

# CITY ABLAZE

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BRING IT.

Malcolm Hutch.

Must be about 27.  
Maybe 28.

Youngest deputy Fire  
chief in Blüdhaven's  
history.

One of my  
replacements.

One of the  
NIGHTWINGS.







YOU HEARD ME, CABBIE. I SAID, **BRING IT.**

The 'wings are still leery of me.

Don't quite trust my skills, motivation or ability to help.

Said that if I want to work alongside them, I need training.

Talk about irony.

YOU WANT ME TO ATTACK YOU?

C'MON, MAN.



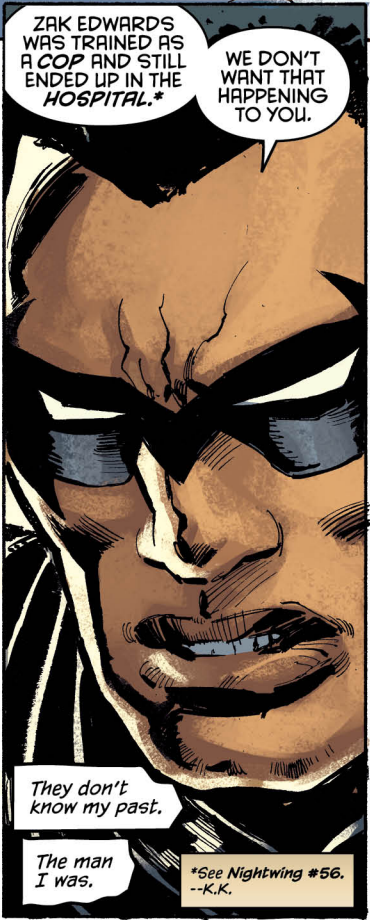
NEED TO SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT.

LET'S GO.



YOU'VE SEEN PLENTY.

MORE THAN ENOUGH TO PROVE I HAVE WHAT IT TAKES.



ZAK EDWARDS WAS TRAINED AS A COP AND STILL ENDED UP IN THE HOSPITAL.\*

WE DON'T WANT THAT HAPPENING TO YOU.

They don't know my past.

The man I was.

\*See Nightwing #56. --K.K.





Fine by me, because thanks to the bullet that creased my skull and crashed my memories...

...I don't either.

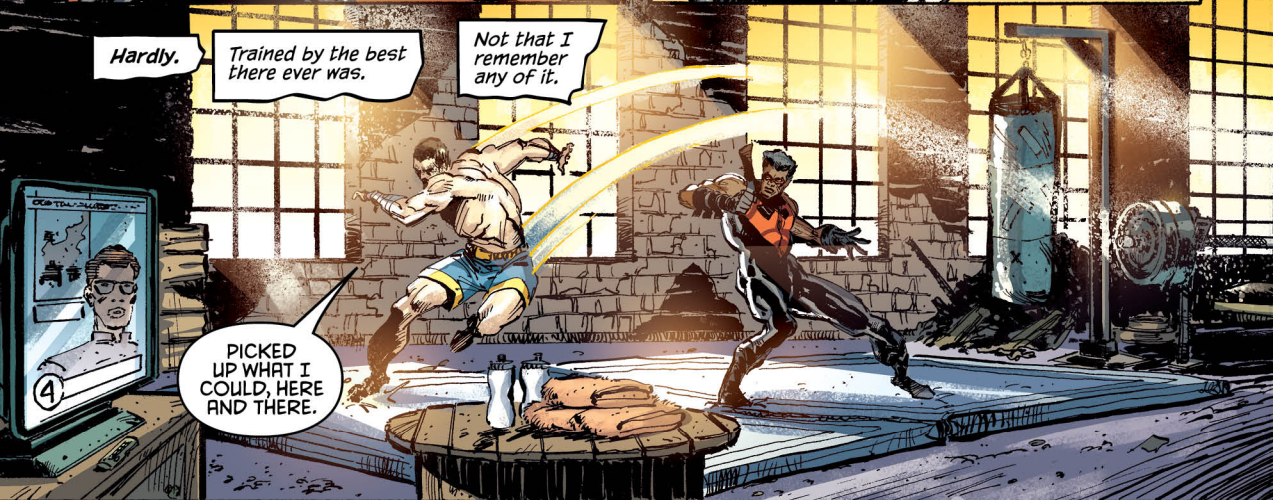
NICE.

YOU'VE GOT MOVES, NO DOUBT.



->NGH!-<  
SELF-TAUGHT?

GHOK



Hardly.

Trained by the best there ever was.

Not that I remember any of it.

PICKED UP WHAT I COULD, HERE AND THERE.



Or my conscious brain doesn't remember, anyway.

Muscle memory... learned reaction...

...different story.

KRAK

WUH!





"HERE AND THERE,"  
HUH?

WITH THOSE  
MOVES? CUT LIKE  
YOU ARE?

HAS  
ME THINKIN'  
YOU MIGHT BE  
MILITARY.

OR  
SPECIAL  
OPS.



DEFINITELY  
MORE TO YOU  
THAN MEETS  
THE EYE.

*The less they  
know about me,  
the better.*



NOTHING  
SPECIAL.

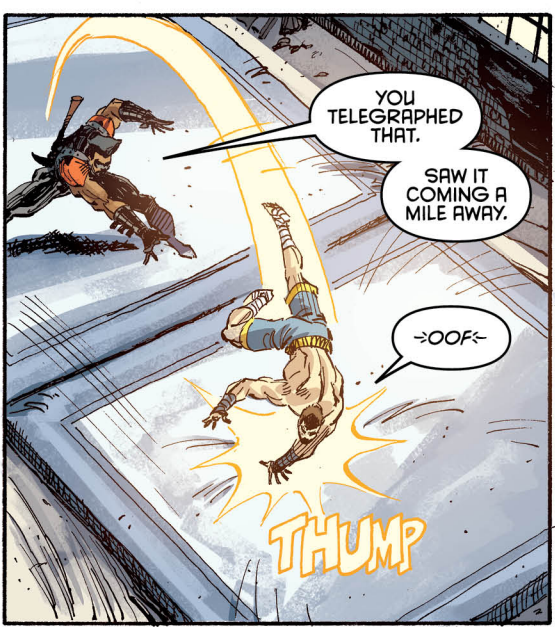
JUST A  
GUY.

*Better give him  
one. Make him  
feel good.*



SHOWS  
WHY YOU NEED  
TRAINING,  
KID.

**TAX**



YOU  
TELEGRAPHED  
THAT.

SAW IT  
COMING A  
MILE AWAY.

->OOF-<

**THUMP**





But one...



...is all he gets.

FAST AND RESOURCEFUL.

NICE.



EXCEPT YOU GAVE ME TIME AND CLEARANCE TO REACH MY WEAPON.

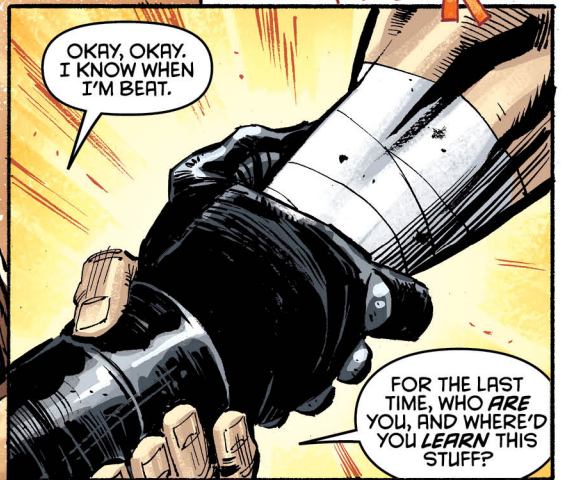
A FATAL MISTAKE.

YOU'RE SURE ABOUT THAT?



UH!

WHOK



OKAY, OKAY. I KNOW WHEN I'M BEAT.

FOR THE LAST TIME, WHO ARE YOU, AND WHERE'D YOU LEARN THIS STUFF?