



**Gotham: City of the Dead #1**  
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**Gotham: City of the Dead**  
Issue 1 of 4: "Ulterior Motives"  
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Click '...live from Gotham City...' click '...here tonight on location...' click '...only six weeks after the invasion...' click '...total chaos in the entire city...' click '...federal government declaring...' click '...quarantine of the whole...' click '...local vigilante the Batman...' click '...sighted among other costumed heroes...' click '...what appears to be walking dead...' click

Drug addict Justin Kocina scratched his head as clicked through the channels on his television. Assuming one of his junkie pals was screwing with him, he walked up to it. He looked down at the VCR and saw a tape sticking out of it. He pushed it in. Wait a minute, he thought to himself, as the hamster on the wheel in his head started running at an uneasy pace. The tape started playing a collection of music videos. If that wasn't a tape then... Justin whipped around, looking at the only door to his tiny apartment. The door burst open and Justin dropped to the floor screaming. Blood splattered across his television screen, which was still playing a music video. Justin joined the ranks of the undead as the music played on...

*(How do you see it?  
How do you know?  
How do you see it?)  
I've looked ahead and everything was dead,  
(How do you know?)  
I guess that I am too.  
(How do you see it?)  
I've looked ahead and everything was dead,  
(How do you know?)  
I guess that I am...  
I GUESS THAT I AM TOO!*

*The minute that it's born,  
it begins to die.  
I'd love to just give in.  
Ohh. I'd love to live this lie...*

*I'm on my way down now;  
I'd like to take you with me.  
I'm on my way down.*

**48 Hours ago:**

In the upscale neighborhood of Gotham Heights, a young boy lay on his bed watching television. The warm glow illuminating the room flickered each time he clicked a button on the remote control. After channel surfing for several minutes, he finally stopped on his favorite movie channel. It was the Friday Night Fright Marathon. He fell asleep watching one of the old horror movies his parents have warned him about watching. His nana Ethel was watching him while his parents are away for the evening. Ethel was pretty lenient and as long as he didn't tell his parents, she wouldn't ether. Nana Ethel was much older than his last nanny, but he liked her all the same. The last thing he saw on the screen before falling asleep was a zombie clamoring for the brains of a teenage girl.

Moments later, he was fast asleep and started to dream. He was in an old cemetery and everything was in black and white. The wind blew through the leafless limbs of the dead trees. In the distance he heard a low guttural wail. He started to walk slowly at first until he heard it again and walked faster. The noise was getting closer. Up ahead was a church and if he could just make it there, he thought to himself, everything will be okay. He heard the wail once more. This time it was right behind and he ran as fast as his short legs would carry him. The church was getting closer; he dared not turn around to see what was after him. After what felt like an eternity, he finally made it into the church and closed the heavy double doors behind. At the end of the isle he saw a pastor crouched down over an older woman.

"Please sir, please help me!" He cried out, but the pastor did not turn around. The boy moved closer repeating his plea. He approached the pastor and puts a hand on his shoulder. "Please?!" He said again

“There’s someone after me!”

The pastor turned around quickly leaving the bloody older woman on the floor. He looked at the boy with his yellowed eyes and blood covering his face. His teeth gnashed and he leapt toward the boy. The boy, petrified with fear, could do nothing but cower to the floor screaming.

“AAHHHHHHH!!!”

The alarm next to Bruce Wayne’s bed screeched loudly, echoing through the normally lonely Wayne Manor. Many of the grounds were still inhabited by refugees he and Dick had led in after the invasion. Many people had lost their homes and their livelihoods. Bruce rolled over and staggered out of bed. Black and blue from a fight with some arms dealers the night before, he found it harder to get up than some mornings. They were dealing hi tech weapons, something he would be looking into a little deeper as soon as he could. The sleepy billionaire headed for the kitchen for some coffee. His loyal butler Alfred was waiting with a pot already brewed. Bruce took a seat on a stool at the breakfast bar. Alfred poured his coffee and set out a plate with egg whites, Canadian bacon and a bowl of fruit.

“Good morning, Master Bruce. How are we feeling this morning? You had some pretty nasty bruises when you returned last night.”

“I’ll be okay Alfred; it’s those weapons I’m concerned about. If there’re more coming to Gotham a lot of people could end up with more than some bruises” Alfred handed Bruce the paper.

“If you don’t mind me saying so, Sir, I think the world’s greatest detective may have his hands full with another case.” Bruce took the paper and started to read from it out loud.

“At six thirty this morning, Governor Newmen awoke to find his son missing. Seth Newman, age ten, had reportedly fallen asleep watching television. When the Governor and his wife woke up this morning, Seth was gone. Police are not giving out much information at this time. In an early morning press conference, Police Lieutenant Gordon made these comments, ‘We are doing everything we can to work with the secret service and all agencies involved. As with any missing child this case is our

top priority. That's all' ...” Bruce stood up from the table taking one last drink from his coffee. “Alfred, meet me down in the cave with another pot of coffee and something for a headache.”

“Yes sir. Coffee and aspirin coming up.”

Far below the stately manner, Bruce sat in front of his large computer monitor tapping wildly on his keyboards, soaking in all the information he could find. The cave was still largely in disrepair, but Alfred had been working hard as usual to at least make it functional. An instant message popped up on his screen. It was from James Gordon.

‘B-M pier eleven at seven’

‘J-G I’ll be there’ Bruce wrote back.

His ally had used the code the Dark Knight had given him. The actual meeting would be at pier seven at eleven. It was a simple enough trick, but it worked. Alfred walked in with Bruce’s coffee and painkillers.

“I take it you’ll be canceling your date tonight, Master Bruce?”

“Yes Alfred. Call Miss Kitka and tell her I won’t be making it.”

“Yes sir, and what about your meeting?”

“The one with Kord?”

“Yes sir.”

“I’ll be there.” Bruce said, looking up at his computer screen, the second page article from the Gotham Gazette on it. The by-line read: “Inventor Ted Kord to visit Gotham in wake of recent robberies.”

“I’ll ready the car sir.”

High above Central City, the hovercraft invented by self-made millionaire Ted Kord, hovered across the early morning skyline. After the destruction of Powers Towers during the invasion, Ted came back to

Central City to work on a few things. His destination was a tech lab owned by his company Kord Omniversal. Normally he wouldn't be visiting the lab without a tie on his neck and a pair of slacks, but today was not normal. His labs had been getting robbed quite frequently. Today, Ted Kord was not visiting the lab. His alter ego, the Blue Beetle, was. Landing the bug on top of the building, Blue Beetle jumped out and made his way to a secured stairwell. He gave his staff the day off so he could move more freely through his investigation. So far, there were six labs in all, each one of them missing something different. It didn't take a genius to figure out someone was trying to build something. Ted searched through the various projects that his people had been working on. The one missing the most pieces was a set of equipment that tracks the rapid eye movement during sleep patterns. It was a preliminary test piece for a machine that would allow someone to watch the subject's dreams on a computer screen. It hadn't worked thus far and no evidence had shown that it ever would. The reason he had invented it was to find a way to communicate with coma victims. When ethical questions about looking into people's minds and privacy laws were raised, the program was reluctantly scrapped.

Ted went to check out the spot where the burglar had broken in. He pulled back the police tape and inspected everything for himself. At first, he found the same thing the cops found, a footmark on the door where it had been kicked in. What the police hadn't noticed that Ted had picked up on, was that there are three locks on the door. Only two of the spots on the doorframe were broken. The third one was code activated and had been either unlocked at the time of the break in, or left that way by someone on the inside.

Blue Beetle sat down at a nearby computer and went over the projects everyone has been working. Scrolling through the files on his staff, he narrowed it down to only a few who had worked in every lab that had been robbed. The first was a young woman about Ted's age who had worked for Ted for five years. He hired her straight from college and always had kind of a thing for her. The next was Dr. John Dee, the man Ted hired to replace his late Uncle Jarvis.

"Would you look at that," Ted mumbled to himself, "a doctorate in dream psychology."

Dr. Dee had been working in all the labs. He had even traveled to one

over in Gotham that Ted wanted to sell off to Waynetech. In fact, he was meeting with Bruce and Lucius today. Ted had recently decided to sell off his major labs to concentrate on other ventures. His extra curricular activities had taken much of his time away. Every since the invasion last month, he had been very busy as Blue Beetle trying to help in recovery.

He downloaded the files and headed out to the roof. He took a moment to look out at the view of the city, before zipping off in the bug.

In an undisclosed location somewhere in Gotham city, Seth Newman awoke, screaming from the worst nightmare of his life.

“Ah, there we are, Seth.” A mans voice came over an income. “You were having a bad dream. That's all. Take a drink of the water on the floor near your bed.” Seth got up and stepped off the bed onto the dry rotted hardwood flooring. He looked around at the decaying white paint on the old walls.

“Wh—where am I?” He asked, his young voice cracking with fear.

“Hey now, it’s okay. Just go ahead and get yourself a drink of that water.” The voice came again in a strange kindly manner. The boy reluctantly picked up the glass and started to drink. As he did, he realized how thirsty he really was. He greedily drank down the rest as a man lost in the desert would do. “That’s it. Drink up.” Just as the voice on the intercom said the words, the boy started feeling woozy. He stumbled toward the bed, but fell short. landing on the floor. Not hearing the door open, he was surprised when he looked up at the spinning room that was going dark around him. He looked at the person standing above him as his eyes closed.

“Nana?”

Bruce entered the meeting room of the Wayne Corp. building several moments late. He took a seat at the table after greeting Ted Kord and Lucius Fox. The two men were already in mid-conversation.

“Bruce, I was just telling Lucius I have decided to sell off all my major

labs.”

“We’ve been trying to talk you in to giving them up for years, why the sudden change of heart?” Bruce responded in a tone with just a hint of knowing.

“I am sure you’ve seen the news, Bruce. I can’t seem to keep them from getting robbed.” Ted answered in a joking manner. Then he continued, “I just don’t have the time to run them the way I want anymore. I’ll be keeping a small one in San Francisco that I’ll oversee myself. Part of the deal is that a free flow of information continue to be exchanged between all labs.”

“Well, it sounds good to me.” Lucius asserted. A young secretary stuck her head in the door and interrupted.

“Mr. Fox, there’s someone on the phone for you. They insist on speaking to you right away.”

“Okay. I’ll take that in my office.” Lucius said to the secretary who was eyeing Bruce.

“Excuse me gentlemen, that is probably Mr. Keaton he’s been quite persistent on getting his project complete. Bruce, I trust you can iron out the details with Mr. Kord?”

“No problem, Lucius.” Bruce answered, smiling.

“Ted it was great seeing you again.”

“You too Lucius.” Ted said, shaking the hand of the kindly older man. Bruce watched Mr. Fox leave and then continued the conversation, steering it slightly.

“So, Ted what kind of tech has been taken from the labs?”

“Just this and that. Nothing in particular.” Ted answered. Bruce pulled a folder out of his briefcase and tossed it on the table casually.

“Dream monitoring technology, highly advanced silicon chips not even Microsoft has yet, do I need to go on? Nothing in particular?” Ted eyed

Bruce for a moment and then responded.

"I have the most expensive private investigators I could find working on the case. There is nothing to worry about."

"Are you sure about that? "

"Listen, what's this all about Bruce?"

"You and I both know that your inventions can be extremely dangerous in the wrong hands." Bruce responded, his voice elevated.

"Me? What about Waynetech? Everything you make over here has a military application. I invent things to help people!" Ted shouted, the two men now standing face to face.

"Waynetech labs have less than one percent security risks. I don't get robbed. If I did it sure wouldn't happen six times in three weeks." Bruce shouted back. Something came over Ted and he couldn't hold it back. After Booster's disappearance, and everything that happened during the invasion Ted had been somewhat on edge.

He took a swing at Bruce and connected, busting his upper lip open. Bruce rolled with the punch minimizing the damage. He cursed under his breathe for not expecting it. Generally, people swung at Batman and not Bruce Wayne. He wiped the blood from his lip, smiling at Ted. Ted looked shocked at himself and stepped back.

"Bruce, I'm..." Ted started to apologize but was cut off when Alfred entered the room. The Wayne family butler noticed Bruce's lip and handed him a handkerchief from his breast pocket.

"Is everything in order sir?" He asked his employer quizzically.

"Yes, Alfred. We were just discussing business."

"Pardon the interruption, Sir, but word has just come that a Waynetech R and D lab has been broken into." Ted couldn't help but smile at Bruce when he heard the news.

“You were saying?” He asked Bruce sarcastically.

“I think we’re done here.” Bruce said coldly. “ You can follow up with Lucius about our decision.” Bruce exited the room, holding the handkerchief to his mouth.

Night fell over the city like a flu that won’t go away. The batmobile shot from the hillside overlooked by Wayne Manor. The house itself was as much a mask to the man driving as the one that covered his head. Deep inside he knew it all too well. Bruce Wayne was the true mask. He died right along with his parents. The cowl and cape were ingrained to his very soul and on nights like these he’s even surer of it. Any crime involving innocent children only served to remind him of that fact. It was the very reason he took in Dick Grayson after he too was robbed of his family. He thought of Dick for a passing moment. How he, unlike Bruce Wayne, had managed to keep a part of himself from dying that horrible evening under the big top. Dick wasn’t the only one who had grown during his time as Robin.

Batman decided to concentrate on the kidnapping first. He waited in the shadows, watching for Jim Gordon. He smelled cigarettes in the air and knew that Jim was near. Lt. Gordon walked up the pier with the collar on his brown trench coat pulled high. The only thing you could make in the dark of his face was a gleam off of a street lamp that caught his glasses. He stopped near the edge of the pier and took a long thoughtful drag off of his smoke. He looked around for a moment, then turned around and nearly bumped into Batman.

“Awe crap! Do you have to do that every time?” He said, only half joking.

“I’ll quite my habit when you quite yours.” The dark detective answered with as friendly a tone one can have in the octave he used as Batman.

“Fine. Give me a heart attack why don’t you? Listen I’m sorry for the shadowy secret meeting, but the secret service is all over me to keep you out of this one.”

“The shadows don’t bother me.” Batman answers, trying to ignore the

other stuff Jim said.

"Right." Jim replied.

"What do you know so far?" Gordon pulled a file from inside his trench coat. Batman took it and thumbed through it.

"He was taken sometime between midnight and six-thirty a.m." Gordon said between long drags of his cigarette. "The toxicology lab found traces of a sleeping agent in the parent's blood stream. They were drugged and they don't even remember going to bed."

"What about a ransom note? I don't see one here."

"That's because there's not one."

"That's curious. Is there another motive to kidnapping the Governor's child? Perhaps, political?" Batman said this out loud, but didn't seem to be asking as much as just thinking out loud. "Anything else stand out?" Batman asked. Gordon took one last puff from his smoke and threw it into the water

"Yeah this." Gordon said and pulled out a baggie with a cotton swab. "The lab confirmed that it's some kind of fear toxin." Batman's jaw clenched and his expression tightened.

"Crane." He said sternly.

"That's what I thought. When I went to check up on him, he was still in Arkham. He's as docile as they come. He even fell asleep before I left."

"Others have found ways to work around being locked up."

"Yeah, but those doctors have got him so doped up he doesn't know up from down."

"Still, it's worth another look."

"Suit yourself. You always do."

"Never underestimate Jonathon Crane." Batman told Gordon.

"I guess you have a point there."

"Were any of the other family members exposed?"

"So far, the tests are coming back negative."

"I'll be in touch." Batman stroked his chin thoughtfully. Jim turned to say good-bye, but as usual, Batman was already gone into the shadows. He sighed to himself and strolled away along the pier, reflecting on his day.

The batmobile rolled to a stop outside of Arkham Asylum. The Dark Detective emerged from a nest of buttons and wires. He headed up the stone walkway that led to the entrance where two guards sat in the booth. One of them was new, he noted to himself. When he reached them, the new one asked him for his security pass. Batman shot the regular guard a sideways glance. The experienced guard put his hand on the new guy's shoulder and said, "It's okay. He's got all the security pass he needs." Batman gave him a nod. The shadow of the tall iron gates played across the back of the Caped Crusader as he passed through them. Batman walked down a long row of cell doors, maniacal laughter and insane chatter coming from each one of them. He stopped in front of the last one on the left.

"Dr. Crane." He said, peering through the slot in the door. "I have some questions for you."

"Well hello there." The man known as the scarecrow said sarcastically. He appeared to be a little less than coherent with his meds running through his system. "Here to beat on me some more, Bats? Cause that's a fun game we haven't played for awhile."

"That all depends on you." Batman answered coldly, staring Crane directly in the eyes.

"You know Batman they say you can learn a great deal about a man through his eyes. I find it interesting that you hide yours." Crane sneered

at the Batman.

“What do you know about the kidnapping Crane?” Batman asked, almost growling. Crane paced slowly in a big circle around his cell almost off balance.

“Now, now Batman,” He said, laughing softly, “you know you can’t threaten me in here. Even if you could, they have me feeling good. I’m so doped up on meds I wouldn’t feel a thing.” Batman noticed his speech slurring as he talked. “So do your worst ass clown.” Crane shouted, rushing towards the slot in the door. Just as he pressed his face against it to look out, Batman landed a hard chop with the side of his hand through the slot. Crane tumbled backwards.

“You know Crane, the funny thing is, I believe you are innocent,” the Dark Knight paused, “this time. The thing is, someone used your fear toxins to do it.” Dr. Crane looked up, rubbing the now bruised bridge of his nose. Batman noticed a hint of surprise on his face. “That’s what I thought.” The Dark Detective said, matter-of-factly. “I’ll be going now.” Batman turned to walk away. The Scarecrow rushed back to the slot in the door, this time he kept a safe distance from it.

“Wait, wait,” He said, “I think I can help you, but I want something from you.”

Batman turned around and looked at him for a moment.

“What do you want Crane? An early release?”

“No, no nothing like that. It’s just...they don’t let us have pictures in here.” He said, whispering the last part. “I would really like to have a picture of my mother.”

Batman was taken slightly off guard by the request. He took a long measuring glance at Jonathan Crane and thought of the picture he himself kept hidden in his utility belt of his own mother.

“Fine Crane, but I check your info first.”

“Yes of course.” Crane answered. “I’ll tell you what I can. And you’ll get me the picture?”

Batman sat perched far above the streets of Gotham city. When a case doesn't add up, he comes up here to clear his head and reconnect the dots. In the distance he spotted an odd looking hovercraft. He spoke into his earpiece to Alfred.

"Alfred do you see anything abnormal on the satellite link?" He asked, hoping he wasn't seeing things.

"Sir? Are you referring to the bug shaped aircraft about six blocks to your north?"

"Yeah that's what I thought. A giant bug. Kord has lost his mind."

"Is that somehow different than a jet shaped like a bat sir?" Alfred asked.

"Very funny, Alfred." Bruce said, smiling as he leapt off the building.

The Blue Beetle flew across the rooftops of downtown Gotham, making his way across town to his lab. He looked down at his gloved hand, thinking of his swollen knuckles from when he punched Bruce Wayne earlier today. He wondered to himself what had come over him. Not normally being an angry person, he felt a little embarrassed about his actions. As he considered the day's events, he felt a slight jolt atop the bug. He looked up at the window and jumped in surprise. Looking right at him, upside down through the window, was the Batman. Ted panicked and lost momentary control of his ship. Once he regained it, the Batman was gone. He looked down at a nearby rooftop and saw the Dark Knight standing there, staring him down with a look a traffic cop would give when pulling someone over. He landed the bug on the top of the building and got out.

"You're in my city. Why?" Demanded the Caped Crusader.

"Geez man, you could've killed me up there." Blue Beetle retorted, trying to deflect the question.

"Answer the question." Batman said firmly. Blue Beetle looked at the

Dark Knight for a moment and noticed something. Batman had a busted lip.

“Bruce? Is that you?” Batman took a step towards Blue Beetle and eyed him up and down. He then took a lightening fast swing, knocking Ted to the ground and busting his lip wide open.

“Now we’re even.”

“Yeah, I guess we are.” Ted said, looking up at Batman.

Batman gave Blue Beetle a measuring look for what seemed like an eternity, and then finally spoke. “What do you got on the lab robberies?”

“Inside job. All of them. Central city’s finest missed it the first time around. I took a second look.”

“Any suspects?” Asked Batman.

“Dr. John Dee. He is the only common thread between all the labs. He’s scheduled to be here at my Gotham lab this week.”

“Why do you think he went after a Waynetech lab?”

“He’s building something. He majored in Dream Psychology and all the missing components have various functions on my dream monitoring tech.”

“What would his interest be in Dream monitoring?”

“I don’t know. I was hoping to ask him. My Gotham lab is the only one that has yet to be robbed.”

“We’ll stake it out. I’ll meet you there, I have a stop to make.”

“Um...yeah, okay.” Blue Beetle answered a bit confused at Batman’s willingness to work with him. “One more thing Bruce, Dan’s funeral, why weren’t you there?”

“I was.” Said Batman, before leaping off the rooftop as the bat-plane flew

by. His grappling hook caught the wing and he was off. Ted watched him disappear into the darkness, smiling.

Batman landed softly atop the childhood home of Dr. Jonathon Crane. Slipping into a dormer on top of the old house, the first thing Batman noticed was the dust that had settled into the dwelling. He made his way to the ground floor where the living room sat, seemingly untouched for years. The Dark Detective made his way over to the mantle and saw the picture in a small frame, just the way Crane had described it. Looking around as he picked it up, he noticed some of the dust had been disturbed. It was too late. The movement of the picture triggered the release of a large amount of fear toxins that sprayed from the fireplace. Batman has just enough time to contact Alfred before he passes out.

“Alfred...send Kord....”

“Master Bruce??”

Seth Newman was in a deep sleep when his abductor entered the room. The kindly man from the intercom reached down and pulled Seth’s eyelids open. He then shined a small flashlight into his pupils.

“He’s out. He won’t wake this time until we want him to. Bring me the fear toxins, please.” Nana Ethel walked into the room with a large syringe.

“Everything is going according to plan so far.” She said, handing the man the syringe. He held it up to the light and flicked the end of it. A small amount of the contents squirted into the air. He pushed the needle into the boy’s arm and pressed down on the plunger.

“Yes mother, everything is working out.”

*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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## From the same author on Feedbooks

Blue Beetle #1 (2006)

Blue Beetle, Issue 1 (of 4): Lessons of the Past.

When archaeologist Daniel Garrett disappears in a recently discovered ancient city, it's up to his former student and friend Ted Kord to find him. But before he can begin his search he makes a shocking discovery! Don't miss this 4-part mini-series starring the newest hero of the DC2!

Blue Beetle #2 (2006)

Blue Beetle, Issue 2 (of 4): Time Is On My Side.

Ted takes the fight to Chronos' door step In the second installment of the DC2 debut of The Blue Beetle! Plus, Dan Garret is laid to rest, but what familiar faces show up at the funeral?

Blue Beetle #3 (2006)

Blue Beetle, Issue 3 (of 4): The Evolution of Madness.

Now that Dan Garret has been laid to rest, it's time for Ted's world to turn upside down. The Madmen attack and Ted finds that being a superhero comes with some major pitfalls. Don't miss the debut of the Praying Mantis --- and how is he connected to the Madmen?

Blue Beetle #4 (2006)

Blue Beetle, Issue 4 (of 4): The End of the Beginning.

The Blue Beetle mini concludes but Ted is just getting started. Read the final chapter in his first adventures as a superhero to see what's next for Blue Beetle!

Gotham: City of the Dead #2 (2006)

Gotham: City of the Dead, Part 2 (of 4).

Blue Beetle races to the aid of the Dark Knight as Batman's life literally flashes before his eyes! What keeps the bogeyman up at night? Plus, the dead are walking the streets of Gotham City. How can this be?

Gotham: City of the Dead #3 (2006)

Gotham: City of the Dead, Part 3 (of 4).

The undead march on in part three of Gotham: City of the Dead. Scarecrow and Dr. Dee see their evil plans come to fruition but

why undead? President Maxwell Lord has a plan and an end game in sight. How far will one man go to protect an old friend? Also, more guests arrive in Gotham to pitch in. And oh yeah, Batman is there too!

*Gotham: City of the Dead #4 (2006)*

*Gotham: City of the Dead, Part 4 (of 4).*

*Gotham: City of the Dead* comes to an explosive conclusion in part four of four *The Devil's Last Dance and Other Neat Things*. Betrayals, Malicious intent and more Zombies! Scarecrow is going down, but who's taking him there? Find out this and more in this final chapter!

*Powers, Inc. #5 (2006)*

*Powers, Inc.: Blue and Gold.*

The team is separated and in the fight of their lives. Follow Blue Beetle, Booster Gold and Looker as they battle to save San Francisco from certain doom. What does Booster know about this crisis? The trio turns to an unlikely source. Booster Gold is banned from an unlikely place and has Looker been holding out on the team?

*Blue Beetle Vol. 2 #1 (2009)*

*Blue Beetle: Interview With a Superhero.*

It's a fresh start for the Blue Beetle as he takes leave from Powers, Inc. and moves to Midway City. Ted's got his inventor's cap firmly in place to kick off a new business venture, but not everyone is happy about his relocation.

Plus, what's been keeping Ted Kord up at night? What is STAR Labs not hiding anymore? Friends and enemies emerge and a nuclear attack is imminent.

*Blue Beetle Vol. 2 #2 (2009)*

*Blue Beetle: Secret Origins*

Mysteries unravel and ravel back up in the second installment of the ongoing series starring Ted Kord. A destroyed S.T.A.R. Labs facility, replicating scarabs and two familiar faces you may know join the fray as Ted tries to find the answers to a few urgent questions.

Blue Beetle Vol. 2 #3 (2009)

Blue Beetle: Rebirth.

With Peacemaker taken over by a scarab and the Nuclear Family still on the warpath, two El Paso teens come to Ted Kord's rescue as the secret history of the Blue Beetle continues to unravel, with a shocking cliffhanger that changes everything!

Blue Beetle Vol. 2 #4 (2010)

Blue Beetle: The End Is Nigh...Again.



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