

PARIS, FRANCE.
FORMERLY FOUNDERIE SANGLIER DE BRONZE.

YOU ARE ALL
HERE TONIGHT
BECAUSE YOU
APPRECIATE
ART.

NOW, THE METAMORPHOSES FINE ART GALLERY.

YOU KNOW
VIEWING ART MAKES
US *BETTER*. IT GIVES
FORM TO THE THINGS
THAT DWELL IN OUR
MINDS, LAUNDRIES
AND GENTLE
GOATS.

BUT THE
ACT OF CREATION
IS NOT ALWAYS AS
TRANSCENDENT FOR THE
CREATOR. JUST ASK THE
GREAT MASTER PAINTERS,
WHO DABBED BRUSHES
TAINTED WITH LEAD
PIGMENTS ON THEIR
TONGUES...

...AND WERE DRIVEN INTO TORMENTED, PAINFUL *INSANITY*. NOT THAT ANYONE NOTICED, OF COURSE.

FOR, YOU SEE, TO *CREATE* IS TO BE *FRUSTRATED*...

...POSSESSED OF AN ETERNALLY *PREGNANT WOMB* THAT WILL BEAR NO PERFECT SPAWN... ONLY STUNTED, GIBBERING MUTANTS.

SKRRSH

PERHAPS IT'S BECAUSE IDEAS SIT TOO LONG, TURNING TO VINEGAR INSTEAD OF WINE. PERHAPS THE CASK MUST BE CARVED OPEN...

SNACK

...SO THE SMILING, HAPPY GRAPE BABIES CAN SPILL ACROSS THE TILES IN A *HOT PURPLE TSUNAMI*.

WHAT DO WE DO WITH LITTLE PIGGIES, NIGHTWING?

EEEEEE??

Professor Pyg. A former agent of Spyril driven insane by mind-eroding drugs of his own design. An old enemy of mine...

...and Damian Wayne. Robin.

WE MAKE 'EM SQUEAL ALL THE WAY HOME.

NIGHTWING MUST DIE!

PART THREE

TIM SEELEY WRITER JAVIER FERNANDEZ & MINKYU JUNG ARTISTS
CHRIS SOTOMAYOR COLORIST CARLOS M. MANGUAL LETTERER
JAVIER FERNANDEZ & CHRIS SOTOMAYOR COVER ARTISTS IVAN REIS, OCLAIR ALBERT & SULA MOON VARIANT COVER ARTISTS
DAVE WIELGOSZ ASST. EDITOR REBECCA TAYLOR EDITOR MARK DOYLE GROUP EDITOR
NIGHTWING CREATED BY MARV WOLFGAN & GEORGE PÉREZ
PROFESSOR PYG CREATED BY GRANT MORRISON, ANDY KUBERT & FRANK QUITELY



THE EXHIBITION IS CANCELLED. PARS MAINTENANT.



OR I WILL SHOW YOU A REAL ART.



ROBIN!



GOT 'ER.

WHUMP

Pyg "creates" Dollotrons in his pursuit of perfection...



...and gets subservient zombies who execute his sick whims.



Like kidnapping my girlfriend, Shawn.

That's where Pyg went wrong. I'd go anywhere, do anything to get her back.



I'd bleed.

**FORTEVRAUD-L'ABBAYE.
THREE HOURS EARLIER.**



GRAYSON!



WHEN THE KNIFE CUT ME, I SAW...SOMETHING. THIS ISN'T A NORMAL BLADE.

INDEED. BUT NEED I REMIND YOU THAT WE WERE JUST ATTACKED BY A PRUNE-FACED DOLLOTRON CALLED DEATHWING?

HNNH.



OR THAT WE WERE ASSISTED BY THIS "ROBIN"? *NORMAL* IS OUT THE WINDOW.

COULDN'T YOU HAVE AT LEAST CALLED YOURSELF SOMETHING ELSE?! PERHAPS *HELL SPARROW*?

BUT I'M... YOU.



IN YOUR WILDEST DREAMS.

THEIR REPROGRAMMING IS COMPLETE, GRAYSON. WHATEVER THEY WERE IS GONE. DOLLOTRONS CAN'T BE SAVED.

WE SHOULD KILL THEM BOTH.