

Here's where I'm at in life: up until last week, I thought "Netflix and chill" was the name of a new café in Blüdhaven.*

I don't get out all that much.

But tonight--tonight's my night to do some Netflixing and chilling or...whatever.

OKAY, THE POWER'S ON, I'M CONNECTED TO THE INTERNET...WHEN DOES THE RED SCREEN POP UP?

I CAN HAVE AN ADVANCED DEGREE IN FORENSICS, BUT CAN'T FIGURE OUT THE--

*TECHNICALLY, THIS IS WHERE DICK WAS IN LIFE BEFORE NIGHTWING #34.--K.K. & TAY



Don't answer it, Dick. You know he's going to want something, so don't answer--



HEY THERE, DAMIAN.

Mmmhmmm... OH, THE LEAGUE OF ASSASSINS? IS THAT SO?

Mmmhmmm.

YOU DON'T SAY. IN GOTHAM?

WELL, THE THING IS, I REALLY HAVE MY HANDS FULL IN BLÜDHAVEN AT THE MOMENT. THE, uh...



...THE RED TERROR

NO, IT'S NOT MADE UP.

WAIT, WAIT--HOLD ON. SOMEONE KEEPS TEXTING ME. ONE SECOND.



YEAH, DAMIAN, I'M HERE.

NO, IT WASN'T MY GIRLFRIEND TEXTING ME.

For the record, I don't even have a girlfriend. Because of situations like this one. I'm in my mid-twenties and I don't have a single relationship with a person who doesn't have an alter ego.

WOULD YOU JUST BE QUIET? FOR ONE SECOND, STOP TALKING?

I'LL BE THERE IN THIRTY MINUTES.



Well, there goes my loooooong overdue night off. It's not like I need ways to connect with people my age. I'm sure they're also interested in crime-fighting tactics, faking your own death and global espionage.

I'll just head back to Gotham City instead. Back to fighting the League of Assassins.

Just like old times.

I know what Bruce would say if he were here.


He'd explain that people like us don't get time off, that donning a mask isn't a job, it's a way of life, etcetera, etcetera.

The thing is, I want to be Bruce, but I don't want to be Bruce.

WAY TO BE ALERT, NINJAS!

I don't want my standard for leisure to be "that time I had a beer."

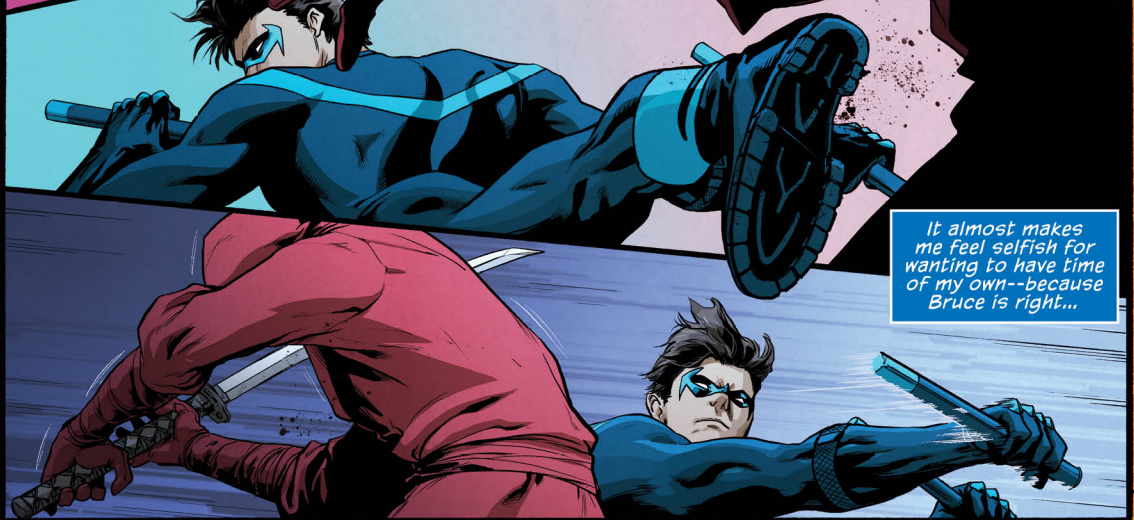




Bruce will never have free time, ever, because he's always needed.

In all our years together, I never once saw him hesitate to answer a call.

No matter how tired, how physically beaten he was, he was always there.



It almost makes me feel selfish for wanting to have time of my own--because Bruce is right...

...you become a certain kind of hero, someone will always need you.

YOU KNOW, I DIDN'T ASK YOU HERE SO YOU COULD SHOW OFF YOUR CIRCUS MOVES, NIGHTWING.



KKRRK

Someone like,
say, Damian.

He's like my little brother...if my little brother were a tightly wound, highly trained assassin who could kill you with, like, a single sheet of paper.

"OH, HEY, NIGHTWING, THANKS FOR ANSWERING MY CALL AND COMING TO HELP. I REALLY APPRECIATE IT."

"NO PROBLEM, ROBIN. I'M SO GLAD WE HAVE THIS RELATIONSHIP BUILT ON MUTUAL APPRECIATION AND RESPECT."

IT'S LIKE YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW ME.

GUYS!
HEY, GUYS!

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