

GRAYSON'S PAD.

BRRRING

I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE GUY YOU CAN DEPEND ON.

BRRRING

I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE GUY EVERYONE RESPECTS AND TRUSTS. THE GUY WHO CAN LEAD JUST AS WELL AS HE CAN FOLLOW.

BRRRING

HRMM

I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE GUY YOU CAN CALL AND ASK FOR ANYTHING...

BRRRI--

URFF

...AND THE ANSWER WILL ALWAYS BE...

YES?

MR. GRAYSON?

THIS IS WILLEM...

WILLEM... CLOKEP! HEY.

I'M SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, BUT I'M--

STOP TALKING SO LOUD.

BABS?!

WHAT ARE...?
WHEN DID...?
DID WE...?

KNOW WHAT
THE BEST ANTIDOTE IS
FOR A SOUL-CRUSHING
HANGOVER, DICK?
FEWER YELLY
QUESTIONS.

HELLO?
MR. GRAYSON--

...

SORRY,
WILLEM. WHAT
WERE YOU
SAYING?

WE
STILL ON
FOR TODAY'S
SESSION? I'M
AT THE
DOCKS--

I'LL
BE RIGHT
THERE.

AND I'M
OBVIOUSLY NOT!
I'M SO DAMN
SORRY.

CHING

DON'T GO.

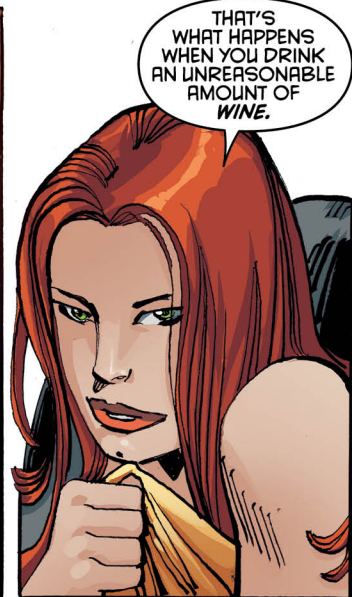
GOT TO.

STAY.
WHO'S GOING TO
BRING ME **ASPIRIN**?
I WANT **ALL** OF THE
ASPIRIN.



BABS...
THERE'S A BIG
BLACK NOTHING
IN MY HEAD.

IT'S LIKE
SOMEONE
SCRAPED OUT
A SECTION OF
MY BRAIN.



THAT'S
WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN YOU DRINK
AN UNREASONABLE
AMOUNT OF
WINE.

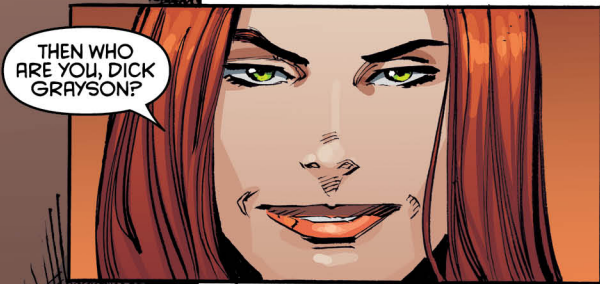


I DON'T
KNOW WHETHER TO
SAY *I'M SORRY*...OR
THANK YOU...OR WHAT?
I'M KIND OF FREAKING
OUT RIGHT NOW,
BABS.

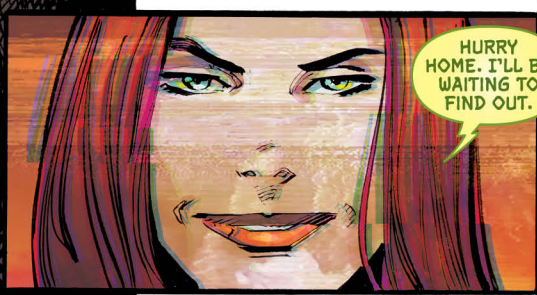
WE
OBSVIOUSLY NEED
TO TALK THIS OUT,
BUT I'M LATE FOR AN
APPOINTMENT WITH
A CLIENT.

THIS...
THIS IS *NOT*...
WHO I AM...

LATER.



THEN WHO
ARE YOU, DICK
GRAYSON?



HURRY
HOME. I'LL BE
WAITING TO
FIND OUT.

A FEW MONTHS AGO,
I FELT LIKE I WAS
LOSING MY FOCUS.

THERE WERE TOO MANY
ALERTS TEARING AWAY
AT MY ATTENTION. TOO
MANY SCREENS BURNING
THEIR AFTERIMAGE
INTO MY EYES.

I FELT JITTERY, FRIED,
SPACED-OUT. SO I TOOK
A CUE FROM NIGHTWING
AND APPLIED IT TO
DICK GRAYSON.

BATMAN IS A WALKING
SWISS ARMY KNIFE OF
GIZMOS, BUT I'VE STUCK
WITH MY BATONS AND
BEEN BETTER FOR IT.

I DITCHED THE MP3s AND
PICKED UP A TURNTABLE.
I PUT THE CELL PHONE IN
A DRAWER AND INSTALLED
A LANDLINE.

BUT NOW...THAT
FEELING IS BACK.
TIMES TEN. TIMES A
HUNDRED AND TEN.

5% NEURAL DOWNLOAD

LIKE MY NERVES
ARE COOKED. LIKE MY
BRAIN IS A SEETHING
BALL OF WASPS.

I MEAN...BABS? AS IN BABS?
I DON'T ACCIDENTALLY FALL
INTO BED WITH ANYONE, BUT
ESPECIALLY NOT HER. OUR LIVES
ARE TOO COMPLICATED FOR
EITHER OF US TO BELIEVE IN
SOUL MATES BUT...SHE'S CLOSE.

MAYBE IT'S JUST AN
OFF DAY. MAYBE IT'S
THE WORLD'S WORST
HANGOVER. OR MAYBE...

THE BLEEDING EDGE

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...I'VE GOT
A VIRUS.

WHAT
IS THIS
THING?



PEBBLE HILL NEIGHBORHOOD.
BLÜDHAVEN.

SOME SORT
OF VR DEVICE.
IT'S CALLED THE
PHANTASM.

BUT
WE DIDN'T
ORDER
THIS.



EVERYBODY
IN BLÜDHAVEN'S
GETTING ONE.
FOR FREE.

CITYWIDE
INITIATIVE, I
GUESS. BEATS
THE HELL OUT
OF ME.



BEATS
THE HELL
OUT OF
YOU...



...WE CAN
ARRANGE
THIS.

OR
YOU CAN
JUST GIVE US
KEYS.