz in her ears, the myriad tiny voices she always heard when she focused on them. The world outside was ready to wake for the dawn, at peace. There wasn't pain here. All of the pain and the hardship was still out in the world, but Ivy couldn't feel it from here. All she could do was stand over Roland Dagget, her weapon in hand, standing still and ready to strike.

Finally, she brought her hand down and released the bush. Ivy leaned farther over him, her bright hair falling down toward his face. "Do you want to know a secret?" He nodded, and she stared into his eyes. "I don't care about you anymore. I just want that factory gone."

"It will be. I swear, it will. You can track me, you'll see!" Dagget gripped his blanket tighter, just looking too pathetic to do anything more to.

"Don't worry. I will." Ivy turned her back, walking back down the stairs and out the door without another word. The dawn greeted her as she walked down the street, flowers beginning to open and wake to the first rays of sunlight. The world around her was peaceful, for the moment.

Years ago, Dagget would be dead where he lay for what he had dared to do to Ivy's world. But Ivy had changed. Retirement had left her softened, and only a few days before, the thought distressed her. Living with Harley Quinn had made her sympathetic in a way that she hadn't been since college, since the last time she'd had close friends who could live around her. They had been through ups and downs together—they had rebuilt Ivy's house into a home.

And there was Batgirl...there was the look in the eyes behind that cowl when the pair of them had fought. There had been disappointment in those eyes. Ivy thought as she walked, still moving slowly. It was the strangest thing, but she hadn't been happy to see that look.

*"What do you want?"*

"I want to do what's right by the world," Ivy said to herself, knowing the words were true. She would do whatever she had to do in order to achieve her goals. But she didn't have to do what wasn't necessary.

There was a sense of weight lifted from Ivy's pale shoulders, a renewed sense of purpose in her chest. She walked on with her green eyes locked forward toward the sunrise, tearing with the intensity of the light, but staring onward none the less. Pam Isley—Poison Ivy—had a purpose in life; that much she had always known, and now finally it was in sight again. She followed the sight into the new morning, the sun rising high and bright and brilliant over her.

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If you enjoyed this story, you can find more alternate universe tales of your favorite DC heroes at DC3 Multiverse.

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## From the same author on Feedbooks

Ultimate Gotham Girls #11 (2008)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Clown College, Part 2 (of 3).

With the Joker's 'school' well underway and the clock ticking closer to 3pm, will Batgirl and Zatanna be able to prevent even more carnage? What about with some unexpected help? And how will Harley hold up when forced to choose between her man, and her only friend?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #10 (2008)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Clown College, Part 1 (of 3).

The Joker's been lurking in the background, and it's never good when he rears his head again! Harley's ideas and Joker's plans are coming together at long last, but is Harley really on-board with the joke? Ivy sure hopes not! And either way, the Clown Prince of Crime is going to have his hands full when Batgirl and Zatanna catch up to him!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #2 (2008)

Don't Say a Word, Part 1 (of 2)

Ultimate Gotham Girls #1 (2008)

Girls' (K)night Out.

Meet Harley Quinn. She is bound and determined to meet her number one hero, the object of her affection, Gotham City's premiere costumed champion...The Joker! To do it, she's teaming up with the seductive and deadly Poison Ivy...whether or not Pamela Isley likes the idea! Just what a neophyte Batgirl needs for on-the-job training!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #3 (2008)

Don't Say a Word, Part 2 (of 2).

The all-new, all-daring Batgirl is put to the test, tracking down a ruthless killer of children! But there's more to the mind of Mockingbird than meets eye, and Renee must walk the abyss of madness to figure it out!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #4 (2008)

The Joker Rules April Fools!

It's April Fools Day in Gotham and that can only mean one thing! The Clown Prince of Crime is giving the city a hearty greeting, and Batgirl must struggle, not only with a diabolical mastermind that gives even Batman pause, but whether or not to accept help from a shocking source!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #5 (2008)

Harvey and Ivy.

Harvey Dent has a curse: he's the acid-scarred mobster Two-Face! And he has a past: having pursued prison for Poison Ivy! Is there a connection between the two events? How does one lead to the other, and how do the lives of these two villains intersect? It's all in this issue of Gotham Girls, as signs point to dangerous storms brewing for our heroes...and other protagonists!

Last Sun of Krypton #1 (2008)

Last Sun of Krypton, Part 1 (of 3).

Travel with us now, into the past, to a time when a great and advanced race of people lived, loved, fought and struggled with the day-to-day and with the higher aspirations of all people. Come and witness Kal-El, with his family around him, as he discovers that for his generation...there seems no future to aspire to! What do you do in the face of the ultimate end?

Last Sun of Krypton #2 (2008)

last Sun of Krypton, Part 2 (of 3).

Even with the heavy news hanging over their heads, life must go on for Kal-El and his loved ones. But how can they go on with life as usual when the world is about to collapse? Isn't there anything that Kal can do to help save Krypton and its people?

Last Sun of Krypton #3 (2008)

Last Sun of Krypton, Part 3 (of 3).

"If Lyla had still been there to talk him out of it, Kal knew that he would never have even suggested this solution, let alone volunteered for it. He stood alone in the middle of a large, barren field, staring up at the monolith that was an energy plant, and he could feel the heat of the world gathering beneath his feet.

Two days had already gone by, two more days of heartache and fear, of disbelief and thick, destructive denial. Despite the official

pleas from the Board, and despite the few ready rockets off-world that had already left for the colonies, most of the population refused to budge from their homes on only the word of Jor-El. Kal's breathing was quick and nervous in the heated air. All of those people were depending on his bravery, his intellect...  
...and on the nuclear bomb strapped to the hood of his small electric car. "

*Ultimate Gotham Girls #6 (2008)*

Reality Check.

Harley Quinn can't believe her good fortune! She's made friends with Ivy, won the love of her sweetheart, The Joker, and discovered her old mentor, Jonathan Crane is now in town. Could any woman's life be any better? She's on cloud nine, facing a future bright and exciting, despite The Joker's dislike of Crane's potential influence on the young woman. And then it happens...

*Ultimate Gotham Girls #7 (2008)*

Reunion.

Where does poor little Harley run with nowhere else to go? To Ivy's house, of course! How long can she hold up away from the Joker, and could he possibly be trying to get her back? Plus, the Ultimate secret origin of Poison Ivy!

*Ultimate Gotham Girls #12 (2008)*

*Ultimate Gotham Girls: Clown College, Part 3 (of 3).*

With time racing out, can our three heroines band together and stop the Joker's deadly finale? What's going to happen to Harley Quinn? You won't want to miss the stunning conclusion of *Gotham Girls Year One*-- with special appearance by the Batman himself!

*Ultimate Gotham Girls #8 (2008)*

Your Worst Nightmare, Part 1 (of 2).

Jonathan Crane is tired of waiting. He has stores of his prized possession, his finished 'fear gas', all over Gotham. With a push of a single button, he will trap everything that breathes in their own worst nightmare, and for once in his life, Crane will be the one unafraid.

What terrors lurk in the darkest parts of the minds of all our stars?  
And how will any of them break free? If they even can...

Ultimate Gotham Girls #9 (2008)

Your Worst Nightmare, Part 2 (of 2).

Jonathan Crane --now the full-fledged Scarecrow-- has all of Gotham City under his power, including Batgirl! Can anyone fight their own most feared demons in time to stop Crane from completely taking over?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #13 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Overrun.

The One Man Army Corps have taken the Gotham streets, and they're doing their jobs on the villains-- but are they safe for our heroes? When Batgirl ticks one off on patrol, can she stop a super-strong robot all by herself, before it hurts anyone else in its attack on her?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #14 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Facades Part 1 (of 3).

After years of hiding, Harvey Dent has finally returned to Gotham City. But for his old friend Renee, is this a good thing, or bad? And when Poison Ivy is framed for murder, who's going to search out the truth, no matter how shocking it may be?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #15 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Facades, Part 2 (of 3)

The investigation is underway-- Renee Montoya, AKA Batgirl, hot on the tail of Harvey Dent, AKA Two-Face! But can Renee truly believe that her old friend is a killer? And what would she do if she discovered the proof? Meanwhile, how long can Harvey hold his two selves together, under the stress and the guilt of what he's done?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #16 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Facades, Part Three.

Batgirl's continued investigation of a double-murder frame job finally brings her to Harvey Dent, and forces her to confront what's happened to her old friend. How deep does Harvey's madness

extend? How has it affected him, through his entire life? And what will Two-Face do when he finds Batgirl prying into his secrets?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #17 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Facades, Part 4 (of 4)

The disturbing origin of Two-Face revealed to her, Batgirl now has to finally face off against her friend-turned-enemy. How badly can Renee stand to hurt Harvey? How badly will she have to, if Two-Face gets the upper hand? And what shocking revelation will finally end the battle? Find out in our stunning conclusion!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #18 (2009)

Gotham Girls: Jack of Hearts.

Jack Napier has had a crush on Harley Quinzel since they took Psychology together, and she has always ignored him. But when Harley robs Jack's magic shop, could fate be bringing them together? How can a man with such an eerily familiar face win the heart of the girl of his dreams, and is Harley's heart really free for her to give?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #22 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Save Our Circus.

Haley's Circus is back in town, and ready to put on a killer show for Gotham City...at least, it was until a half-rate supervillain made a big-name mess by setting the animals loose! Join all our Gotham Girls, even including guest-stars, as they try to clean up in time for the show. And check back in with Harley Quinn, as she makes a couple new friends...

Ultimate Gotham Girls #24 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Face to Face, Part 2.

Two-Face is on the loose, with only Poison Ivy to keep an eye on him. Will Ivy slide back into her villainous ways, or will Two-Face force her to show her new colors? How will Harvey Dent be able to face up to his deepest fears, when he's just become free of them? And what on earth are Ivy and Batgirl doing working together? All this and more in the thrilling conclusion to Gotham Girls year two!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #23 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Face to Face, Part One.

Harvey Dent has had enough. After months of treatment and no progress, he is desperate to get rid of the voice in his head, the other half of his mind that has always been there. And with the help of a touch of magic, Harvey can get his wish...but at what price? With Two-Face on the loose and no coin to contain him, how will Batgirl be able to keep Gotham City safe?

Ultimate Gotham Girls Annual #1 (2010)

Ultimate Gotham Girls Annual: Resolution & Spoiler's Nutcracker Suite.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #25 (2010)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Beginning Again.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #26 (2010)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Scout's Honor.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #27 (2010)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: A Light in a Dark Wood.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #28 (2010)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Rocket's Red Glare, Part 1.

Enter: Roxy Rocket!



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