One hundred stories tall, the icy hound stalked through the city, Termite floating at his shoulder. Below, Captain Joker ran, one hand ensuring that his purple hat did not come off. The ground rumbled from the steps of Thermite’s ice construct, as he laughed at his old foe, running scared.

The ground rumbled more, but not from the ice hound. A large foot, made of wood, leaves, and moss stepped out on main street, far down the road, followed quickly by an enormous Hawthorn. Behind him, the tiny form of Garden Gnome concentrated on keeping the Plant Man at this current gigantic size.

Hawthorn launched his arm forward. It groaned and creaked, as the plants quickly grew, extending the huge fist forward, slamming into the hound, causing cracks to show. Thermite flew forward, preparing to burn Hawthorn to the ground. Carl had thought of this. Jeremiah had recalled many various fire resistant plants, and Garden Gnome had altered Hawthorn’s makeup to reflect this.

Fire rained down, and quickly went out as water filled mosses, and inflammable saps kept it from finding fuel. Hawthorn had entangled the hound, and squeezed, sending cubes of ice in all directions.

Thermite began to throw a blast of ice at Hawthorn, but was clipped in the shoulder by a bullet from Joker’s long barreled gun. He sneered at Joker, then smiled, as he saw Motormouth approach Joker from behind.

Without looking, Joker’s left hand swung up, firing his second gun right into Motormouth’s head. He collapsed, twitching, blood spurting from his head.

Thermite flared, and raced into the distance, leaving a fiery trail. He wasn’t going back to prison…not again.

Hawthorn rapidly shrunk, as Gnome’s power waned. “How did you know?” he asked the Joker.

“Well, it just occurred to me, that no one uses the word ‘Lame’ that many times in such a short span. Lame this, lame that. Like a broken record.”

“What if he just liked using the word?”

“Oh, then I would feel just AWFUL.”