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DAREDEVIL[®]

BORN AGAIN



MAZZICHELLA

HotComic.net

NO HEARTBEAT.
HE IS GONE.

NO--

--NO-- HE
CAN'T DIE--

I HAD AN AWFUL DREAM.

EVERYBODY HATED ME.

EVERYBODY TOOK EVERY-
THING AWAY FROM ME.

NO.

THE KINGPIN. HE'S THE
ONLY ONE.

THE KINGPIN OF CRIME. HE
FOUND OUT MY SECRET IDENTITY.
AND IT WASN'T A DREAM--

--THEN SANTA CLAUS
STABBED ME WITH A
KNIFE AND--

--NO. IT WAS TURK. SMALL
TIME HOOD. HE WAS JUST
DRESSED LIKE SANTA.

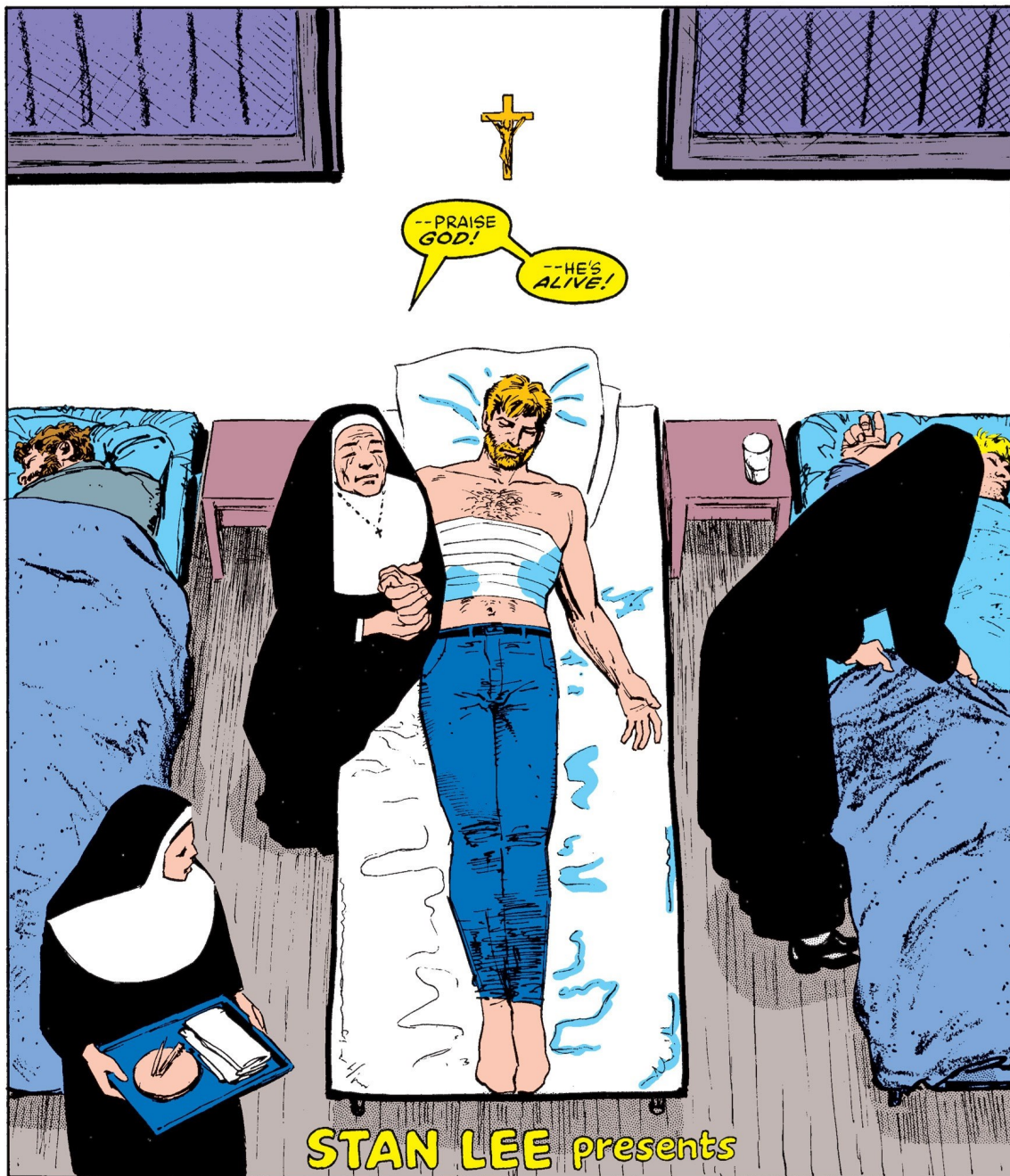
SMALL TIME HOOD.
WORKS FOR--

--THE KINGPIN.

NOT A DREAM.

--HE-- HE'S
ALIVE--

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STAN LEE presents

BORN AGAIN

by FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

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LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

THE BREEZE IS COOL.
SHE'S IN AMERICA.
KAREN PAGE ALLOWS
HERSELF TO HOPE.

NOT TOO OFTEN
SHE WHISPERS
THE NAME --
QUIETLY, FACING
AWAY FROM HER
COMPANION --
THE NAME THAT
MEANS HOPE.

MATT.



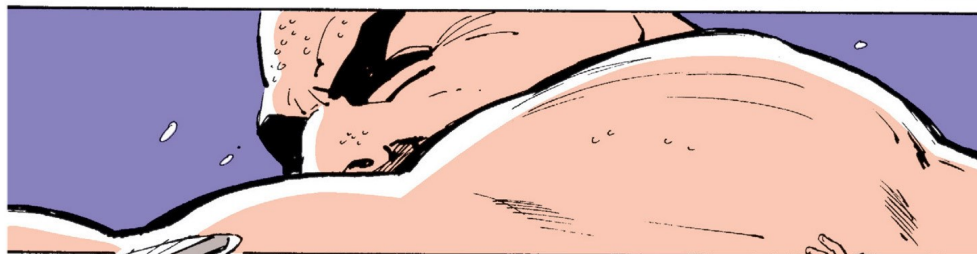
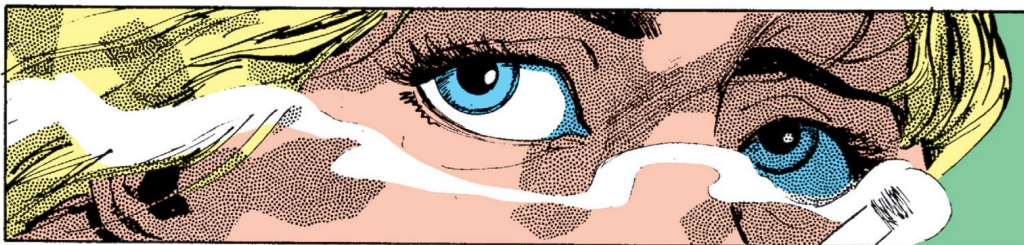
MATT -- SHE BE-
TRAYED HIM -- SOLD
HIS DEEPEST SECRET
FOR A FIX --

--TOLD A MAN THAT
MATT IS DAREDEVIL --
AND THE MAN TOLD
OTHER MEN -- AND THE
OTHER MEN ARE TRYING
TO KILL KAREN PAGE --

--BUT SHE'LL MAKE
IT TO NEW YORK.
SHE'LL FIND MATT
BEFORE THE KILLERS
FIND HER.

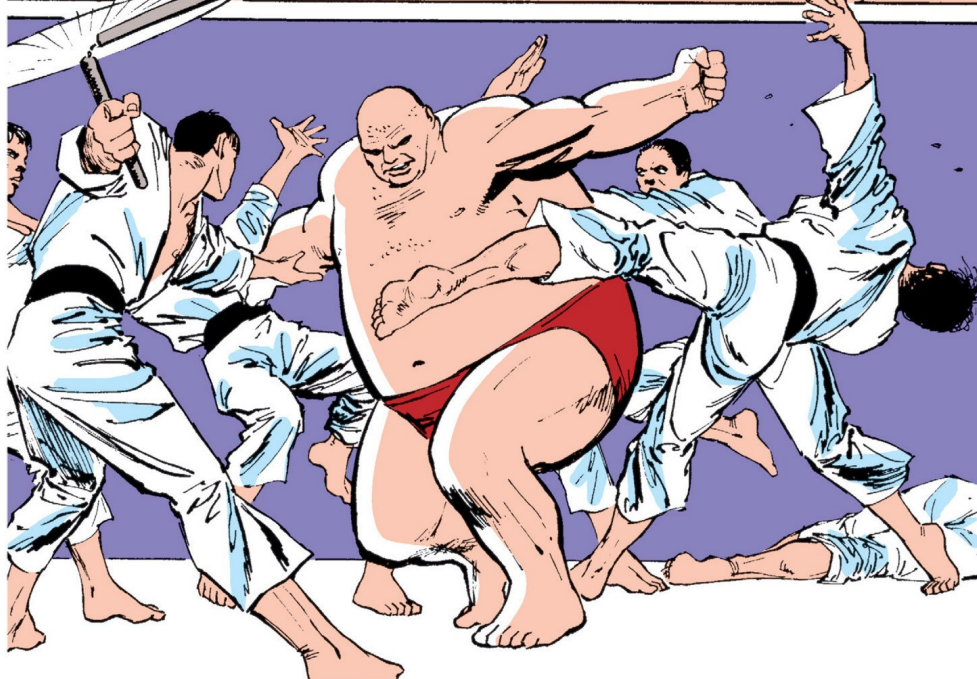
MATT WILL SAVE HER.

HE HAS TO.



TOO OFTEN, HE
THINKS THE NAME.

MURDOCK.



HE IS THE KINGPIN.
HE IS THE LORD OF
CRIME. HE DESTROYED
MATT MURDOCK --
ROBBED HIM OF HIS
CAREER, HIS HOME,
OF EVERYTHING
THAT CONSTITUTED
HIS LIFE.

BUT MURDOCK
IS ALIVE.
SOMEWHERE.

MURDOCK
IS ALIVE.

Accepted and agreed on this the 2nd

Franklin Nelson





WHEN I WAS A WHOLE LOT YOUNGER, I WAS STRUCK ACROSS THE EYES AND **BLINDED** BY A PIECE OF RADIOACTIVE **GARBAGE**.

DON'T ASK ME TO EXPLAIN **WHY**, BUT I CAN **SMELL** AND **HEAR** AND **TASTE** BETTER THAN ANY-BODY.

THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO **LEARN** ABOUT **MATT MURDOCK**.



EVERYTHING **ELSE** IN MY LIFE IS **GONE**, EXCEPT THE **LESSON** I LEARNED FROM MY **FATHER**.

NEVER
GIVE UP.

NEVER.

FOR MOST PEOPLE, NEW YORK IS THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING AND THE STATUE OF LIBERTY. FOR KAREN PAGE, IT'S PENN STATION, WHERE SHE FIRST STEPPED OFF THE TRAIN FROM NEW ENGLAND. THAT MUST BE WHY SHE ASKED PAULO TO DROP HER OFF HERE.

SHE'D PAID HER WAY-- EXACTLY THE WAY HE WANTED HER TO. SHE OWES HIM NOTHING.

SHE WANTS TO GET RID OF HIM. SURE, HE'S GOT THE **JUNK**-- AS MUCH AS SHE WANTS. BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN SHE WANTS TO BE WITH NOW--

-- SHE'LL EVEN QUIT THE **JUNK** SHE SWEARS SHE WILL--

--SO SHE SAYS **GOOD-BYE** TO PAULO WITH A **KISS** AS FINAL PAYMENT.

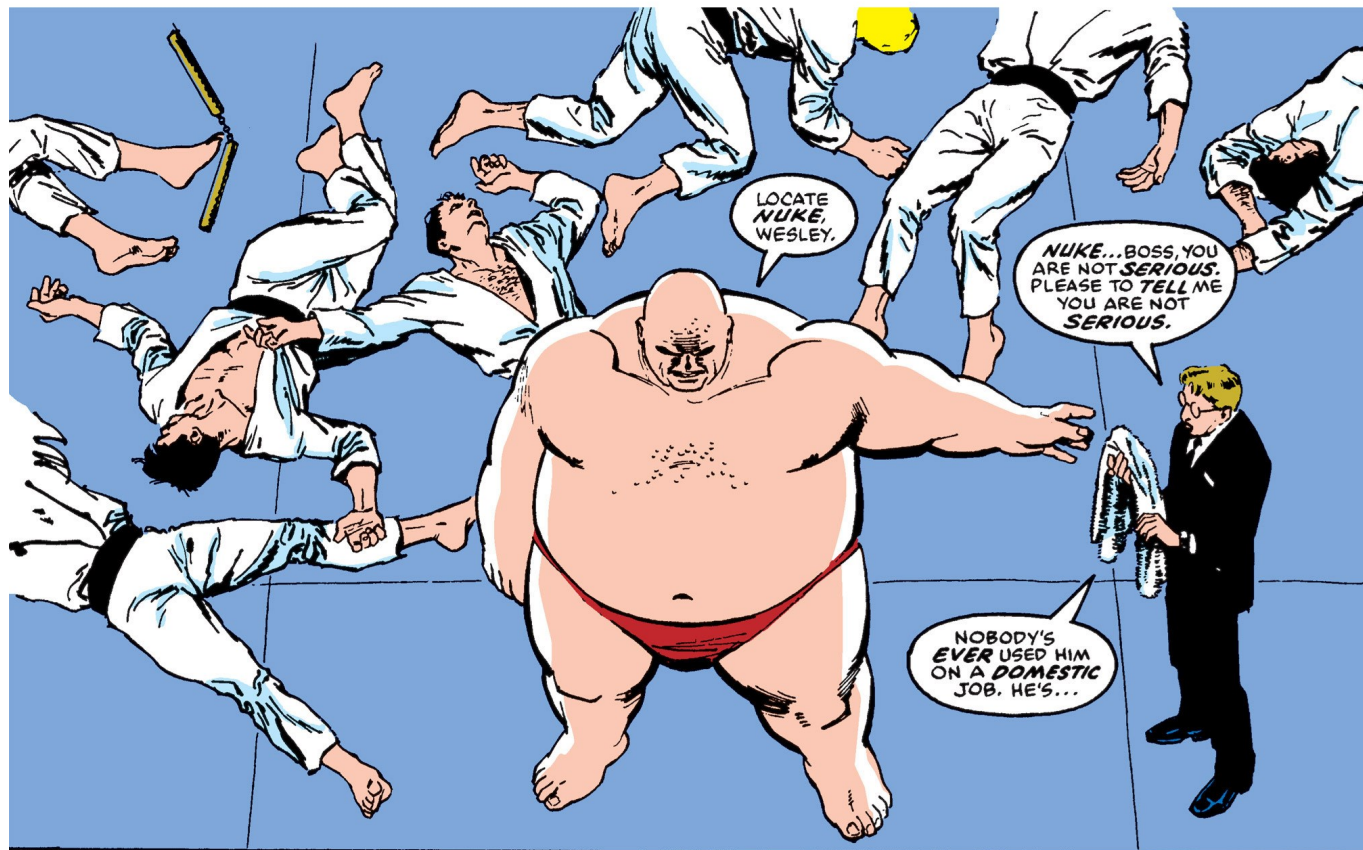
IT'S THE **LONG** KIND OF KISS. THE KIND SHE LEARNED MAKING **MOVIES** FOR PEOPLE LIKE PAULO.

SHE'S A **PRO** ABOUT IT.

IT ISN'T **ENOUGH** FOR HIM.



PENNSYLVANIA STATION





THEY'VE DONE SOME WORK ON ME. THE BROKEN RIB IS BACK WHERE IT BELONGS. I'M NOT BLEEDING.

I'M ONE BIG BRUISE. BEST NOT TO PAY ATTENTION TO HOW I FEEL.



THE MORE I FOCUS OUTSIDE MYSELF, THE--

--THAT STENCH--EVEN HIS SWEAT SMELLS LIKE CHEAP WINE--I CAN TASTE HIS HANGOVER WITH HIM--

--CAN'T STAND IT--MOVE FURTHER OUT...



SOUNDS ARE MUFFLED BY THE SNOW.

**KAWW
KAWWW**

THE GULLS. THEY ONLY SOUND LIKE THAT IN THE MORNING. COMPLAINING.



BEEP HONK HONK BEEP BEEP HONNNNNNK

LIKE THE WHOLE CITY'S COMPLAINING. I'M STILL IN MANHATTAN.

NARROW IT DOWN.



EVEN PAST BROTHER GALLO NEXT TO ME I CAN SMELL THE NEIGHBORHOOD. RATS AND CONCRETE DUST.

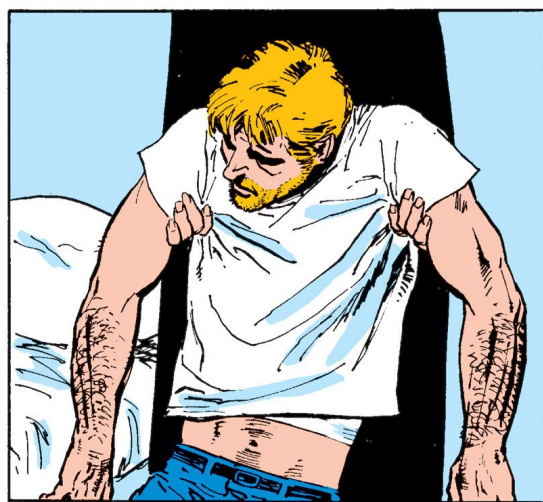
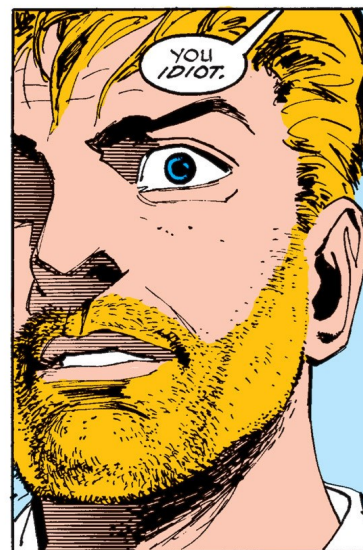
HELL'S KITCHEN. I GREW UP HERE.

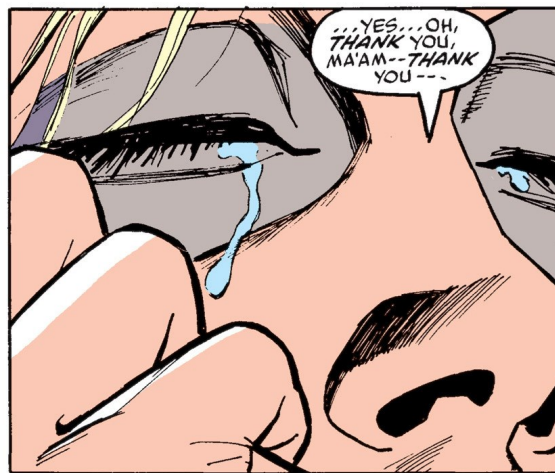
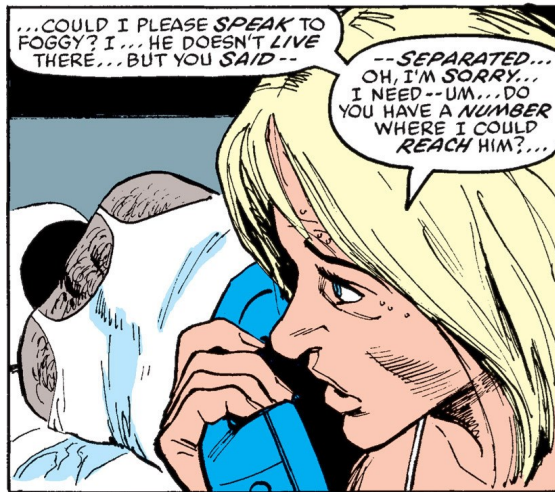
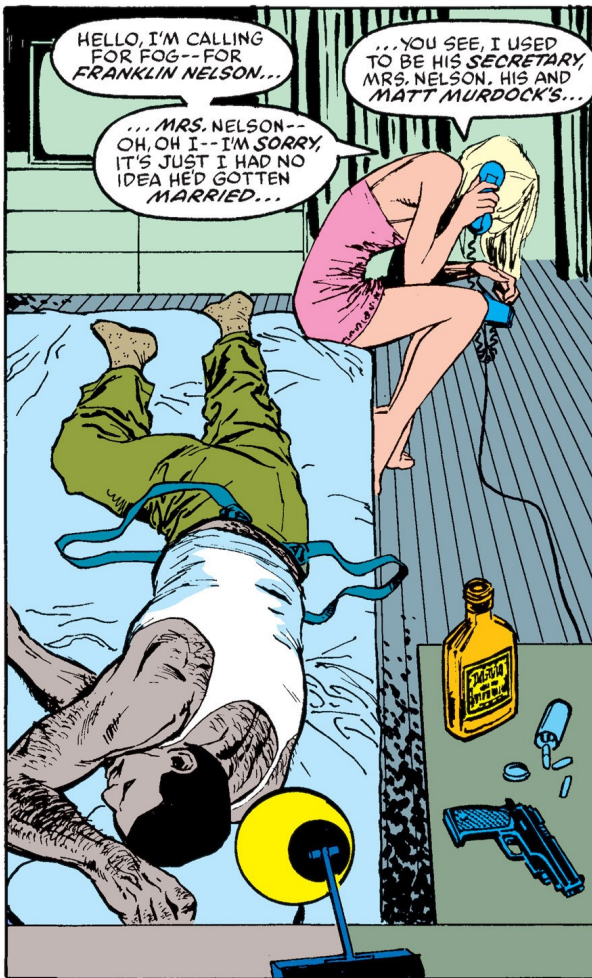
BUT WHAT KIND OF PLACE AM I IN?

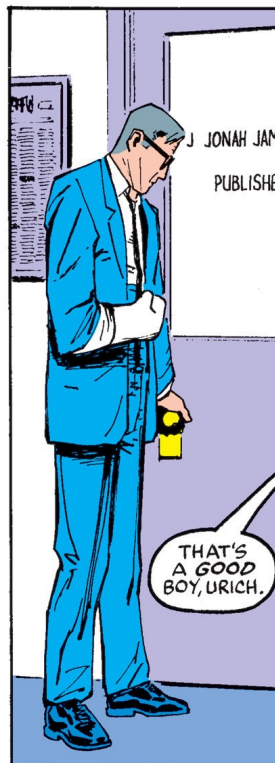
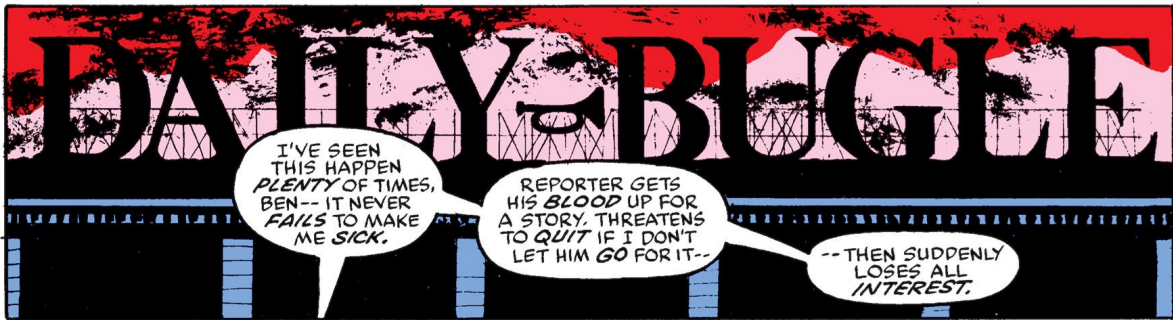


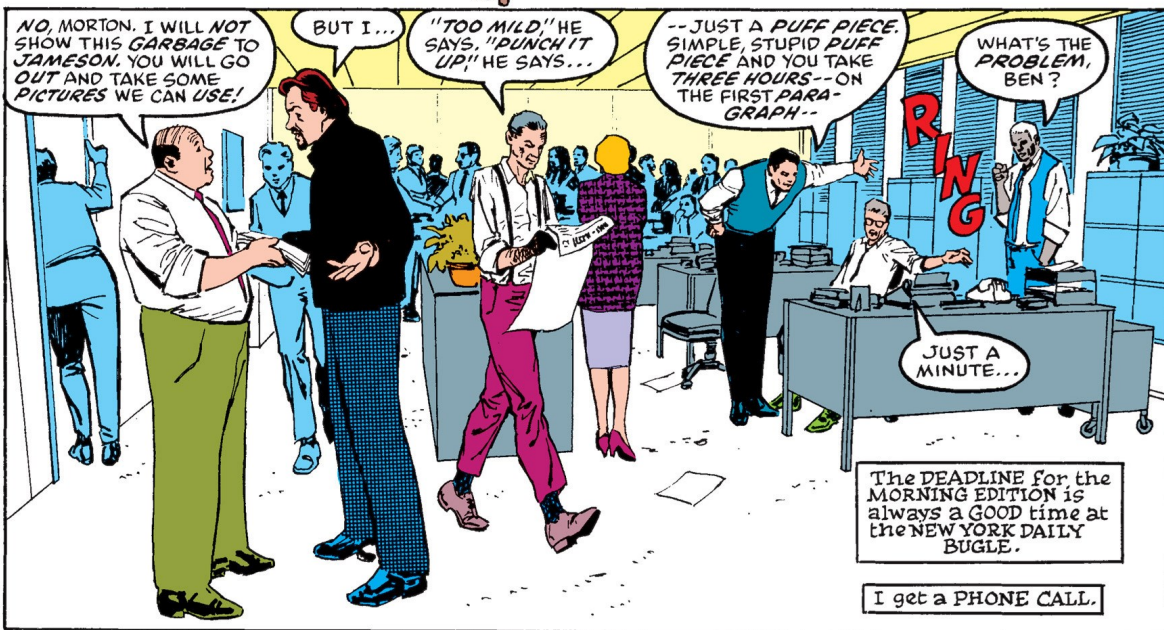
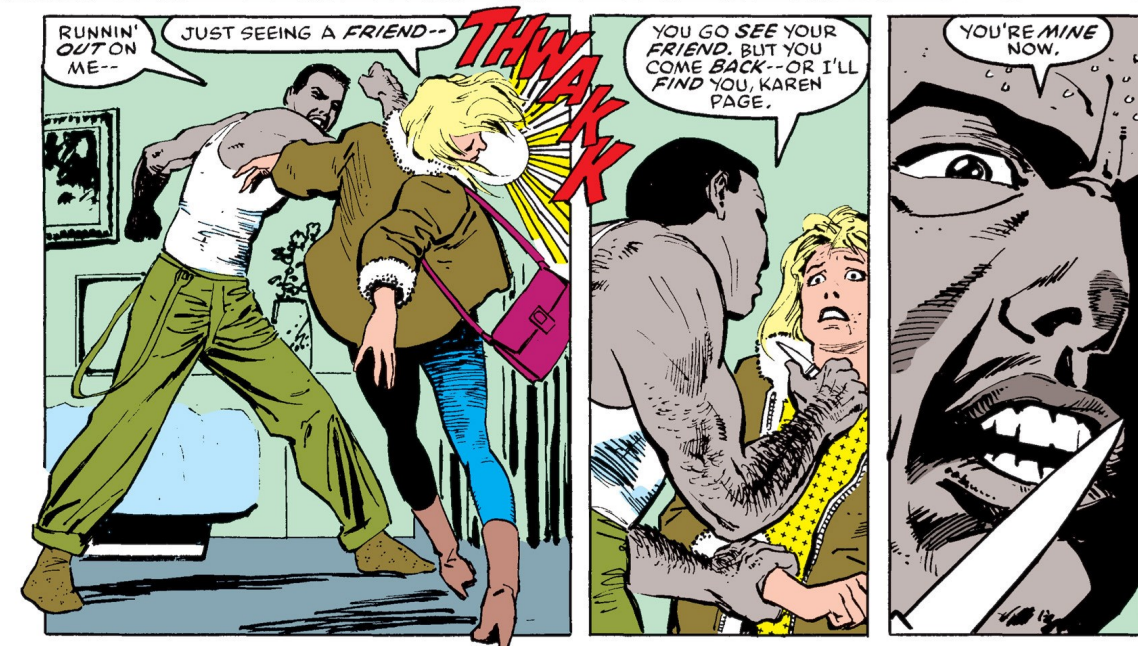
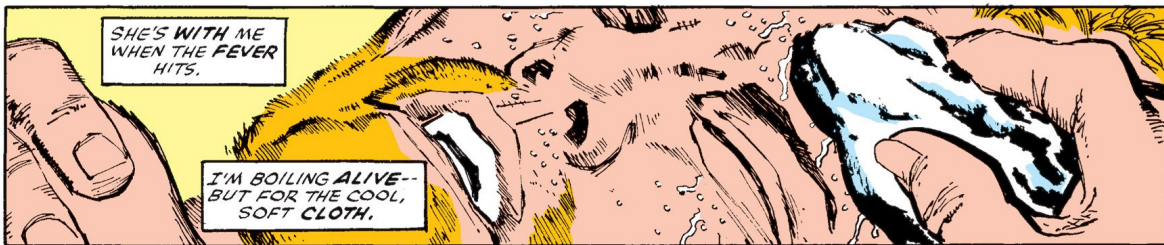
**BONG BONG
BONG BONG**

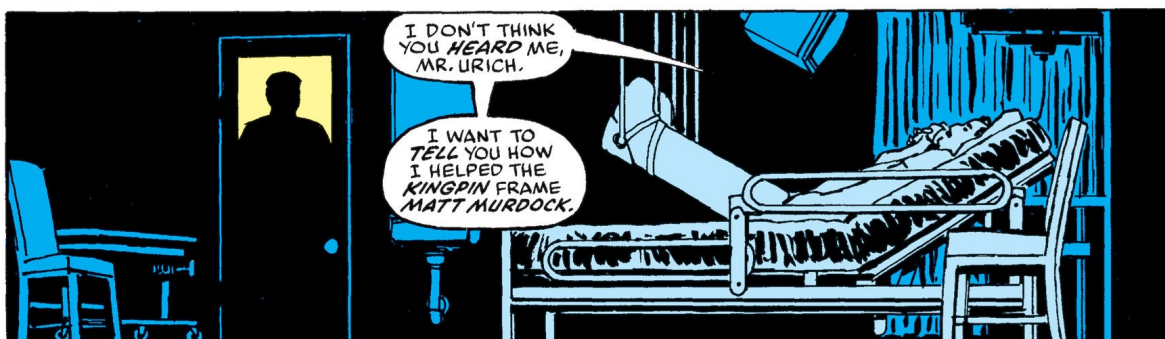
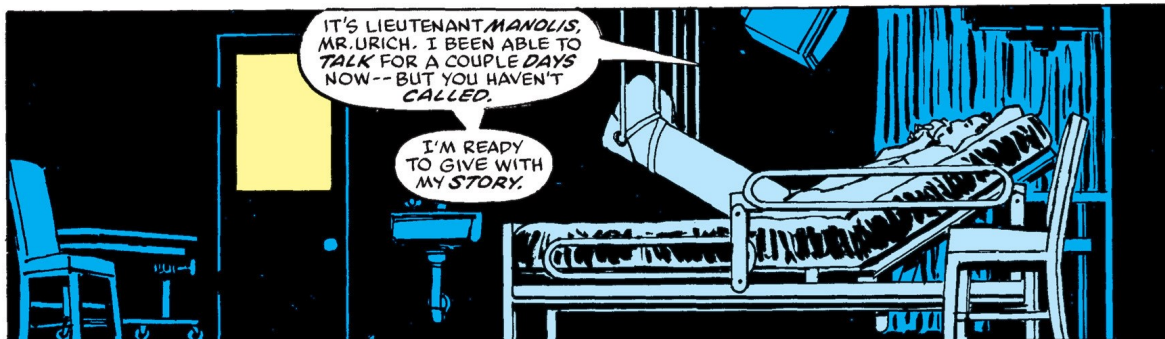
WHOA.



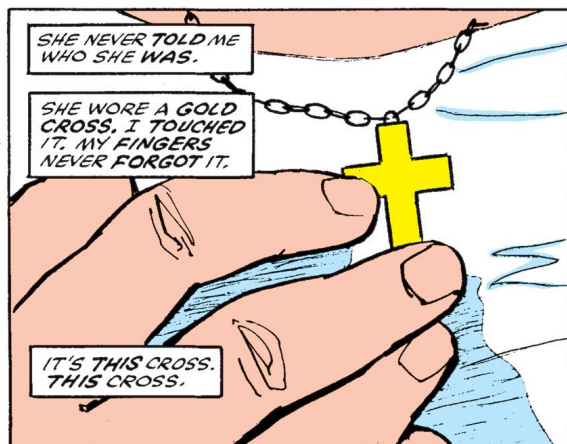


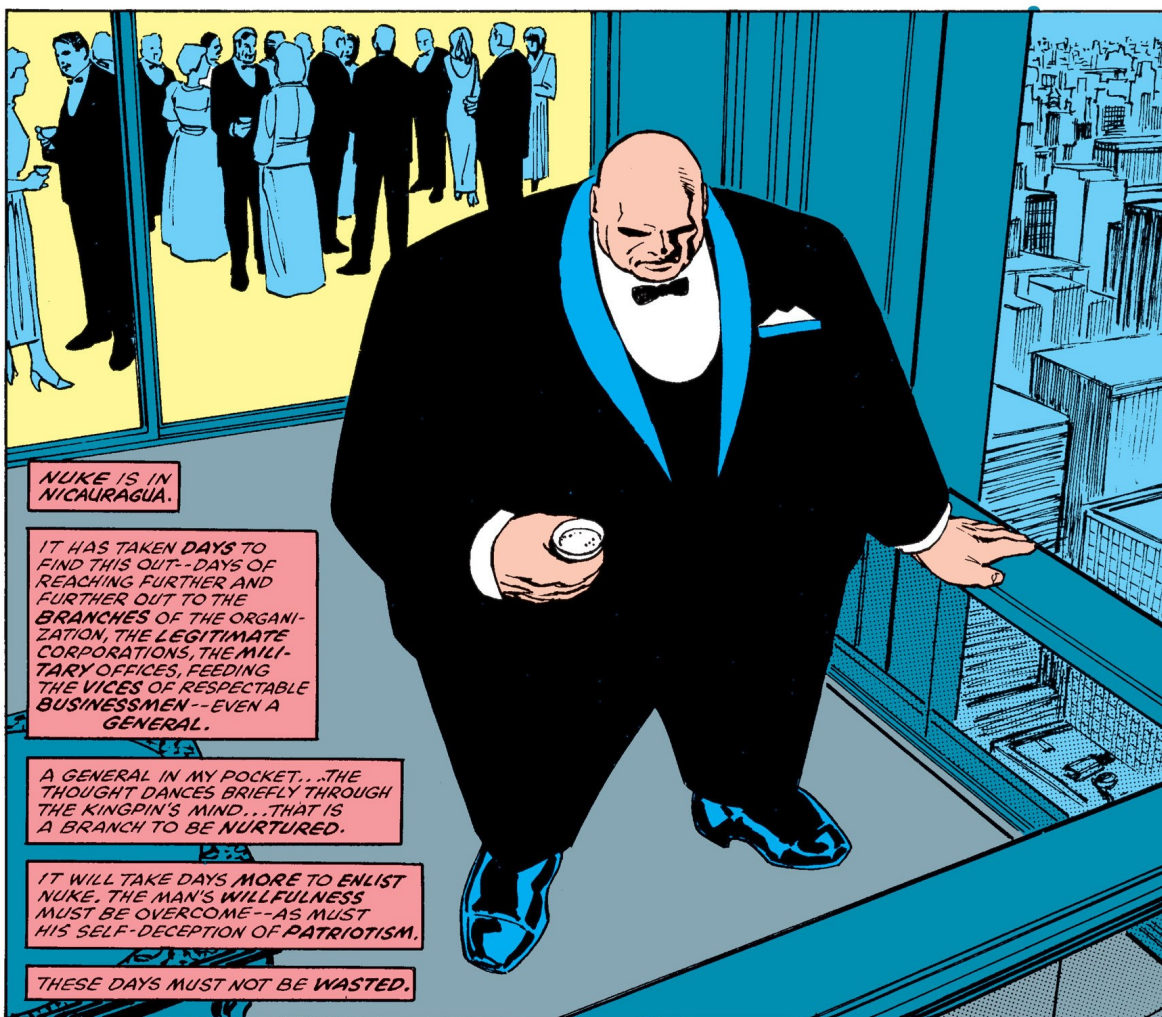


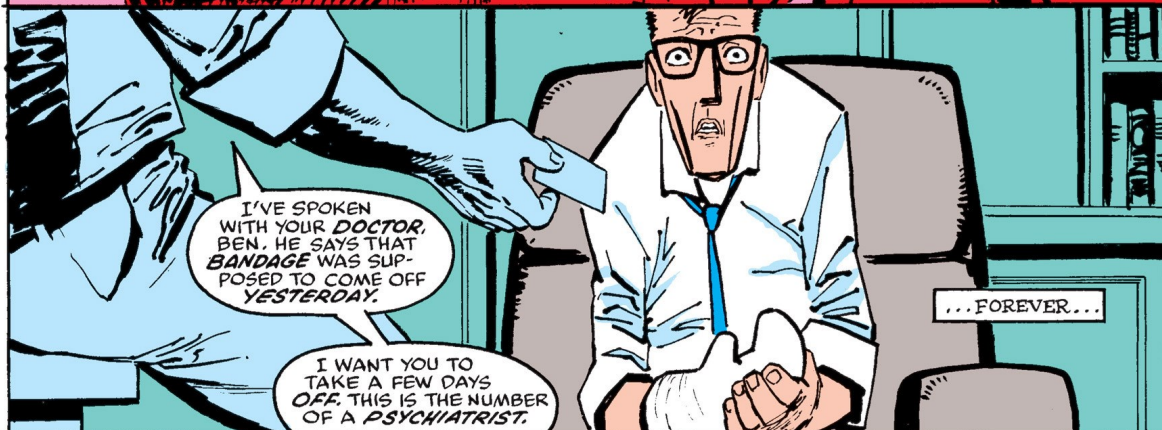
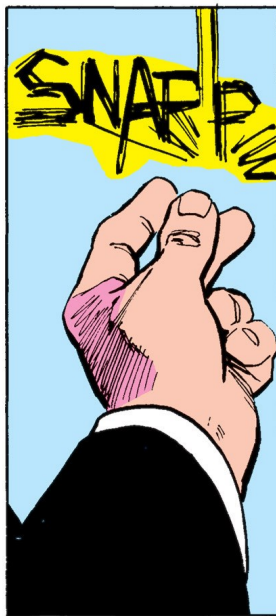
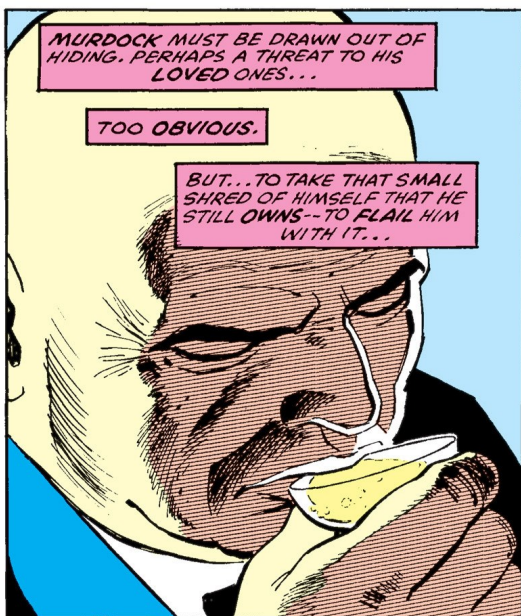












...Nick GURGLED like
a CLOGGED DRAIN...
Somewhere in the
MIDDLE of it he caught
a single raspy BREATH--



NO
SMOKING
IN THE
ELEVATOR,
MAN.

--one breath and
it was so very
DESPERATE...



TEMPERATURE... MUST BE
AROUND A HUNDRED AND
THREE NOW...

...THAT'S WHAT YOU GET...
FOR SWIMMING IN THE
EAST RIVER... SLEEPING
IN THE STREET...



PNEUMONIA...
STUPID WAY TO DIE...



KAREN--
WHAT
HAPPENED?

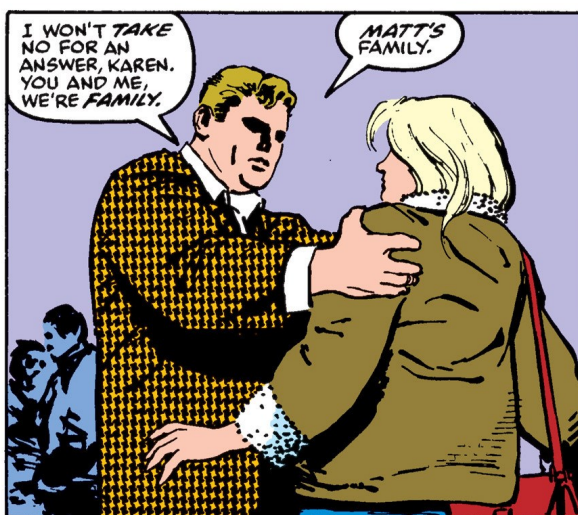


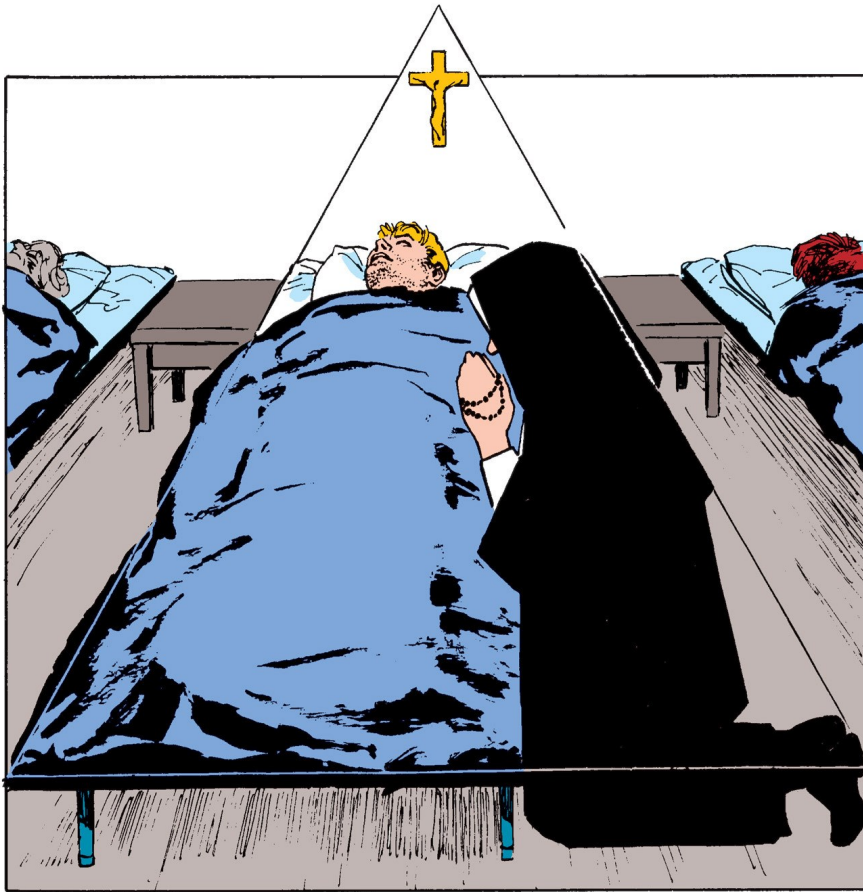
I THOUGHT
YOU'D NEVER
ASK, FOGGY.

...and finally,
the RATTLE.









THE FEVER GROWS IN HIM. NO EARTHLY FORCE CAN STOP IT. HE HAS LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD. HIS BODY CANNOT FIGHT.

HE WILL DIE.

BUT HE HAS SO VERY MUCH TO DO, MY LORD.

HIS SOUL IS TROUBLED.

BUT IT IS A GOOD MAN'S SOUL, MY LORD.

HE NEEDS ONLY TO BE SHOWN YOUR WAY. THEN HE WILL RISE AS YOUR OWN AND BRING LIGHT TO THIS POISONED CITY. HE WILL BE AS A SPEAR OF LIGHTNING IN YOUR HAND, MY LORD.

IF I AM TO BE PUNISHED FOR PAST SINS, SO BE IT.

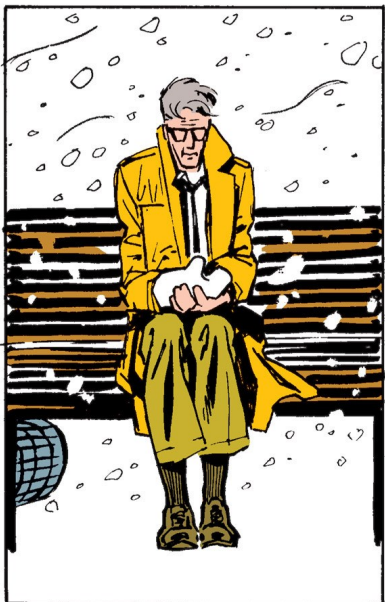
IF I AM TO BE CAST INTO HELL, SO BE IT.

BUT SPARE HIM.

SO MANY NEED HIM.

HEAR MY PLEA.





CUSTOMIES
MELVIN POTTER PROPRIETOR

DOWNTOWN...

I DON'T LIKE IT. I KNOW WHO YOU WORK FOR, FELIX.

AND THE KINGPIN IS NEVER UP TO ANYTHING GOOD.

WHAT IS THERE NOT TO LIKE, POTTER? YOU CONSTRUCT COSTUMES. I AM HERETOWITH COMMISSIONING FROM YOURSELF A COSTUME.

SAID COSTUME BEING ONE YOU ARE INFINITELY FAMILIAR WITH-- DURING SUCH TIME FRAME AS BEFORE YOU DID RENUNCIATE YOUR STATUS AS A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE CRIMINAL CLASS TO OPEN THIS SHOP WITHIN WHICH WE NOW CONVERSE.

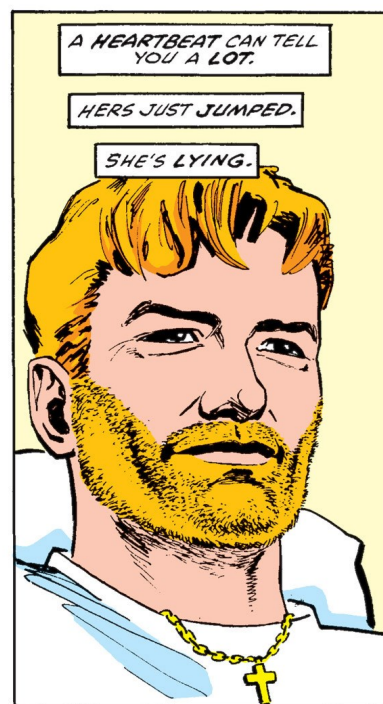
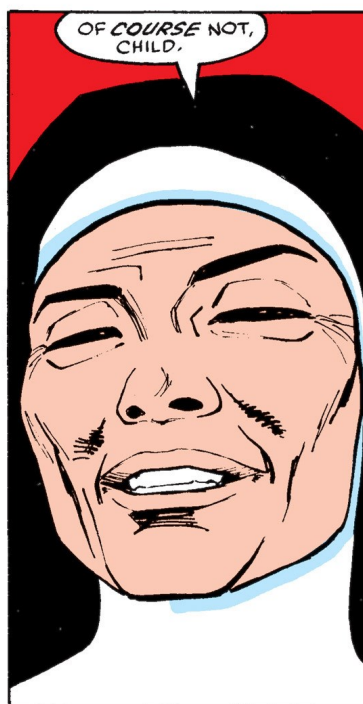
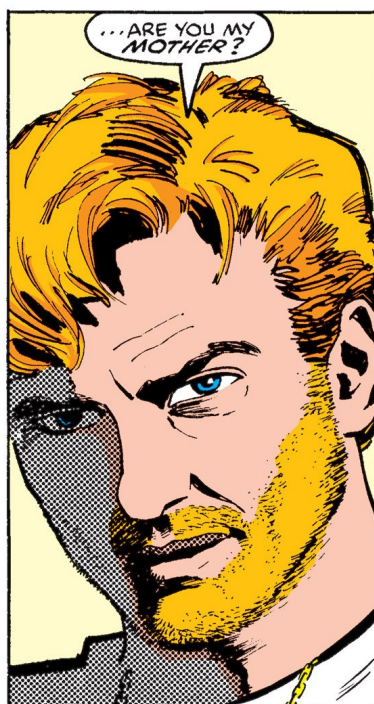
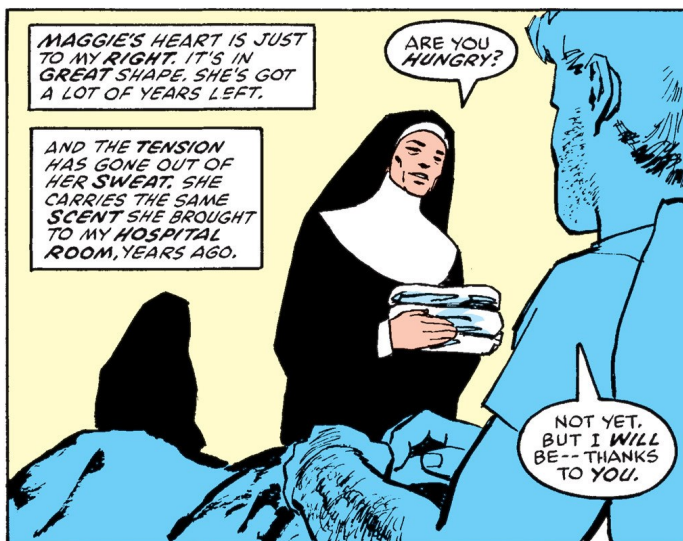
SPEAKING OF THIS MOST NEATLY CUSTODIATED ESTABLISHMENT, WE WILL SUMMARILY EXECUTE ITS PREMATURE DEMOLITION--

--NOT TO MENTION THE REMOVAL OF YOUR MOST VALUED BODY PARTS--

-- SHOULD YOU PERCHANCE FAIL TO RENDER UNTO US A PERFECT DUPLICATE OF THE UNIFORM OF A CERTAIN MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

A HEARTBEAT CAN TELL YOU A LOT.

MINE, FOR INSTANCE, HAS SLOWED DOWN CONSIDERABLY IN THE PAST FEW HOURS...



NEXT: SAVED