



## **Ultimate Gotham Girls #22**

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Save Our Circus  
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The bright tents and colored banners shooting up all around the Gotham Central Park Pavilion lent a rare cheer to the city. Haley's Circus was in town; the tickets were sold, and the preparations were well underway for the greatest show on earth—or at least, the greatest show that year. There was music ready to play, lights ready to shine, a full brigade of workers and performers all dedicated to the best possible performance they could give. All except one bored boy, who was stationed at the front of the pens full of animals, holding a shovel and sighing.

David had been born into the circus, but he had reached the age where he wanted to strike out on his own. For all its glamour and travel, it wasn't the most exciting life, working as a part-time clown. Then there was guarding the animal enclosures, and left David more bored than usual..

So when the morning approached, he felt momentary relief, when something finally broke the monotony—the arrival of a strange young man with a strange look in his eye. He walked among the animals, and gave them all an approving look.

"Hey, staff only allowed through here," David shouted, drawing the man's attention.

He wore a gaudy vest and a black beret, looking like he belonged on a film set, if he belonged anywhere. The man stepped up, and continued to look past the boy toward the creatures. "I've got a vision for this. It's going to be wonderful, big-budget, blockbuster!"

"Huh?"

“Don’t you know who I am, boy?” he asked grandly, tipping the beret farther on his head. “They’ve been calling me Film Freak. I always thought life should be more like the movies, don’t you?” Film Freak put his arm around David’s shoulder.

The boy blinked, swallowed hard, and wondered if he were about to find out how dangerous Gotham City villains were. “Uh....yes?”

“That’s a good lad,” Film Freak clapped his shoulder hard. “Ever seen *Jumanji*?” David shook his head. “Would you like to?”

“Sure?” the boy gulped, taking a step away when the villain raced toward the enclosures.

“Great! Because I’ve already laced their feed to make them more excitable!” Film Freak laughed wildly, the sound mixing with growls, roars, trumpets and brays as he sprung open each lock and latch. David jumped back just in time to dodge the stampede, as every animal in Harley’s Circus dashed into the city, spreading through the streets.

He stared after the animals in shock, gaping as he heard Film Freak’s ecstatic shouts receding into the park. He was out of sight before the boy could do anything more than stand there. He supposed things could have been worse. At least now that he’d be fired for sure, he’d be able to set out on his own, and never wear make-up again.

Harley was out for an early morning walk, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. It looked for all the world like a normal, sunny day, until she rounded a corner onto a new street.

They were sitting so politely in front of the butcher shop window, their little tails hopefully wagging. One of them had his paws up on the glass, while his sister sat more demurely on her haunches. Harley squealed at the sight of them, despite the sharp teeth she saw under their speckled snouts.

“Oh my god! You are just adorable!” She clasped her hands with joy, and

the pair of hyenas turned to look at her. "You are precious! You want something to eat?" She offered, and both of them let out giggling barks.

Harley was on the job. She peered into the window alongside the hyenas, waiting until she saw the butcher go into the back room to prepare for the day. When he was out of sight, she drew her weapon: Harley had been working for weeks on the perfect spring-loaded boxing glove, just to have the pleasure of owning one. With a quick slip of her trigger finger, the glove smashed the front window, and Harley reached in through the hole to grab a few choice cuts of meat.

"Here you go!" She laid down the meat, and both hyenas went at it eagerly. Harley had a chance to look them over as they ate, and everything she saw made her love them all the more: Their tufts of black, mane-like hair above the honey brown, the dulled claws on their little paws, even the pink and blue collars someone had placed around their necks.

"Somebody lost you, didn't they, sweeties?" she asked them, fearlessly scratching their ears. Both growled soft, happy growls at the attention. "Well, that's okay then.. I'll let you go."

She stood up, prepared to leave them behind. Adorable as they were, those collars meant someone else had trained them, and might well be around the corner looking for them. But when Harley turned to take a last glance at the hyenas, they weren't sitting at the window anymore—they had also stood and started to walk behind Harley.

"Huh? No no, you guys stay," she commanded them, putting her hand out.

The hyenas fell back to the ground and looked up at her, their eyes big and sad.

"Awww...no, c'mon, I can't...you're sweethearts, you are, but if someone else is lookin' for you..."

The boy whimpered softly, and the girl reached out one paw, laying it possessively on Harley's outstretched hand.

“Ooooh...Ivy’s gonna kill me,” Harley muttered, and knelt back down to scratch their heads again. “But okay, I give in!”

The hyenas barked and laughed and toppled playfully into her, and Harley couldn’t resist.

“Okay, okay, down,” she laughed and stood again. “Alright, let’s go home. And figure out how to explain myself this time,” she added to herself. Harley held a finger to her lips to think as she walked back toward home, two furry new friends trailing behind her

Renee knew she was dreaming, because there were so many strange noises all around her. Chittering and roaring, braying, trumpeting, like half a zoo was running around in her unconscious mind. She lay in her bed and enjoyed the nonsense for a little while, but when her eyes flickered open, the noise didn’t stop. Then it was less entertaining.

She didn’t waste any time getting to her phone and dialed that number, wondering just how many of these calls Barbara had already had from the earlier risers. “Hey Babs, what’s going on?” hse asked, almost casually.

“Very funny. Are you up for some damage control?” Barbara’s tired voice came back over the phone.

“Seriously, what happened?” Renee asked, glancing out the window and caught the barest glimpse of something brown and furry as it swung into a sidewalk tree..

“Haley’s got attacked last night. Heard about this Film Freak kid? He thinks he’s a big-shot, I’ve been having Spoiler take care of him. Likes re-creating movies.”

“Why?”

“Hell if I know, he’s a freak,” Barbara answered back. “Anyway, the police caught him early this morning outside the park gibbering about Jumanji. Kid who works at the circus said he let all the animals loose.”

Renee blinked, and sighed. "Great. I'll suit up."

"It's basic clean-up work," Barbara added, "We're just trying to get them all back. Mr. Haley has a master list, whole city's been asked to help out. But if I can send someone with some armor and a tranquilizer out there instead, it'd be better."

"Got it. I'll drop by your place for supplies first." Renee nodded, and hung up the phone. She caught the movement again in her eyes and waited still by the window, darting her arms out at the next rustle of leaves. She dragged a small brown monkey back inside with her. The cheery creature gave her a toothy grin, and Renee sighed. "This is gonna be a really long day, isn't it?"

The day was rising warm and bright, and Ivy soaked up the sunlight with her plants as she watered them. Something in the air seemed off, but she couldn't put a finger on how. She wasn't about to assume that it didn't matter—this was Gotham City, after all. But she didn't sense anything harmful around her, so Ivy let her worries go away for as long as she could afford to.

Unfortunately, she couldn't relax for as long as she would have liked. When Ivy stood and turned to the west side of her garden, she spotted the well-groomed horse that was steadily clip-clopping down the street. He was getting close enough for Ivy to see the hungry look in his eyes, and she could have sworn that he licked his lips at the sight of her vegetables.

Ivy gritted her teeth and watched the creature make its way toward the poisoned land. She didn't feel guilty threatening humans when they came onto her property, but the horse didn't know what it was doing. She looked in all directions for an owner or trainer, and sighed when she saw no one. It would be up to her to protect the poor dumb thing from its hunger.

"Go on, shoo, get out of here!" she called, stepping closer to the animal and waving her arms. The horse only blinked. "The hell did you come

from, anyway?" She asked it, slowly getting closer, holding her hands out now, not wanting to spook him, whatever she did. "Go on...nothing for you here."

Ivy heard the squeals and shouts of excited youngsters from far down the street, gritting her teeth at the thought of all those eyes catching her while they watched the horse pass by. She would have loved to leave its care to the normal people, but the creature was still ambling toward her garden without stopping.

"This is ridiculous," she muttered, and reached toward the grass growing just beyond the borders of her poisoned land. She grew the blades high and thick, and as she had hoped, the horse noticed them and clopped over to investigate the new arrivals. With a bit of extra focus, Ivy urged the grass to grow sweet and juicy, wincing as she felt the first bites taken out of the blades. "Sorry, loves, but he does have to eat..."

While the horse was distracted, Ivy snuck back inside and turned on her radio; Harley may have preferred the small TV they had finally put in, but something about the lower-tech machine made Ivy more comfortable. She dialed through the stations until she finally found one that made the day make sense.

"...updates on our main story this morning, the break-out at Haley's Circus. Police report that the animals are slowly returning to the Gotham Central Park Pavilion, either on their own or with the help of our good citizens. But there are plenty still running loose, so please, Gotham, watch out today!"

Ivy clicked the radio off, sighed and went back outside. "Well, that's an explanation. Come on, now...let's get you home and away from my garden," she said, stepping closer to the horse as it finished its meal.

The creature brayed and stepped closer, sniffing at Ivy's outstretched hand. He still wore his reins, and Ivy took them in her hands, glaring around herself in the bright sunlight as people started to stare. "What, this helps me out too," she muttered to herself, and led the horse back down the street to where he belonged.

Harley Quinn still walked with the two hyenas close behind on either side. She had already grown used to hearing their footsteps, the way their nails clicked on the sidewalk behind her, and it made Harley giggle with joy when either one of them bumped a nose into her hand. The hot sun rose closer to midday, and she could hear them starting to pant as all three got thirsty.

“Come on, I know just what you need, sweeties!” Harley grinned, and led her furry friends toward a small duck pond, right at the entrance to Gotham Central Park. She was aware by now that something very odd was going on today, but Harley was letting it roll off her back and going with the flow, not paying very much attention to the snippets of news broadcasts she had found. From here, she could just make out the tip of the big top on the other side of the park, and no one was lingering around the grass and the water from here. “Drink up!”

The hyenas stepped to the water and began to drink, noisily and messily, making Harley laugh again.

“Now, if you two’re gonna stay here, we’re gonna need names for you,” She told them, sitting between them on the grass. Harley put a finger to her lips as she thought, falling backward and staring up at the sky. “Girl and a boy...lessee....didn’t think I was gonna have to pick names for a while yet,” she grinned.

The hyenas finished their drink and sat at either side of her, stretching themselves out as well. Simple as she sometimes acted, Harley wasn’t a complete fool; they behaved as though they’d been trained from birth, domestic and friendly, and she’d caught enough of the news and the chaos on her walk to know where they came from. Harley also knew that they liked her, and this was something that she didn’t want to give up. She lazily scratched the girl’s belly as she tried to think.

“Want somethin’ to pair you two up...maybe you can be Lucy and Ricky?” She looked over to check their reactions. Both creatures had their heads on their paws, looking bored. “Yeah...too old? You two’re probably too young to get it,” she concluded, putting her hands behind her head. “Maybe....Fred and Wilma? Belle and....hm, well the Beast didn’t have a real name...” Harley thought and mused and stretched under the

sun for quite a while, tossing out names of various couples and waiting for some sign that the hyenas were listening. "Betty and Archie?" She looked over and saw the girl's tail wag, one speckled ear standing up as she cocked her head quizzically. "Betty? Am I close?" Harley asked, stroking her head. "Betty...Barbie....Bonnie..."

The girl laughed and jumped to her feet.

"Bonnie?" Harley grinned, and scratched her ears, before turning to her brother. "Then you must be Clyde!"

Clyde giggled and practically nodded his agreement. Both hyenas moved closer to Harley, nuzzling her like tame dogs.

"Alright! Well that takes care of that," Harley beamed as she stood back up, leading Bonnie and Clyde back away from the park and their old circus home, down the streets toward the edges of Gotham, and Ivy's little house.

Many, if not most, of the loose animals were drawing excited squeals and happy attention from the people of Gotham City, but the old lioness scared the people she passed as she stalked through the streets. She sniffed the air, searching for something, driving off any humans she came across with rough, predatory growls.

All the humans except one, that is.

On the rooftops above the street, Catwoman kept pace with the lioness, carefully watching her movements. It was rare for her to be out with this much sunshine (and she was starting to re-think the black costume in that light), but it was a rare day when she was needed like this.

"Poor misunderstood thing," Catwoman murmured as she watched and waited. She admired the power and grace in the lion's limbs, watched the muscles ripple underneath her coat. She wasn't hunting, Catwoman could tell that much from the way she moved. But she was looking, stalking, searching every corner of the city that she could find, and when the lioness let out a sound somewhere between a roar and a cry,

Catwoman felt her heartstrings tugged.

She jumped down with a smooth landing and caught the big cat's attention as she held her hands out in a non-threatening pose. "Easy, girl. I want to help you."

The lion growled, backing away from the newcomer, and Catwoman kept her paces small. "What are you looking for so hard?" A quiet whine eked out of the lioness' throat, and Catwoman nodded. "Okay, you lead the way. I'll help you."

With a mixture of suspicion and confusion in her eyes, the lioness continued on her way, deeming Catwoman a small enough threat to ignore. Together, they walked through the streets, keeping away from as many people as possible as Catwoman tried to read the signs, keeping her own eyes and ears out. They prowled in silence for a long time, until the lioness seemed to have gotten used to Catwoman's presence. Finally, she caught the scent she had been searching for, and bolted toward a fenced-off area between a pair of buildings. Catwoman noted her urgency, and followed fast.

There was a small hole in the bottom of the fence, much too small for the lioness to reach through, but she pawed at it and raised her head to Catwoman, with a look of worry that transcended species. When she lifted herself up to look over, Catwoman could just make out the purrs and whines of something small at play. Over the dust of an empty construction site, she could see three little brown bodies darting between each other.

"Oh my...there they are," she chuckled, and smiled at the big cat beside her. "Safe and sound."

The lioness still pawed at the hole, whining and finally roaring to grab her cubs' attention. The little things bounded toward their mother, but something had changed since their exploration that morning; the hole they had wriggled their way through had been closed off by a weight that fell from the machinery, leaving them without enough room to squeeze back in.

"Allow me," Catwoman readied herself and leapt over the fence in one

smooth movement, landing among the cubs. On the other side, the lioness lifted herself onto her hind legs, her front paws barely reaching the top of the metal. One by one, Catwoman lifted up the cubs, accepting their pawing and licking at her hands. She handed them off to their mother, who took their necks in her mouth and set them down on the sidewalk. When all three had been transferred over, the lioness lifted herself up once more and looked Catwoman straight in the eye, before lowering her head. Catwoman slowly touched her hand to the lioness' fur. "Don't mention it. Happy to help."

The lions made their way back down the street as the cubs continued to play and enjoying their time outside of the circus tent. Catwoman watched them with a lingering smile, knowing she'd done well.

"You owe me. So much. And I'm going to remember that."

"What, like you'd really rather be fighting crime today? You don't like a little change of pace?"

"Not when it's peeing on my shoes." Renee grimaced and looked down at the tiny, yapping, costumed dogs that were swarming around her feet. She hoped the high-pitched noises were making their way through her communicator straight into Barbara's ears.

"Hey, I didn't make this happen. I just relay the police scanner, the rest of it's on all of you."

*Of course it is, Renee thought, You don't have to deal with this from the clock-tower. Up there, you're probably even avoiding the smell.* "Are we at least getting close to done?" she asked out loud.

There were tapping computer keys, and then an answer. "It's looking like it. Days like this I remember why I like living here after all, the whole city's been great. Once you get that pack back to the park it ought to be almost over."

"Thank god." Renee looked down and around her again. The dogs were all different breeds in matching outfits, a trained group that did stupid

tricks with the clowns. They would be cute, really, if they were doing what they were supposed to. Instead, Renee was trying to lead a half-wild pack, all of them spoiled and none of them leashed. They barked and they yipped, and they ran circles around Batgirl as she tried to keep them in her line of sight.

“Sure you little brats are all gonna get rewarded for coming home,” Renee muttered to them, as they rounded the corner toward the circus. “Steaks and biscuits and everything else you’re used to, right?”

Four of the dogs barked in unison, all of them wagging their tails at the words.

Renee sighed, and continued to lead them, an irritated pied piper. “Batman never has to waste his time on this.”

The sun had reached its peak in the sky and now slowly started to drop down, after a long morning of frenzied activity. The Gothamites who had turned up in the streets to watch the spectacle had retreated back into their homes to avoid it before very long, and even most of the good Samaritans had found themselves out of their league. At Haley’s circus, the reunions were constant, and more and more creatures were checked off of the master list as they were brought back home. The pair of hyenas were still left without a mark, and somewhere out in the city, there was a young elephant exploring.

Spoiler had made it her mission to rescue this elephant.

Granted, it wasn’t the kind of impressive marker of her power and strength that a full-sized elephant would have been, but a two-year-old was still plenty big, and an elephant was an elephant as far as she cared. When she told the story later, she didn’t necessarily have to tell anyone how old it was.

“Heeeere elly-elly-elly,” Spoiler called as she swung herself around the rooftops on her grappling line. “Come to Spoiler, so she can have a nice big name-making adventure!” She ignored the sights that were lingering on the sidewalks below, the occasional critters that still roamed. Her face

brightened like a lightbulb when she heard a quiet, childish trumpet answering her call.

When she finally reached her quarry, it had managed to trap itself on a kids' playground. The toddler elephant had her right front foot and left back foot held up on a pair of wobbling seats on springs that children liked to ride on. It looked like she had tried to lift herself up, and was now too afraid of the unstable motion to remove her feet. When reaching for help, she had stuck her trunk through the nearby climbing dome, a lattice of metal bars with spaces just small enough to be trapped in. Her trumpets were cut off and scared, but the eyes looked at Spoiler with so much trust as she approached.

"Okay...alright, I can do this," Spoiler smiled to herself, psyching up as she came closer. "I can do this without crushing anything. Come on, let's go, Steph."

The elephant trumpeted again, tossing her head as she tried to get her trunk free of the bars. Spoiler stepped slowly toward the jungle gym, deciding it would be easier to calm her down by taking care of this first. The twitching 'fingers' at the end of her nose grabbed at Steph's hand when she touched it, holding on for comfort and support, and Spoiler gave the creature a gentle smile. "That's it, I've got you. Come on now...this might hurt just a little," She warned her, before squeezing off the end of the trunk for only long enough to push it back to the other side of the metal.

A louder, happier trumpet sounded out, but quickly petered out when the elephant struggled and swerved on the springs under her feet. Spoiler took a long breath as she tried to work out her next move, her fingers idly twirling the rope under her grappling hook for a full minute before her face brightened. "Hey, okay, let's try this." She smiled, and gently patted the elephant's trunk. She tossed the line around the sturdiest nearby tree branch that she could find, and carefully ran the rope beneath the elephant's belly. Then she tied a spare hook to the other end, tying that side of the rope to the jungle gym.

"Okay sweetheart...you're okay, not gonna fall with this in place," Spoiler assured the elephant, moving back toward her and laying a gloved hand over her ear. "So come on...you can step off now, just nice and

slow, and then we'll get you home."

Very slowly, the elephant lowered her dangling front foot onto the ground, stabilizing her enough to take her back foot off of the spring. Spoiler was sure she'd felt the ground shake as the bottom half of the elephant touched down, and from there it was simple enough for her to get herself down, with Steph's gentle coaxing.

"That's it...all you needed was someone to hold your hand...er, trunk," she said, giving her newest friend an abundance of strokes and petting. The long trunk returned the favor, reaching for Spoiler's back and playfully patting it. "Aw man...do I have to take you back?" Spoiler laughed, but untied her rope and wound it back into her pocket to start the walk back. "You're way more fun than Beast Boy...at least I know you're always gonna keep that trunk to yourself."

The elephant snorted and brayed gently, which Steph took as an agreeing laugh. Trunk-in-hand, they worked their way back through the streets, even if they dawdled.

Harley was worried as she wound her way through the last few streets to home, but for the most part she trusted her instincts. After all, if she loved her new pets this much, Ivy couldn't really hate them. It was to Harley's credit that she at least knew she was trying to fool herself. With Bonnie and Clyde on either side of her, Harley made her way to the side door of the house, and let herself in, holding a finger to her lips to keep the hyenas quiet.

"Harl? Is that you?" Ivy called from another room.

"Yeah, I'm home!" Harley motioned for the hyenas to stay behind her, hiding, and she poked her head in from the side of the doorframe. "Crazy day, huh?"

"Tell me about it." Ivy was settled in her chair, relaxing and idly tugging one of her indoor plants toward herself, stroking its leaves. "Did you get caught up in it?"

“Well, yeah, you could say that.” Harley giggled as she felt one of her pets licking at her ankle, and quickly cleared her throat. “So...uh...let’s say hypothetically, do you think you ever want to get a pet?”

Ivy froze and looked up at her friend. She quickly stood and crossed the room to look behind the doorway. “What did you do?” She stopped in front of Harley, and peered around her. The hyenas padded out from behind their mistress, both of them quiet, as though they knew they had to be reserved. Harley braced herself for the lecture she was so sure was coming, but her eyes snapped back open at Ivy’s next words.

“Well...hello there, you two.” Ivy knelt down to look at the hyenas, not seeming exactly happy, but not immediately upset, either. “Are they as vicious as they look?”

“Wouldn’t hurt a fly!” Harley swore, bending down herself and petting both of them with either hand. Bonnie and Clyde both closed their eyes and lay on the floor, turning to expose their bellies for rubs.

Ivy looked over the scene and thought hard, not needing any of Harley’s explanations to deduce what had happened. “You know...I can’t say it’d hurt anything to have something else to keep the neighbors at bay,” she said finally, with a small smirk. “So long as you keep them away from my garden. And my slippers.”

“Oh, Ivy, thank you, you bet!” Harley squealed with delight and hugged her friend tight. The hyenas joined in the squeals, laughing and rolling on the floor.

Ivy only kept chuckling. “The things I do for you...This means you don’t get to complain next time you don’t get what you want.”

Harley blushed and grinned, standing up and whistling for the animals to follow her. “You guys are gonna love it here! You can sleep in my room, there’s room on the bed!”

Ivy watched them and shook her head, settled back into her chair and reached for her own pets, the potted plants that lived inside. For the longest time, she had been sure all she wanted was peace, quiet and solitude. Now, a pair of half-wild creatures was moving in, with all the

attendant mess and noise. And Ivy found herself looking forward to filling the home with the love that Harley had for them.

At least it would never be boring.

Haley's Circus opened the following night, after all the dust had settled, to the biggest Gotham audience since the days of the Flying Graysons. Renee and Barbara sat in the crowd half-watching the show, and half-talking about the events.

"So they're sure they got everything back?" Renee asked, shifting in her seat as the clowns and canines tickled the fancies of the children in the audience.

"That's what they're saying," Barbara nodded, applauded when appropriate, and glanced back toward her friend. "Officially, there's nothing they need back."

Renee raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean 'officially'?"

"I managed to get into their network and check their list this afternoon. There's just one pair missing, but the manager's e-mail was pretty clear they were just gonna leave them behind. Apparently the act wasn't working anyway, and they swear they're tame."

"Wonderful. I'll be on the lookout," Renee sighed. "What am I looking out for?"

"They might have just made their way to the zoo already anyway. A pair of hyenas, they were born around here. Haley's officially saying they got back, but they were purchased from the Gotham zoo a couple years ago. With a little luck, they just went home."

Renee answered with another fidget, and forced applause. "I really hope so. But I'll look out all the same. With a little luck it's just over, and we won't have to worry about anything this nuts for a while."

Barbara chuckled. "Keeps you on your toes, anyway. If nothing else, it

never gets boring.”

Renee made a noncommittal noise, and smiled when Barbara wasn't looking. It was true, of course. Even if the rest of the citizens got to, the people under the costumes would never have a quiet, boring day as long as they wore them. But she was still glad this particular catastrophe was over.

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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 #19 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Now and Then.

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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