

68 DAYS AGO.

Dance Club

In the story of any good hero, there's always a romance.

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD IT IN YOU, DICK GRAYSON.

Robin Hood had Maid Marian. Hercules had Megara.

And since I guess I'm the hero of my story, here's a tale of romance...

BUT NOW THE ENTIRE NEAR DARK CLUB SURE DOES.

HA. YOU CAN'T SPEND YOUR ENTIRE YOUTH HANGING OFF OF GARGOYLES WITHOUT A LITTLE GOTH RUBBING OFF ON YOU.

SO, DRINKS, AN ART SHOW AND SOME MOURNFUL GYRATING. THAT'S A PRETTY SOLID FIRST DATE, RIGHT?

EVENING IN A DREAM

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RIGHT OUT OF THE BOOKS. I DIDN'T PEG YOU FOR SUCH A *TRADITIONAL* TYPE.

BUT NOW THE *QUESTION* IS-- IS THAT A WELL-TIMED CALL THAT YOU CAN PICK UP AND USE AS AN *EXCUSE* IF IT WAS GOING TO HELL?

**BEEP
BEEP
BEEP**

IF IT IS, I'M NOT PICKING IT UP. DO-- DO YOU WANT TO COME UP?

I DON'T THINK THAT'S A GOOD IDEA. I CAN BE *TRADITIONAL*, TOO. BUT I HAVE *ANOTHER* IDEA.

TAXI

BLUSHAVEN
MNG-UAL76





SO I ASSUME IT WENT WELL? SPARE NO DETAILS. NOW.

JEEZ, WALLY, YOU'RE SO IMPATIENT.



I'M NOT IMPATIENT. I JUST WISH EVERYTHING MOVED AS FAST AS I DO, BUT IT DOESN'T-- AND YOU KNOW WHAT?



THIS IS A CONVERSATION TO BE HAD ON A COUCH WITH BEERS.

SHOOOM



DID YOU FIND THE STUFF FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF EXTRANORMAL AFFAIRS?

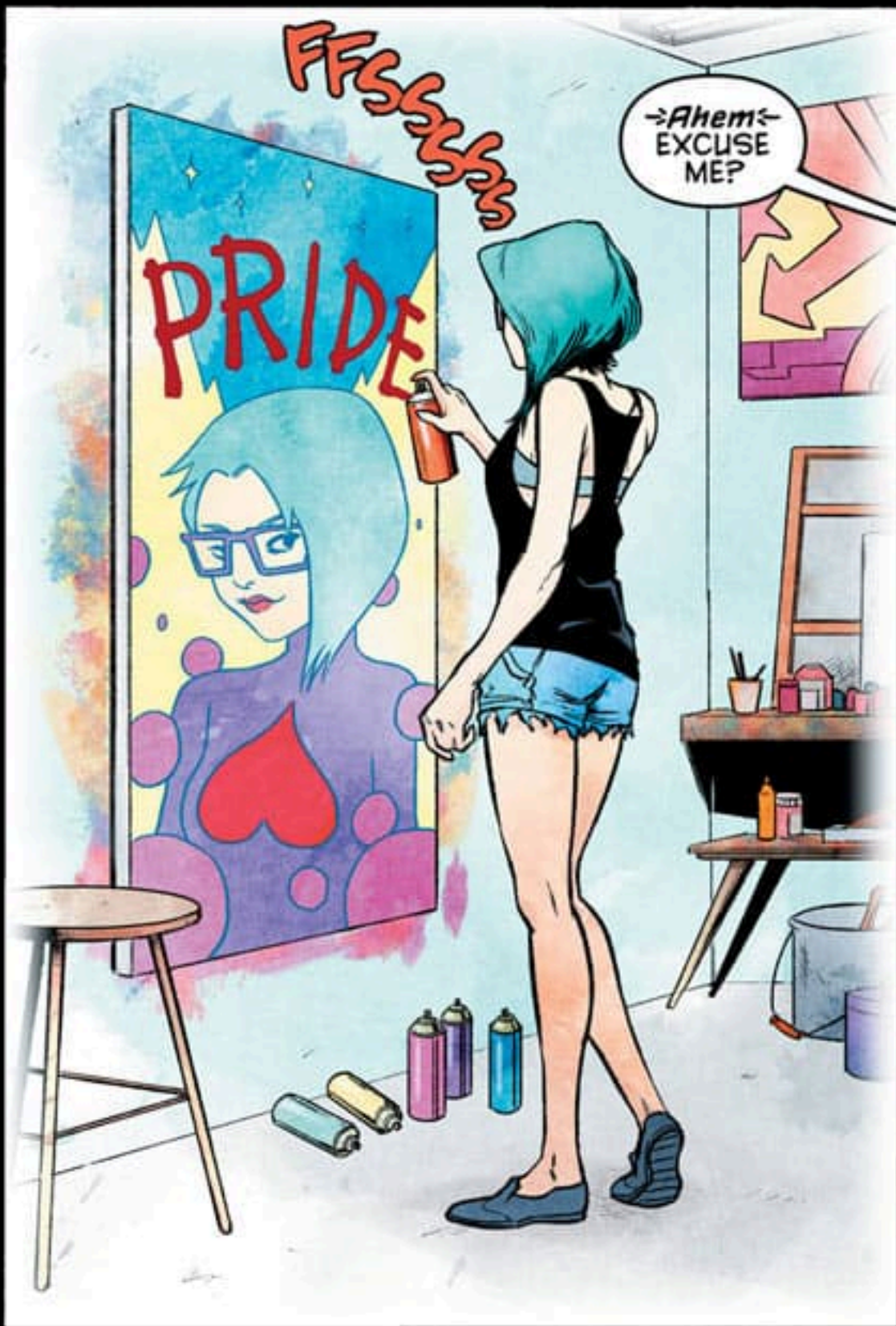
THAT CAN WAIT. SO, THIS IS THE GIRL FROM WORK, RIGHT? THE ONE THAT HAD TO QUIT BECAUSE SHE'S A SUPER-VILLAIN?

SHAWN TSANG. SHE'S NOT A SUPER-VILLAIN ANYMORE. SHE HAD TO LEAVE BECAUSE SHE GOT FRAMED FOR A MURDER.



MAN, YOU JUST DO NOT LIKE TO MAKE YOUR LIFE SIMPLE, DO YOU? HOW'D YOU BROACH DINNER AND A MOVIE AFTER A CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY?

WELL--



->Ahem-<
EXCUSE
ME?



SHAWN?
WOULD YOU
GO OUT WITH
ME?

OF
COURSE.
YOU
DORK.



HAHA. SERIOUSLY?
GOD, I ALMOST
FORGOT WHAT A
CORNBALL YOU
ARE.

SHE SAID SHE'D
FIGURED OUT MY
SECRET IDENTITY.
I HAD TO FIND OUT
FOR SURE. IT
WAS A TEST.



PLUS, GIRLS
LOVE THE
TIGHTS.

THEY
DO TEND
TO SEAL THE
DEAL.

SO ARE
YOU GOING
TO SEE HER
AGAIN?

YEAH.
YEAH, I
THINK
SO.

62 DAYS AGO.

Mmm. DICK. YOU HAVE TO GET DRESSED FOR WORK.

THAT'S A *SUNRISE*, NOT A *SUNSET*.

Hrrn. OH. RIGHT.

I HAVE TO DO THE "FRONT DOOR" JOB, NOT THE "REAR WINDOW" JOB.

SAY HI TO THE KIDS FOR ME.

BEEP BEEP

SO...?

RANDY. IT HAPPENED.

IT WAS A LONG NIGHT AT THE DUDE RANCH.

SO DON'T YOU GO SKIMPING ON ANY A' THEM DETAILS.

WELL, WE DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING PLANNED. HE DIDN'T WANT TO GET PRESUMPTUOUS, I GUESS. BUT THEN--