

"IT WAS ONE OF MY MORE EMBARRASSING PREDICAMENTS TO BE SURE.

"I HAD BEEN CAPTURED BY THE JOKER TO BE USED AS BAIT IN HIS BATTLE WITH MY FATHER'S LATEST ARCHENEMY, DR. SIMON HURT.

"YOU WERE DRESSED AS BATMAN.

"I WAS TIED UP, DUMPED INTO A COFFIN THAT SMELLED OF ROTTED, DRIED FLESH, AND WORST OF ALL...

"...I WAS DRESSED AS A CLOWN.

AND YET, DESPITE EVERYTHING, I CAN SAY WITH SOME AMOUNT OF CONVICTION, THE HOURS INSIDE THAT ROTTING BOX...

...WERE PREFERABLE TO THE THIRTEEN HOURS STUCK IN THIS BATMOBILE WITH YOU.

YOU WANTED TO STRETCH?

SO LET'S STRETCH.

I've been driving across endless miles of ocean in a borrowed Batmobile following a cryptic clue.

CONSTANTLY IMPROVING ONESELF IS WHAT BATMAN DOES. IT'S WHY I'LL INHERIT THE LEGACY, NOT YOU.

THIS AGAIN.

And my copilot-- Damian Wayne, Robin--isn't making me feel any better.

Especially since he won't let me kick his petulant butt.

YOU'VE LEARNED SOME NEW MOVES SINCE LAST TIME WE SPARRED.

YES. THIS AGAIN. IT IS CLEAR YOUR RELOCATION TO BLODHAVEN IS A MEANS TO STEP AROUND THE LINE. TO GO AROUND THE NATURAL PROGRESSION.

TO SET UP YOUR OWN "FRANCHISE."

A "FRANCHISE"??

IS THAT WHAT YOU THINK I'M DOING WITH SHAWN? BREEDING BABY ROBINS??

CONSIDER THE EVIDENCE, GRAYSON, AS YOU WERE TAUGHT. YOU ABRUPTLY LEFT GOTHAM. YOU BEGAN ACTING AS A NEW CITY'S DEFENDER.

YOU HAVE BILLBOARDS, ESSENTIALLY DECLARING YOU THE "BATMAN OF BLODHAVEN".

EVERY CLUE POINTS TO YOU BEING THREATENED BY MY VERY EXISTENCE.

THAT YOU'RE BUILDING A FOUNDATION TO TAKE THE MANTLE OF BATMAN FROM ME DESPITE THE FACT THAT YOU HAVE ALREADY HAD YOUR TURN.

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, ALL OUR TIME WORKING TOGETHER... THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK OF ME?

THAT I CARE ABOUT BEING BATMAN?!

MY GIRLFRIEND IS MISSING AND SHE MIGHT BE PREGNANT! I'M NOT EVEN SURE I WANT TO BE NIGHTWING!





The coordinates written in a copy of the *Adventures of Robin Hood* book I loaned Shawn are for Fontevraud-l'Abbaye in Western France.

The Abbey has a long history, first as a monastery, later as a prison, now as a tourist attraction.

I've wanted to visit since I was a kid.

Whoever brought me here wants me to know that this is personal.

That they know my dreams. What I read as a kid. What I read now to escape into a comfortable world of nostalgia. Who my heroes are.

And they know my nightmares. They know my fear that being a "hero" will hurt someone I love.

GRAYSON.

