

BLÜDHAVEN BOARDWALK.



FIRST LEGIT GIG I'VE EVER HAD.

WELL, DON'T FORGET YOUR PAL JOE WHEN YA GET TO THE TOP.

SOUVENIR PHOTO? YOU AND YOUR FAMILY AS BLÜDHAVEN WHALERS!

HEY, JOE.

EVENIN', ROLAND. I HEAR YOU GOT A NEW JOB.



AIN'T THAT A KICKER? JOE THERE PUT IN FORTY YEARS AS A SHIPYARD MANAGER. ME? I DID TEN IN BLACKGATE PRISON AND END UP IN A GLITTERING PALACE.

THAT'S WHAT MAKES THE BLÜD SO SPECIAL. RIGHT, MISTY?



DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOU DID BEFORE, AS LONG AS YOU CAN PLAY THE GAME.

OR RIG IT.



SEE ANYTHING GOING DOWN?



MUST BE SOMETHIN' BIG COMIN'. LOTSA JITTERS AND NERVOUS STOMACHS.



Blüdhaven is kind of like if you turned the circus into a city. And this ol' trapeze artist is right at home.

After a quiet month where the only action I saw involved a time-freezing dude-bro, things suddenly got really...loud.

On one side, the Simon Project Kings, a crew out of Metropolis shooting their way through enemy territory.

On the other, the Tail's End Noughts, a local gang claiming said "territory."

BRAAAP

POK

BRAAP

BRAAP

POK

POK

BRAAP

BRAAAP

POK

POK

BRAAAP

TIM SEELEY WRITER
MIGUEL MENDONCA PENCILS
VICENTE CIFUENTES INKS
CHRIS SOTOMAYOR COLORS
CARLOS M. MANGUAL LETTERS
PAUL RENAUD COVER
CASEY JONES & HI-FI VARIANT COVER
DAVE WIELGOSZ ASST. EDITOR
REBECCA TAYLOR EDITOR
NIGHTWING CREATED BY MARV WOLFGAN & GEORGE PÉREZ

BLOCKBUSTER PART ONE

Before I can wonder why the Kings would come this far south to bust into a Noughts meeting...

...I have to clear the air. Of hot lead.



THE BLÜD'S GOT SUPERHEROES NOW? THAT CHANGES THE GAME, RIGHT?

YEAH, IT DOES. WHY BUY NEW TOYS...



...IF YOU AREN'T GOING TO PLAY WITH THEM?

SHRAK SHRAK SHRAK

KRAKOOOM

Heavy-duty knock-off alien weapons. Supplied by a mysterious seller called the Second Hand.



But why would the Kings start a fight? What do the Noughts have that they want?



Why not take their gear and go be Superman's problem?

YOU-- YOU SAVED MY LIFE, MAN.

YEAH, WELL, DON'T GET TOO EXCITED.



I ALSO BROUGHT THE COPS.

PO-PO WASN'T PART OF THE DEAL.



DROP THE WEAPONS! DOWN!

WE OUT LIKE STAR TREK!



The month's worth of quiet wasn't because the criminals had hung up the sign and closed shop.



It was anticipation...