



**Gotham: City of the Dead #3**  
Chris Paugh

**Published:** 2006

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

**Tag(s):** "The Question" "Blue Beetle" "Justice League" Comics DC2 Batman Scarecrow Batgirl Question Nightwing

*Gotham: City of the Dead*  
Issue 3 of 4: "A Hot Time in the Old Town"  
Written by: Chris Paugh  
Special guest writer: Charlie Wilkins  
Cover by: Drdread  
Edited by: John Elbe

Batman stood at attention in front of a wall of monitors located in one of his many satellite bat caves. Blue Beetle and Alfred were close by, both working on other computers diligently. The screens in front of Batman flickered from static to light as the Man of Steel became visible on it. The Martian Manhunter and some other Leaguers were in the background looking on.

"Batman, I saw Lord's announcement, there are reports coming in from everywhere. The League stands ready, if you need assistance."

The Dark Knight shook his head, still paying attention to all the other active monitors. "No. No more metas, I can't be sure that won't make this worse."

Superman's face shifted, confusion to outrage and back to quiet calm, but his finger pointed at Bruce. "I don't think that's your call to make, Bruce. People are dying in Gotham, they need the Justice League."

Batman paused for a moment, and then turned to the camera broadcasting his image into the headquarters of the Justice League, his jaw clenched, angry to be questioned by Superman. "And what do you think would happen if one of you fall? Die and comeback as a super powered zombie?" He shook his head slowly. "I won't... can't... take that risk." Superman fell silent, taken off guard by this possibility. Batman nodded slowly and then spoke again, "J'onn, can you read the minds of these things? Tell us anything?"

"<I...there's nothing but hunger... >"The Martian Manhunter sat down looking somewhat pained, his hand to his beetle browed temples.

"We know nothing. No intel. We've seen what happens to human beings who die, they fall dead, pause for a minute, and then they stand right back up, and the process slowly repeats." Bruce grimaced. "Clark." He pointed his finger at the screen. "Clark. It's too risky." Batman said.

Superman sighed quietly and turned to the others, who all nodded slowly. He was defeated, deflated, no more argument in him. "Fine. Fine, we'll stand down, but we're watching the situation very closely. Justice League out."

The screen flickered and then faded, once again returned to the maps and satellite images Bruce had been looking at before. He switched monitors to check the security camera on the outside of the cave and then arched an eyebrow slowly. Something there? Something just on the edges of the camera's vision? He pressed a button and the screen switched red, and then, looking a little closer, he smiled slightly. "Hnn. Nice try."

Blue Beetle continued looking at the maps of Gotham on his set of screens when he found what they had been looking for the past hour or so. "Bruce, I got—" When he turned around Batman was nowhere in sight. "Bruce?" Beetle walked over to Batman's station and looked at the screen. Outside of the cave Batman moved slowly and deliberately. He shadowed a figure in front of him who had yet to notice him.

"Looking for something, Ollie?" Bruce said. Ollie jumped and spun around with an arrow drawn. He started grinning when he saw that it was Bruce.

"Good god man, you could get yourself killed sneaking up on a guy with my reflexes."

"Didn't take much sneaking, you must be losing it in your old age." Bruce replied slyly. His smile faded slightly as he looked into the deep shadows. "Barbara you can come out too." Babs stepped out of the shadows and looked at Batman, her red lips in a thin smile of her own.

"So boss... What's the plan?"

Bruce nodded and turned. "Come with me." They headed back into the

satellite cave and after a couple of minutes explanation, and a couple minutes more of Ollie's confusion, Batman and Blue Beetle brought the newcomers up to speed on the situation.

"So, we need to find this kid? The one Dee kidnapped?" Ollie asked, fiddling with an arrowhead between his thumb and forefinger. He was thinking out battle plans, how to fix the mess in Gotham, but he knew that Bruce would already have that handled, and resigned himself to playing the faithful soldier.

"Yes, but it may not be that simple. From what his father explained to us, his powers may be getting stronger. If Crane has enough fear toxins pumped in him, he may be even more dangerous awake than he is right now... ." Batman nodded solemnly as he finished, and Ted felt a glimmer of fear form on his own face.

"You mean he's doing all this in his sleep? And that's a better thing for us than if he is awake?" Ollie asked in amazement, his mouth agape, his concentration went from the monitors carrying the live updates and then back to Bruce's words.

Batman continued his fist clenched tightly. "He'd have to be. If he were awake and cognizant of it being more than a bad dream he could go into shock. He'd be teleporting things into where ever he is being kept. Scarecrow couldn't have that. It would draw too much attention to his location." The Caped Crusader shook his head again. "And fear is much more fun when you can manipulate it with ease. But the child is asleep at the moment. He'd have to be."

"That's where my dream-monitoring tech comes in. They can keep him asleep and watch his dreams through special monitors, just like these." He motioned to the wall of television broadcasts. "They could probably even cause lucid dreaming with some sort of hypnosis or mind control." Beetle added. "Dee has a doctorate in dream psychology. No telling what he can do with it in these circumstances."

"Why is it spreading?" Babs asked.

"Not sure, but it may have something to do with his sub-conscience. If he's watched any zombie movies lately, like his father informed us, it

could be emulating them." Batman responded rubbing his chin. "His abilities to bring things... to him... would mean he's bringing the dead, simply, back. It's literally all in his head."

"Then that's how we fight them." Ollie punched his open hand, nodding. "Disconnect the bodies from the nervous system via head trauma." Ollie smiled. "Using extreme prejudice."

Batman shuddered at this thought. "We should focus on finding Crane and Dee. They... are the key to this plague."

### *Washington, DC*

President Maxwell Lord entered the briefing room puffing a Cuban cigar; the smoke followed him as he walked. Looking around at the computer and television screens, he took a deep breath and spoke to those assembled. "I want all possible scenarios calculated and brought directly to me. I said it before and I'll say it again people, this thing: Does. Not. Leave. Gotham. Am I making myself perfectly clear?" His staff nodded in agreement and a chorus of "Yes sirs" rang through the room. The president turned to one of his men, a tall man, well built and wearing his army stripes with pride. "Good. General Lane? I need to see you in private." The silver haired soldier nodded and followed the president into a private conference room deep below the White House.

Lord paused for a moment as he sat at the head of the long table. "Presidents come here in times of great difficulties in the country. Kennedy during the Cuban crisis... " He took another puff of his cigar. "Clinton with the stain... " He smiled slyly for a moment. "And I've been here twice before, one not so long ago, when an alien armada tried to conquer the world. This is a room where great change is instituted, where we make a difference and make our stand. Lane, In my time as president the world has...changed, Metropolis completely disappeared last year, there are new heroes popping up all over the place and now the forming of this Justice League in response to what happened those weeks ago... Despite many of the heroes playing a part in my becoming president (knowingly or otherwise) I can't let all of this go anymore. The D.E.O has been extremely successful in keeping up with everything. But now, zombies are infesting what was once one of the greatest American cities. As president, I have a job to do and part of that job is making our

people feel safe to lie down and go to sleep at night. Do you think anyone is sleeping out there tonight with a fellow city being swamped with zombies?"

"No sir, but what can we do?" Sam Lane grimaced. He remembered when Lois was lost to him for those hours last year, when Metropolis was gone.

"Between you and me I want to know the worst possible scenario we're looking at if Gotham were to be lost to us."

"I don't think I understand, Sir. Are you talking about—"

"General, I'm talking about a small range, low yield tactical nuclear bomb. That's what I am talking about. I need to know what damage would be caused in the surrounding areas and if there's any way we can contain and minimize it."

"I'll look into it sir, but we have to keep other options in mind. Not to mention the political fallout ... "

Lord kicked himself away from the table and stood up, pointing his cigar at Lane, causing the General to be surprised for the first time since he joined this Presidents staff. "I'M NOT CONCERNED ABOUT THE POLITICAL FALLOUT, SAM! We are talking about walking dead here, if people can accept that, they sure as hell will believe anything we say afterwards." The President took a deep breath and regained his composure, taking a long drag off the cigar. "I just want to look at all angles. I can't imagine if this were to spread further than one city. Gotham can be rebuilt; God knows we were doing it anyway... Rebuilding the entire state or God forbid the entire country, especially with all the damage from the invasion would prove nearly impossible. There'd be no morale, no funds, and no manpower. America would be lost."

General Sam Lane looked at his hands and then clenched them, looked up at his President and thought of his daughters once more. "I understand, sir."

Dr. John Dee paced the floor rubbing his chin. "How can it be spreading

like this? None of my calculations ever suggested this would be possible."

"Our calculations, Dr. Dee. Besides, it doesn't matter anymore." The Scarecrow answered watching the television with a delighted amusement. He was giddy, almost drunk with the horrors on the streets of Gotham. "Look at them! Just look. The fear, the beautiful fear! It's like an aphrodisiac. Oh, can you feel it? It's almost sexual... This is so much more than we could have imagined. The chaos, the disorder, the epitome of human panic!" Crane giggled and then threw his hands up in the air. "I am a God and this is my paradise!"

Dee looked at Scarecrow with a small glint of annoyance shining through." But this wasn't part of the plan. I went over everything. I...I... The generator! It came from Apokolips. Maybe... Good Lord."

Just outside of Gotham, the military cordon sealing in the city was busied by a special army contingent. People were trying to enter the city, but the soldiers stood in a hard line, holding them back from entering the city. Vic Sage approached with press credentials on hand, a sly smile on his face.

He met one of the MPs, who looked at him curiously. The hard traveling hero smiled and begins to speak. "Sir, Vic Sage Daily Planet. I need to get into the city."

The MP looked him up and down and then tilted his head, looking at the red head, trying to recognize him. "Daily Planet huh?"

"Yes." He nodded, smiling still.

The MP tightened his grip on his rifle. "Well, I've never read your stuff and I love the Planet."

"Really." Vic rolled his eyes.

The MP nodded slowly, his fingers playing over the butt of his gun. "Yeah, really."

Vic shrugged. "Hmm. Well, I'm in there. I write the Q and A column."

"I don't believe you."

Vic pointed his finger at the MP suddenly, making the man jump. "I don't believe YOU, but that doesn't change the fact."

"You are not getting in there." The MP answered sternly, his fingers gripping his weapon ready.

"Okay. Suit yourself." Vic replied matter-of-factly.

Another MP officer walked over to check things out, he was holding his weapon ready too, the sense of chaos behind the quarantine zone almost tangible. "Problem over here?"

The other officer looked up at him and then looked to where Vic had been standing. He was gone. The officer looked around for a second and then looked back at his fellow MP

"No, it's nothing." He answered scratching his head. What the hell had just happened?

The Gotham City Police Department was fighting valiantly against the spreading plague that was slowly encompassing Gotham. Commissioner Loeb had ordered a shoot now ask questions later policy on the zombies and rightly so. Lieutenant Gordon ran across the street on front of the station. Firing off round after round. He looked around him for a fallen zombie to take back to the morgue for testing as Batman had asked him to do. He found one near by and looked around for help.

"Bullock! Help me get this thing inside." He shouted at his fellow officer who was nearby firing rounds into the crowd of the zombies. Bullock looked around the panic filled streets and finally found the source of the yelling.

"Are you crazy? We can't take these things inside." He answered running over to where Gordon was kneeling down next to the body.

“Don’t argue with me, Harvey. We need to do some forensics on them. How else can we find a way to stop them?” Gordon sternly retorted looking at Bullock fiercely.

“Fine, but if I get turned into one of these things I’m eating your brains first.”

The two officers each took one end of the fallen zombie and hoisted it into Jim’s car. They then drove away running down any of the moaning undead in their path. The morgue was three blocks away and had been among the first things to be rebuilt in the days after the invasion. Sadly, it had always been one of the busiest city buildings in Gotham. Along the way, Harvey Bullock was leaning out of the window firing off his gun at walking dead.

“What are you doing?” Gordon asked, giving him a very disapproving look.

“Heh. Relax, Jimbo. They’re already dead.” Bullock said defensively. Gordon shook his head and pushed the accelerator to the floor.

The shadows receded as light flooded the darkness beneath the city. Dick Grayson, once Robin, now Nightwing, drove his motorcycle swiftly through the forgotten underground tunnels that lead into Gotham City. When he was still Robin, Dick witnessed Bruce meticulously mapping them all out, and when he had done that he had begun his building of dozens of satellite caves at discreet locations around the city.

*“... Is she perverted like me? Would she go down on you in a theater?”*

Dick turned the corner onto the old monorail system that he and Bruce had recently used to bus invasion survivors to the grounds of Wayne Manor and suddenly heard quiet singing. His hand slipped from the handle of his bike to his belt, where a batarang was strapped.

*“... Does she speak eloquently and would she have your baby?  
I’m sure she’d make a really excellent mother...”*

“Vic?” He whispered to himself as he came to a stop, and stepped off the

bike. "What the hell man? Are you singing?"

Vic turned around and looked in Nightwing's direction smiling. "I think you'll find you were singing. I don't sing. I'm tall, dark and brooding and wear a cape." He motioned to his back and then his eyes widened, a solemn look on his face. "Which I seem to have misplaced."

Dick grimaced. Yeah, last time he had seen him he helped him escape Arkham Asylum. And you wonder why he acts crazy? Because he is crazy. "Did Bruce call you?"

"Ha!" Vic responded, "No, I saw zombies on television and couldn't resist."

Nightwing looked him over and rolled his eyes. "Right. Where are you headed now?"

"I've... I've got something to take care of."

"What's that?"

"Richard..." Vic paused, realizing he'd used the ex-sidekick's real first name. "Dick." He reaffirmed himself, gathering his confidence. "Bruce is smart, but there's something I'm betting he hasn't considered yet..." Vic trailed off, and then looked up at the teen hero. "Or at least hasn't wanted to consider."

"What's that?" Nightwing asked, intrigued by the eccentric vigilante's sudden lack of enthusiasm.

Vic clenched his gloved fist and then pointed upwards, to the city that rested above their heads. "The dead are walking, Dick. What do you think that means for Gotham's most famous dead couple?" Vic answered, his eyes dark and his face suddenly looking like he hadn't slept for days.

Nightwing's eyes widened at the thought as it dawned on him. "My God."

"Yeah, that's a problem." Vic answered as he fiddled with his belt, and

removed his black gloves, biting his bottom lip as he did so. "So here's me, traveling 'round America, tryin' to find some peace and what not, and I always find myself dragged back here... Here or the... Hub." He trailed off once more. "But now I'm back with good reason." He smiled as smoke began to hiss out of his belt. "A damn good reason."

"How can I help?" Nightwing asked as the bedraggled red head held a small flesh colored piece of something in his hand.

Vic covered his face with the material and then the smoke began to thicken, the spray intensified, and he was engulfed. Dick had seen this before. It was the time for action. As the smoke began to dissipate and the red head was now disguised in different colored clothes as before, his face blank and his hair sleek and black. The Question began to put his gloves back on, and then pointed to Nightwing. "Just tell me how to get to the Gotham Heights Cemetery from here."

The group of heroes back at the satellite bat cave prepared to head out into the storm that was currently Gotham City. Ollie steadily sharpened arrows as Barbara Gordon typed away at a nearby computer. They were trying to preoccupy themselves; it was all they could do until one of them came up with a plan. Finally, someone broke the silence between them all.

"Batman, have you heard from my Dad?" She asked.

Bruce looked up from his console and then paused as he thought back to when he'd last seen his old friend. "We saw him when this thing first started, but not since." His jaw clicked as he ground his teeth. He could tell Barbara was worried about her father and it finally clicked that that would be her main reason for returning after all this time. "Don't worry. We'll find him soon enough." He was trying to be reassuring, but he could tell it wasn't working. Barbara was too clever for that but she gave a small smile for his attempt and started to say something else, but thought better of it. There was no time for that conversation now. Even now she still couldn't help thinking about the circumstances in which she had left Gotham in the first place.

Bruce gave her a knowing glance and wanted to say something as well, but he had never been one for the Boy Scout routine. That was Clark, not

him. Ollie had been watching them all the while and decided to break the tension. "So, are we ready? We got a lot to do out there and people are still dying."

Batgirl gave him a grateful look for the distraction, but Ollie was right. The longer they sat there the more this thing was spreading. Ollie stood ready to give out orders, something he had gotten used to leading the New Outsiders but caught himself and left the floor open for Batman.

"Ollie, Batgirl and I will get out there and start looking for Crane and Dee. Blue Beetle, you keep looking for a lead on their location, and any ideas on how to take them down. You know what we're looking for, anything we can use to shut down that dream tech. You're our best chance to end this cleanly, without resorting to..." Bruce looked to Ollie and smiled grimly. "Extreme prejudice."

Ted nodded and turned back to the computer screen mumbling to himself. "Okay, here we go."

Babs, finally consumed with worry for Dad, spoke up. "Br— Batman. I'm sorry, but I have to go find him."

Bruce and Ollie looked at each other for a moment when a voice came from behind them.

"Don't let it get in the way of a team up adventure. I'll go with her." It was Nightwing standing at the cave entrance, a smile on his face as Barbara eyes lit up at his appearance.

Bruce turned and looked at him for a second, nodded in appreciation, and then looked back at Ollie. "That..." He began, "Is how you sneak in a bat cave. I'm glad you came back, Dick."

"Wouldn't miss this for the world." The young hero smiled, knowing who he had just pointed in the direction of the graves of his mentors' parents. The night, the darkness, the evil brought on by Crane and Dee. It was only just beginning.

Nightwing and Batgirl were headed southeast towards the Gotham City

Police Department. They swung from rooftop to rooftop, at least what was left of them. Passing Wayne tower, Dick shot out a grappling hook planning to hook it to one of the surrounding buildings. It was only after shooting it he had realized the building was no longer there. Before Dick could recover from his near fumble Babs had caught him and yanked him onto her line.

"Heh," he laughed it off "thanks." Then dove off her line and remounted his to another building.

"Don't mention it boy wonder." She replied smiling. She looked over at Dick curiously. "So, Bruce seems...a little different."

"As in not chasing us all out of the city?" Nightwing asked.

"Yeah." She said thinking back again on her last time in Gotham.

"Well, I convinced him to give the league a chance. Maybe he's learned something about team work...about family."

A small smile crept up on Barbara's lips. "Yeah, family." She said thoughtfully.

"Back in the circus it was all you had, Bruce...never had that. Other than Alfred." Dick said as they approached the G.C.P.D.

Babs looked at him, "That's not entirely true anymore. Bruce has a lot of allies, friends even. Honestly I am surprised more of them aren't here to help."

Dick thought of Vic for a second. "The Question is here." He said sighing.

"Why do you sound so annoyed by that?" Batgirl inquired.

"Not annoyed...it's just, there was an angle on all this no one else could've thought of."

"What's that?"

“The Wayne’s. Bruce’s parents.” Dick said looking away from Babs.

“What about—” Babs stopped as realization set in. “Oh.”

“Enough of that for now. We gotta find your Dad.”

The two vigilantes looked around at the chaos on the street. Babs looked for her Dad’s car. It was nowhere in sight. “He’s not here.” Babs relayed desperately.

Dick looked around and nodded in agreement. He pressed down on the communicator on his ear. “Batman, Gordon isn’t here. Any other suggestions?”

“Try the morgue. He may be having one of the bodies examined.” Batman answered on the other end.

Dick and Babs looked at each other and took off.

Jim Gordon and Harvey Bullock barreled onward to the morgue. What would normally be a short drive had turned into quite the trip. The roadways were still nearly impassable from the damage caused by the invasion. The car screeched around a corner as something started to stir in the back seat. Gordon looked at his rearview mirror and saw it. The zombie had sat up, righted itself, and snarled in his direction. He cut the wheel of the car sharply veering onto a sidewalk. The zombie was thrown to one side and Jim slammed the breaks, but it was too late. The car slammed into the wall of the morgue.

Jim and Bullock staggered out of the car to find themselves surrounded by the undead denizens of Gotham! Jim’s eyes widened and he quickly motioned to Bullock to get down behind the car. They wedged themselves between the wrecked car and the cracked wall of the building with their weapons drawn. They fired rapidly at the zombies and many of them started to fall. There were simply too many of them for the two men to handle alone. Jim tried desperately to come up with a plan. As he thought about it, he looked down at the ground and noticed a stream of fluid leaking from underneath the car. He cursed under his breath, grabbed Bullock and pulled him back down behind the car.

“Hey! What gives?” Bullock asked annoyed.

“Look, you idiot!” He said pointing at the stream of gasoline.

“Oh.” Bullock said under his breath, seeing what Jim was talking about.  
“Now what?”

Jim looked back behind him at the building. “There, the window.” He said pointing at a shattered window.

The two took one last look at the oncoming horde of zombies that were getting uncomfortably close to them. They then ran toward the shattered window. The cracked glass was still intact and as they closed in on it Jim raised his gun and fired at it. The glass fell to the wayside and they swept the rest aside. Bullock climbed through first with Jim still facing away from the window, firing at the zombies who were following them. Bullock put a hand out to him and Jim took it. He was almost inside the window just his feet sticking out. A zombie latched on to his foot causing a desperate tug of war between Bullock and the Zombies with the winner getting the Police Lieutenant. Bullock grunted and groaned in a very similar fashion to the zombies. Jim continued, with his free arm to fire on the zombies. As one fell another took it’s place. Jim looked over at his car and saw that the puddle had grown even larger. Time seemed to stand still around him as amidst the chaotic moment he steadily trained his firearm in the direction of the car. He closed his eyes and squeezed the trigger.

The exploding car rocked the whole area, but it had done the trick. The violent shake of the ground caused by the explosion threw the zombies off kilter and they lost their grip on Gordon. As quickly as Bullock had pulled him the rest of the way through the building the zombies were reaching in. Gordon grabbed a table and tried feverously to cover the window to hold them off. As soon as the table was up, it gave way. Cracked in half under the growing number of zombies pushing in on it. Gordon and Bullock scrambled for another alternative. Gordon’s ears perked up when he heard the somewhat familiar sound of batarangs zip-ping through the air. The pair of officers turned and looked at the window. The zombies started falling one by one.

"What's going on?" Bullock asked.

"Back up just arrived." Jim said smiling.

The Question walked across the Gotham Heights cemetery with a purpose, still singing the song stuck in his head. He came up on his destination and looked up at the monument and squatted down in the dirt next to the grave. "Thomas and Martha Wayne, I apologize ahead of time for what I have to do here. Despite some things here and there, your son is a friend. And if you can't protect your friends from facing a zombified version of their dead parents, who can you protect from facing a zombified version of their dead parents?" He nodded slowly at his words and then looked up at the sky above, stars burning brightly in the far off distance.

*"You got a lady and you want her gone,  
but you ain't got the guts...  
She keep nagging at you everyday,  
enough to drive you nuts..."*

Vic Sage looked around at the rest of the cemetery at the dead rising from their graves. He quickly hid behind the massive tomb stone proclaiming Gotham's finest couple's resting place, peaking out to ensure he wasn't smelt, spotted, heard, or whatever attracted the dead to their prey, but shortly after crawling out they were disappearing, heading down to the city. Strange, and as the thought stuck to him, he noted it in the back of his mind. He looked down at the grave in front of him as something started to stir.

*"Dirty deeds and they're done dirt cheap..."*

He grimaced and dug his heels into the ground, then raised the weapon in his hand. "Witness the greatness of the Quest-o-Spade, and feel my wrath."

Ollie and Batman sped through the tunnels beneath Gotham towards Cranes last known hideout. Ollie sat shotgun in the batmobile.

“Ya’know, I’m impressed with the way you handled that back there.”

“What are you talking about Oliver?” Batman asked in a tone that told Ollie he didn’t want to talk about it.

“Nothing...you really think Crane would be stupid enough to be at a known hideout?” The emerald archer asked.

“No, I’m hoping he was stupid enough to leave a lead behind. He likely left some sort of trap.”

“Then what are we looking for there?” Ollie inquired.

“I’ll tell you when I find it.” Batman replied.

“I had a feeling you’d say that.” Ollie smiled.

At that time Nightwing came onto the com link.” Batman, Gordon isn’t here. Any other suggestions?”

“Try the morgue. He may be having one of the bodies examined.” Batman answered.

“He’s a damn good kid, y’know Bruce. I wish Roy...” He started to say something when another voice came on the com link.

It was Blue Beetle. “Batman, you should get back here right away. I think I found—”

There was a loud popping noise over the line and Blue Beetle screamed. Batman and Ollie looked at each other as Batman whipped the car around.

Dick came back on line, “Bruce! What happened?” He asked urgently.

“We got it Nightwing. Just find Gordon and continue helping as many people as you can.”

“Okay, boss. Nightwing out.”

Batman and Green Arrow returned to the cave to find Blue Beetle lying on a stretcher with Alfred standing over him with a damp towel. His chest had burn marks on it and he appeared to be on a comatose state.

“Alfred, what happened to him?” Bruce asked, taking in the situation.

“I..I’m not sure Master Bruce. I returned from the manor and found him lying on the floor in front of the computer. The only thing he said before losing complete consciousness was the word generator.”

Batman looked over to the computer, which had smoke coming from it. He looked down at Ted. His eyes blinking rapidly and his face twisted in an expression of horror.

“Generator?” Batman said thinking aloud. “My God!” He exclaimed.

*TO BE CONCLUDED...*

---

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

All characters are (c) DC Comics and no infringement upon their copyrights is intended. Support DC Comics by buying their monthly comic books and graphic novels.

## 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 #1 (2006)

Gotham: City of the Dead, Part 1 (of 4).

The weekly event kicks off as the son of the Governor is kidnapped. Batman runs down the clues and all roads lead to Arkham. Batman confronts Professor Crane, who makes a surprising request from the Dark Knight. And why have Ted Kord's laboratories been getting robbed? Blue Beetle is in Gotham to find out!

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 #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.



**[www.feedbooks.com](http://www.feedbooks.com)**  
Food for the mind