

EVERY YEAR, ON THE ISLE OF HARM, THERE IS A RACE.

THE GREATEST MOTORCYCLE RACE IN THE UNIVERSE.

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

AT THE SUMMIT OF THE ISLAND, THERE IS AN ALTAR TO THE CELTIC DEITY CIMIALCINNUS.

ALL PATHS CONVERGE THERE. PATHS OF TIME AND PATHS OF KNOWLEDGE.

PARSH

IF I WIN THIS RACE, THE DARK WEB WON'T KILL MY FRIENDS, VICKI VALE AND WILLEM CLOKE...

...BUT IF I WIN, THE DARK WEB HACKS THE ALTAR, A COSMIC SEARCH ENGINE...

...AND GAINS ACCESS TO DEEP SPACE AND TIME, THE ULTIMATE VAULT OF INFORMATION.

THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY TO SAVE MY FRIENDS WITHOUT CORRUPTING THE PATHWAY ALTAR...

...BUT I HAVEN'T FOUND IT. YET.

SCREEEE

SKATHUD

I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE I NEED TO GO, BUT I'M STILL LOST.

THE LOGIC HERE IS AS TWSITED AS THE ROADS.

GRAB HOLD OF ME!

FIRST YOU WANT TO KILL ME--NOW YOU WANT TO CUDDLE?

I'M NOT TRYING TO KILL YOU, NIGHTWING--

SO MAYBE IT MAKES SENSE THAT I'VE FOUND AN ALLY IN A SEEMING ENEMY.

--I'M TRYING TO SAVE YOU.

KRROOON!

HARM'S WAY PART TWO

Benjamin Percy Writer / Amancay Nahuelpan Artist / Nick Filardi Colors / Carlos M. Mangual Letters
Mike Perkins & Dave McCaig Cover / John Romita Jr., Danny Miki and Tomeu Morey Variant Cover
Dave Wielgosz Asst. Editor / Katie Kubert Editor / Jamie S. Rich Group Editor
Nightwing Created by Marv Wolfman & George Pérez; The Silencer Created by John Romita Jr. & Dan Abnett



THERE WAS A BOMB ON YOUR BIKE.

LEVIATHAN PLANTED IT THERE.

ANY PARTICULAR REASON? BESIDES THEM *HATING ME*, I MEAN.

THE ORGANIZATION HAS SPLINTERED INTO A SERIES OF *UNDER-BOSSSES*.

THEY'RE WARRING WITH EACH OTHER, MAKING BIG POWER MOVES.



YOU'RE THE TARGET--OR THE TROPHY--OF A MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF *ENDGAME*.

PEOPLE CALL ME *THE SILENCER*.

THERE AREN'T ANY SILENCERS SCREWED INTO YOUR PISTOLS, SO...YOU REALLY LIKE *SILENT MOVIES*? YOU PREFER TO *WHISPER*?

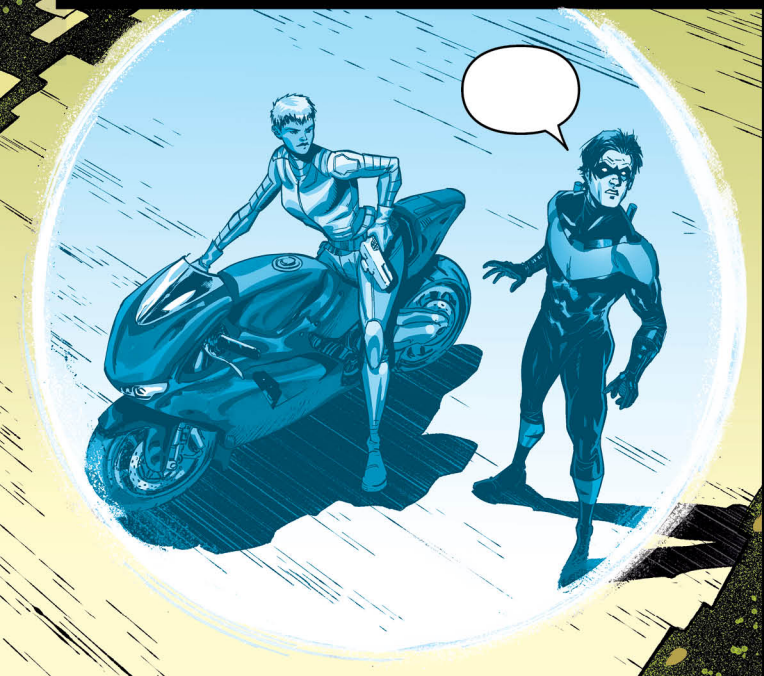
OR MAYBE

SHHHHH



BUT WHY DO YOU EVEN CARE?

WHO *ARE* YOU?





SNAP

GET IT?

GOT IT.
I WOULD LOVE
TO HIRE YOU,
BY THE WAY.

HER MISSION WOULD
BE TO FOLLOW ROBIN
EVERYWHERE. THE WORLD
WOULD THANK ME.

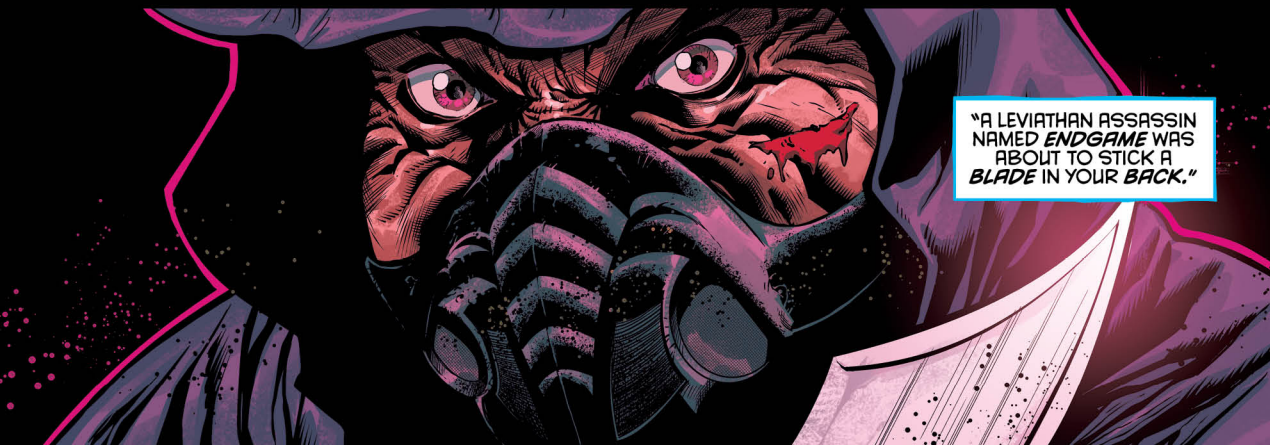


SO THAT'S WHY
I DIDN'T HEAR THE
GUNSHOT IN THE
PUB?

I WASN'T
AIMING FOR
YOU. AND I WASN'T
AIMING FOR THE GUY
NEXT TO YOU
EITHER.



"I WAS AIMING
THROUGH HIM."



"A LEVIATHAN ASSASSIN
NAMED *ENDGAME* WAS
ABOUT TO STICK A
BLADE IN YOUR BACK."

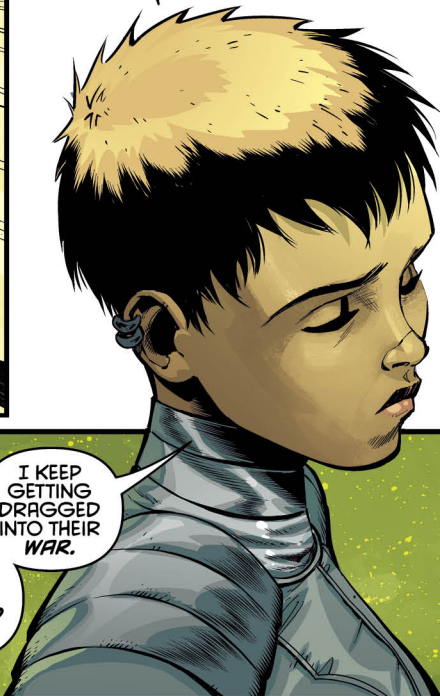


LOOK, NIGHTWING... I KNOW YOU'VE DONE SOME **GOOD** IN THE WORLD. BY KEEPING YOU ALIVE, MAYBE THAT MAKES UP FOR SOME OF MY **BAD**.

BUT I'M NOT HERE FOR YOU. I'M HERE FOR ME.

I WANT OUT. I WANT...

...A *QUIET* LIFE.



I KEEP GETTING DRAGGED INTO THEIR **WAR**.

THE ONLY WAY TO ESCAPE IT IS TO **END** LEVIATHAN.

AND THE ONLY WAY TO END LEVIATHAN...



...IS TO **KILL** THE UNDER-BOSSSES.



SO... HOW DO I FIT INTO THIS?

BAIT ONLY WORKS IF IT'S **ALIVE**.



WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER WITHOUT GETTING ANYONE **KILLED**.

LET'S START BY GETTING BACK IN THE **RACE**.