

I know what this looks like.

Me in the lead. Nightwing. Former kid sidekick. Current young adult superhero.

Flanked by my new super-team.

**GIZ.**

The tech wizard.

**STALLION.**

The super-strong guy.

**GOOBER.**

A squirrel.

**THRILL DEVIL.**

The broody badass loner.

**MOUSE.**

The plucky, agile girl-genius.

But these guys aren't superheroes.

And we're not charging into battle against some cosmic maniac.

No. We're running full steam...



...to a fight we  
already lost.



Aw, MAN. THEY  
GOT FORSYTH,  
TOO. SO...  
BLOODY.

IT'S  
OKAY, RANDY.  
JUST LOOK  
AWAY.

Carter Forsyth.  
Real-estate  
magnate.



Member of a secret  
cabal hoping to control  
the smuggling of illegal  
weapons in Blüdhaven.

And our only lead and  
suspect in the frame-ups  
of the other Run-Offs--  
Gorilla Grimm and  
Shawn Tsang.



M-MR.  
"S-STAY FOR THE  
SIGHTS".

≡KOFF-  
KOFF≡

HE'S  
STILL  
ALIVE!





I--I GOT FIRST-AID SUPPLIES IN MY POCKETS. GAUZE AND STUFF...

!KOFF!  
THAT AIN'T GONNA DO SPIT, YA DING-DONG. NOW, LISTEN.



I DIDN'T GET A LOOK AT THE GUY WHO DONE ME, ON ACCOUNT OF THE TIRE IN MY FACE. B-BUT YOU CAN HEAD 'IM OFF...



...SEE, THERE'S ONLY ONE MORE OF US LEFT. !KOFF!



YOU CAN CATCH THIS MURDERIN' SON OF A BITCH ON HIS WAY TO CITY HALL, WHEN HE GOES TO OFF OUR "SILENT PARTNER"...

...MAYOR MADRISA...



HE'S GONE.

YOU GUYS WERE GREAT AGAINST ORCA. THERE'S STILL A CHANCE WE CAN SAVE THE MAYOR.



I'LL CALL THE COPS. WE CAN MEET THEM EN ROUTE AND...

NO.



WHAT?

MY BIKE KILLED FORSYTH. IF WE'RE ANYWHERE NEAR HERE WHEN THE COPS SHOW UP, THEY'RE GONNA BRING ME DOWNTOWN FOR THAT BODY.



WE MIGHT AS WELL ACCEPT IT, MAN. AIN'T A SCENARIO EVER AGAIN WHERE OUR PASTS DON'T BITE US IN THE ASS.

WE'VE BEEN CONSIGNED TO HELL AND THERE AIN'T NO REDEMPTION.