



Nightwing #34
Batkid

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Nightwing: A Scent of Danger

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“California? Seriously?! Sweet!”

“I’ve got a lead I need to follow for that embezzling case,” Dick Grayson replied. “It looks like some guy in San Francisco is making quite a profit from Wayne Enterprises. Since Batman’s going to be down there, I thought Robin might like to come along.”

“Would I!”

Dick smiled. “I thought Timothy Drake might like to tag along, too. If so, he needs to hurry up and pack since I leave in—” he glanced at his watch, “exactly twenty minutes.”

Tim raced up the stairs. “Hey!” Dick called after him. “Don’t forget your swim suit. As long as we’re there, we might as well catch a few waves.”

Another ‘sweet!’ echoed down the stairs. Chuckling, Dick turned around and saw Alfred Pennyworth.

“What excuse for his absence shall I give the school?” the butler asked.

“Don’t worry about it,” Dick winked. “I’ll take care of it. ‘Sides, this’ll be educational. I’ll make sure he checks out a gift shop or something, maybe have him pick up one of those shark teeth with the information card?”

Alfred nodded, smiling. “Very well then, sir. You’ll find your suitcase ready to

go at the front door. I expect Master Timothy to be finished packing in a moment. When he is, I must insist that the two of you eat something before you leave. It is a long way to the airport."

Dick grinned. "Thanks, Alf."

"Quick, someone call 911!"

"Oh—"

"I think I'm gonna be sick."

"Is he breathing?"

"What about the other one?"

Dick stared in horror as the thirteen-foot shark shot out of the water and grabbed the surfer.

"No!" Dick screamed. He swam as hard as he could to the last spot the surfer had been spotted, staring in horror as traces of red blood mingled with the water. He searched frantically but didn't see the shark or surfer anywhere. As the seconds ticked by with no sign of the shark or its victim, the gnawing fear became too much for him. He decided to do the only thing he could think of at the moment—fight tooth and nail. And, as the shark was nowhere to be seen, he took it out on the only person around: himself.

"Doctor?"

"Wheel him in, NOW! Someone get that door!"

"Come and get me!" he screamed, as the blood gushed from his arm a minute

later. Doing everything he'd ever been told to not do in the ocean, he swished his bleeding arm back and forth, stirring up the blood, and then floated on his stomach. He could see a small boat coming to his rescue, the occupants yelling and pointing. Something bobbed to the surface only ten yards away from Dick—and it moved! Dick felt like screaming for joy. If he could just draw the shark away, the boat might get to Tim in time to save him.

“Heart rate’s dropping.”

“Hand me that!”

“He’s still losing blood fast.”

He'd been just down into the water when he'd seen it. There'd been no time to scream before the impact, and by the time he had, he'd been underwater and earned a mouthful of water for his effort. The question ran through his mind: which death would be quicker and less painful— shark or drowning? Then, he began hitting the big fish anywhere he could. He thought he remembered reading something about holding onto a shark's nose to paralyze it but he wasn't sure, so he cupped the nose with one hand, while pounding it with the other for good measure. He wasn't aware of any pain, then, but he knew there would be plenty later—if there was a later. As the shark plunged deeper into the dark water, Dick surrendered to oblivion...

“...billionaire Richard John Grayson suffered massive injuries after—”

Dick's eyes flew open. He sat up quickly, ignoring the painful spasms. He had to make sure of one thing.

“This isn't my...I'm not...” He glanced around wildly. White walls... a TV in the upper corner of the room... surprised-looking white-robed figures...

Good.

He wasn't at his funeral.

Glancing at the TV, he realized that he had heard a disinterested reporter delivering an update on his... condition? What was his condition?

His breathing slowed as he got over his initial terror. A rapid beeping filled the room, and to his left he saw a monitor declaring his accelerated heart rate. A nurse had materialized at his bedside and laid a hand on his shoulder. Glancing at her, he wondered what he had done to end up there. He remembered being terrified of something, but couldn't remember what.

Scarecrow? He wondered numbly. He didn't remember meeting him recently.

"Everything is okay, Mr. Grayson. Please calm down." The nurse waited until he relaxed a bit. "There you go, now lie down here. I need to fix this," she explained, holding up a needle connected to a plastic bag on a wire hanger. He stared at the bag in horror, then leaned over the bed rail and retched. He dimly heard the nurse saying something, but didn't understand. He realized that someone was lifting him and moving him to another bed, but his mind was focused on the bag. He felt a prick as the nurse stuck the needle into his skin. He forced himself to calm down, employing a simple breathing exercise he had learned years ago. As the nurses and doctor around him prattled on, he remembered.

"Tim! Where is he?" Two nurses immediately tried to get him to relax, but he was through with being told to calm down.

"My ward, Timothy Drake. Where is he?"

One of the nurses, a petite brunette, glanced at the doctor.

"He's okay, Mr. Grayson. He suffered a few injuries—nothing life-threatening." Holding up a hand, the doctor interrupted Dick's demands. "Soon, soon. Right now, I'd like to have a look at you." He glanced at Dick's face. "Do you remember what happened?"

Dick couldn't quite repress a shudder, but he answered calmly, "yes. A

shark attack.”

“Good,” the doctor said, taking out a flashlight. “Do you know what day it is?” He peered into his patient’s eyes.

After a few more questions, the doctor a few notes on his clipboard with a satisfied expression. He gestured toward Dick’s bandaged torso. “If you would just lie still...” Dick nodded and laid his head back, gritting his teeth as the doctor checked him over.

“How bad is it?” Dick asked, trying to swallow the sour taste in his mouth.

“A few lacerations, and some broken ribs. There are several rather deep incisions, as well. A total of thirty-four stitches—not bad, overall.” The doctor said, still peering at the wounds. “To be quite honest, it looked much worse than it was—you lost a lot of blood.”

Dick nodded impatiently. He was feeling tired and lethargic. He wondered how many painkillers he had in him. “If we’re all done I’d really like to see Tim,” he said.

The doctor smiled. “Of course. I’ll have a nurse change your bandages and then he’ll come down here. Sound good?” The doctor left after speaking with a blonde nurse Dick had seen earlier. Several minutes later, Tim half-ran into the room.

“Dick,” he said, eyes wide at the bandages and IV’s. “Are—are you okay?” Tim’s face flushed. *What a stupid question*, he thought.

Dick nodded. “I’ll live. You?” He asked, looking at Tim’s arm.

“Sprained my shoulder pretty badly,” the teen admitted. “And the shark left some holes where he bit me.” Wrinkling his nose, he said, “By the way, I’m really not interested in a shark tooth anymore. Maybe we can get an informative magnet or something, instead.”

Dick started to laugh, but then gasped at the sudden pain. He wondered about Tim. “How long ’til you’re healed?”

Tim shrugged. "I hear I'm gonna be sore for awhile, which I believe," he winced. "Man, you scared me. You were out three days!"

"Three...!" Dick frowned.

After a pause, Tim asked, "You hungry?"

Dick grimaced. "Actually, I'm kind of queasy."

Tim nodded and sat down. Dick raised an eyebrow.

"If you're hungry, go get something. I'm not going anywhere."

Tim hesitated, unwilling to leave Dick. He looked at the nurse, who smiled.

"He'll be just fine if you want to grab something from the vending machine. Right out those doors." Tim thanked her and ran out, returning a few minutes later.

Dick's stomach churned at the smell of the peanut butter crackers Tim had bought. At any other time, Dick would have been eating some himself, but the strong smell of peanuts didn't help his stomach at all.

"Wonder how long it'll be before we're outta here," Dick mused.

Tim smirked. "I think you'll be here bit," he responded. "It's okay," he lowered his voice theatrically. "I think the blonde likes me. I'll be fine if we have to stay here awhile..."

Now it was Dick's turn to smirk. "In your dreams," he retorted. "'Sides, I think we'll be out of here before long."

"Welcome home, Master Dick, Master Tim! My thanks for bringing them here, Miss Barbara." Alfred greeted the people he thought of as his family.

"Hey, Alf," Dick grinned, leaning on a crutch. Tim smiled at the butler as

he set their suitcases on the floor.

“Hey,” he echoed as he ran back out to grab Barbara Gordon’s bag.

“You’re just in time,” Alfred informed Dick and Barbara. “I’ve got supper very nearly prepared.”

“Great, Dick replied, as Alfred wandered back into the kitchen. Barb followed on his heels. “I’m going to take my suitcase upstairs while you finish up.”

“Don’t bother with mine,” Barbara called over her shoulder. “I’ll grab it after we eat.”

In the kitchen, Barbara diced an onion while Alfred opened lids on pots to check on their contents.

“How bad was he, really?” Alfred asked quietly. “He wouldn’t give many details over the telephone. When pressed to elaborate, he persisted in changing the subject.”

Alfred couldn’t quite read the expression on Barbara’s face. “The shark actually got Tim first,” she began slowly. “Don’t tell Tim, Alfred—Dick asked me not to. When Dick saw that the shark had Tim, he was way too far away from shore to swim for help, and he couldn’t see anything because the shark had dragged Tim under the water. Dick’s arm—he actually tore up his arm hoping the blood would attract the shark.” She paused. “It worked, apparently.”

Alfred frowned. “He told you this, himself?”

Barb shrugged. “I heard it first from someone who had talked to the guys who picked them up. I figured it was something just crazy enough to be true, so when we were at the hospital, and Tim went to get a burger, I asked Dick about it.”

“How dreadful.” The butler frowned again. He was quiet for a few moments; the only sounds in the room were the stirring of his spoon and

quick chopping of Barbara's knife as it sliced through the onion. "How dreadful," he said again, coming out of his reverie. "Though it *was* very like Master Dick to do so."

Outside the kitchen doorway, Tim felt sick. He slowly walked away, not caring whether Barb or Alfred noticed him or not. He passed Dick on the stairs.

"Hey, I was just about to go find you. Dinner's almost ready," Dick told him.

Tim didn't answer. Instead, he ran up the stairs at an even faster speed.

"I thought you were hungry!" Dick shook his head, carefully turning on his crutch to navigate the stairs.

"What's wrong?" Barbara called up.

"Beats me," Dick frowned, perplexed. "Something's bothering him."

Barbara stopped drying her hands.

"What?" Dick asked.

Barb looked slightly guilty. "Alfred can tell you," she called back to him as she headed for Tim's room, tossing the towel over her shoulder.

When she opened the door, he was sprawled on the bed. "Hey," she said. He didn't respond. "How much did you hear?"

"Enough." Tim mumbled.

There was an uncomfortable silence. Then, Barbara forced a laugh. "Well, this is going as well as a bad soap opera. I really don't know what to say."

Tim rolled onto his side. Barbara suspected he was about to cry. "I didn't know he *tried* to lure the shark back to him."

"Of course you didn't. He didn't want to you to know." She sighed. "I'll get an earful for upsetting you."

"He should have told me. I ruined his case, not to mention got him half-eaten by a shark."

"He *wasn't* 'half-eaten'," Barbara snapped. "Besides, the doctors say he'll be fine soon enough. The longest-lasting effect will probably be a strong aversion to *Jaws*."

Tim shrugged. He didn't want to talk about it.

Barbara bit her lip. Finally, she asked, "Ready to come eat?"

Tim stood up, trudged silently down the stairs, and slumped at the table. Remembering Dick's cracked ribs Alfred had positioned a recliner at the head of the table, where Dick was now waiting. The older teen glanced at Tim.

"Beats cheeseburgers, eh? Told you it'd be worth it to wait." He swallowed a forkful of scalloped potatoes, glad to be finished with hospital food.

Tim played with his green beans, forming an 'R' out of them. Dick frowned, then pushed his plate away. "Well, if you're not going to eat, then I'm not going to eat," he said childishly. Barb rolled her eyes. Tim stood up angrily, ignoring the remark altogether.

"Why would you do that?" He yelled.

Dick looked serious. "There was no other option," he said. "At least, none that I could think of at the time."

"Swimming to shore didn't occur to you?"

"What kind of person do you think I am?" Dick wanted to know. "I wasn't just going to let you *die*."

“But what if *you* had died? You would’ve been dead, and Batman would be gone, and—”

Tim stopped as Dick held up a hand. “What’s Batman without a Robin?”

Barbara stood up quietly and left the room. She had just hung up the telephone, after filling her father in on Dick and Tim’s conditions, when Tim appeared in the doorway.

“Your plate’s in the microwave,” he said as he walked in.

“Thanks.” She slipped her cell phone into her pocket as she went to retrieve her plate. When they were all sitting down at the table again, she said, “Oh, Dick. Dad said that the embezzler took another load but got a little careless. The FBI nabbed him. Congrats on your hunch—it was Elkson in Cali.”

Dick took an imaginary bow as best he could, from the recliner.

Tim looked relieved. “Great.” Dick relaxed. Maybe Tim wouldn’t feel quite as guilty over losing the lead on the case.

Barb nodded. “But this is where it gets interesting. Paying attention? Good. Elkson’s money didn’t stay in Cali—it bounced right back to Gotham.”

Dick’s eyebrow raised. “Oh?” He asked, leaning forward, his plate forgotten.

“In regular seven-thousand dollar increments, to a GCPD cop.”

“A payoff,” Dick said at once.

“That’s what it looks like.”

“Who’s the cop?”

Barb's lips twitched into a smile. "Oh, no. You're not going anywhere. I'll check it out for you before I head back."

"It's my ca—"

"Zip it."

Dick glared at her for a moment. Then, he grinned. "All right." *If it keeps you in Gotham.*

Barb smiled. She hadn't expected it to be so easy. "Cool. I'll go suit up now."

Behind her, Alfred broke in. "Not quite yet, Miss Barbara. I've prepared your favorite desert."

Barb smiled. "Wouldn't miss it."

Robin adjusted his mask determinedly. Dick was dozing, partly due to the long trip home, and partly due to the pain medication, which Alfred had forced on him. The butler was currently dusting the living room. Robin decided to seize the opportunity to escape. He glanced around for his gloves before he remembered that he had left them in his room. Quietly, he crept into the kitchen.

"Just where do you think you're going?" A voice behind him demanded.

Robin whirled around. "Um..."

"You're going to try to solve that embezzling case on your own, are you not?" Alfred asked disapprovingly.

Robin glanced down at the floor, then back up at the butler. "Yes," he said hotly.

Alfred shook his head. "I expected as much."

"Someone has to," Robin insisted. "Barb got that emergency call from the

New Outsiders and took off like a shot. She's gotta be three states away by now."

"And just what would Master Dick say if he knew what you were planning?" Alfred asked.

Robin frowned. He could very well imagine just what Dick *would* have to say if he knew. He was just happy that Barb had left after Dick had gone to sleep. Staring at Alfred, he thought his options over quickly. "Don't try to stop me, Alfred, or I'll jump," he threatened.

The butler's expression turned to one of confusion. "You'll *what*, Master Tim?"

"I said," Robin repeated slowly, looking meaningfully behind Alfred, "that I'll jump."

Alfred glanced behind him and then turned back to glare at Tim.

"You cannot possibly be holding my cake *hostage*, Master Tim."

Tim smirked.

Alfred's mouth went flat.

"Try to stop me and I'll jump so hard the whole thing will fall," Robin threatened again. "It'd be a shame," he noted sorrowfully, sniffing the air. "It smells pretty good."

Alfred raised an eyebrow, then threw his hands in the air. "Fine. Go. You are aware, I suppose, that I will have to awaken Master Dick, who will not be at all happy?"

Tim smirked again. "Go ahead and try. Did you read the label on those meds you made him take? He'll be out for hours."

Finally, Alfred looked concerned. "Master Tim, I'm sure the police—"

Tim shook his head as he ran back to the Batcave. "Forget it, Alfred!" He yelled. "I have to do this." He looked around for a spare pair of gloves

quickly as the butler ran down the stairs. Desperate, he opened the display case that housed old costumes, took Dick's old gloves and ran for his bike. Then he raced away.

He swallowed as he hit the accelerator. Alfred was concerned about the crook? Tim was far more worried about someone else.

He was *so* dead when Dick woke up.

Dick opened his eyes groggily, and rubbed them slowly, trying to erase some of the blurriness of his vision.

"Alfred?" He mumbled. He felt himself falling back asleep...

A shake. He opened one eye and saw Alfred. "What is it?" Dick muttered, trying to focus.

"It's the embezzling case, Master Dick. I'm sorry to wake you, but Miss—"

"Babs!" Dick exclaimed a little more clearly. He struggled to sit up, then fell back with a wince. "Is she hurt?"

"No, sir," Alfred assured him. "I'm afraid Miss Barbara had to leave due to an emergency."

"Gordon—?"

"A *business* emergency, sir," Alfred emphasized. He shook Dick again as the teen began to fall asleep, once more. "Master Tim went in her place."

This time, both of Dick's eyes popped open. "He went alone?"

"Yes, sir. I did attempt to stop him, but—"

"S'okay, Alfred," Dick said. He rolled over until his palms were flat on the mattress. Then he pushed himself up to a standing position; it was easier on his ribs than sitting straight up. He swayed as he bent over to

grab his jeans.

"Master Dick, are you sure you will be able to follow him?" Alfred asked worriedly.

"S'okay," Dick murmured again, concentrating on buttoning his jeans. He rubbed his eyes and temples. "Can you get me a glass of ice water while I suit up?"

"Of course," Alfred responded. He turned immediately and headed for the kitchen. Dick followed more slowly. By the time he reached the kitchen, Alfred had the water waiting. Dick chugged it and felt slightly more alert.

"Thanks," he called as he headed to the cave. After putting on the Bat-suit, he revved up the Batmobile.

Tim was *so* in trouble when he got back.

Alfred contacted him over the radio several minutes later. "How are you holding up, sir?"

"I'm fine," Batman responded. He was trying to focus on finding Tim, and resisting the urge to sleep. The Batmobile's quiet purr wasn't helping on that score. "Able to reach Tim yet?"

"I've tried to raise him on the radio. Regrettably, he has either switched it off, or he is simply refusing to pick up."

Oh, yeah, Batman decided. *Big trouble.* "All right," he said with a deep sigh. "You told me where he went, anyway. I'm nearly there."

"Good luck, B."

"Thanks." *But I'm not the one who's gonna need it,* he vowed to himself. Just wait 'til he found Tim.

Robin quietly sneaked behind the old flowered chair. He could see a man's balding head over the top. "Elkson," he hissed. The man jumped, instantly turned away from the television and looked wildly around the room in a panic.

"Who's there?!" The man yelled, frightened. He made a beeline for a rack by the front door.

Tim crossed in front of the crooked cop, forming a living barrier between the man and his gun belt. His cape swished behind him.

"Not so fast," he growled. "Why don't you go back to your seat and get nice and comfy? We've got a lot to discuss. 'Sides, maybe you should enjoy it while you can; it's softer than any seat you'll find where you're going."

The man took a step back and raised his hands. "What are you talking about, kid? You're crazy!"

Tim took a few steps forward. "I don't think so. Now, sit down."

The backs of the man's knees hit the seat of the chair and he flopped down. As he fell into the chair, he rolled over the arm, to land on the floor. Robin sprang toward him. The man kicked out with both legs. Robin had been expecting that move, and leapt to one side, over the sofa. He tripped over a vacuum cord and hit the floor, but rose again instantly. Elkson ran, once more toward his gun belt, as Robin threw a sharp R-shaped piece of metal at his wrist. The man screamed and slapped a hand over the spot that the knife had impacted. Robin ran over and knocked the gun belt to the floor, jumping out of the way as Elkson tried to sweep his legs out from under him. He kicked the gun belt into the dark kitchen, grabbed the man's arms and pinned them behind him, and hauled the man up—no easy feat since the cop was a full foot taller and a hundred pounds heavier than the teen. Shoving him into the chair again, he stood back and crossed his arms.

"Now," Robin began. His teeth gleamed as he grinned in the semi-darkness and stood, blocking the only light source in the room: the television. "Why don't you tell me about your new income?"

Batman grumbled as he stepped out of the Batmobile. He'd parked it directly behind Robin's bike. Maybe Bruce had had the right idea years ago, when he had stolen Robin's wheels to keep him from going on a certain case...

He noticed an open window three stories up and fired a grapnel to the ledge below. As he entered, he could hear a man speaking. He stopped as he realized that he was listening to Elkson's confession. He waited until the man had finished before he stepped out of the shadows.

"You mind repeating that to the police?"

Batman had the satisfaction of seeing both Elkson and Robin jump at his voice. Robin whirled wide-eyed to face him.

"D—Batman? What're you doing here?"

"Solving a case, of course. The case of the missing bird."

"What?" Elkson exclaimed. "I don't know anything about any birds..."

"Shut up," Batman snapped.

Elkson obeyed.

"For someone who doesn't know anything about birds, you were sure singing a lovely tune, a moment ago," Robin told him.

"At least come up with something original, kid," Elkson muttered.

"Yes, please," Batman agreed.

Robin trailed the Batmobile as slowly as he could without losing sight of it. After they'd delivered Elkson to the police and explained their evidence, Batman had climbed into the Batmobile without a word to his

junior partner. Robin knew he was in for it.

The road didn't last forever, and soon enough he was at the Manor. He parked his bike near the Batmobile and slowly trudged into the cave and changed clothes. Then he headed upstairs to the kitchen.

"Master Tim," Alfred nodded. His relief at seeing Tim safe was evident, as was his irritation.

"Hi, Alfred," Tim responded weakly. He looked around for Dick, but didn't see him.

"Well—I guess I'm going to bed," Tim yawned. Maybe if he avoided Dick until morning it would give his partner time to cool off. Or time to come up with a more creative punishment.

Tim yawned again. He was tired enough to take his chances, he figured as he headed for the stairs.

"Oh, no, you're not." Alfred's words stopped him cold. "You'll wait right here for Master Dick to arrive."

"Where is he?" Tim asked.

"Still changing, I believe," the elderly man answered. He turned as he heard a noise behind him. "Ah, yes, here he is."

Tim winced when he saw Dick. The older teen's eyelids were thick and heavy over his bloodshot eyes, and he was clutching his bandaged arm over his ribcage.

"Tim."

Tim swallowed.

Dick was too tired to take any satisfaction in the boy's apparent discomfort. He flopped into a chair, winced, and then glared at Tim. "You... are in *so* much trouble."

Tim swallowed again. He had been right. He was so dead. And he knew that he had taken his last unauthorized solo trip for a long, *long* time.

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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 #18 (2007)

Nightwing: Heart of a Champion.

Just as Nightwing starts to close in on the drug gang, more problems arise. He and Tiffany will have to move fast if they're going to crack the case, but the team ends up with more than they bargained for! Can they solve the case before the crooks get away and before one character is written off—forever? Find out as the adventure continues in this exciting issue!

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...

Nightwing #33 (2008)

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 #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.

Nightwing #44 (2010)

Nightwing: Murder by Midnight.

With Bruce back where he belongs, Dick Grayson strikes out in a bold new direction! Brace yourselves for murder, mayhem, thrills and chills!



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