




Name's **Grayson Dick**. Former spy. Current superhero.




As **Nightwing**, I've spent the past few months hunting down high-tech arms dealers called **The Second Hand** on the streets of **Blüdhaven**.

The strain consumed my life. I pushed my girlfriend, **Shawn**, away. All the way.



Then the Hand retaliated against my efforts by murdering my friend, **Brendan "Giz" Li**, after he hacked into one of their weapons.



With the **Huntress'** help, I tracked his assassin here to **Palermo**...

...only to discover that Spyril and the Second Hand are one and the same.

I believe the technical term for this situation is a "sucks donut."

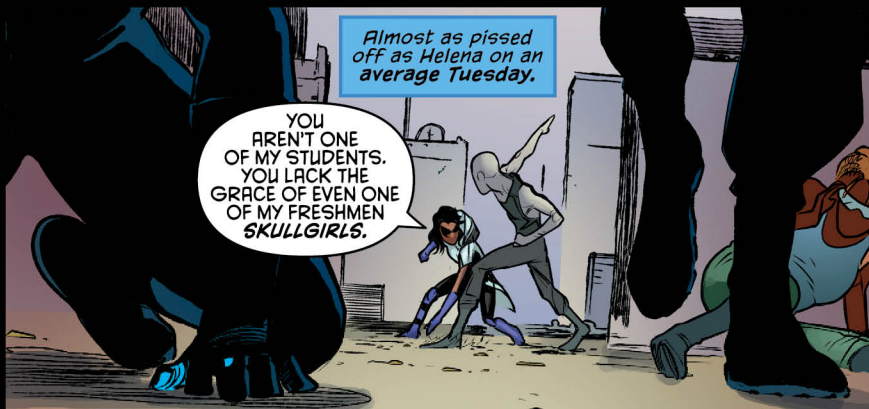
**TIGER KING OF KANDAHAR.
CODE NAME: AGENT ONE.**

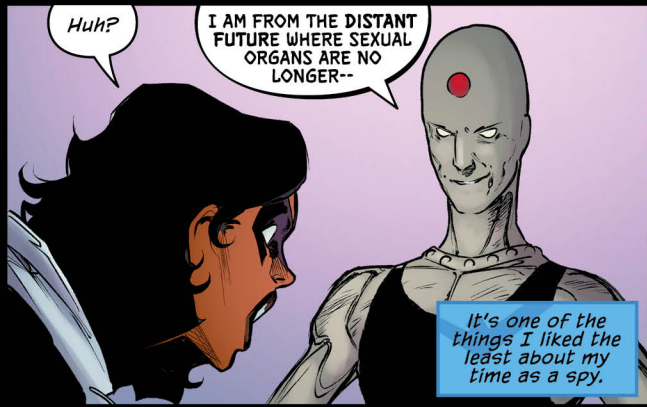
WHAT THE HELL, TIG?! WE'RE OLD PARTNERS! SPYRAL WENT LEGIT!

As in, "When your friends go bad, it sucks, don't it?"

SPYRAL PART TWO

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Huh?

I AM FROM THE DISTANT FUTURE WHERE SEXUAL ORGANS ARE NO LONGER--

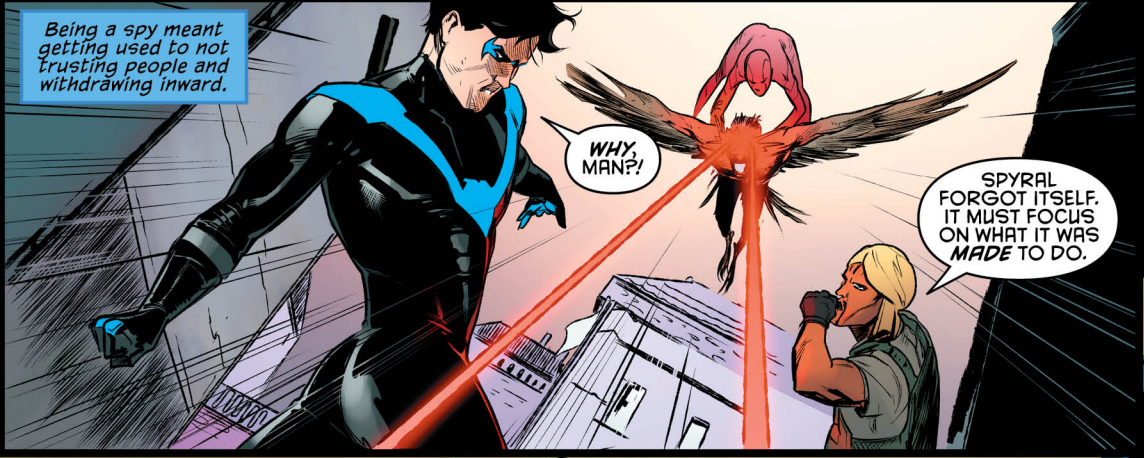
It's one of the things I liked the least about my time as a spy.



DON'T CARE.

GHK!

(Besides everyone looking down their nose when you throw your gun instead of fire it.)



Being a spy meant getting used to not trusting people and withdrawing inward.

WHY, MAN?!

SPYRAL FORGOT ITSELF. IT MUST FOCUS ON WHAT IT WAS MADE TO DO.



KILLING SUPERHEROES WHO STRAY OUT OF LINE.

WAKOW

It justified being insular and selfish.