



Nightwing #36
Batkid

Published: 2009

Categorie(s): Fiction, Fan Fiction

Tag(s): Comics DC2 Nightwing Robin

Over a Barrel and Under the Gun

Written by: Batkid

Cover by: Howard & Biermann

Editor: Ellen Fleischer

Nightwing raised his binoculars to his eyes again, and studied the figure in the house across the road. The woman he was watching leaned over and deposited dishes in a dishwasher. The woman glanced around before she headed into the next room, switching the light off as she went.

Within a moment, Nightwing was across the road, trying the back door that he knew led to the kitchen. It was locked, and he had to fiddle with his lock pick, for several minutes before he could open it. He quickly stepped through the door to the dark kitchen, and closed the door softly behind him. Crossing the linoleum, he glanced into the living room, where he saw the woman browsing the Internet. Leaning slightly further out, he caught a glimpse of a young boy coloring a picture on a piece of paper on the coffee table. He stepped in.

“Ms. Sloan?”

The woman whirled around, her hand going automatically to her hip. Off-duty, she wasn't wearing her gun—something Nightwing had made sure of before going in. She stopped and took a good look at her intruder. “Nightwing?”

He nodded briskly. “S'what I've been told.”

The woman glanced at the wide-eyed boy sitting on the living room floor. She pushed back her dark curls. “Anything in particular you want?”

“There's a few things we need to discuss.”

The woman held his gaze for a moment before turning to the boy. "Joey, why don't you run upstairs for a few minutes," she said, a false, bright smile plastered on her face.

"But, Mom—"

"Now, Joey," she commanded, her hand shaking ever so slightly as she again brushed her curls back. The boy looked heartbroken, but he headed slowly for the stairs.

"Can I have your autograph?" He asked his hero, from the fifth step up.

Nightwing smiled. "Sure." He would alter his penmanship, of course—so as not to leave anything for a handwriting analyst to discover, however slight the chance. But there was no reason he couldn't sign something for the kid.

"Cool!" Joey exclaimed, heading up the stairs somewhat more happily. His mother watched him go before turning to her unexpected visitor.

"What was it you wanted to talk about?" She asked, tapping her finger nervously on the computer table.

"It's about Joey," Nightwing stated grimly. "Have you talked to Sloan lately?" At her nod, he continued, "What did he tell you?"

The woman scowled. "What does it matter? You want to put him in jail, again?"

"Right now, I'm just gathering evid—"

"You think he... altered the dough," she said, for the benefit of little ears listening above, "himself?"

Nightwing held up a hand. "I didn't say that. If someone really is out to... get... him, I need to find out who it is. But he tells me that he's received phone calls about someone else," he said, raising an eyebrow at her. The kid upstairs was hanging on their every word.

“He did, just as he’s told other stories in the past.”

“What if this isn’t a story, Lisa? I saw the holes in the wall, and evidence of the... man who put them there.” He wished the kid were gone so they could talk plainly.

Lisa shrugged. “Maybe he put them there himself. I wouldn’t put it past him.”

“He didn’t,” Nightwing said flatly. “If you don’t have any idea who did, then I think we’re done—for now.”

“I don’t,” Lisa said, sounding relieved. As soon as the words left her lips, there came a *thump, thump, thump* as Joey ran down the stairs. He ran to the computer table and grabbed a piece of paper out of the printer, snatched a pen from the coffee table, and shoved both at Nightwing. Nightwing grinned. Then, using the coffee table for a hard surface, he obligingly scrawled the name of his alternate identity on the paper. The boy grabbed it delightedly and held it out for his mother to see. She tore her gaze from the intruder just long enough to smile down at her son’s new treasure, then glanced back up. She arose quickly, looked around, and then ran to the kitchen. The only sign that he had left that way was the curtain swaying on the door.

Nightwing zipped down the road on his bike, toward his next destination. As usual, he entered via a high window, swinging gracefully into a bedroom. Without waking the room’s occupant, he glanced at the sleeper. Jacob seemed fine, so he crept down the hall. Tiffany was at her computer, working on some document. Torn, Nightwing hesitated a second, then whispered quietly, “Tiffany?”

The woman whirled around and opened her mouth to scream, but Nightwing’s gloved hand was already pressed against her mouth.

“Shhh,” he whispered into the dark. “It’s Nightwing.” He waited a moment, then said, “If I take my hand off your mouth will you be quiet?” He could feel Tiffany’s head nod under the crook of his arm, and he released her. She flipped on a small desk light, bright enough to illuminate

both of their faces, but not to wake Jacob.

“What is it?” She asked, drawing her robe closer around her.

“Someone’s after Sloan,” he told her quietly. “Maybe Marty’s men, though, at this point, I’m not sure.”

She nodded understandingly. “And if it is Marty’s men, you think they’ll come after Jake and me?”

Nightwing nodded. “Exactly. Like I said, nothing’s certain at this point, but...”

“But it’s better to be safe than sorry,” Tiffany finished for him. “Thanks for the warning.”

Nightwing gave her a half-smile. “No problem. If you need anything—”

Tiffany smiled. “If we need anything, I’ll... what? Go to your house? Call you?”

Again, Nightwing debated. Finally, he handed her a small, flat square. “Emergency homing beacon,” he said. “Flip it open, press the bigger button, and if I’m within three hundred miles of you, I’ll pick up the signal and follow it. If you need to talk to me, hit the smaller button, but only if it’s life-or-death.”

“I’ll do that,” she said, smiling. She tried to hide a yawn as he glanced at the clock on her computer.

“Oh, jeez, it’s four o’clock,” he muttered. “I’ve gotta go,” he said. “Just... keep an eye out.”

“Of course,” she promised. She winked and opened her window with a flourish. He swung out the window, his grin gleaming in the darkness as he made it down to his bike.

“Can she get police protection?” Tim asked Dick at lunch later that day.

Dick shook his head.

“What would she tell them? She doesn’t have what they would consider a valid reason, since technically she shouldn’t even know about the murder attempts on Sloan. Since there’s no real evidence to tie the attempts to Marty—and Sloan probably has more than one person who hates his guts—the police wouldn’t do anything until something happens.”

“But by then, it could be too late,” Tim said glumly. “How are you going to manage taking care of Sloan and Tiffany at once—not to mention being Batman?”

“I’ll manage,” Dick grinned tiredly. “How about this? Why don’t you read over the details of the Sloan and Tiffany case? Alfred can show you the files.”

“Sure, but... why?”

Dick winked. “You can’t help solve a mystery without knowing the details.”

“Sweet! I’ll read over those files right after school.”

“Don’t get your hopes up, though—this’ll be more of an evidence-gathering mission. I don’t expect any action.”

“I thought you didn’t expect any action!”

Nightwing ducked a swing and delivered one of his own. “One thing you’ll learn in this business, Robin, is to expect it when you least expect it!”

“Look out!”

Nightwing rolled as he toppled to the ground. He glanced up from the floor groggily.

"You're right about that, pal," the thug said, looking pleased with himself. The butt of his revolver was sticky with dark blood. Pointing the weapon straight at the vigilante's head, he pulled the trigger.

"Ow!" Nightwing yelped. He had rolled to the right just as Robin had thrown himself at the gunman from the same direction—nearly defeating the purpose of his moving as the bullet nicked his temple. The gunman was thrown off balance and turned to the new brightly-clothed threat, just as a dark boot slammed into his chin.

"That was satisfying," Nightwing commented. He touched his finger to his temple. "I think we've gotta get better coordinated—I roll one way, you knock the gun the *other* way."

"Sounds like a plan to me," Robin grunted as he blacked one man's eye. Nightwing glanced around the room, keeping one eye on his protégé. This thug was the last.

"And then there were none," Robin said as the thug slid to the floor.

"Good work," Nightwing praised him. "I saw you tried that new kick I showed you."

"Yeah, it worked great, now that I've got the hang of it." The Boy Wonder glanced around the apartment. "I gather these guys don't belong here?"

"Not in the least," Nightwing responded. "I count five of them. Seem to be Sloan's welcoming party."

"Nice." He glanced around again. "So, are we waiting for Sloan?"

Nightwing nodded. "Yep. At least for awhile. Remember that cigarette I found behind the bush the shooter shot from? Got an I.D. on the guy, believe it or not. A thug-for-hire. Here are the bullet holes..."

For the next twenty minutes, Nightwing showed Robin the crime scene, including the area from which the gunman had shot. When Sloan walked in the door, he found the two deep in conversation. He also took in the five men tied up in the middle of his floor.

“What’s all this?” he asked, gawking.

“Your greeting committee,” Nightwing said coolly. “They had something planned, but I’m afraid that, for the moment, they’re a bit... tied-up.”

“That’s okay,” Sloan finally responded, finding his voice. “I’ll, uh... take a rain check.”

“I wouldn’t, if I were you, but it’s your choice,” Robin shrugged, flashing him a grin.

Sloan looked at the boy as if for the first time. “I thought you worked with Batman.”

“Uh...”

“Good memory,” Nightwing broke in, half-amusedly. “But sometimes, a change of scene is in order.”

Sloan nodded as if he understood. “Ah.”

“Skipping unnecessary introductions, we’ll get on to business,” Nightwing drawled, waving at the thugs who were now regaining consciousness (and probably wishing they weren’t). “The police are on their way. You won’t have as much of a problem convincing them, now.”

“No, I guess not,” Sloan said, still looking stunned.

“Just in case, I’m leaving Robin here to ‘splain things.”

“Wait, you’re leaving?” Sloan asked. “Aren’t you going to interrogate these guys, find out who hired ‘em to off me, and—”

“No, I have other business.”

“These guys tried to KILL me! What’s more important then interrogating them!?”

Nightwing flashed a piece of paper at him. "Tracking the person who sent them before he hears about this." He exited out the door, leaving Sloan open-mouthed.

"Where'd he get that?" the disbarred lawyer demanded.

Robin shrugged and nodded at one of the thugs. "Guess he didn't receive one of those notes with a timed self-destruct mechanism."

The door was old, but shining conspicuously from the worn wood was a very new, very good, lock. Assuming the windows in the building would be just as well-secured, Nightwing frowned.

"Who needs secrecy, anyway?" he muttered as a tiny bit of C4 removed the problem. As soon as it was safe, he stepped through the gaping hole that was left, and ducked down immediately as he saw a gun swing toward him. Tossing a nightarang, he hit the man on the wrist, causing his gun to drop to the floor. Before he hit the ground, Nightwing was already past him and heading for the next room. A man was reaching into a desk drawer, casting desperate glances in the direction of the door, when Nightwing rushed in. The vigilante flipped onto the desk and stomped down on the man's hand.

"Let go of the gun," he commanded. He raised his foot. The man drew his hand back slowly, eyes wide and breath coming in loud, quick gasps.

"What—what do you want?" the man asked.

Nightwing hopped onto the floor, not turning his back to the open doorway. "I came to check your stupid-thug-for-hire gig. Y'know, not this corner-shop front," he waved at the room vaguely. "The one where someone could presumably hire a thug to kill someone else for an outrageous fee."

"I don't know what you're talking about!"

"Aw, c'mon, be original. *Everyone* says that." Nightwing shook his head, disappointed. Reaching into a pouch on his utility belt, he pulled out the

smudged scrap of paper he had taken from one of the thugs at Sloan's. "I have to admit, this is pretty darn incriminating."

"N-no..." the man stuttered, his mind racing.

"Who wants Sloan dead?"

"He'll kill me..."

"Not if I stop him. You think he won't punish you for this failed murder attempt?"

The man considered that for a moment. "He-he'll understand..."

Nightwing half-turned and whipped a nighitarang at one of the man's 'employees' who had just run in armed. "I don't think so," he stated coolly. "I've had a run-in with Marty myself, and he didn't seem the forgiving type."

The man was silent. Then he muttered, "No, guess he's not."

"I appreciate your cooperation," Nightwing nodded as he left.

"Robin, I just confirmed that it's Marty."

"Kay. The cops took those creeps out about five minutes ago. They're assigning police protection to the place. There's a few cops here now, waiting until the regular guy gets here."

"Five minutes ago, Robin? They took awfully long. Heard anything big on the radio?"

"Nope. Are you coming back here?"

"Yeah, I—" Nightwing paused. "Hold on. My beacon just went off." He punched the button on his suit. Tiffany. "Yeah?"

"Nightwing?" a woman's terrified voice screeched.

“Tiffany? What—”

“Meet me,” she said, her voice high and trembling. She gave the address. “He... oh... n-no...” The line was cut abruptly.

...Shoot.

Nightwing rapidly changed lanes, skirting cars and making a wide U-turn. Angry honks followed him as he went against traffic for a few blocks, before turning onto a clearer street.

Speeding down the road, he muttered into his radio, “Robin, there’s been a change of plans. I’ve got an emergency call, and I’m headed there—got an E.T.A. of ten minutes. Stay with Sloan and don’t let anyone in until I get there. Once Marty hears that his thugs-for-hire failed to kill Sloan, he’ll be back.”

He glanced at his speedometer and saw it was at seventy. Coaxing the bike to ninety-five, he called into the mike, “Robin?” He checked to make sure the mike was on. It was.

Grimly, he checked the volume level. It was at the midpoint: loud enough for him to hear even a whisper. He sighed. This was not going well.

“So this is why they called Robin, ‘Boy Hostage’,” Tim commented dully as Nightwing strode in. His wrists and ankles were both tied to a chair that was in the middle of the room. Several feet away from him, Jake was in a similar position. Tiffany’s neck was currently in the crook of a man’s arm, uncomfortably close to a knife blade.

“I hope you don’t, but seeing as you’ve adopted the identity, you’ll probably get used to it,” Nightwing nodded in his direction, relieved to see that he was alright. “Okay, Marty, you’ve got us all here, we’re at the climax of your little drama. If I’ve followed the age-old script right, we’re at the part where you reveal your evil plot and I beat you senseless before handing you to the police.”

Marty stepped around from behind Robin. “You obviously didn’t get a copy of the new script.” He nodded at a group of thugs, who started for Nightwing.

Nightwing instantly whipped out his escrima sticks.

“No, no, no,” Marty shook his head. “This is where the revision is. You don’t put up a heroic fight, kid. You put your toy sticks down and put your hands behind your back for some pretty bracelets. Harder to break than rope is.”

Nightwing backed up a step. “Or you’ll kill Tiffany, eh?”

Marty nodded. “Ex-actly.”

“Didn’t I put you in jail?”

“I’ve got friends,” Marty grinned. Abruptly, he became serious. “Now, hand ‘em over.”

Nightwing shrugged, his cool demeanor hiding his anxiety. “Sure, sure.” He handed over his sticks.

“I’m sure you’ve got more nasty tricks up your sleeve—probably quite literally,” Marty growled. “Hand over your whatchamacallits. The flying razors.”

Nightwing reached into one pouch, withdrew several razor-sharp nighntarangs and held them up for Marty to see. They glimmered dimly in the light. He tossed them lightly to one of the thugs who had his hands out.

“Ahhhh!” the man yelled, as he unconsciously closed his fist around them. Marty rolled his eyes as the man wiped his bloody hand on his shirt, carefully switching the nighntarangs to his other hand before he did so.

“Frank, frisk him,” Marty commanded one fellow. “But give Tom your gun first—I don’t want Hero Boy to get a hold of it.”

Frank nervously walked up to Nightwing. After a moment, he had checked all of the pouches on the vigilante’s utility belt, and amassed a small fortune in gadgets. Marty grinned appreciatively at the camera.

“I’ll bet there’s lots of shots on there that plenty of people would rather didn’t see the light of day,” he commented thoughtfully, already planning how he could profit off the pictures.

Frank, nervous as he was, hadn't been completely thorough in his search, but Nightwing wasn't planning on mentioning it. To his credit, Frank had checked all of the obvious places, however, it hadn't occurred to him to check for hidden compartments in Nightwing's suit.

"So, how are you planning on killing all of us?" Nightwing asked with seeming indifference as one of the thugs handcuffed him. "That's a lot of bullets."

"Or explosives," Marty replied. "This place is falling apart, and is already scheduled to be demolished. No one'll bat an eye when it goes down."

"Um, hello? Bombs are kinda noticeable," Robin informed him.

"Not small ones. I doubt there'll even be an investigation here. A small bomb would be the last straw for this place, and would only finish what twenty years have been doing. This place'll go down in no time."

Robin frowned. "You won't get away with it."

Marty laughed. "You're too innocent to be a superhero, kid. Too confident. I don't know why Batman ever let you sign up. Just gets a kid like you killed. You realize that, don't you? Most kids are sleeping right now, or playing a video game. Maybe finishing a paper. What are you doing? Getting blown to smithereens. Since no one knows your identity, when you disappear you'll just become one of the kidnapping cases on the news, never heard from again. What a way to live, kid." He turned to his pals in the room. "Alright, let's clear outta here. Frank, set that thing and then run, you got it?"

Everyone in the room left, except for the prisoners and Frank. While Marty had been talking, the man who'd been holding Tiffany had tied her expertly to another chair.

"We've almost got a full set here," Nightwing commented, looking over the chairs. He craned his neck as he talked. "Five minutes? Aw, c'mon, Frank. Make it at least seven."

"Just shut up, okay!" Frank waved a gun at him wildly as though Nightwing, handcuffed to the chair, could harm him by talking.

"Alright," Nightwing said calmly. "Five's cool." He glanced around the room,

getting a mental picture. Jake was on his left, with Tiffany beside him. To Nightwing's right was Sloan, who was crying and muttering something, and past him was Robin, looking to his leader for a plan.

"See you, Frank," he said as the man hesitated. "Have a good life before the cops catch you." Frank screamed something as he ran out. As soon as they were gone, Nightwing asked, "Anyone in here tied with rope?"

Tiffany, Jake and Sloan all nodded. "Robin?" Nightwing asked.

"Handcuffs," he replied glumly.

"Same here," Nightwing muttered. He shook his hands behind him. "Three." He pursed his lips, thinking, then began to scoot his chair around. Within a moment, he was facing the rear of the room. He launched his chair back. Landing solidly on his wrist, he winced in pain, then felt around on the ground for a nightarang. His pile of tools had been left there, just out of reach... but not anymore! He grabbed one, then scooted back until he was close to Jake's hands.

"What about me?" Sloan shrieked, watching the timer on the bomb.

"You'd probably bolt out of the room," Nightwing muttered. "Which, if you did, would probably get you killed, since Marty and his goons probably stayed to watch the fireworks." Rubbing the razor-sharp blade against the ropes, he soon had Jake's hands free. "Untie yourself and Tiffany," he ordered as he wiggled toward Sloan. He soon had the ex-lawyer's hands loose as well, and the man lost no time in freeing his feet. Tiffany and Jake were rubbing their arms and legs to regain circulation as they waited.

"Is there an axe or something here?" Nightwing asked, glancing around.

"I'll check the hall," Tiffany called as she ran out of the room, Jake on her heels. Minutes later, Jake was back with an old hatchet.

"I found one, Tiff," he called. She came back a moment later and glanced at the clock on the bomb nervously.

"Great," Nightwing said. "See if you can free Robin."

Jake hefted the hatchet so unskillfully that Nightwing was afraid for Robin's

neck. *"Take your time," he said, eyeing the steadily-changing timer. "No pressure."*

Jake took a deep breath and again hacked at the chain. "It's no use," he said. "The handcuffs won't break. This thing's probably too dull, and I can't get a good angle on it, anyway."

"Don't analyze it, just take the chair apart, then," Nightwing said more urgently. "Hurry."

The chair was lying in splinters on the floor a moments later. "Okay, go!" Nightwing yelled, as the timer hit 1:03.

"No," said Robin. He grabbed the hatchet from Jake and began swinging at the chair.

"There's no time," Nightwing argued. "We'll all be blown to smithereens in fifty-eight seconds." Robin continued hacking wildly. Nightwing glanced around the room desperately. "Sloan, Jake," he said wearily. Tears streaming down her cheeks, Tiffany tried to set his chair up.

"We'll carry the chair out," she said.

"No! Grab Robin and get out!"

Tiffany glanced at the timer, then helped Sloan and Jake subdue Robin. Hoping against hope, she swung the hatchet at Nightwing's feet, cutting the rope between his ankles and freeing his legs. The three dragged Robin out as he struggled and screamed.

Nightwing rolled onto his side, nearly on his stomach, and drew his knees up. Slowly he stood, hoping that the others had enough time to get out. They were two stories up, and he hoped they'd be able to clear the building. He headed for a window and rammed the chair into it, shattering the glass. With one last look at the bomb, he threw himself—and the chair—out the window. He hit the ground on his injured wrist but barely noticed as he stood, bent under the chair. He wished he could slide the handcuffs up and over, but the idiots had chained him to the turnings. He had barely gotten up, when he heard a small but definite explosion above him. As he tried to run, something hit him from behind and he fell

to the ground. Something hit his head hard and he saw stars as a woman screamed in the distance.

Robin struggled as best he could, but Sloan fully intended to survive and adrenaline made him unstoppable; Jake, too, was single-minded in his purpose, trying not to think of whom it was that they had left behind. Tiffany had a half-crazed hope of getting Robin and Jake out and running back in to save Nightwing, although her logical mind wouldn't let her forget the red 58 she had seen on the timer—nearly a minute ago. The four of them burst out the door and were across the road before they heard the boom. Robin struggled even harder to escape them as the building slowly collapsed. The three managed to hold him back for a few moments before he finally broke free and ran toward the rubble. Tiffany followed him, dimly aware of Sloan and Jake behind her. She didn't know why she was going. To comfort Robin? To see a miracle and find Nightwing standing in the middle of the rubble flashing his devil-may-care grin?

She stepped through the dust and smoke, tripping over the rubble underfoot. She knew it was dangerous—the whole area was probably incredibly unstable—but she couldn't force herself to stop. She saw Robin stop ahead of her and kneel down. Crouching beside him, she saw a dull nightarang in his hand.

“Oh, Robin...”

“He's alright,” Robin said confidently. “He's got to be.”

“Of course I'm alright,” Nightwing muttered. He opened his eyes and looked in the direction of their voices. Tiffany and Robin couldn't see him. He could barely see them through the smoke and dust. Wiggling, he tried to free the handcuffs from the now-shattered chair. Apparently the piece of furniture wasn't made for throwing out of two-story windows and surviving bomb blasts. He felt the chains slide from the destroyed chair and maneuvered himself slowly into a sitting position, his head swimming. He saw a brick lying beside him, covered with dust and blood, and became aware of a splitting pain in the back of his skull. Gathering up his strength he called for Robin. The Boy Wonder ran over to him with his entourage, and helped him to stand. The group made it back across the rubble just as a fire truck and an ambulance showed up. The police arrived a moment later, picking up Marty and his men on side streets. Robin retrieved Nightwing's camera, with its precious shots, from a police officer. The group

talked to the police for several moments before Tiffany, Jake and Sloan were all taken to the station. Robin and Nightwing headed for the Nightcycle. As Nightwing was in no condition to drive, he held on as Robin went back to Sloan's apartment to pick up his own bike.

As they drove, Nightwing asked, "So what happened at Sloan's apartment?"

Robin replied sourly, "Remember how long it took the cops? Apparently they were informed on the radio that it was a bad call, and then some of Marty's friends showed up in uniform." He sounded disgusted with himself. "A whole group of them were standing in the room with me when I told you on the radio." They were in front of Sloan's apartment now, and Robin swung off the bike.

"It's a long ride back to Gotham," Robin muttered. "How are we going to do this?"

Nightwing grinned tiredly. "I can make it."

Robin shook his head, thinking. "We'll go to Titans Tower and get you patched up, first," he decided. "Then we'll see about going back."

Nightwing smiled. "You're the boss," he replied. They revved their bikes and headed for the Titans headquarters. He'd radio Alfred once they got there. Batman would just have to take a break tonight.

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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 #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 #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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