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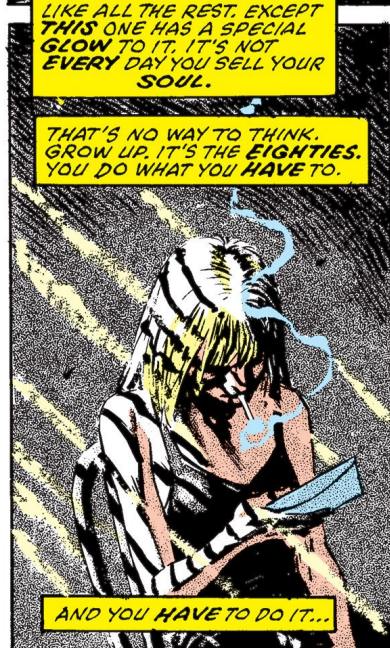
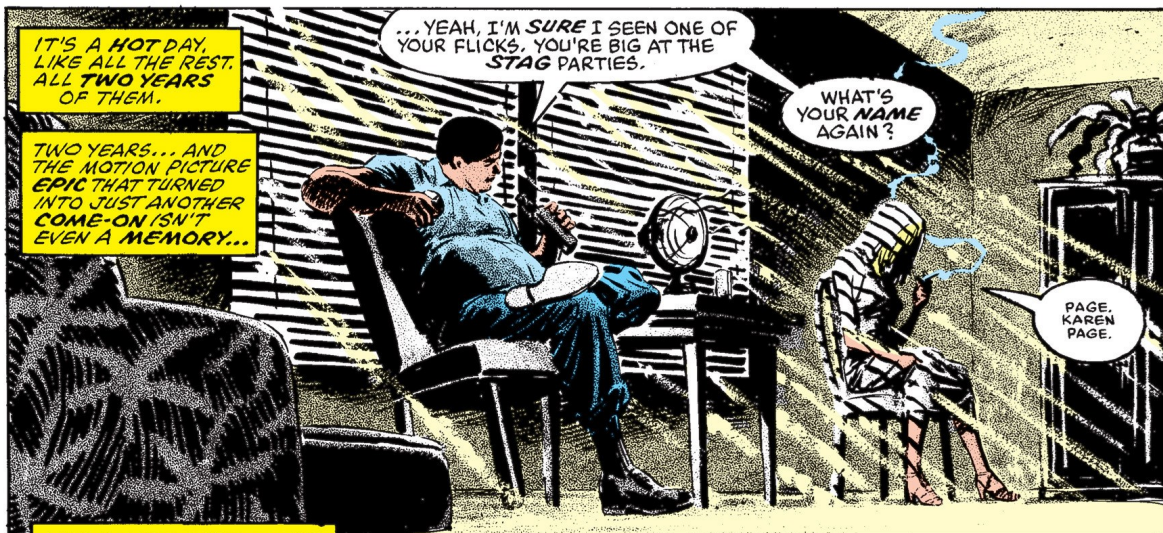
DAREDEVIL®



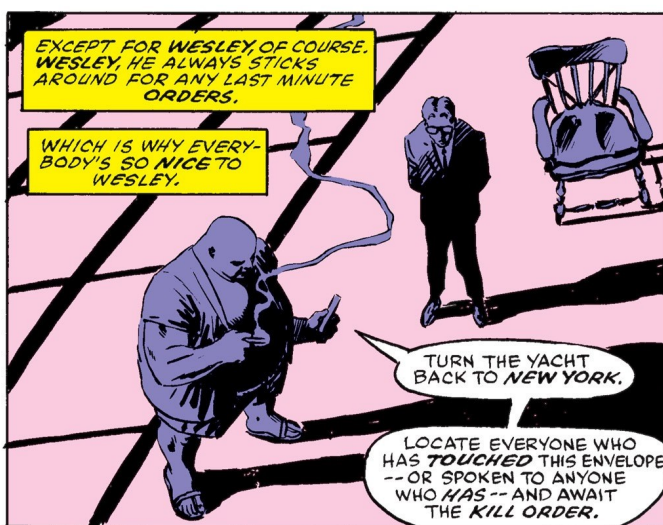
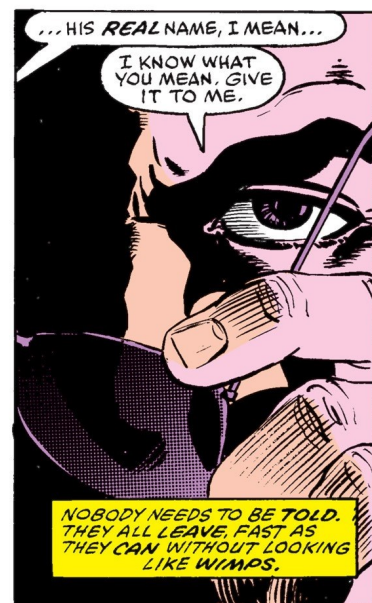
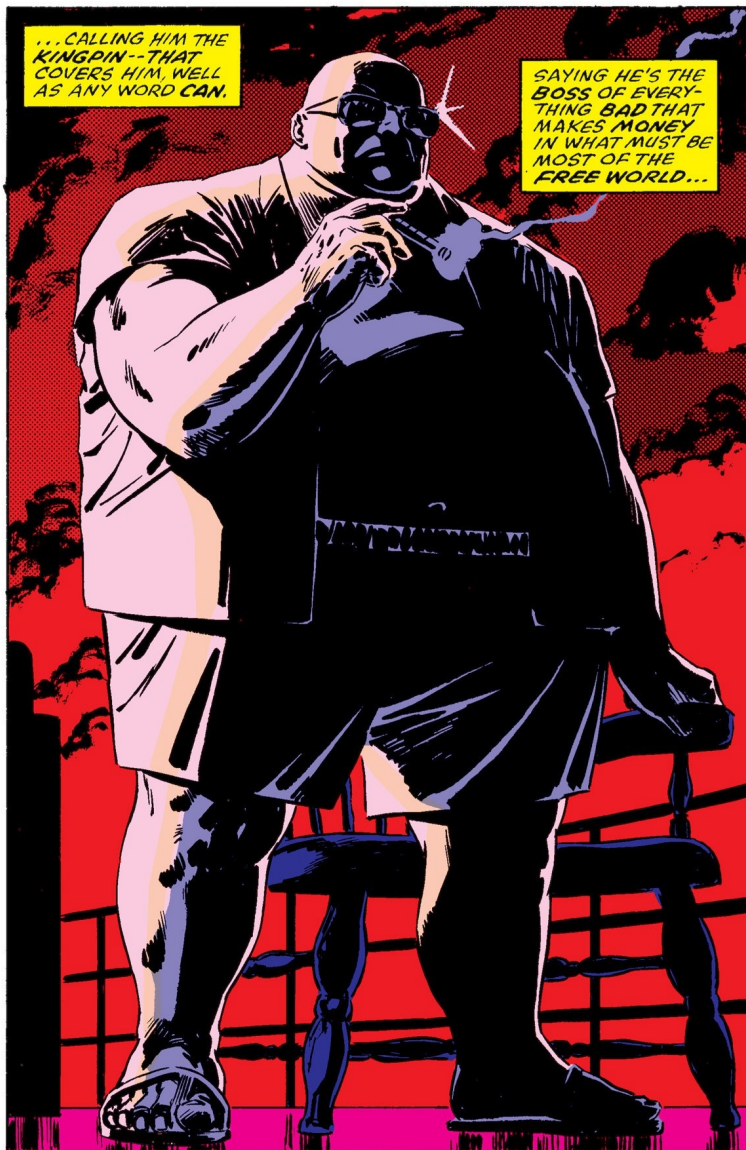
APOCALYPSE

DM

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WINTER HITS MANHATTAN
LIKE AN UNWANTED RELA-
TIVE. DROPS IN WITH NO
WARNING AND SEEMS TO
STAY FOREVER.

IT SPREADS A THICK
WHITE **BLANKET**
THAT MAKES THE
CITY LOOK **CLEAN**--
UNTIL THE SNOW GETS
STEPPED ON AND
DRIVEN OVER AND
MADE **GRITTY** AND
DIRTY GREY.

MATT MURDOCK IS
BLIND-- SO HE MISSES
THE PRETTIEST MORNING
OF THE YEAR. ALL HE GETS
IS HISSING PIPES AND AN
EAST COAST **CHILL** THAT
GOES STRAIGHT FOR
THE BONES.

MATT MURDOCK IS
ALSO **DAREDEVIL**.

THAT'S WHY HIS **LIFE**
IS ABOUT TO FALL
APART.

Stan Lee
presents

APOCALYPSE

By FRANK MILLER AND DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

CHRISTIE SCHEELE
COLORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF



DAREDEVIL... HE ROLLS THE NAME ACROSS THE BRUISE THAT IS HIS MIND... COMFORTING, IT ISN'T. BUT AT LEAST IT'S REAL.

EVERY OTHER PART OF HIM IS SO FAR AWAY...



I DON'T DRINK, HE THINKS. I DIDN'T DRINK LAST NIGHT.

THIS ONLY FEELS LIKE A HANGOVER.

DAREDEVIL...



... A VICTIM, THAT'S WHAT I AM, AND THAT'S WHAT DAREDEVIL IS. A VICTIM OF RADIATION--

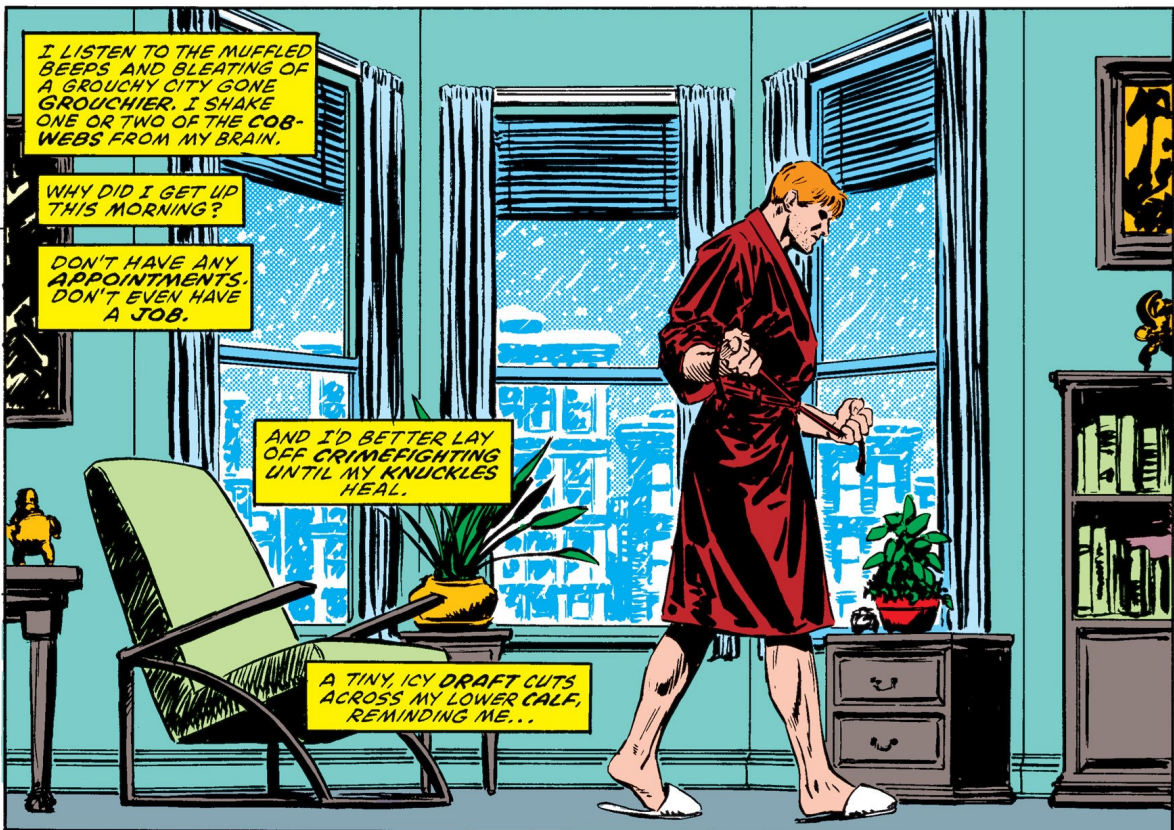
--THAT GAVE ME SUPERHUMAN ACUTENESS OF FOUR SENSES--

--AND PLUNGED ME INTO A WORLD OF ETERNAL DARKNESS.



I DIDN'T ASK FOR IT. BUT I BECAME DAREDEVIL. I FIGHT CRIME.

THAT MUCH I'VE DONE RIGHT WITH MY LIFE.



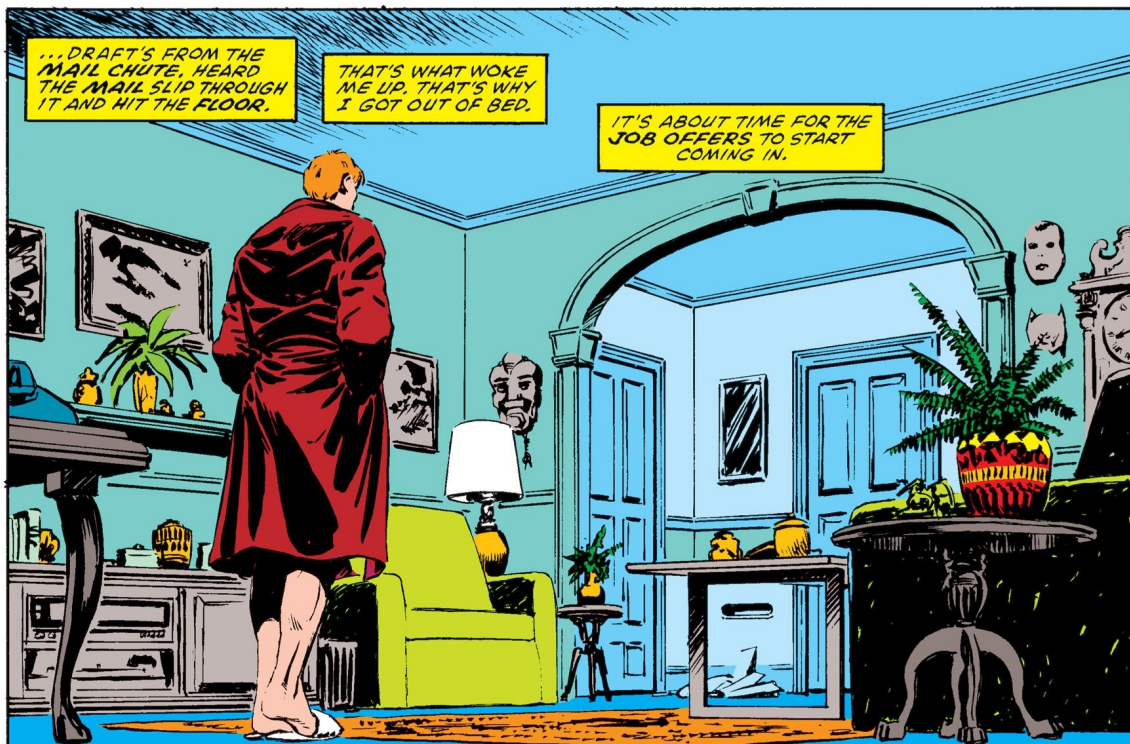
I LISTEN TO THE MUFFLED BEEPS AND BLEATING OF A GROUCHY CITY GONE GROUCHIER. I SHAKE ONE OR TWO OF THE COB-WEBS FROM MY BRAIN.

WHY DID I GET UP THIS MORNING?

DON'T HAVE ANY APPOINTMENTS. DON'T EVEN HAVE A JOB.

AND I'D BETTER LAY OFF CRIMEFIGHTING UNTIL MY KNUCKLES HEAL.

A TINY, ICY DRAFT CUTS ACROSS MY LOWER CALF, REMINDING ME...



...DRAFT'S FROM THE MAIL CHUTE, HEARD THE MAIL SLIP THROUGH IT AND HIT THE FLOOR.

THAT'S WHAT WOKE ME UP, THAT'S WHY I GOT OUT OF BED.

IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR THE JOB OFFERS TO START COMING IN.



I READ THE ENVELOPES WITH MY FINGERS. THE EMBOSSED ONES ARE EASY. GOING BY THE SCANT IMPRESSION OF THE INK ON THE OTHERS IS A PAIN, THIS EARLY IN THE DAY.

NOTHING WITH THE MASTHEAD OF A LAW FIRM...



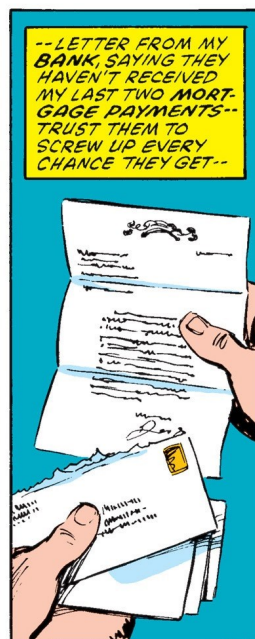
...WORD MUST NOT HAVE GOTTEN OUT YET THAT THE HOTTEST ATTORNEY SINCE F. LEE BAILEY IS UP FOR GRABS.

AMAZING HOW LONG IT TAKES FOR THE NEWS TO CIRCULATE WHEN YOU WANT IT TO.



NO, NO OFFERS. THREE BILLS, SOMETHING FROM THE MARCH OF DIMES--

--THE PLASTIC RECT-ANGLE OF A CASSETTE TAPE FROM MY GIRL-FRIEND--CAN'T BE GOOD, SINCE SHE LIVES IN TOWN--

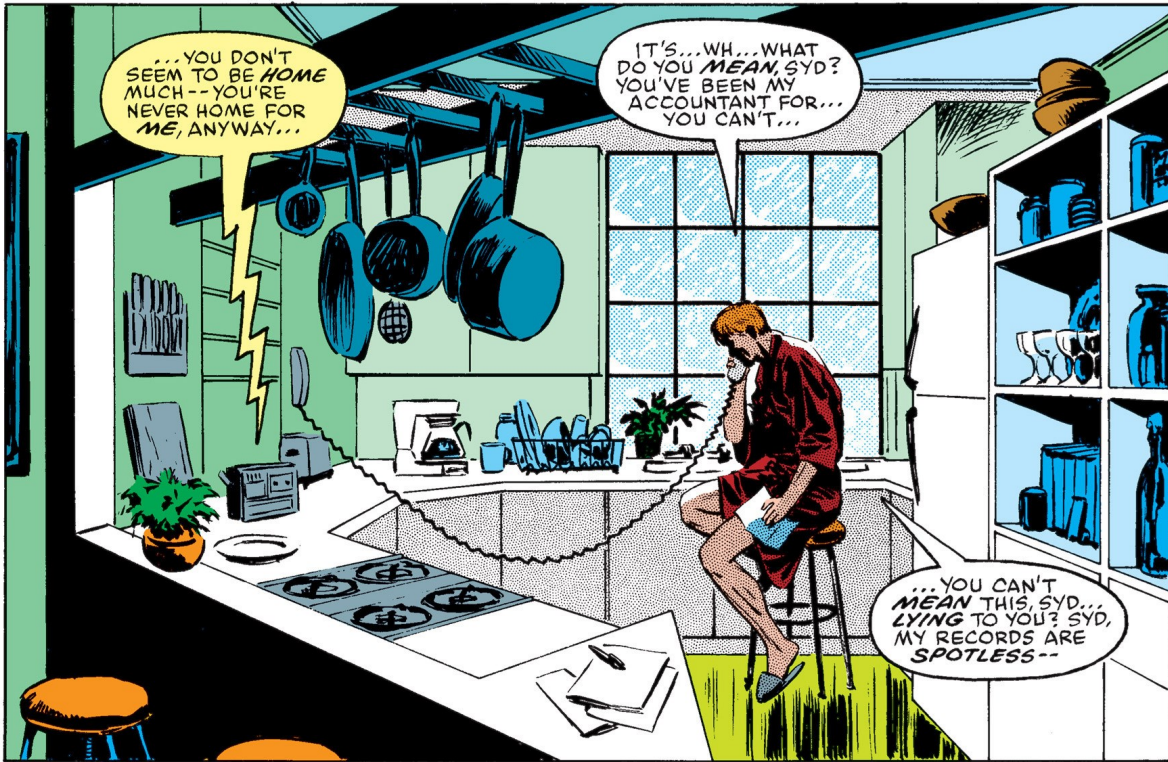
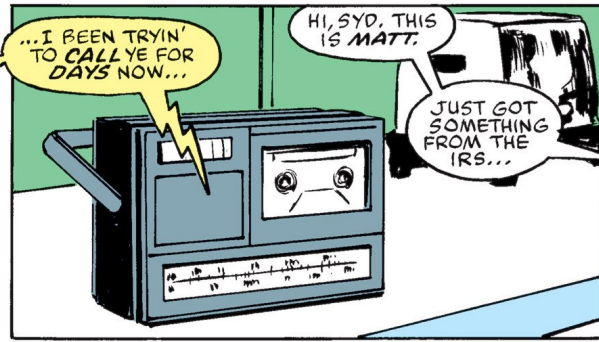
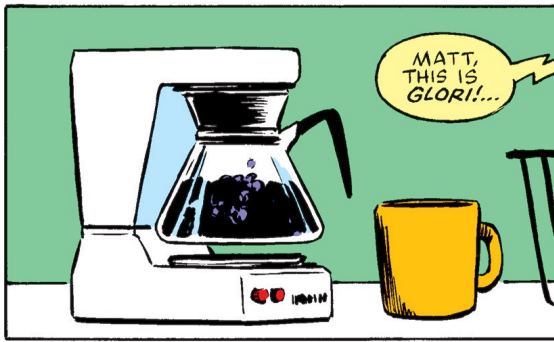


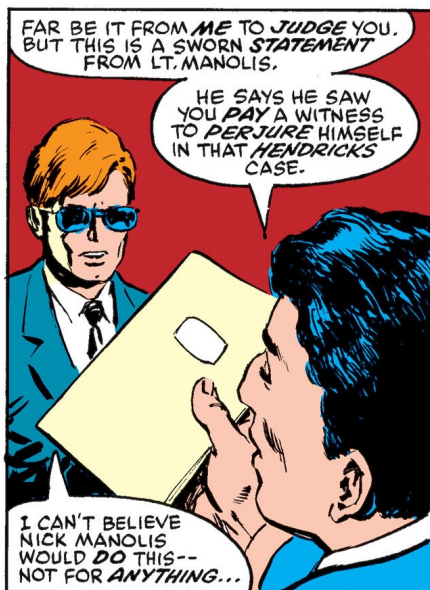
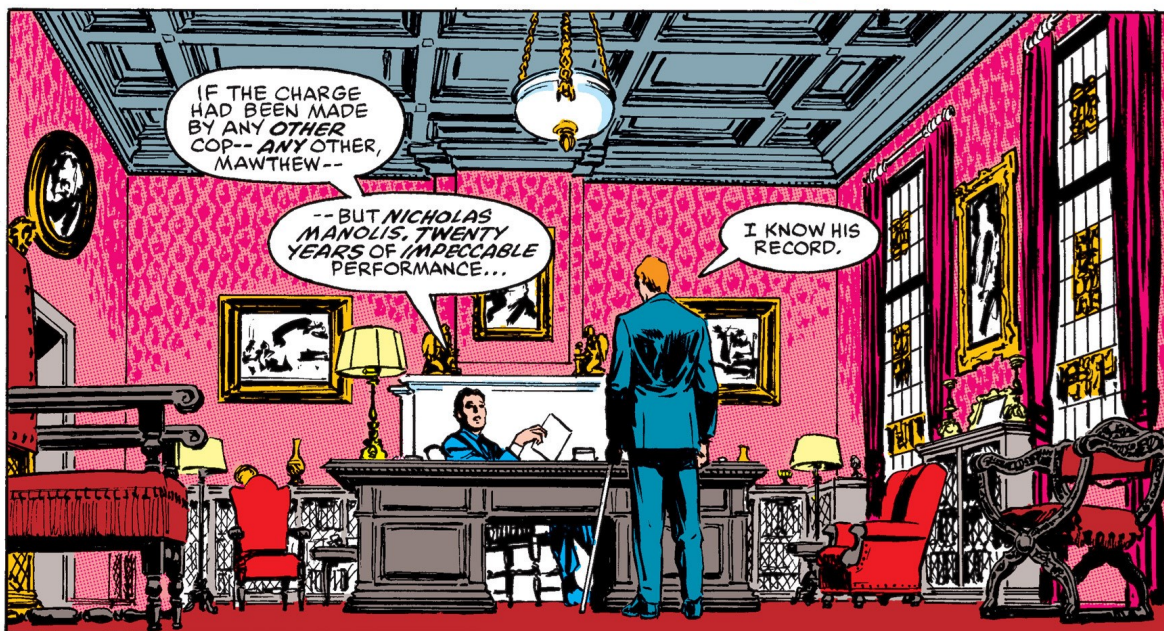
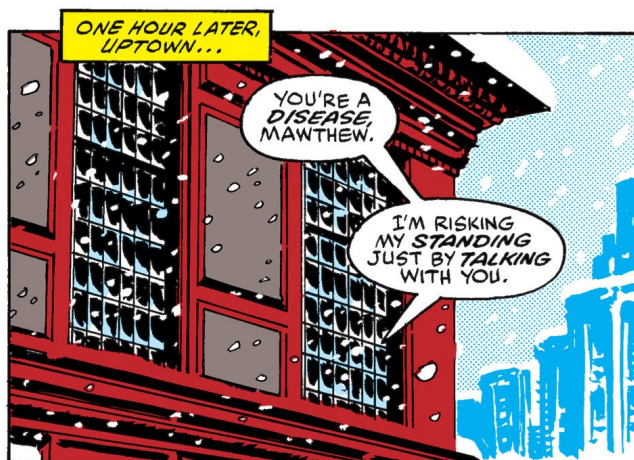
-- LETTER FROM MY BANK, SAYING THEY HAVEN'T RECEIVED MY LAST TWO MORTGAGE PAYMENTS-- TRUST THEM TO SCREW UP EVERY CHANCE THEY GET--



-- AND A NOTICE FROM INTERNAL REVENUE THAT MY TAX FILES ARE BEING AUDITED AND THAT EVERY PENNY I HAVE IS FROZEN UNTIL THE AUDIT IS COMPLETE.

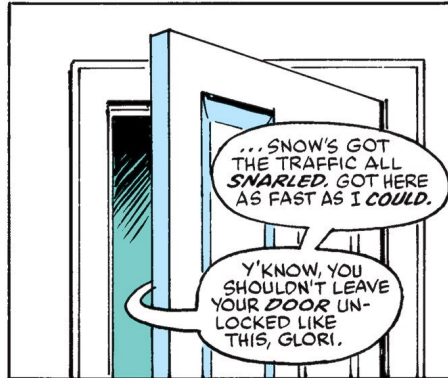
ALL THIS BEFORE COFFEE.







NIGHT FALLS,
TOO QUICKLY...



...SNOW'S GOT
THE TRAFFIC ALL
SNARLED. GOT HERE
AS FAST AS I **COULD**.

Y'KNOW, YOU
SHOULDN'T LEAVE
YOUR **DOOR** UN-
LOCKED LIKE
THIS, GLORI.



IT'S NOT--

GLORI!





My name is BEN URICH, I'm a REPORTER.

I'm working the NIGHT SHIFT at a great metropolitan NEWSPAPER when a piece of DYNAMITE is dropped on my desk.



It's not the kind that KISSES. It just RUSTLES in Robertson's HAND...

CHECK THIS ONE OUT FOR ME, BEN.

SURE, I'VE GOT NOTHING BUT TIME.

It's disguised as an Associated Press WIRE--

--that says MATT MURDOCK faces a HOST of criminal charges, including BRIBERY, PERJURY, and MISCONDUCT.

MATT MURDOCK is the most HONEST man I KNOW.



MATT-- BEN, I JUST HEARD--

"I have no statement for the press," a stranger tells me.



MATT-- IF IT'S OFF THE RECORD-- YOU KNOW YOU CAN TRUST ME...

A CHUCKLE, like DRY ICE cracking.



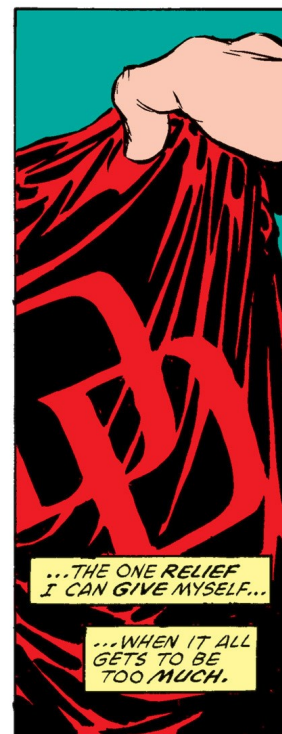
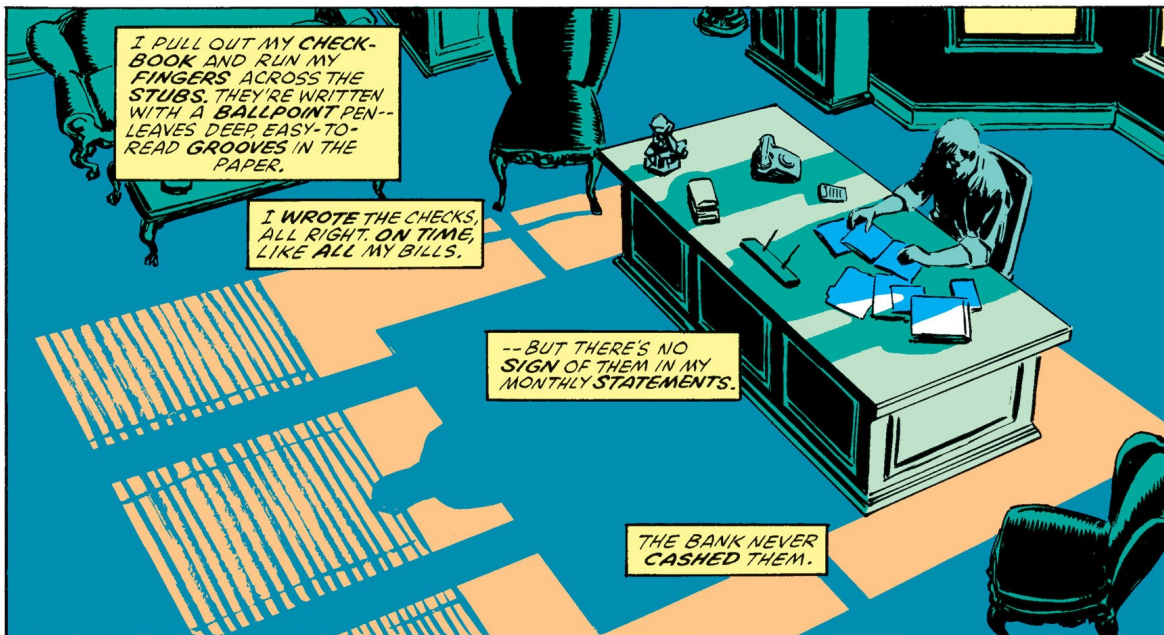
MATT-- I'M YOUR FRIEND, REMEMBER?

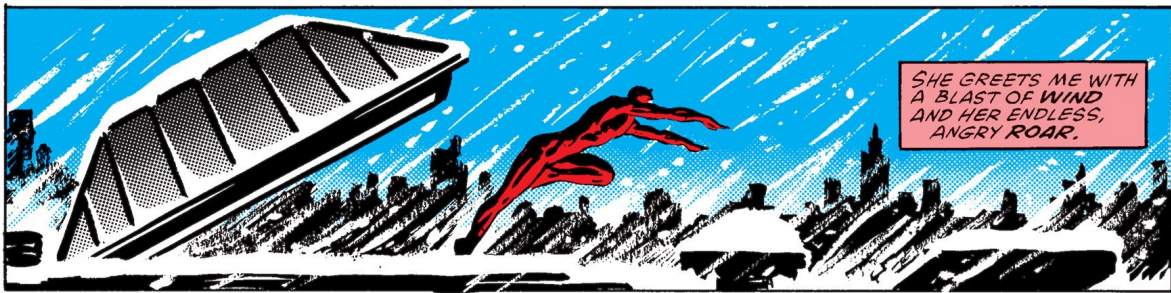
He LAUGHS. The line goes DEAD.



The LAUGH seems to ECHO through the office. I try to match it with the man who saved my LIFE.

I WORRY-- not about his HONESTY...

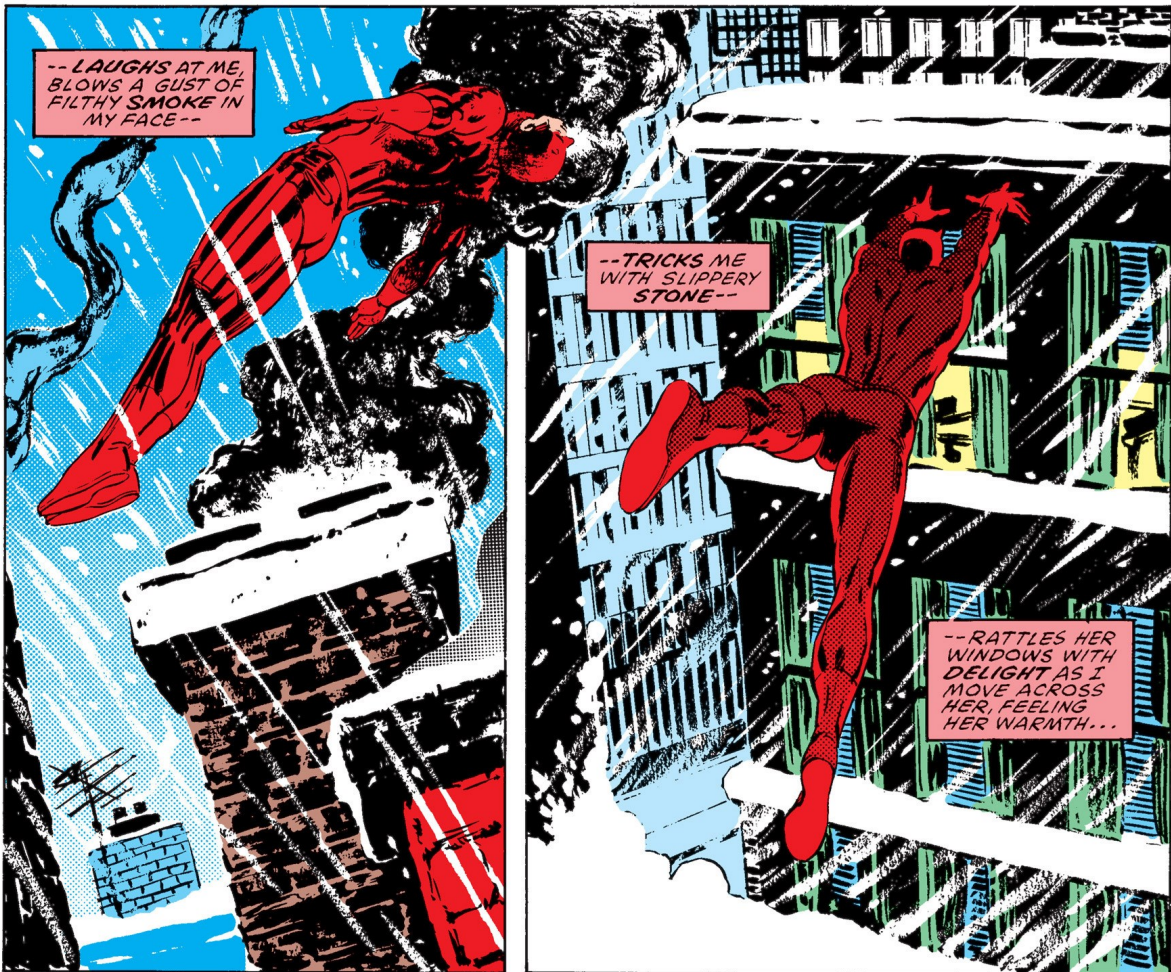




SHE GREETS ME WITH
A BLAST OF WIND
AND HER ENDLESS,
ANGRY ROAR.



SHE HUMS WITH POWER
AND TICKLES MY LEGS
WITH A THOUSAND FLIRTING
FINGERS--



-- LAUGHS AT ME,
BLOWS A GUST OF
FILTHY SMOKE IN
MY FACE--

--TRICKS ME
WITH SLIPPERY
STONE--

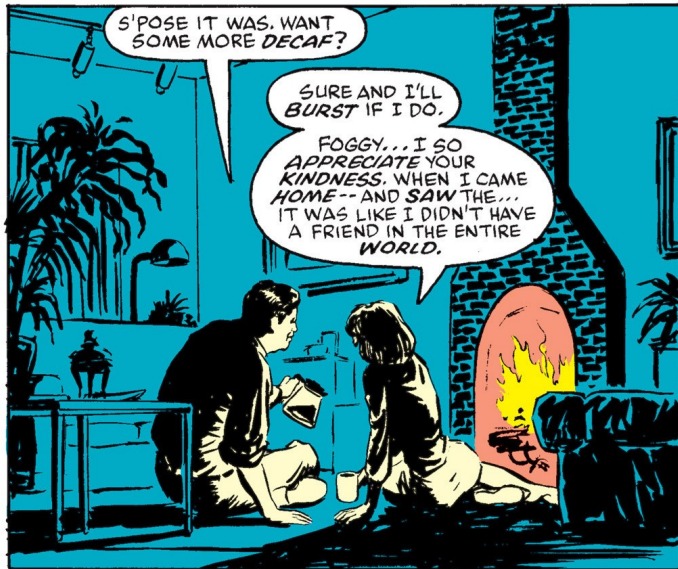
--RATTLES HER
WINDOWS WITH
DELIGHT AS I
MOVE ACROSS
HER, FEELING
HER WARMTH...



GETTING NASTY
OUT THERE, HUH?

BOY, SEEMS LIKE
JUST YESTERDAY
IT WAS FALL.

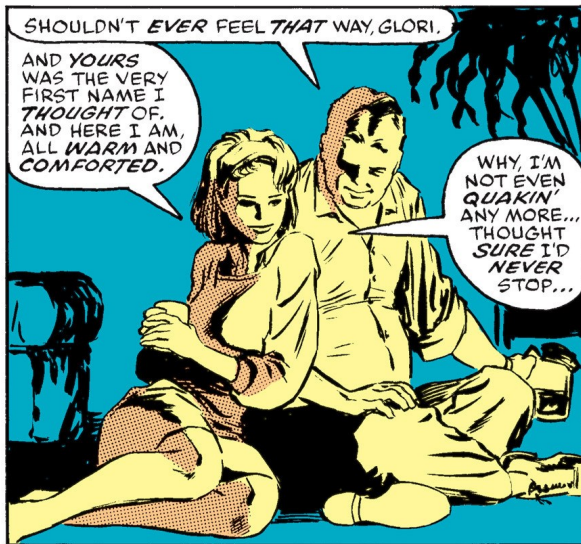
YESTERDAY
IT WAS FALL,
FOGGY.



S'POSE IT WAS. WANT
SOME MORE DECAF?

SURE AND I'LL
BURST IF I DO.

FOGGY... I SO
APPRECIATE YOUR
KINDNESS. WHEN I CAME
HOME-- AND SAW THE...
IT WAS LIKE I DIDN'T HAVE
A FRIEND IN THE ENTIRE
WORLD.



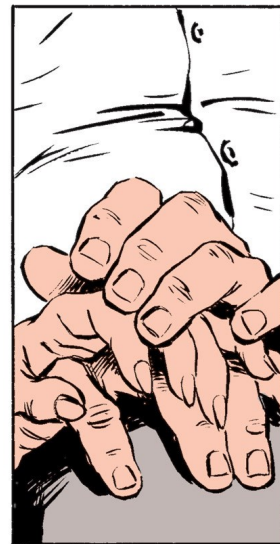
SHOULDN'T EVER FEEL THAT WAY, GLORI.

AND YOURS
WAS THE VERY
FIRST NAME I
THOUGHT OF.
AND HERE I AM,
ALL WARM AND
COMFORTED.

WHY, I'M
NOT EVEN
QUAKIN'
ANY MORE...
THOUGHT
SURE I'D
NEVER
STOP...



... HERE
... FEEL MY
HAND...



WILL YOU
LOOK AT THE
TIME...



... BETTER GET
TO BED...



... I'LL TAKE
THE COUCH.



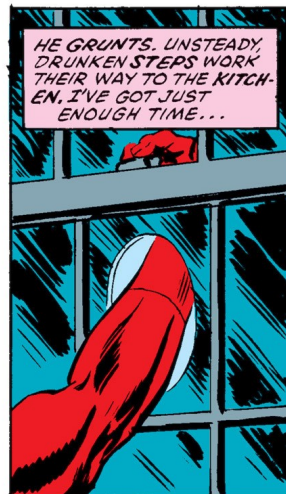
THE MUSIC IN THERE IS THE KIND YOU HEAR IN DEPARTMENT STORES. THERE'S SOMETHING OBSCENE ABOUT PLAYING IT LOUD.



AND LOUD IT IS. I'M SURPRISED THE BUILDING DOESN'T SHAKE.



HOW HE CAN FOLLOW THAT STUPID SITCOM HE'S WATCHING IS BEYOND ME. OF COURSE, I'VE GOT THIS PROBLEM WITH VISUAL ENTERTAINMENT...



HE GRUNTS. UNSTEADY, DRUNKEN STEPS WORK THEIR WAY TO THE KITCHEN. I'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH TIME...



TWENTY YEARS, NICK...

... WHY START LYING NOW?



GET OUT OF MY HOME.



IT'S ALL WRONG, NICK. I KNOW YOU.

AND I HAVE TO KNOW WHY YOU'RE TRYING TO RUIN MATT MURDOCK.

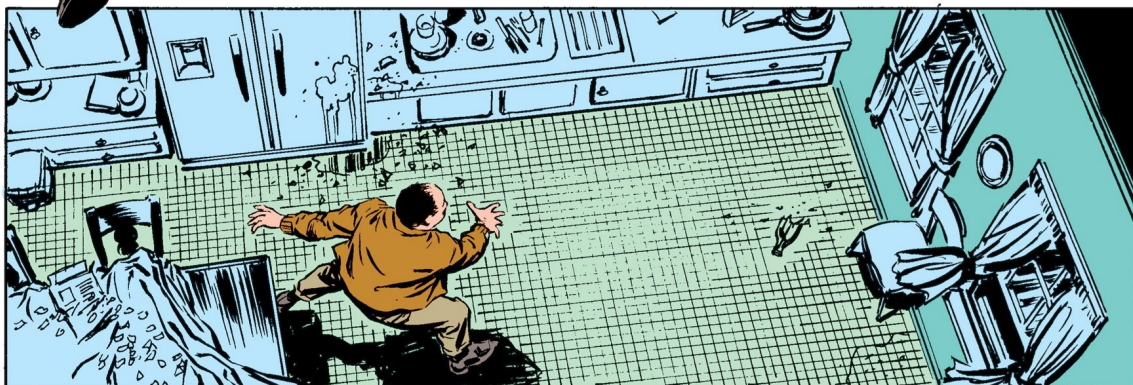
HE FLINCHES, AT THE NAME. I SMELL HIS OILY, GUILTY SWEAT.

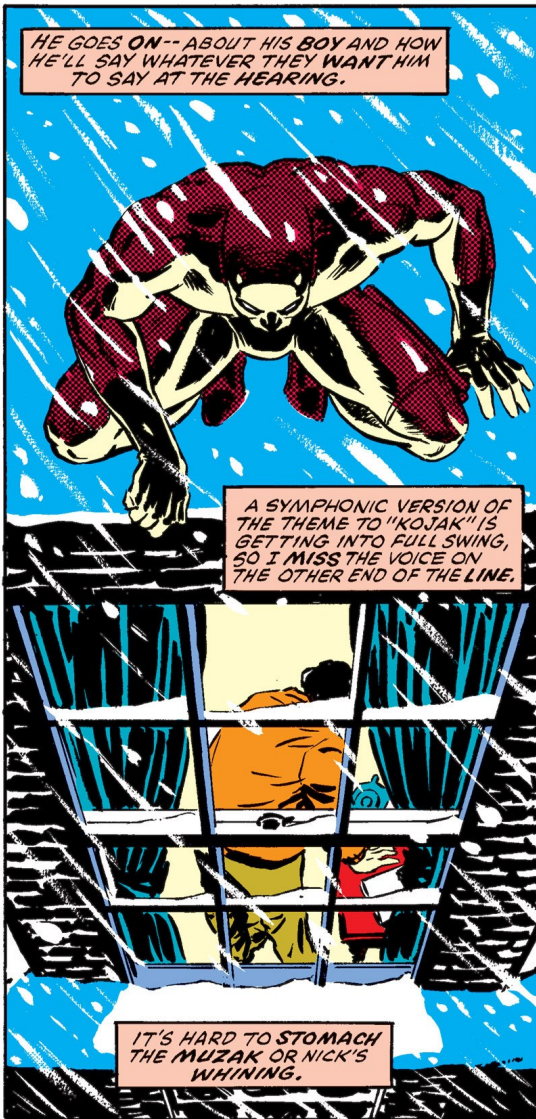


I FEEL THE HEAT ON HIS CHEEK-- A FLUSH OF DEFIANT RAGE.

THE SOUND BELONGS IN A SOUTH STREET BAR--

KRNCCH

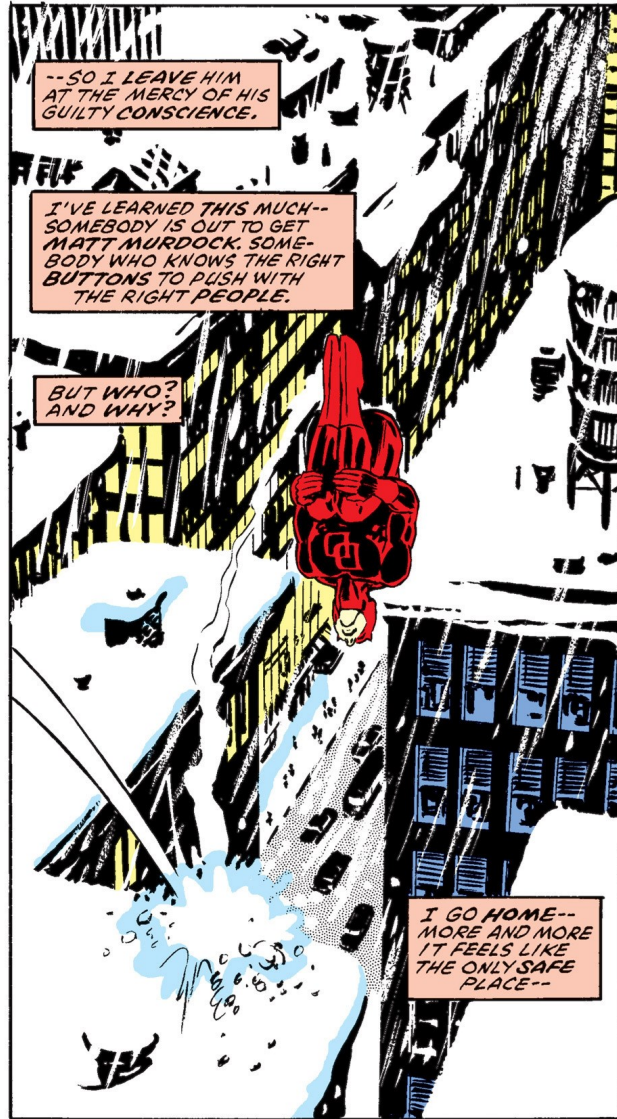




HE GOES ON-- ABOUT HIS BOY AND HOW HE'LL SAY WHATEVER THEY WANT HIM TO SAY AT THE HEARING.

A SYMPHONIC VERSION OF THE THEME TO "KOJAK" IS GETTING INTO FULL SWING, SO I MISS THE VOICE ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE.

IT'S HARD TO STOMACH THE MUZAK OR NICK'S WHINING.



--SO I LEAVE HIM AT THE MERCY OF HIS GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

I'VE LEARNED THIS MUCH-- SOMEBODY IS OUT TO GET MATT MURDOCK. SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS THE RIGHT BUTTONS TO PUSH WITH THE RIGHT PEOPLE.

BUT WHO? AND WHY?

I GO HOME-- MORE AND MORE IT FEELS LIKE THE ONLY SAFE PLACE--



--IT ISN'T UNTIL I TRY TO FIX DINNER THAT I REALIZE THE POWER'S OFF.



I TRY CON EDISON'S EMERGENCY NUMBER. MY PHONE'S BEEN DISCONNECTED.

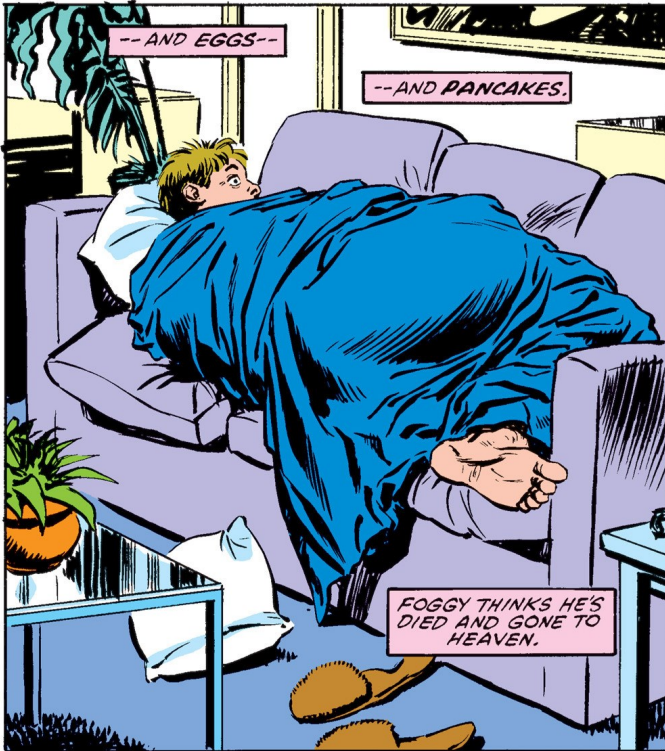


IT'S BEEN A DAY.



THE FIRST THING FOGGY NELSON FEELS THIS MORNING IS AN IRRITATING KNOT AT THE BASE OF HIS SKULL.

HE FORGETS IT AS SOON AS HE SMELLS THE FRYING BACON.



-- AND EGGS--

-- AND PANCAKES.

FOGGY THINKS HE'S DIED AND GONE TO HEAVEN.



MUST'VE, THAT'S AN ANGEL.

SHE GLANCES AT HIM. HE FEELS HER SMILE BEFORE HE SEES IT.

SHE DOESN'T SAY A WORD.



RINGG



NELSON RESIDENCE.

...HELLO, MATT... NO, YE DIDN'T MISDIAL... I'LL PUT HIM ON...



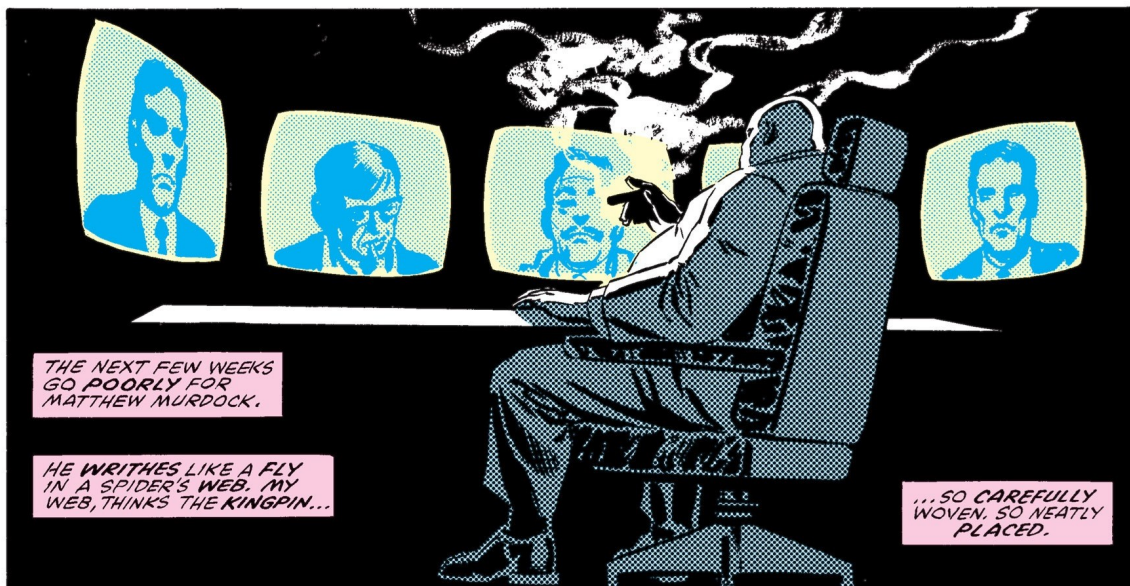
MATT! HI! LISTEN, THE CRAZIEST THING HAPPENED LAST NIGHT--

--WHAT? HARD TO HEAR YOU, MATT, WHERE-- A PHONE BOOTH? AT THIS HOUR?...



...WH...DID YOU SAY GRAND JURY? ...NO, I HADN'T HEARD.

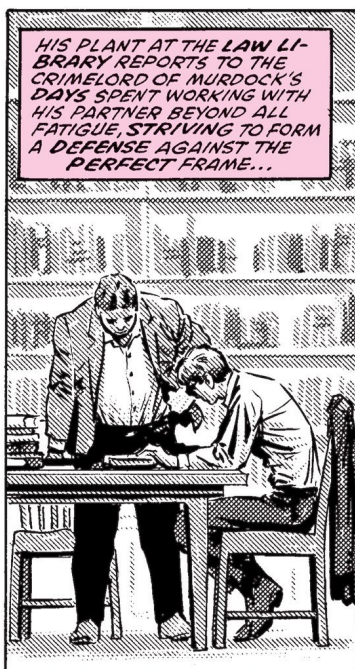
OH, GOLLY, OH GOLLY,



THE NEXT FEW WEEKS
GO POORLY FOR
MATTHEW MURDOCK.

HE WRITHES LIKE A FLY
IN A SPIDER'S WEB. MY
WEB, THINKS THE KINGPIN...

...SO CAREFULLY
WOVEN. SO NEATLY
PLACED.



HIS PLANT AT THE LAW LI-
BRARY REPORTS TO THE
CRIMELORD OF MURDOCK'S
DAYS SPENT WORKING WITH
HIS PARTNER BEYOND ALL
FATIGUE, STRIVING TO FORM
A DEFENSE AGAINST THE
PERFECT FRAME...



... PHOTOGRAPHS, TAKEN
BY TELESCOPE-- FOR THE
MAN'S DEFENSES ARE YET
UNKNOWN-- PROVIDE A STOP-
MOTION STUDY OF MURDOCK'S
DETERIORATION...



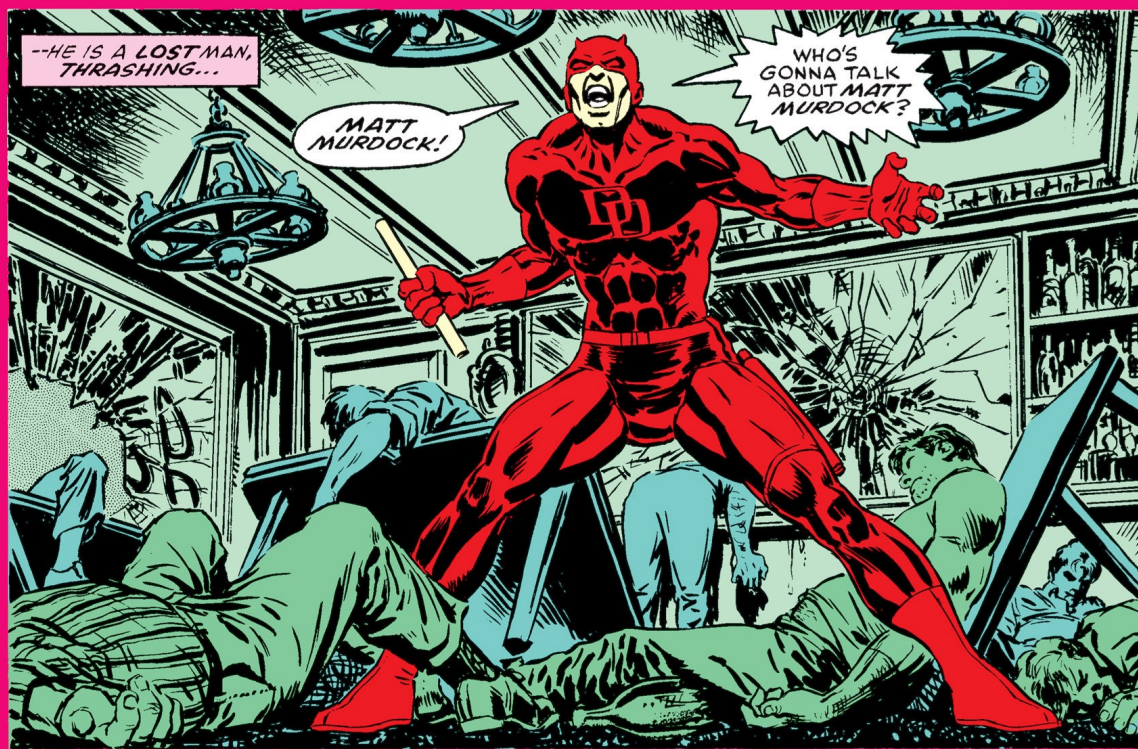
... MOST DELICIOUS ARE THE
NIGHTS, AS LOW-LEVEL STOOLIES,
LIKE DISTANT NERVE ENDINGS,
TELL OF INCREASINGLY VIOLENT,
INCREASINGLY ABERRANT
ASSAULTS BY A WARRIOR WHOSE
FISTS ARE NO HELP AGAINST THE
CORROSIVE GAS THAT FILLS HIS
LIFE...



... ASSAULTS WHICH CLIMAX IN
AN ENLIGHTENING EPISODE.

IT HAPPENS IN A WATERFRONT
SALOON-- ONE HE FREQUENTS
TO PRY INFORMATION FROM
THE LOWEST ECHELON OF MY
ORGANIZATION.

ONE HE ENTERS NOW AS
AN ANGRY BEGGAR--
WITH NO SENSE OF
CAUTION OR STRATEGY--



--HE IS A LOST MAN, THRASHING...

MATT MURDOCK!

WHO'S GONNA TALK ABOUT MATT MURDOCK?



NO ONE TELLS HIM ANYTHING OF VALUE. NO ONE COULD, BUT I.

FOR I HAVE KEPT MY MOVEMENTS SCATTERED AMONG A DOZEN LIEUTENANTS, NONE OF WHOM POSSESS MORE THAN A SINGLE SCRAP OF INFORMATION.

I HAVE GIVEN THE WORD-- FROM STILLSON TO KAREN PAGE-- ALL WHO MIGHT KNOW WILL DIE.

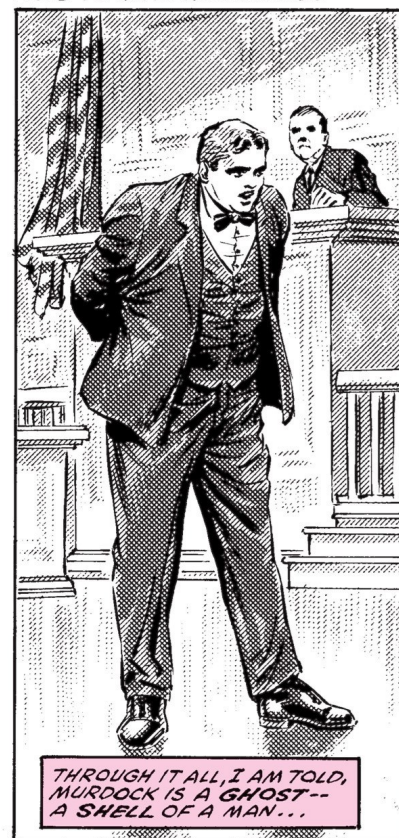


DAREDEVIL IS MATTHEW MURDOCK --AND MORE--

--THERE IS A RIFT INSIDE HIM--A WEDGE --STEADILY WEAKENING HIS REASON--

--STEADILY DRIVING HIM INSANE.

THE HEARING IS MADE NOTEWORTHY BY THE PERFORMANCE OF FRANKLIN NELSON, WHOSE EYE FOR LEGAL DETAIL AND IMAGINATIVE USE OF PRECEDENT CAUSE ME TO MAKE A NOTE TO HAVE HIM HIRED.



THROUGH IT ALL, I AM TOLD, MURDOCK IS A GHOST-- A SHELL OF A MAN...



...EVEN AS HE HEARS THE MUCH-TEMPERED VERDICT OF THE COURT THAT HE WILL NOT FACE A PRISON SENTENCE, AS I HAD PLANNED--

--THAT ALL HE WILL LOSE IS HIS LICENSE TO PRACTICE LAW...

...WHATEVER REACTIONS HE HAS ARE HIDDEN-- EVEN, I SUSPECT, FROM HIMSELF.



HE FACES POVERTY AND PUBLIC SHAME. HE WILL BE HOUNDED BY DOCTORED TAX FILES, DEPRIVED OF HIS VERY HOME. SURVIVAL WILL BECOME HIS ONLY CONCERN.

PERHAPS I WILL HIRE HIM --WHAT IS LEFT OF HIM-- AFTER A TIME, AFTER HE HAS LEARNED HOW POWERLESS HE IS.



HIS TALENTS WOULD BE VALUABLE-- AND HIS HONOR WILL CRUSH ITSELF.

HIS TALENT. YES, ANY MAN SO DEDICATED AS TO PRETEND TO BLINDNESS IN DAILY LIFE HAS SURELY DEVELOPED A RANGE OF METHODS AND TECHNIQUES THAT WOULD BE AN ASSET TO MY ENTERPRISES.



AN EFFICACIOUS OPPONENT. STILL HE INTRIGUES ME. STILL I AM NOT SATISFIED.

I SHOULD NOT TAMPER WITH THIS. I AM WELL POSITIONED. I SHOULD LEAVE HIM TO THE MISERY THAT AWAITS HIM.

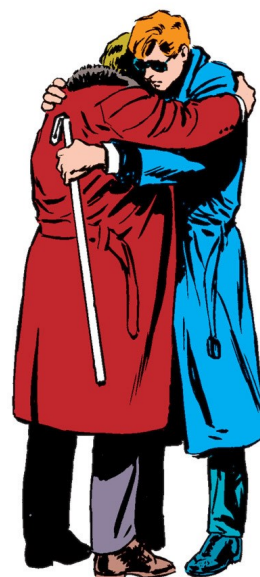
I MUST DENY MYSELF THE EXQUISITE PLEASURE OF A KILLING STROKE...

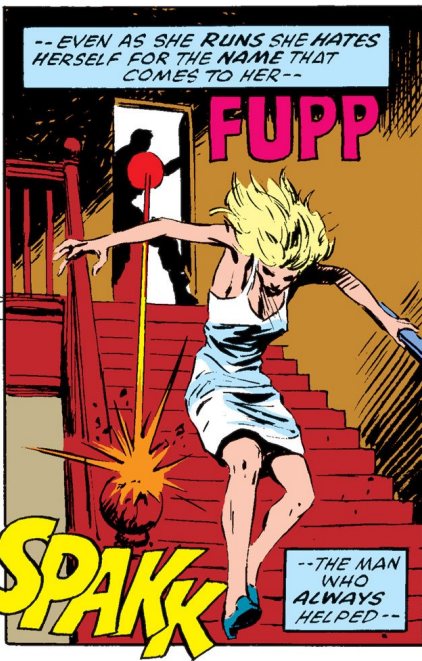
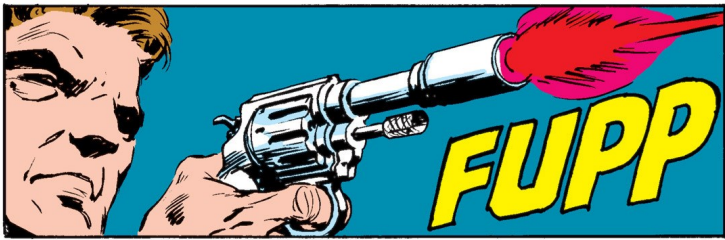
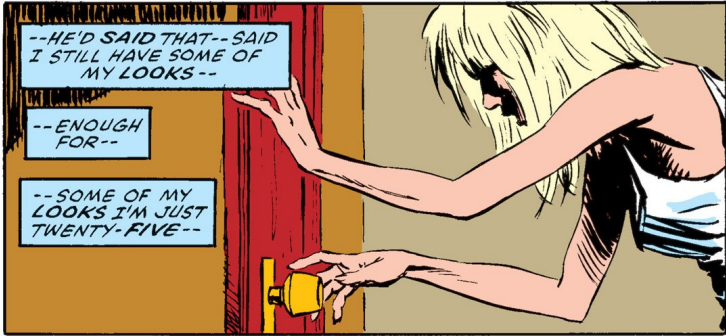


I FEEL AWFUL, MATT... JUST AWFUL...

YOU WERE BRILLIANT, FOGGY. YOU KEPT ME OUT OF PRISON.

I HAVEN'T DONE MUCH TO DESERVE THIS KIND OF FRIENDSHIP...



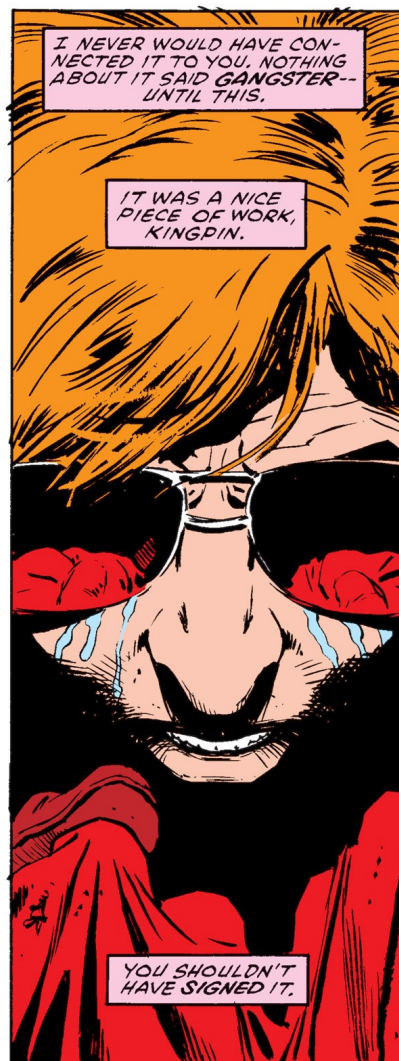
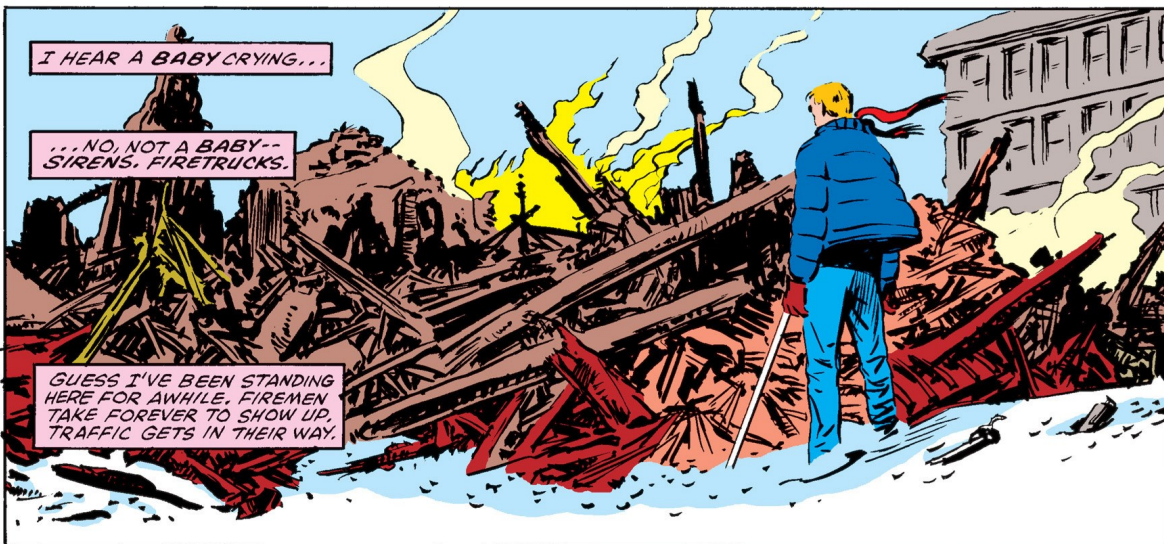




NO. FOGGY STOOD UP FOR ME. FOUGHT FOR ME. HE...BUT THAT COULD BE PART OF THE PLAN--







Next: **PURGATORY**