

NIGHTWING...

A MAN WHO
DOESN'T KNOW HIS
OWN DESIRES IS
DROWNING.

AND
A DROWNING
MAN WILL PULL
YOU DOWN
WITH HIM.

NIGHTWING...

WAKE UP,
WINGLESS
WONDER.

WELCOME TO
THE SUNKEN CITY
OF BLÜDHAVEN.



BACK IN THE DAY, WHEN BLÜDHAVEN'S SOLDIERS RETURNED FROM THE BIG WAR, THEY ALL NEEDED A PLACE TO LIVE.

THERE WAS LOTS OF MONEY... FOR CONTRACTORS WHO LIKE TO CUT CORNERS.

THESE HOUSES WERE BUILT RIGHT ON BLÜDHAVEN HARBOR... ON **ERODING** GROUND.

ONE DAY, **BOOM!** THEY ALL SLID INTO THE SEA. THE CONTRACTOR NEVER FACED HIS DAY IN COURT...

BUT, BOY, I MADE SURE HE GOT WHAT HE DESERVED!

IT WAS THE CORRUPTION IN HIS HEART THAT UNDOED HIM.

DON'T YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT RESIDES DEEP INSIDE YOUR HEART?

I KNOW YOU'RE OBSESSED WITH ME, **JUDGE**. BUT YOU SHOULD SPEND MORE TIME WORRYING ABOUT YOUR **WARDROBE**.

I'M NOT GOING TO QUIT. NOT UNTIL YOU'RE FINISHED.

WELL, NOW, YOU HAVE FAILED TO STOP ME BEFORE. ONCE WHEN YOU WERE **ROBIN**...

...AND THE **SECOND** TIME, TOO. DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

OR MAYBE... WE DON'T LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THAT?

COULD IT BE... YOU NEVER EVEN TOLD **BATMAN**?!?

MAYBE YOU'VE BURIED IT DOWN, DEEP WITHIN YOURSELF...

IS HE MESSING WITH ME?

DOES HE RECOGNIZE ME FROM YEARS AGO?

I WASN'T NIGHTWING YET...

...AND I WASN'T ROBIN EITHER.

I WAS JUST REGULAR DICK GRAYSON, HUDSON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE STUDENT.

TAKING A SEMESTER AT BLUDHAVEN COLLEGE LAW SCHOOL.

HAVING A HARD TIME FITTING IN WITH THE LOCALS.

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE MURDERS ON THE WHARF LAST NIGHT?

DUDE-- IT'S THE SEA BUTCHER!

OOOOH, DID THE KILLER LEAVE BEHIND SEAWATER FOOTPRINTS?!

NO WAY. HE ONLY COMES OUT WITH THE SEA SMOKE!

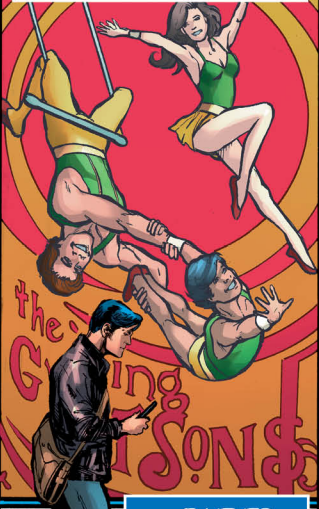
NO, HE COMES WHEN RED TIDE HAPPENS DURING HUNTER'S MOON--

TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHO DICK GRAYSON WAS.



I HAD TO LEAVE GOTHAM.

I SPENT SO MANY YEARS PUNCHING AND KICKING...



...I NEVER HAD TIME TO GRIEVE. IT WAS ALL CATCHING UP TO ME.



Missed you at the air show last weekend. I do hope all is well. Sincerely, Alfred

Where do they keep the spare toilet paper in the manston?

Hey, stranger - how the heck is college life???

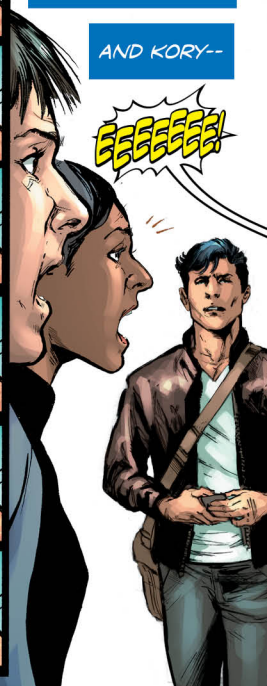
Yoooooo where the hell are you, pal? Should I be kinda worried? You've been like a ghost since I left for...

if you don't stop ignoring I am gonna really hurt you...

Dude!! suck

I WASN'T HAPPY-GO-LUCKY DICK ANYMORE.

AND KORY--



I HEARD SCREAMING.
I RAN TOWARD IT.

OLD HABITS.

IS IT
OVER? DID
I DO IT?

A-ARE THEY
DEAD?
I CAN'T
CH-CHECK...



I DIDN'T
WANT TO KILL
THEM. BUT HE
P-PROMISED I
COULD BE
FREE.

FREE
FROM THE
PILLS.

AM
I FREE
NOW?!

NOT THAT IT
WAS ANY OF MY
BUSINESS. NOT
ANYMORE.

I COUNTED THE
BODIES TO STOP
MY BLOOD FROM
RUNNING COLD.

EVERYONE
OUT, NOW!

THIS
IS A CRIME
SCENE--OH MY
GOD...

THE STING OF
SALTWATER HIT
MY NOSE...

SEAWATER
FOOTPRINTS?!



NEWS SAID ALL THE VICTIMS WERE PART OF A SMALL-TIME NARCOTICS RING ON CAMPUS.

THE PROFESSOR SUPPLIED THE PILLS, THE STUDENTS SOLD THEM.

ANOTHER DRUG DEAL GONE WRONG. CASE CLOSED.

THE MURDERER, JILL, SHE...

BUT HE PROMISED I COULD BE

...SHE HAUNTED ME.

I TRIED TO DISTRACT MYSELF WITH HOMEWORK--

Director Jacob de Witt presided over the first Dutch colonial court in what is now known as Blüdhaven.

Under a large oak tree nicknamed "the Justice Tree," he--

--BUT THAT WAS A MISTAKE.

WERE THOSE REALLY SALTWATER FOOTPRINTS AT THE MURDER SCENE?

THE IDEA WAS RIDICULOUS.

THE SEA BUTCHER, a local Blüdhaven legend, has terrorized children's dreams for hundreds of years.

Allegedly living at the bottom of the harbor, the Sea Butcher causes bloody mayhem on dry land, trailing saltwater footprints--

I TOLD MYSELF I WAS NOT GETTING INVOLVED.

