



Nightwing #1
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Nightwing

Issue 1: "The Great Unknown, Pt. 1: Breaking Down"

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*Suddenly you're in this fight alone
Steppin' out into the great unknown
And the night's the hardest time
When the doubts run through your mind
'Cause suddenly you find yourself alone*

Desmund Child and Andreas Carlsson, "Suddenly"

*We're all out of second chances
And all out of one more times
There's not a word we haven't said
Nothing we haven't tried*

*My bones are achin'
From the weight I'm holdin' now
I've took all that I'm taking
I'm breaking, breaking down*

Hilary Lindsey, Troy Verges and Angelo "Three Mississippi"

Growing up around Bruce, sometimes I wonder how I stayed me. I was his counterbalance—light to his dark, mirth to his gloom. If he came down like a ton of bricks, I used that weight to launch me toward the stratosphere. We were a team, a partnership... yin and yang, Bruce called it. Those were great days. But then, I had to go and ruin it all. I had to grow up. I had to realize that Bruce

wasn't perfect, after all. In fact, he wasn't even close to perfect. Problem was: he expected me to be...

"You're not concentrating, Dick!" Bruce exclaimed sharply, as the projectile passed within a fingerbreadth of the teenager's left eye. "Stop day-dreaming, and pay attention!"

"Lighten up, Bruce," the youth shot back, flipping neatly out of harm's way. "I got it cov-agh!" He gasped as a second missile clipped his upper arm. Concentration rattled, Dick tumbled from his perch, fifteen feet above where his mentor stood. He spun into a double somersault, to land solidly on the exercise mat below. He met Bruce's angry glower with one of his own.

"I told you," Bruce started to say.

Dick cut him off. "You upped the danger level on me!"

"Is that what you're going to do in the field? Start whining when your enemy pulls something unexpected?"

The young man bristled under his instructor's questions. "You really have to ask that? After six years of working together, you really-you're serious. Aren't you? You don't trust me to watch your back." He shook his head in disgust. "I don't believe this."

Bruce turned away. "If you're taking reckless chances with your own neck," he said hollowly, "how can I possibly expect you to look out for mine?"

That brought him up short. He drew a deep breath, and then let it out slowly. "Because," he grinned, "you always told me to put other people's safety ahead of my own, and," he continued seriously, "I do."

Bruce started to nod, and then stopped as he witnessed an unholy gleam of mirth spark in his partner's eyes.

"I just have to remember," he added, "that not everyone can move as

quickly as I can. After all, when it's been statistically proven that the human body slows down... as it gets older-HEY!"

A heavy medicine ball sailed past his head, missing him by inches. Dick caught it in midair. "You trying to kill me?"

"Me?" Bruce asked innocently. "I thought for sure you'd be able to dodge anything these tired old arms could throw at you-" he ducked to avoid the flying capoeira kick, and seized hold of Dick's ankle as it passed harmlessly into the air where his head had been an instant earlier.

Dick angled his descent, hitting the mat hands-first, while simultaneously kicking Bruce in the throat with the side of his free foot. Bruce fell back, gasping, releasing him. An instant later, Dick hurled himself at his mentor, and the two fell grappling to the ground, amid jeers and laughter.

At first, I think we both thought it was a phase of some kind, and things would go back to normal. I had no idea why we were arguing so much, lately. And why, as time went on, we stopped making up. It wasn't like either of us really apologized, before. We just each had this sixth sense about the other one, about when the storm had blown over. Then one of us would say something like...

"So, what do you think, Bruce? Will the Knights make the playoffs this season?"

And the other one might answer

"Anything's possible."

And then we'd head up to dinner or out on patrol, and things would just smooth themselves over. Except that, after awhile... they didn't.

"Your head wasn't in it, tonight. That could have been fatal."

Dick bristled. The words wouldn't have cut so deeply if there hadn't been an element of truth to them. "I," he started to apologize. Bruce cut

him off.

"I don't know what's been getting into you lately, but—"

Right then and there, the younger man decided that he had had enough. "What's been getting into me," he repeated disbelievingly. "What's been getting... in... to me? World's greatest detective doesn't have a clue? He hasn't noticed that between 'work' and school, I have no time for anything else? He doesn't see that my grades are falling off because it's a little hard to study when he keeps piling on the extra training. Sure, at this point, I could probably teach the chemistry class better than the instructor, but—"

Bruce cut him off. "I had no idea that you were under that kind of pressure. Very well. Until the end of the school year, no more Robin."

Dick's jaw dropped. "What? I didn't mean—"

"Batgirl and I will handle the city. *You* work on your grades. Take on some extra-curriculars, since they're clearly more important to you than—"

Dick was sputtering. "Don't twist everything I say, damn it!"

"You said that your academics were suffering due to your night-time activities, did you not? You implied that the pressure was impacting your performance in the field." Bruce's voice was as smooth and glacial as a skating rink before a hockey game. "You've raised some valid concerns. It's your senior year. As of this moment, your schooling is more important than any other pursuits. If you can't handle being Robin right now, then—"

"Bruce," Dick said desperately, "don't do this. Please!" He felt a firm but gentle hand squeeze his shoulder.

"Master Dick," a British voice said crisply behind him, "I fear I must support Master Bruce's decision on this score."

Dick spun in angry disbelief. "Et tu, Alfred?"

The older man's eyes twinkled. "Ah. I see you've not forgotten your

Shakespeare. If you can retain such information until your final examinations, there will be no reason whatsoever as to why, come summertime, you would not be able to risk life and limb as you've been wont to do for nigh on six years."

Dick tried to maintain his anger, but after a moment his shoulders slumped in defeat. "Fine. Whatever," he said as he unfastened his utility belt, and pulled the red vest over his head. Grabbing a towel, he headed toward the cave's shower facilities, and then spun back. "But I'll be down here, working out, every day no matter what."

Alfred smiled. "I'd hardly expect less from one as disciplined as you've shown yourself to be in the past, Master Dick," he remarked.

Bruce turned his back, but not before Dick saw the slight nod and the glint of approval in his mentor's eyes.

Would it have gone differently, had I held myself to that? I wonder.

Barbara looked up from the cave's computer. "Joker's down at the docks," she reported. "I might as well call it in."

Dick, balancing on the uneven parallel bars, glanced briefly in her direction. "May as well," he agreed. "It's not like he'd let either of us step in and *help* or anything."

Barbara sighed. "I don't get it. We're backup, right?" She didn't wait for a reply. "So then why doesn't he *let* us back him up at a time like this?" Her hand arced before her in a sweeping gesture. "*First*, every street punk who wants to make a name for himself by taking down Batman seems to pick THIS week to do it, *then* Joker breaks out... then Joker breaks a whole slew of crazies out of Arkham. And the worse things get—"

"The more he looks for excuses to keep us safe," Dick nodded. "That's Bruce. He couldn't protect one family when he was a kid, so now he's going to make darned sure he doesn't lose us... even if it kills him."

Barbara shook her head. "That makes no sense."

"No?" Dick dismounted, somersaulting into a solid landing. "Okay, let's try this one then... I've been on reserve duty for the last few months. First night out, I get three different mooks taking potshots at me, *which* I manage to dodge, thank-you very much. *One* guy manages to graze my arm," he indicated the bandage taped about his left forearm, "and he decides I'm not up to snuff and tells me to lie low."

"He told me the same thing," Barbara pointed out, "And for a lot less. But if you could perform *that* routine, even with that flesh wound, then... "

Dick grinned. "He'd just say that uneven parallel bars don't fight back when you jump all over them." He continued.

"You've been training for two years, and really only going out in costume for... what? A year, now? Year-and-a-half?" He shook his head. "We go out doing what we do and mean guys with guns are part and parcel of the territory. Bruce doesn't think we've got what it takes to bring Joker down, and the only way to prove that we do, is to actually bring him down. And right now, Bruce doesn't want to give us that chance. I know. It stinks." He grinned. "But, hey. You knew what Bruce was like when you signed on. I had to learn it gradually."

Barbara laughed despite herself. "Better hit the showers, Boy Wonder. Unless," she added, wrinkling her nose, "that's a new weapon you're testing out."

"You wound me," Dick pantomimed being stabbed to the heart.

"*You* wound my olfactory system. Phew!"

"Okay, okay," Dick said laughing. "I'll go get cleaned up. Just for you, though. Wish you'd do the same for me," he added wistfully.

Barbara sighed. "By the time we're old enough for the age gap not to matter, we'll both be with other people."

"Keep saying it, Babs. Maybe one day, one of us will be convinced."

When Dick exited the showers, Barbara was nowhere to be found. Had she gotten bored and gone home? *No*. Her blue convertible was still parked where she had left it... but her bat-cycle was *not*. *She wouldn't have...* The thought froze in his mind as he noticed that her costume was missing from its locker.

Oh... crud. She's supposed to be the one who holds me back, he thought in disbelief. Then he considered. The shootings, the rioting, Batman's current level of fatigue... All of that combined just might have been enough for his teammate to decide to shoulder some of Bruce's current workload, whether he wanted her to or not. But... *Batgirl's never faced Joker before...*

Dick Grayson pondered the situation for about five minutes before settling on a course of action.

His comlink sounded twenty minutes later. "Where do you think you're going?"

At times like this, honesty wasn't necessarily the best policy, but it was still the lesser of two evils.

"The docks," he replied tersely. "Crays picked up a potential trouble spot."

"Negative. Return to cave, immediately. I'll handle it."

Another pair of ears might have missed the weariness in the older crime fighter's tone. Batman had trained him too well.

"Belay that, Batman. I'll be at the location in twelve minutes. You're farther away."

"That's irrelevant. The situation is too volatile. You're not equipped to handle it on your own."

Robin drew in his breath, about to protest, and then stopped as his mentor continued.

"Wait for me in the alleyway behind the Giella Shipping Company. We'll go in together."

That was about as close as Bruce was ever likely to get to admitting that he was in over his head, Dick realized. "Understood. Robin out."

"Di-Robin?"

"Still here."

"I didn't tell you everything."

What, no... Really? He bit back the sarcastic rejoinder. "Oh?"

Batman rattled off his next words staccato-fast, as though saying them that swiftly would somehow minimize his concern. "Joker wants to use the two of you to get to me. Do not give him that opportunity. Tell Batgirl to stay with you and out of sight until I get there."

Robin swallowed.

"About Batgirl," he ventured...

What was taking Batman so long? Robin wondered as he crouched in the shadows behind the warehouse that Bruce had specified. He toggled the heads-up display, and the hour and minute obediently flashed before his mask lenses. He had been waiting less than twenty minutes, but it felt like hours.

It was too quiet. His ears took in and summarily dismissed the myriad sounds of the docks by night: the water lapping gently against the dock pilings and rocky bank of the Gotham River, the occasional scuffle of work boots on cobbled stone as their owner hurried to or from some point or other. *The ones to look out for are the ones that are trying to move quietly*, he reminded himself. *Those are the people who have something to hide.* The wind shifted, bringing with it the rancid odor of fish left out too

long in the late-spring humidity, and Robin nearly retched as his stomach battled to keep its contents within. He almost missed hearing the moan, so low it was scarcely more than a sigh, as it escaped from one of the windows of the adjacent warehouse. For a moment, he was sure that it was the wind again, but he realized that the sound was coming from the wrong direction.

He hesitated. Batman had ordered him to stay put. *But Batman didn't know about this, he thought. The suit carries a responsibility. When I put it on, I have an obligation to help those who need it.* He froze. *But, Batman gave me the suit. I have a duty to follow his orders.* Robin frowned. *I also have a duty to evaluate each situation and react accordingly. He's got a partner, not a puppet. I can't just let someone die because he ordered me to stay put.*

Robin hesitated. If he could hear what was going on inside the warehouse, there was every possibility that those inside would also hear him, should he try to signal Batman. From his utility belt, he extracted a narrow stylus and quickly rubbed the tip against the rough brick wall closest to him. To the naked eye, the surface of the wall looked the same. But, once Batman switched to full-spectrum lenses—as he would, if he did not see Robin waiting for him at the designated meeting point—the message that Dick had just scrawled for him in ultra-violet ink would be clearly discernable.

His mind made up, Dick fired off a grappling hook, which caught the edge of the roof of a nearby storage facility. As quietly as he could, he made his way to the top, and leaped lightly from building to building until he stood atop the warehouse from which he had heard the moan. He lowered himself cautiously to the window and looked inside.

Batgirl stood in the centre of the room, her hands bound above her and secured to a large hook suspended from the ceiling. Her costume was torn in several places and the exposed flesh was bruised, as though someone had attacked her with a blunt instrument. From his vantage point, Robin could see a half dozen men in the room with her. At least two of them were holding baseball bats, which certainly looked capable of inflicting that sort of damage. As he watched, one of them approached the captive vigilante with a leer.

"Peters," a voice called. "Don't hurt the bait."

Peters took Batgirl's chin firmly between his thumb and forefinger. "Don't worry, Hanrahan," he grinned. "Ain't gonna do nothing permanent." As he spoke, his other hand attached itself to the young woman's shoulder, and slowly began to roam further downward.

Batgirl struggled faintly. Robin could see that her ankles were tied together and fastened to an eye-ring bolted to the floor. That explained why she hadn't already leveled a kick at the man. The youth seethed, as Peters continued to speak softly.

"Now, Sweetheart, you heard the man. I don't want to hurt you, none. You be nice to me and I'll make this go easy for you. Whaddaya say?" He pulled her face closer to his as he leaned in to kiss her.

Batgirl suddenly jerked her head back and out of his surprised grip. Before he could recover, she spat full in his face. Peters colored as his cohorts bellowed with laughter.

"That's showing him, Girlie!" One guffawed.

Peters backhanded her across the face. She swallowed a cry, and a trickle of blood appeared at the corner of her mouth. He pulled back to hit her again when one of the others frowned.

"Hold it!" The new man shouted. "There's someone at the window."

Robin froze. *How... His shadow... on the floor. Of all the stupid... careless...* He tried to duck out of sight, but the damage was done.

The second man pulled out a pistol and held it to Batgirl's head. "You may as well come in," he called. "Unless you want me to hit the girl with something a little more serious than a Louisville Slugger."

He only hesitated a moment before pushing the window the rest of the way open and dropping lightly to the floor. Immediately, two burly men rushed forward. Each gripped one of his arms with both hands, while a third relieved him of his utility belt.

"Fine," Robin said irritably. "You got me. I surrender. Now let her go."

He didn't seriously expect them to obey, but he had to make the offer.

For a moment, there was silence. Then, from an adjacent room that Robin had not seen earlier, came a sound that made the Boy Wonder's blood run cold.

"HAHAHAHahahahaha!" *No. Not him...* The Joker pushed the door open wider and strode fully into view.

Robin stood with his back against an upright unsanded support beam. Behind him, a rough cord was tied securely around one wrist, threaded through an iron ring bolted to the back of the stanchion, and tied around his other wrist. He forced himself to remain silent as Joker handed out automatic weapons and ammunition to twenty men and women in clown-attire, sporting chalk-white makeup, and blood-red malicious grins. "Right," he chortled gleefully. "Auguste, Columbine, Harlequin, Pierrot, Bello, and Hobo take the downtown core. Just ride around and fire at will! And I don't mean Weary Willie, here!" He added, draping a friendly arm around another of his henchmen. "Unless of course, he gets in your way..." The others laughed dutifully as 'Willie' flinched.

Joker directed several others to points west, north, and south of the docks. They filed out, all but four of them. Then the white-faced man turned to his captives. "So..." he began, spreading his hands expansively, "...where's Batman?"

"Put it this way, Joker," Robin snarled. "If you start running now, you *might* get away before he turns up." He slid the cord back and forth through the metal ring in a sawing motion. He thought he could feel it beginning to fray.

The green-haired Arkham escapee sauntered up to him and, without warning, delivered a heavy blow to the young vigilante's jaw. Robin's head snapped up and back, banging against the support beam.

"Comedy's a lot harder than that, boyo," he said lightly. "Dying on the other hand," he paused, voice trailing off as he gazed intently around the

room. Something in the other office caught his eye, and he darted off, to return a moment later with a large crowbar. "Dying," he continued, "can be relatively easy."

Where was Robin? The Caped Crusader took stock of the alleyway angrily. He had *told* the boy to wait for him. With the carnage raging in the city, it had taken nearly forty-five minutes for him to traverse the four miles that had separated him from the rendezvous point. Along the way, he had encountered the scions of Gotham's most infamous organized crime families, street punks, junkies, riffraff, and somewhat worryingly, normally law-abiding citizens who were taking advantage of the prevailing air of lawlessness and vandalizing and looting at will.

Batman hadn't slept in over fifty hours. He had been relying mostly on bottled water and trail mix for sustenance. He'd told himself that it was all worthwhile so long as his partners were safely out of harm's way. Instead, their actions had landed them directly in the thick of things.

He glanced about him and spotted ghostly writing glowing on a nearby wall. He read it and was unable to suppress an oath. *Joker...*

"Leave her alone!" Robin shouted as Joker advanced on Batgirl, crowbar in hand. He forced himself to keep sawing the rope inconspicuously. If he worked any faster, his movements would betray him. The rope had nearly parted, now.

"You'll get your turn, Boy *blunder*," Joker chuckled. "I just want to play with a different bird, first." His grin grew wider. "I really didn't want to start the party before Tall, Grim and Boring got here, but two bats in the hand are worth one in the bush. And speaking of bats..."

Joker swung the crowbar in a wide arc, smashing it into Batgirl's side. Ribs cracked as the young woman cried out.

“Lovely!” The madman exclaimed, tucking the weapon under one arm so that he could heartily applaud. “I didn’t realize you could reach that note. Can you go any higher?” He asked conversationally. He swung the bar again, this time catching her below the armpit on her other side. “I can...”

The last fibers of the rope parted and Robin launched himself at the laughing maniac. His momentum carried him forward, and Joker fell to the ground in a flying tackle. He kept his hold on the crowbar, however. As Robin’s fists pounded rhythmically against chalk-white flesh, Joker raised the metal rod and thrust it against the boy’s throat.

At that angle, the bar could do little physical damage, but it did leave the youth gasping for air. Two pairs of hammy hands hauled him roughly off the fallen lunatic.

Joker rose smilingly, albeit shakily to his feet. He handed the crowbar to another of his henchmen. Then, still smiling, he delivered a powerful kick to Robin’s midsection. The boy doubled over, gasping, and would have fallen, were it not for the two men restraining him. Joker beckoned to the hireling now holding the length of metal.

“If the little bird wants to play so badly,” he shrugged, “you may as well share that toy with him. And, Krusty,” he added, “be generous, won’t you. If you spare the rod, you’ll only spoil the child.” He gave Robin a mock-appraising look. “Then again, it might already be too late... still...” He straightened. “No! By gum and by golly, no! There’s always hope, isn’t there?” He clasped his hands together, and struck a parody of a melodramatic pose. “We must do everything we can, even if it’s still not enough, we still have to try, right? Right?”

The mook nodded, eyes gleaming. “Right, boss. Everything we can.”

Joker placed a fatherly hand on his henchman’s shoulder. “Good man, Krusty. I’ll leave you to him then. As for me, there’s music to play, places to go, people to see...”

He picked up a machine gun and stepped into a waiting freight elevator car. Before the gate closed behind him, he added:

"...And kill."

Robin was going to die. He knew it. He was trying to roll with the punches, doing his best to dodge repeated blows from 'Krusty-with-the-crowbar', but his injuries were beginning to tell on him. Even if he somehow managed to escape, they were only going to start in on Batgirl again. He had to stall as long as he could, stay alive, give his audience a good show and hope Batman turned up soon. *And what if, when he does, he's in worse shape than you are? You know how hard he's been working lately.* That was a moot point, right now. The only thing that mattered was staying alive—and keeping Batgirl alive—as long as he could. Which, judging by the blows now raining down faster and harder than before, wasn't going to be very much longer at all.

And then, Batman was there. Robin sensed, rather than saw or heard him. He was barely conscious, but he could hear the screams and the whimpers, and they weren't flying from his lips anymore. Batman was there. That was his last coherent thought, before his world went dark.

He awoke in the cave.

"Relax, Master Dick. This shall sting briefly." His wounds suddenly felt like they were on fire. It was almost worse than the original beating had been.

"A-Alfred?"

"Rest easy, Sir. You've been through quite an ordeal. But, you should be up and about in no time."

Dick opened his eyes and looked around. He was alone in the cave with Alfred, and there was no sign that anyone else had been down here recently. "Babs?" He whispered.

Alfred shook his head disapprovingly. "Batman returned Miss Barbara to her father's house three nights ago. Apparently, she was brutally attacked by a number of ruffians as she made her way to the library parking lot. She was seriously injured, but the doctors do expect her to make a full recovery."

Dick nodded wearily. Batman must have brought her home as soon as he and Alfred had come up with a plausible explanation for those bruises. He tried to sit up but sank back exhausted. "How long have I been here?"

"The better part of three days, Sir."

"Bruce?"

The butler's expression was somber. "Physically, his injuries required far less treatment than yours."

Dick nodded, relieved. Then his heart began to pound. That should have been good news. But from the way Alfred was acting... "Alfred? What else?"

"I... Master Dick, I'm not entirely certain that it's my place to tell you."

"Will Bruce?"

"Tell him." Dick started involuntarily. How long had Bruce been in the cave, listening? "He may as well hear it," Bruce continued. Without waiting for an acknowledgement, he stalked out of the sickbay area. In the stillness, Dick heard leather soles stamping on cold stone as Bruce made his way upstairs to the manor.

When the hidden door behind the grandfather clock swung shut, the older man drew a deep breath. "Very well, then, Sir. It would appear, from what Master Bruce has pieced together from police and media sources, as well as from Miss Barbara's account, that after leaving the two of you to the tender mercies of his associates, the Joker made his way downtown to the Chateau Desris," Alfred named a five-star hotel in the Theatre District. "A political fundraiser was taking place, and Miss

Julie was in attendance.”

“Julie Madison?” Dick repeated. Bruce’s fiancée. Dick liked her, although he was still trying to get used to the idea that a woman only a few years Barbara’s senior was about to become his de facto stepmother. Still, that notion was easier for him to accept than what Bruce had told him less than six weeks ago:

“If Julie and I are going to have a real chance at making things work... I can’t keep things from her. And I can’t run the risk of someone finding out my secret and using her to get to me, either. So, sometime soon... I’m going to tell her about Batman. And I’m also going to tell her that... that it’s part of the past. She and I have a future together... and the costume can’t jeopardize it.” His eyes turned pleading. “Do you understand, Dick?”

He did. He’d just never thought he’d actually hear Bruce say it. But he’d seen how... relaxed Bruce had been lately, since he’d finally admitted to himself that Julie wasn’t another one of his fly-by-night conquests to be photographed in the tabloids and forgotten as soon as the next story made the headlines. Julie was good for Bruce. How could Dick fail to see that? And seeing it, how could he begrudge Bruce such happiness?

Alfred had just mentioned the Joker. “What about Julie?” He asked apprehensively.

“According to eyewitnesses, Joker entered the hotel via the main lobby doors. He seized a rumaki from a server’s tray and pronounced it rancid. Whereupon, he removed the safety from his machine gun and opened fire on the attendees.”

Oh... no... “J-Julie?” Dick asked, dreading the answer.

The butler lowered his eyes. “She sustained several bullet wounds. Despite the doctors’ best efforts, she... to our sorrow, they were unable to save her life.”

Dick squeezed his eyes shut. *Bruce. Oh, G-d... what is he going through?*

Alfred watched him, concerned. “Perhaps, I should have waited until you were stronger. Rest, now, Master Dick. Rest...”

And, thanks in no small part, to the painkillers that Alfred urged him to swallow, he did.

Two days later, Dick ventured into Bruce's study. The shades were drawn, the lights dimmed. Bruce sat at his writing desk, elbows on the blotter, hands steepled beneath his chin. "I'm sorry," he ventured.

Bruce shook his head. "You can't blame yourself. Thanks to Joker, over a hundred people died that night. Julie happened to be one of them. I suppose," he said tonelessly. "I needed to be reminded of the oath that I took that night, to make Gotham a place where people could walk its streets in perfect safety again. I was prepared to betray that purpose for... purely selfish reasons."

Dick frowned. "Hold on, Bruce. I know you're hurting right now, but you can't just—"

"Joker brutalized you and Batgirl in order to get to me. He shot scores of people for the same reason. And had he known that one of his victims was someone important to me... Dick, I don't want to think what he might have done. I can't..." He broke off, and then steadied his voice.

"If there's one thing that's been made very clear to me, it's that anybody connected with me is a potential target. I can't protect the city knowing that I'm endangering those closest to me. I can't afford any... new attachments. As to those that already exist, I've already told this to Barbara. Now I'm telling you. Effective immediately, Robin and Batgirl have flown their last. My decision is final."

Dick stared at his mentor in angry disbelief. "You can't do that. You haven't the right..."

"I have the responsibility. And I'm taking it. As of this moment, there is no more Robin."

To Be Continued!

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Justice League vs. America #2 (2007)

Justice League vs. America: Heroes or Traitors?

The Crisis heats up as the revelation of who or what is behind President Lord's actions comes to light. But an attempt to stop the villain's plan turns sour and the League is wanted more now than ever. And one member takes the ultimate stand for his actions, in the second chapter of this year's big event!

Nightwing #27 (2008)

EVERYTHING CHANGES WITH THIS ISSUE!

Nightwing: Historic Continuity.

A frantic call from Alfred sends Dick speeding back to Gotham to deal with the fallout from Batman's climactic battle with Ra's Al Ghul. The landscape has changed, and Dick will face more than one critical decision before the story's done!

Nightwing #28 (2008)

Nightwing: Twisted Logic, Bleeding Hearts.

There's a serial killer on the loose, and Batman won't rest until he's brought to justice. But will his determination prove his undoing?

Nightwing #29 (2008)

Nightwing: Heart of a Hero

Cornelius Stirk has Batman in his clutches! Robin's hot on the trail, but even if he gets there in time, can he prove a match for Stirk's metahuman powers? Tune in for the thrilling finale... and see!



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