




"BIRDS. EVERY KIND  
*BLÜDHAVEN* HAS.  
RAVENS. HAWKS.  
SEAGULLS.

"FRIGGIN'  
RATS WITH  
WINGS.



"ALL OF THEM TRAINED BY  
*THE PIGEON* TO DELIVER  
A POISON THAT WILL TURN  
ANYONE WHO BREATHES IT  
INTO A TICKED-OFF HUMAN  
TANK, JUST SO SHE COULD  
IMPRESS HER NEW BAE...



"...*RAPTOR*, A  
SELF-IMPORTANT  
KLEPTOMANIAC  
OBSESSED WITH  
PUNISHING  
*NIGHTWING*.

"*RAPTOR* HAS  
THE TRIGGER  
TO *RELEASE* THE  
CHEMICALS IN A  
GAUNTLET ON  
HIS WRIST.



"*NIGHTWING* IS  
SO DESPERATE TO  
BEAT THIS CREEP HE'S  
STUCK TEAMING UP WITH  
*ROLAND DESMOND*,  
THE MOBSTER WHO  
BROUGHT THE  
*BLOCKBUSTER*  
SERUM TO TOWN IN  
THE FIRST PLACE.

"THE ONLY REASON  
HE CAN EVEN TRUST  
ROLLIE AT ALL IS  
THAT OVERUSING HIS  
*BLOCKBUSTER* BOD  
HURTS HIM...MIGHT  
EVEN KILL HIM.



"MEANWHILE, WE'VE  
GOT THE FIRST BATCH OF  
*MOCKBUSTERS* RUNNING  
RAMPANT IN THE STREETS,  
MAKING THE BOARDWALK  
EVEN MORE MISERABLE  
THAN USUAL...

"...AND THE ONLY THING  
KEEPING THEM FROM  
RUNNING AMOK IN THE  
REST OF THE CITY IS A  
POLICE LINE, A GORILLA  
AND A COWBOY.

"FEELING UP TO  
SPEED YET?"



YUP. ONE  
QUESTION.

WHAT A' YA WANT THAT  
*COWBOY* TO DO WITH  
THIS HERE BATCH A'  
UGLY-ASS TOURISTS,  
*DEFAECR*?





PRIME THEM UP.

THESE SPRAY CANS ARE FILLED WITH MONSTER ANTIDOTE.



I'VE GOT SOME PAINTING TO DO.

PSST

RAGHK!



HNN, I'M... I'M ME.

HRRGH!

UH, OH GOD, OH GOD.



WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT?

KARA-FITIP GRAFFITI-FUP?



AW, WHAT NOW?



RMMBL





FELL  
DOWN THE HOLE.  
NOW I MAKE HOLES  
IN YOU.

**KRA-T-HOOOM**

# **RAPTOR'S REVENGE** CONCLUSION

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THE ROOF OF THE MARCUS CASINO.



HE'D FLY THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE, THAT DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE.



HIS MOVEMENTS WERE GRACEFUL, ALL THE GIRLS HE COULD PLEASE...



THAT SONG, MARY. THE ONE YOU CHOSE AS YOUR THEME. IT'S ABOUT HOW A GUY LOSES HIS GIRLFRIEND BECAUSE HE CAN'T COMPETE WITH A MAN WHO CAN FLY.

IF THAT'S HOW IT IS, I THINK I'D LIKE TO BE A BIRD. SOMETHING NICE. LIKE A ROBIN.



HAHA. NOT WITH THOSE EYES OF YOURS.

AND YOU'D NEVER BE HAPPY WITH BUGS AND WORMS. YOU'D WANT TO GO AFTER THE BIG, FAT PREY. NO, I'M SORRY...

...YOU'D HAVE TO BE A RAPTOR.



YOU...YOU WERE THINKING OF HER AGAIN, WEREN'T YOU?

BEA...

I DID THIS. ALL OF THIS. FOR YOU. FOR US.



WHY?! WHY CAN'T I BE TO YOU WHAT YOU ARE TO--

--UNH!

WOK

ALL THESE DAMN BIRDS ON MY ROOFTOP. SHOO!





SIC HIM, BOY.

NO. MORE. GAMES.

HRRCH!

GAH!



KRAK



SPT.

I ALWAYS LET YOU LIVE, NIGHTWING, OUT OF RESPECT FOR YOUR MOTHER.

I ALWAYS GAVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE TO LEARN YOUR LESSON.

I'VE GIVEN YOU EVERYTHING I AM.



AND NOW I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING ELSE TO TEACH.

AGH!

SHAKK