



Nightwing #18
Batkid

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Nightwing: Heart of a Champion

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When you're out there on the edge
And the odds you face are life and death
You've got to have the heart of a champion.
When your time is running out
And everybody sees you're going down
You've got to have the heart of a champion.
When your back's against the wall
And everybody sees you're gonna fall
You've got to have the heart of a champion!

Words by Carman, Jimmy Santis, and Steve Skinner

"Tiffany."

Tiffany started. She looked around warily. Seeing no one, she said, "Yeah... hello?"

Nightwing suddenly appeared at her window. She jumped. Annoyed, she consoled herself that at it was at least an inch lower than the last time Nightwing had startled her.

After pulling himself easily through her window, Nightwing reached into his pouch. Tiffany stiffened slightly, and the vigilante smiled to himself. He pulled a set of keys out of the utility pouch, and dangled them in front of her nose.

She eyed them, then looked past them at the man holding them. "And just what am I supposed to do with these?"

Tossing them at her, Nightwing said, "You're smart. Figure it out." He exited via the window as suddenly as he'd entered.

Tiffany stared, then glanced down at the keys she'd caught. Turning them over curiously, she found numbers on them. As she fingered the keys, she ran over the possible reasons why Nightwing might have given them to her. Her fingers traced a 13 on one of them. "I wonder..." Taking the keys with her, she crossed the room to her phone.

"Yes, I need the number for Old Faithful Inn, please. Uh-huh... okay, thank you. Wait-I also need Old Faithful Lodge's number. Mmhmm... yep, that's everything, thank you."

She set the receiver back in its cradle, but immediately picked it up again. She punched the new numbers quickly. "Hi, I'm thinking of reserving a room at the Inn... Do you have any vacancies? You do? Is room 13 vacant? Oh... well, thanks anyway."

After she had ended the call, she dialed the Lodge's number. "Hi! Can you tell me if room 13 is vacant? Really? Huh... well, thank you."

Tiffany set the phone down, frowning.

Both rooms occupied... Maybe the keys are for something else. And I was so sure that somehow Nightwing had figured out that Dick and I are going to the Inn or the Lodge...

Puzzled, she studied the keys again, tapping them absently. When a light knock sounded at her door a minute later, she called, "Come in."

Dick entered a second later, looking at her expectantly. "Are you ready to go? Want some help carrying your bags out?" He glanced around the room, noting the single suitcase he'd searched before.

Tiffany didn't look at him with her usual cheer. Instead, she stood up and handed the keys that Nightwing had given her to Dick.

"Dick, what kind of keys do these look like?"

The teen glanced down at his hand. "Um... room keys, I guess. Why?"

Tiffany looked up at him with a wry smile. "It seems that Nightwing wants us to do something with them. What that is, I can't figure out."

"No way! When I went back to my campsite to get my stuff I found these there." Dick produced his own set of keys that were identical to Tiffany's.

Gosh, I hope that's not too obvious...

Tiffany snatched up both sets of keys from him. "Room 17, huh?" Racing over to her phone, she again called the Old Faithful Lodge, then the Inn, asking about the rooms. Smiling triumphantly, she hung up the phone.

"The Lodge has rooms 13 and 17 both occupied. And only room 13 is occupied at the Inn. The Inn it is, I guess."

Dick frowned. "Think about that for a minute, Tiff. If both rooms at the Lodge are occupied, then *that's* the one we'd want. After all, we have the keys for rooms 13 and 17."

Tiff looked up at him slowly, a red blush creeping onto her face. "Whoops. I was so excited, I didn't even think about it like that."

Dick grinned. "That's what I'm here for." He picked up her suitcase, giving the room a final glance to make sure nothing had been forgotten. "All set? Well, then, let's go!"

"Nightwing?"

The young crimefighter to whom Tiffany was whispering sighed.

"It's a stakeout, Tiffany. Meaning we don't want the crooks to know we're here. Meaning," he sighed again, "that we have to keep quiet and not draw any more attention to ourselves than we can help."

The woman was quiet as her thoughts turned from the people passing by her to her unusual companion. She herself was inconspicuous in her cut-off denim shorts and red t-shirt.

The masked, spandex-clad Nightwing was a different story.

Which was exactly the reason he was monitoring the visitors to Old Faithful Lodge from Tiffany's room in the Lodge.

"Can you still see everything?"

"Quiet. People are going to notice if you keep 'talking to yourself'. And yes, I can see everything clearly."

Again there was silence. Nightwing wondered how long it would last. Tiffany checked up on him every couple of minutes. She was jittery-understandably so-and had seemed much more secure when Nightwing had met her at the Old Faithful Lodge. Shortly before the vigilante had arrived, Dick had informed her that he was going to follow up on some ideas he had on the crooks-alone. He'd claimed that it was for her safety. She'd consented only when she'd realized that this way at least one of them would be able to look for the crooks. Tiffany smiled to herself. While she liked Dick's being concerned for her, she hated that he felt he had to protect her.

Oh, well, she thought. At least I get to see-and work with-Nightwing! Beat that, Grayson.

True, she acknowledged, Nightwing had said that there would be no heroics from her. But just to work with *Nightwing*... well, that made up for it.

Fifteen minutes passed. Again, it was Tiffany who broke the silence.

"Hey."

Nightwing groaned softly, glancing at his watch. Wow... a record this time. It beat Tiffany's previous one of five minutes thirty-three seconds elapsed between interruptions.

"Yes?"

"Jeez, chill. I just wanted to know what you think of that character." The video on Nightwing's monitor swiveled as Tiffany turned her head to show him the person she was talking about.

Nightwing obediently studied the woman Tiffany had singled out. "Could be. She kinda looks like she's waiting for somebody... like a lot of the people in the lobby do."

A noisy sigh came through his headphones.

"But that doesn't mean anything; she could be one of the gang." He hurried to silence her in advance—he'd already noticed odd looks aimed at her.

"Tiff, at least put your hair down. And pull out your cell phone. Then it'll look like you're talking on one of those Bluetooths."

Or is it Bluteeth? He wondered with a wry smile.

The screen showed a potted plant, then a floor rushed past as Tiffany looked down at her purse. A hand sifted through the lipstick, loose change, and other miscellaneous items before grabbing a cell phone. The screen abruptly switched again to an elderly couple strolling into the lodge.

"Doubt it." Nightwing said before she could say anything.

Tiffany gave the room a casual glance. Her gaze rested again on the black-haired woman she'd singled out earlier. Two men and a woman were joining her. They looked nervously around the lobby.

"I don't know... what do you think?"

Good, Nightwing thought, relieved. She's getting the idea... nice, neutral, completely un-suspicious replies.

"Hmm," he grunted. "Keep an eye on them... unobtrusively, please."

Nightwing imagined how frustrated Tiffany must be with him, and grinned.

"You're the boss," came the sarcastic reply.

The screen shifted, and Nightwing realized that Tiffany was getting restless. He glanced at his watch. It was about lunchtime. "Say, people are going to start heading to the dining room. Why don't you stake it out while you eat lunch?" He asked kindly.

Immediately, Tiffany took off in that direction.

Nightwing leaned against the back of his chair and studied the monitor that was propped on the desk in Tiffany's room. He grabbed a sandwich he'd brought, munching as he watched the small screen in front of him.

The next few minutes were wholly uneventful. Tiffany sat down and gave her order to a server. The vigilante caught glimpses of her chicken noodle soup and crackers periodically as the girl glanced down at her dishes. He reached for a glass of milk to wash down his Super Chunk peanut butter.

"Well, how about that?" Tiffany's slightly overly-casual tone came clearly over his headphones.

"Certainly looks like it," Nightwing agreed.

The black-haired girl that Tiffany had been observing had just been joined by two others. Now, counting the girl and her first three companions, there were six of them.

"But it's so darn obvious." Nightwing blurted. "So maybe they wanna make us think that they're having the big meeting. It might be a decoy while the actual meeting is going on elsewhere."

He frowned thoughtfully. He'd hacked into the reservation lists for both

the Old Faithful Lodge and the Inn, looking for groups. The Lodge showed one for that day. As Robbie Malone, he'd reserved rooms for himself and Tiffany. But had he been wrong? Was the actual meeting going on somewhere else?

"Or maybe they want us to think that they're the decoys," Tiffany responded dryly.

Now how did I know that was coming? Nightwing nearly groaned.

He brightened as Tiffany continued. "I think I'll try that shotgun mike you gave me."

Nightwing gave what he could see of the dining room on the monitor a quick scan. It was only about half full.

"Okay, but be careful. Just try to point it in their direction and leave it there. I'll tell you if I need you to move it. But don't put it out for the world to see," he added as a close-up of the salt shaker came onto the screen. "That's right. Put it on your lap, and cover it with a napkin. Keep the Bluetooth on, and eat like nothing's happening." He talked as he turned up the speaker next to him. A second later, jumbled voices filtered through.

"Did you get it?" Tiffany asked.

"Sure did... *shh!*"

"... and then he said, 'You're not who I thought you were... "

" ... omigosh, is that a hair in my soup?!"

"... haven't heard from them in a while... "

"Mom, when am I gonna see a bear?"

"We've gotta move... something happened... "

"I do not have brown hair! It's not mine!"

"I'm not scared, just cautious. We'll clear out tonight... "

"... I cried for two whole days... "

"... at the picnic area not too far from here, past the gas station."

"I couldn't even get into *Baywatch* reruns, I was so heartbroken... "

Nightwing turned the knob on the speakers. The barrage of voices now quieted to a hum. Eyeing the monitor in front of him, he watched as the raven haired girl and her group left the lobby.

"Tiffany?"

"Yeah?"

"Don't talk with your mouth full," he lectured, smiling. "They just left. I think I got a clue."

"What is it? Was I right? See? It was them, wasn't it?"

Nightwing quieted her. "Look, I don't know or sure that it was them. I just know that I heard something that might have something to do with this case. Now, don't talk about it any more," he continued as she started to question him. "Meet me up here in 10 minutes."

Two minutes passed before the door burst open. Nightwing wiped the peanut butter from his gloves onto a napkin. He rose to draw her a chair. Tossing his napkin in the trashcan, he said, "Now look, Tiff. I'm not going to argue with you on this one-" He stopped her indignant protests with a glare. "I'm going to check up on this. You can come, but you'll listen to me without question. If you have a problem with that, you can stay here and wait for your friend."

Tiffany's answer was immediate. "I'm going with you." She stood up and grabbed her purse.

Nightwing leaned back in his chair. "They're not meeting till tonight. What's the hurry?"

Dick,

Nightwing and I are going to spy on what we think is the gang. We picked up a clue on where they might be. I'll fill you in later.

Tiff

Nightwing glanced at the hastily drawn note that Tiffany had laid on Dick's bed and smiled.

"Good. Now, let's go."

Half an hour later, the two turned away from the river on their left and headed toward the picnic area.

"*Quietly* follow me." Leading the way, Nightwing headed toward the picnic areas, Tiffany right on his heels.

"There's still enough light to set up. Go into those trees over there." Nightwing led her into their hideout. He pulled the shotgun mike from this pouch and studied the area thoughtfully as he tried to decide where to set up.

"From right here we should be able to hear most of what's said in the picnic area," he said, swinging onto a branch. Tiffany easily pulled herself up onto one nearby.

Nightwing turned the microphone on, handing an exact duplicate of his headphones to Tiffany. She smiled her thanks, and they turned to silently watch for their suspects.

"*Absolute silence.*" Nightwing's earlier warning echoed in Tiffany's head. She leaned back carefully against the tree trunk, drawing her legs up and hugging her knees. From a farther branch, Nightwing glanced at her,

and she sighed. Once again, she'd messed up. She stole a glance at Nightwing, admiring his ability to stay as still as a statue-although she knew that nothing that happened below them was escaping his scrutiny.

The experience of perching in a tree while spying reminded her of her childhood. Back then, she had often climbed trees in the Central Park to observe its visitors inconspicuously. Even young Jake had clung to a lower limb, spying with her. Tears sprang to her eyes, and she wiped them away with the back of her hand. Nightwing looked at her again, though not so severely as before.

A moment later, her reminiscences were forgotten as she focused her attention on the group arriving below. Nightwing had been holding the mike in that direction, waiting, and now he and Tiffany could hear the newcomers talking. The mumbled comments came loud and clear through the two spies' headphones, though the group quieted down as two of their members started talking.

"That everything?"

"Yup."

"Have ya heard anything from our buddies in Canyon Village, Sheila?"

"No, something's wrong. It's too quiet."

"What about our lawyer pal in New York?"

"Yeah... he says that business is booming."

Sheila said, "So Sloan got the goods? I wasn't sure after our last delivery boy bailed out on us."

Sheila's friend chuckled nastily. "Don't worry. He'll be taken care of."

Nightwing turned his head slowly to look back at Tiffany-and instantly wished he hadn't stationed her in a tree. Even in the fading light, he could see her pale face, and he wondered what he'd do if she fainted with the druggies so close. He shifted slightly, ready to jump down if she fell-

-And he ended up not needing to. Even from where he was perched, he could see the fire and determination that filled her. She looked ready to leap down and confront the gang, but a quick look from Nightwing subdued her. To her credit, Tiffany, forced herself to relax against the tree trunk. The new information sent her mind reeling.

Jake! I've gotta get to him. And I've gotta tell Dick about Sloan.

Somehow, she made it through the next half-hour. Eventually the group left, and Tiffany and Nightwing hopped to the ground.

"I've gotta tell Dick." Tiffany told her companion immediately.

Nightwing frowned. "Well sure, he's helping me on the case... "

"Sloan's his employer. And the delivery boy... " She paused briefly. "He's my younger brother, the one I told you about... Jake."

Nightwing was quiet, pretending to ponder this 'new' information. In reality, he was trying to figure out how to have Tiffany meet Dick, without arousing her suspicions by leaving.

"Hmm. I'll have to look into this. Tell you what-I'll walk with you until we're in sight of the lodge, then I'll leave. Make *sure* you find Dick and tell him what we heard. Okay?"

Tiffany nodded excitedly.

"Good."

Dick Grayson looked up from the Minesweeper game on his laptop screen, a surprised expression on his face.

"Tiffany! Did you see anybody that looked suspicious?"

"Yes! Nightwing and I set up watch and we spied on a bunch of people

that came into the lobby and dining room. Then we trailed them to the picnic area and saw where they had a meeting, and they talked about Jake. And," she continued seriously, "they talked about Sloan." She hesitated. "I hate to tell you this, Dick, but... Sloan's with the gang. They mentioned his buying drugs." She put her hand on his shoulder. "I'm sorry, Dick."

Dick looked shocked. Then he moved slowly to the phone. "Well, I guess we should call Ms. Green and let her know."

Tiffany nodded, and followed him to the phone. After dialing the number, Dick turned the receiver so that Tiffany could hear, too.

Once they were connected to Ms. Green, Dick took a deep breath.

"Hi, Ms. Green? It's Dick."

"Dick!" Ms. Green answered. He could imagine her glancing at her watch as she spoke. "I hope you're feeling better."

"Yes, ma'am, much better. But I need to talk to you about Mr. Sloan. I've been investigating, and well, frankly, I found out that he's doing drugs."

There was silence. Then, "How did you find this out, Dick?"

"I overheard a phone conversation when he was talking to someone about them. And I saw some in his desk drawers."

"You were snooping in his desk?" Rachel was indignant.

"I was putting something on his desk and noticed it. Either way, he's doing drugs, and I thought I should tell you."

"Dick, it's your word against his... "

"It's Sloan's against Dick's and mine!" Tiffany broke in.

This was almost too much for the lawyer. "Tiffany!?"

"Yes, Ms. Green. I helped Dick find out about Sloan. We also found out

that Nightwing's investigating him." She glanced at Dick's wry expression.

"Wait a second. You're telling me that *Nightwing* is investigating one of my lawyers based on your word and Dick's? And how did you happen across *that* astounding bit of information?"

"He told us." Tiffany hesitated. "I know it sounds wild, Ms. Green, but please believe me!"

Rachel hesitated, then sighed. "So what, I'm supposed to just call the cops in to arrest my lawyer on your say-so? Tiffany-"

Dick interrupted. "Look, Ms. Green. I totally understand your doubt. I know it sounds outrageous. And I know that you don't want a rush of bad publicity for your firm. Listen, do you think I'd want the firm Bruce deals with involved in a scandal? All I ask is that you put some private investigator on the case. You can't let him just get away with it."

"Guys... I can't. If you had real, concrete evidence, then yes, I'd do something. But all you have for me is a crazy story about vigilantes, supposed drugs, and junkie lawyers. I don't have a case."

"If we find something out will you help us?" Tiffany persisted.

Rachel sighed again. "Probably."

"That's all we're asking." Tiffany set the phone down in its cradle and looked up at Dick.

"We've got work to do."

"Eastern flight one-oh-one, now boarding."

Dick stood up and stretched. Folding his newspaper, he stuck it in a side pocket of his laptop case.

"Ready?"

Beside him, Tiffany grinned as she stood. "Yep."

After showing their boarding passes at the gate, the two boarded the mid-sized plane. Dick checked the numbers and letters that ran along the aisle, looking for his seat. As he sat down, he craned his neck and saw Tiffany a couple of rows behind him. He smiled encouragingly.

Poor girl. She has no idea whether her brother's safe...

Tiffany had called home five times, and had gotten no answer. Now, headed back to New York, Dick knew that she was trying her best to not worry too much about it. He also knew that she was failing miserably.

It was going to be a long flight, so Dick settled back in his seat and stared out the window. A few moments later, the plane bounced slightly as it took off, leaving the airport behind.

He tapped his fingers on his tray absently. The task of finding admissible evidence against Sloan was going to be a tough one. Now that Tiffany knew, he could ask her advice on that... provided nothing had happened to Jake.

At 2800 ft above the ground, he figured there was nothing he could do at the moment but try and get some sleep.

He had a feeling he was going to need it.

After the plane landed in New York and he and Tiffany had grabbed their luggage, Dick retrieved his motorcycle from the long-term parking. He barely noticed the ridiculously high price; he paid as quickly as possible. He flagged a taxi for Tiffany and the luggage, and, after he dumped his bags in the doorway of his apartment and parked his motorcycle, hopped in the taxi with Tiffany to go to her apartment. Before the taxi had completely stopped, Tiffany had hopped out and began to run up the steps into the building. Dick threw the first bill he found in his

wallet at the cabbie, who raised his eyebrows in pleasant surprise at the generous tip. Dick barely noticed the man's reaction as he jogged after Tiffany.

Knock, knock, knock...

Tiffany stepped back, waiting anxiously for a moment, then walked up to the door, pushing her key into the keyhole.

Dick tried to peek into the windows, but they were covered with old flowery curtains, and he could see nothing. Tiffany had unlocked the door and started to twist the knob-

-And stepped back in shock as it was wrenched from her grasp, the door opening to reveal a pistol aimed straight at her heart.

"Aiee!"

"NO!"

BLAM!!!

Tiffany crumpled, under the force of Dick's tackle.

"TIFFANY!" Dick bellowed. "Stay down!"

Still on top of Tiffany, Dick craned his neck toward doorway, half expecting to see the barrel of a gun. Shocked, he said, "YOU!? Why?!"

Tiffany moved beneath him, sobbing, trying to see who it was above them. Worn slippers and a skirt of old flowered cloth greeted her as she tilted her tear-stained face up.

"What are you doing?!"

Dick stood up cautiously, and reached out his hand. It closed around the pistol, and he pulled it toward him. The woman holding it was in no

state to resist. Dick quickly unloaded the weapon.

"Tiffany?"

"Mom!" Tiffany struggled up from where she was lying on the porch in relief at finding her mother well. "What happened? Was there a robbery? Why the gun?"

"Tiffany... " Now Ms. Weston was sobbing into her daughter's shoulder. With a sinking feeling, Dick pushed past the two into the apartment, holding his breath...

He exhaled slowly. Aside from the usual clutter, the room was fine. He turned back to Tiffany and her mother.

"Ms. Weston? What happened?"

Tiffany had pulled away from her mom by that time, revealing a red stain at the top of her shoulder. "Mom!" She cried. "You *shot* me!"

Ms. Weston promptly burst into tears. Tiffany was in better shape than her mother, and was able to tell Dick where the car keys were. As Tiffany tried to coax her hysterical mother to her car, she glanced over the older woman at Dick.

Dick got the unspoken message and began to search the apartment. After a few minutes he realized that no one was there but himself, and he hurried out to drive Tiffany to the hospital.

Soon afterward, Dick and Ms. Weston were seated in the hospital waiting room. By then, Tiffany's mother, having received the reassurance that her daughter's wound was superficial, was calm enough to head outside for a smoke. Dick passed the time trying to read a magazine, until he realized that he'd read the same three sentences over and over.

Hours passed, and it was dark outside when a pale Tiffany came into the waiting room.

"What did the doctor say?" Dick asked as she sat beside him.

She gave him a wan smile. "I'll have to get it checked later, but it should heal fine."

"Good."

Tiffany glanced around the room. "Where's Mom?"

"Outside."

Nodding, Tiffany settled back in her chair, then turned to look at Dick. "Did you find any clue about who might've taken Jake?"

Dick shook his head dejectedly. "Nope, and I searched every room. Heck, I even peeked in the closets and the beds in case, by some miracle, Jake was still there, and got scared when he heard the gunshot."

Tiffany stood up, nodding. "I'm going home. I'll drop you off at your apartment along the way."

Dick hesitated. "Tiffany... when I was checking the house for Jake, did your mom happen to mention why she was armed at the door with a pistol? And why she was so trigger happy?"

"Yeah. I guess I should tell you now, rather than upset her again by telling you in front of her." She sighed sadly. "Apparently, while we were gone, someone broke in. It was in the middle of the night, and everything was dark, so Mom couldn't get a good look at him-all she can say for sure is that he was tall... like a million other men in New York."

"Is she sure it was a man? How does she know it wasn't a woman?" Dick asked.

"He spoke to her. It was definitely a man's voice."

"What did he say?" Dick persisted.

Tiffany frowned and rubbed her wounded shoulder absently. "He told her not to call the cops. She woke up when he tripped over something in my brother's bedroom, and she came out just when he was carrying Jake away. She said that Jake was unconscious, and there was nothing she

could do to help him... the kidnapper had a gun." She wrung her hands helplessly. "That's all she told me before you came to drive us here. After Jake was kidnapped, I guess she grabbed our pistol, and when I screamed and you plowed into me... that just set her over the edge. Jake was kidnapped last night and when we got to the house, it was still morning."

Dick nodded but said nothing.

If only I'd gotten here sooner, I might've been able to stop it!

As they headed out, the two saw Ms. Weston sitting on a bench just outside the doors, dozing. They loaded up in Tiffany's car. As they pulled up in front of Dick's apartment, he started to get out.

"Dick, wait."

Turning back, Dick said, "Yeah?"

Tiffany was as pale as a ghost, except for the dark circles under her eyes. "Is it okay if I call you in the morning? I- I have no idea where to even start searching for Jake."

"Of course. Call anytime if you think of something or... or just need to talk."

Smiling her thanks, Tiffany called 'bye' softly so as not to wake her sleeping mother, and pulled onto the street.

Inside, Dick nearly tripped over the bags he'd hastily dumped in his doorway. Exhausted, he didn't even bother to pick them up; he just shoved them to the side and stepped around them.

As he climbed into bed, he found that the sleep he desperately needed wouldn't come. He lay awake for hours, watching the numbers on his digital clock as they changed. When he finally did fall asleep, all he could dream about was a lonely fifteen year-old boy, misguided and in deeper

trouble than the boy could have possibly imagined.

The next morning, Dick awoke hoping that none of the awful possibilities he'd dreamed of that night came true for Jake.

TO BE CONTINUED!!!

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Nightwing #10 (2006)

Nightwing: Black Friday Blues.

When terrorists take hostages at a busy superstore, it's up to Nightwing to save them. He dodges bullets and battles ruthless terrorists while racing the clock, coming face-to-face with a murderous madman who has no reservations when it comes to killing anyone in his way.

Nightwing #21 (2007)

Nightwing: Kiss in the Night.

They're back! Night-Thief and Nocturna are back in action after breaking out of prison, with Nightwing hot on their trail. But Dick had better watch his back--Night-Thief has a score to settle with him.

Nightwing #22 (2007)

Nightwing: To Catch A Night Thief

Nightwing is hot on Night Thief's trail... who is hot on Nocturna's trail... But finding a man who doesn't wish to be found is tricky when the usual wellsprings of information run dry...

Nightwing #11 (2007)

Nightwing: Lawyers and Other Slimy Things (Part 1).

Meth, crack, cocaine... they're on the street, and Dick, as Nightwing, is trying to make sure no one else gets hurt. In addition to that, he has to convince Rachel Green to let him become a P.I.... but runs into trouble with his supervisor. And what about the mysterious phone call his boss takes...?

Nightwing #13 (2007)

Nightwing: Ain't Never Had A Friend Like Me

Nightwing #15 (2007)

Nightwing: Hopelessly Devoted to You

Nightwing #16 (2007)

Nightwing: Beauty and the Mess.

Nightwing #17 (2007)

Nightwing: Psychotic Reaction (A Justice League vs. America tie-in)

Nightwing #19 (2007)

Nightwing: Little Boy Lost.

Jake has disappeared and Nightwing's on his trail! But will he be too late?

Nightwing #20 (2007)

Nightwing: Be My Escape.

We pick this up right where Nightwing #19--left off-- with Nightwing in the gang's hideout! Dick is finally face-to-face with the mysterious Marty, and confronts him, Sloan, and the rest of the gang in this action-packed conclusion!

Nightwing #23 (2008)

Nightwing: Behind the Mask

A HUGE twist on Nightwing's case in this action-packed issue! Nightwing, Nocturna, and Night-Thief meet again--but with what consequences?

Nightwing #32 (2008)

Nightwing: More Than Useless

Robberies, shootings, and break-ins are all a part of daily Gotham life... Luckily, so are the crimefighters who stop them! That is... until now...

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Nightwing: Vengeance Served Cold.

When a Wayne Enterprises vice president is found dead - apparently by suicide - Batman becomes suspicious. He and Robin must piece the clues together to find out exactly how the man died - and who killed him.

Nightwing #14 (2009)

Nightwing: Something Wicked This Way Comes

Nightwing #37 (2009)

Nightwing: Dance of Death.

When a ballerina unexpectedly collapses during a performance, Batman and Robin dive into the investigation to find out who killed the dancer... and why.

Nightwing #39 (2009)

Nightwing: Living Nightmare

There's a villain loose in Gotham, and it's up to Batman and Robin to stop him. They may be in for more than they've bargained for, however, because the tables can be turned in the blink of an eye!

Nightwing #34 (2009)

Nightwing: A Scent of Danger.

A lead on a case takes the new Dynamic Duo to California... with horrifying consequences! Now the Boy Wonder is determined to make good--even if it means taking on Batman... and Alfred!

Nightwing #35 (2009)

Nightwing: Volatile Villainy.

Why is one of Nightwing's old enemies trying to draw him out? And can he be trusted?

Nightwing #36 (2009)

Nightwing: Over a Barrel and Under the Gun.

As the threat level rises, Nightwing races against the clock to find-- and stop-- whoever's out to get Sloan. Every second counts!

Nightwing #38 (2009)

Nightwing: Curtain Call.

Nightwing #40 (2009)

Nightwing: Formula for Fear.

Caught in the Scarecrow's trap, Batman comes face to face with his darkest terrors!

Nightwing #41 (2009)

Nightwing: Live and Let Die.

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Nightwing: Murder by Midnight.

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