



If we're lucky, our lives are defined by love.

We bond with those we love and those who love us in return.

My life was like that in the beginning.



It ended the night a mobster named Tony Zucco had my parents murdered.

From that moment on, my life was defined by violence.



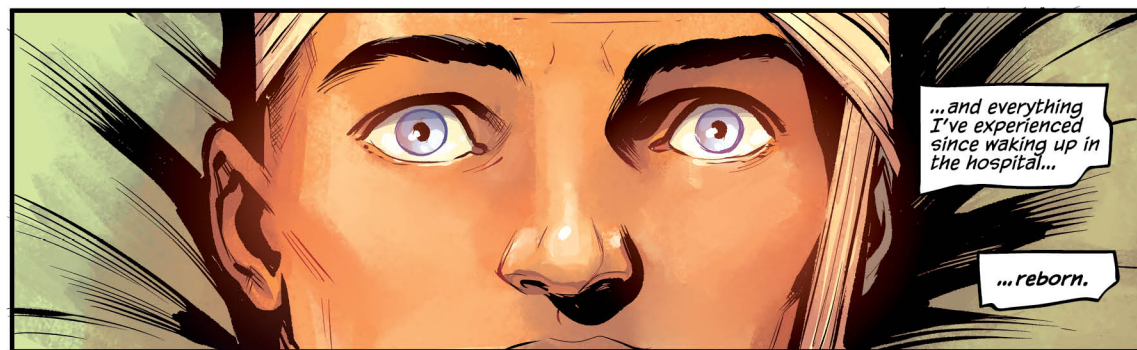
It culminated when an enemy of Batman's--the KGBeast--shot me.*

*BATMAN #55. --Molly




I survived, but my life was divided in two.

I remember my life as a child, up until the moment my parents died...



...and everything I've experienced since waking up in the hospital...

...reborn.



*The years in between
are a blank slate.*

*The Beast's bullet
didn't kill me, but it
took almost two
decades' worth of
knowledge and
memories.*

*I'm Ric Grayson,
and this is my
story.*



*I'm told I
was Robin.*

*But I remember
nothing.*



They say I was Nightwing.

A Titan.

Also nothing.

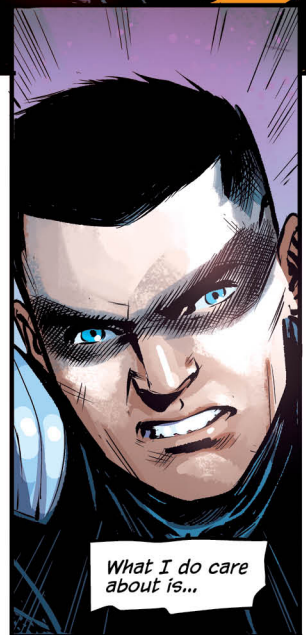
Nada.



All that stuff--those Batman years...

...are meaningless to me.

I can't care about things I can't remember.



What I do care about is...



...making sure the bad guys don't make victims of the innocent.

THE SCOUT

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If I can't remember Batman, I sure don't remember meeting any super villains.

Or any bad guys at all, for that matter.

But I thought they were supposed to be smart.



Dr. Moronikus here is hardly that.

WHO'RE--ARE YOU CRAZY OR WHAT?

CRAZY IS ROBBING A MEDICAL TRUCK IN HOPES OF GETTING DRUGS...



...AND GETTING SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT.

YOU'RE GONNA REGRET MESSIN' WITH ME.



WHAT YOU GOT WAS A DONOR KIDNEY, ON ITS WAY TO THE HOSPITAL FOR AN EMERGENCY ORGAN TRANSPLANT.

HUH--?