

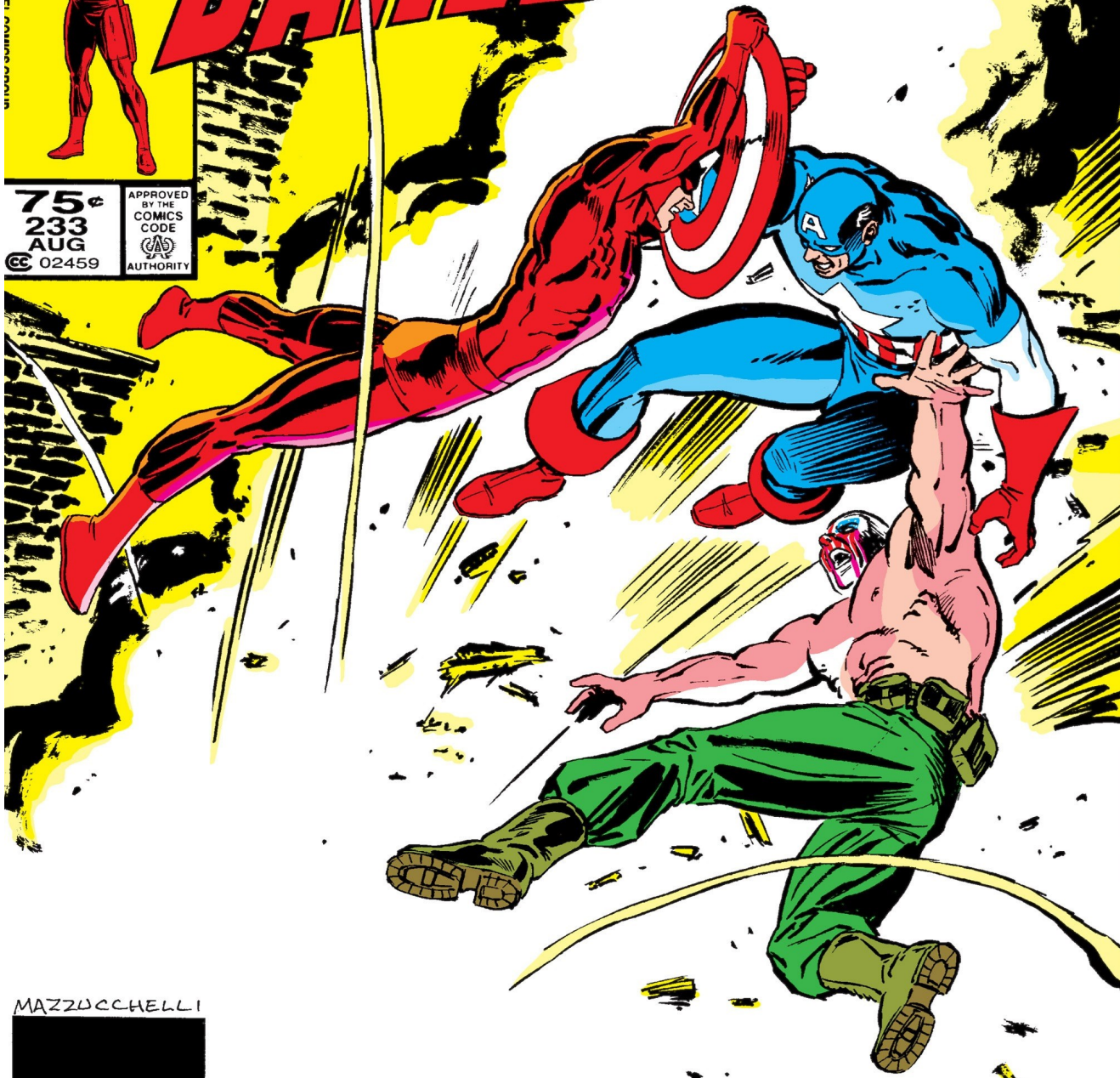
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MAZZUCCHELLI

ARMAGEDDON

1 9 8 6

STAN LEE PRESENTS

ARMAGEDDON



by

FRANK MILLER & DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

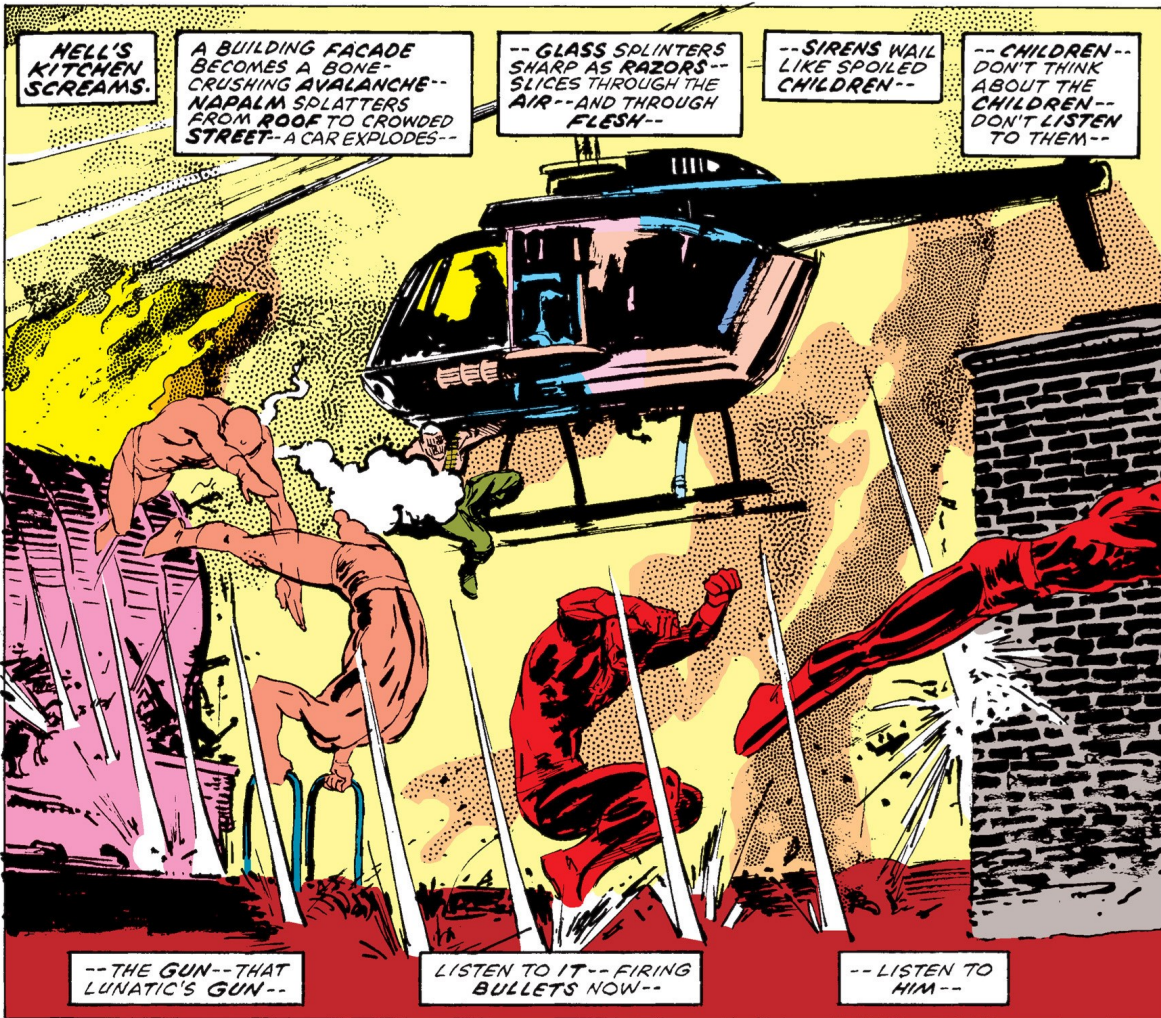
MAX SCHEELE COLORS

RALPH MACCHIO EDITOR

JOE ROSEN LETTERS

JIM SHOOTER ED.-IN-CHIEF

THIS ISSUE RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED TO
JACK KIRBY



HELL'S
KITCHEN
SCREAMS.

A BUILDING FACADE
BECOMES A BONE-
CRUSHING AVALANCHE--
NAPALM SPLATTERS
FROM ROOF TO CROWDED
STREET--A CAR EXPLODES--

-- GLASS SPLINTERS
SHARP AS RAZORS--
SLICES THROUGH THE
AIR-- AND THROUGH
FLESH--

-- SIRENS WAIL
LIKE SPOILED
CHILDREN--

-- CHILDREN--
DON'T THINK
ABOUT THE
CHILDREN--
DON'T LISTEN
TO THEM--

-- THE GUN-- THAT
LUNATIC'S GUN--

LISTEN TO IT-- FIRING
BULLETS NOW--

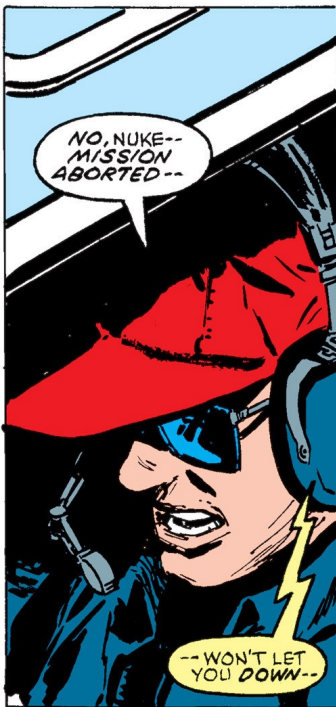
-- LISTEN TO
HIM--



WE'RE PULLING
OUT, BOY. OUR
TARGET'S VANISHED.

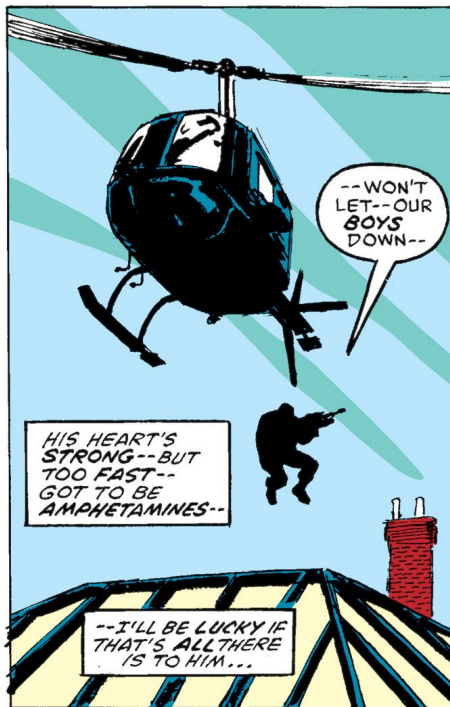
WON'T LET YOU
DOWN, COLONEL--

-- I'LL
FIND
HIM--



NO, NUKE--
MISSION
ABORTED--

-- WON'T LET
YOU DOWN--



-- WON'T
LET-- OUR
BOYS
DOWN--

HIS HEART'S
STRONG-- BUT
TOO FAST--
GOT TO BE
AMPHETAMINES--

-- I'LL BE LUCKY IF
THAT'S ALL THERE
IS TO HIM...

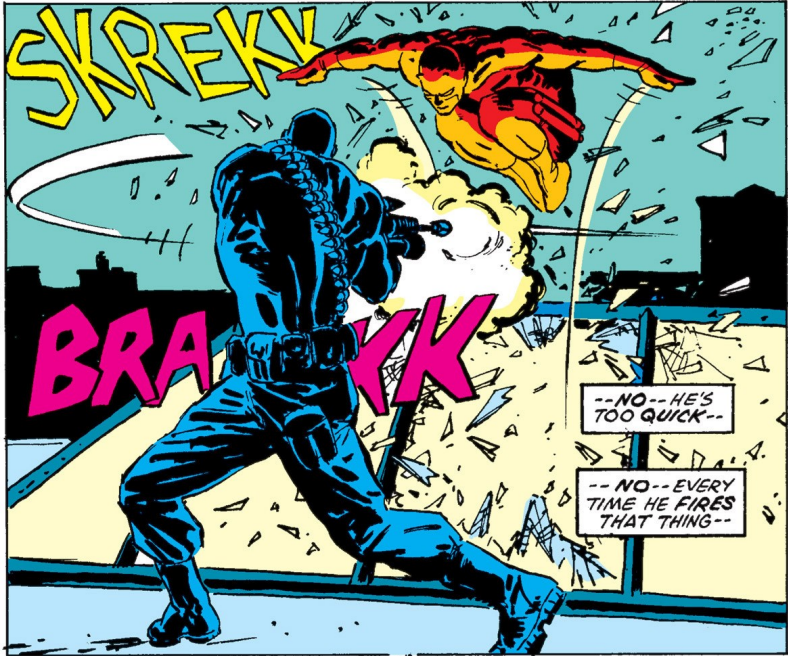


BOSS--IT'S GETTING OUT OF HAND--IT'S ALL OVER THE NEWS--

--YOU'VE GOT TO STOP IT--

THERE, DID YOU FEEL THAT--

--EVEN HERE-- TWENTY BLOCKS DISTANT-- THE EARTH TREMBLES...

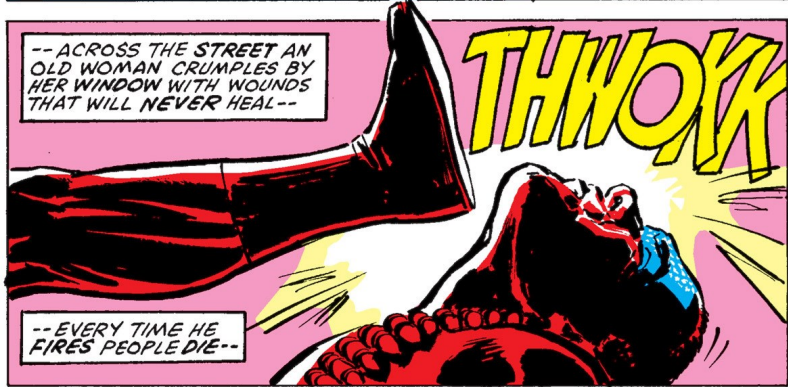


SKREKK

BRAK

--NO--HE'S TOO QUICK--

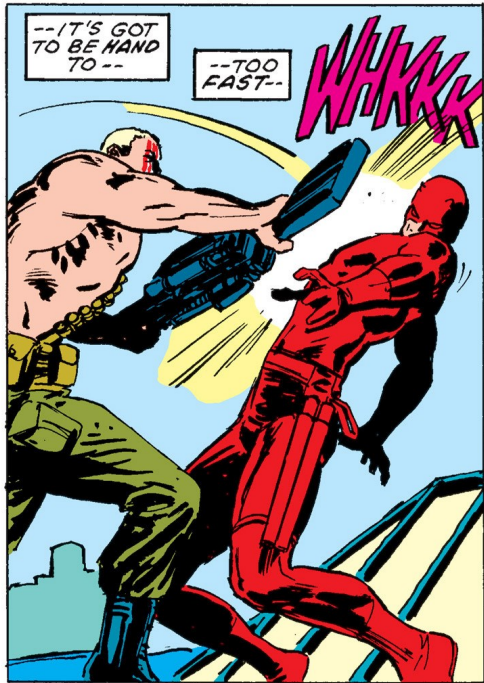
--NO--EVERY TIME HE FIRES THAT THING--



--ACROSS THE STREET AN OLD WOMAN CRUMPLES BY HER WINDOW WITH WOUNDS THAT WILL NEVER HEAL--

THWOYK

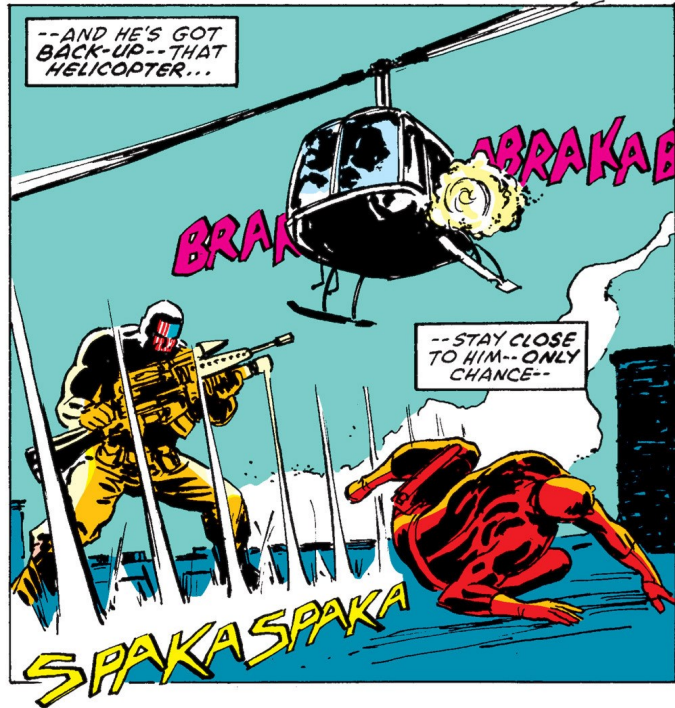
--EVERY TIME HE FIRES PEOPLE DIE--



--IT'S GOT TO BE HAND TO --

--TOO FAST--

WHYK

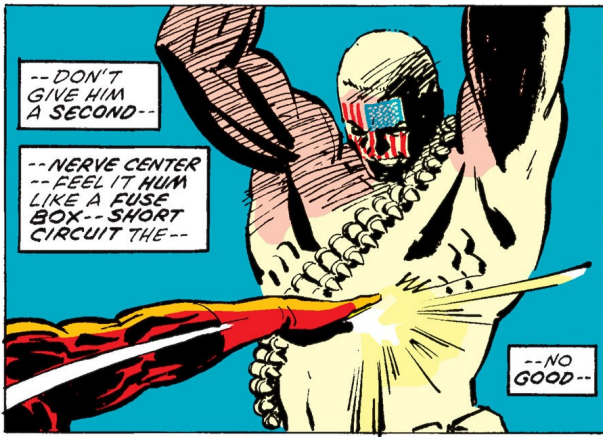


--AND HE'S GOT BACK-UP--THAT HELICOPTER...

BRAK

--STAY CLOSE TO HIM-- ONLY CHANCE--

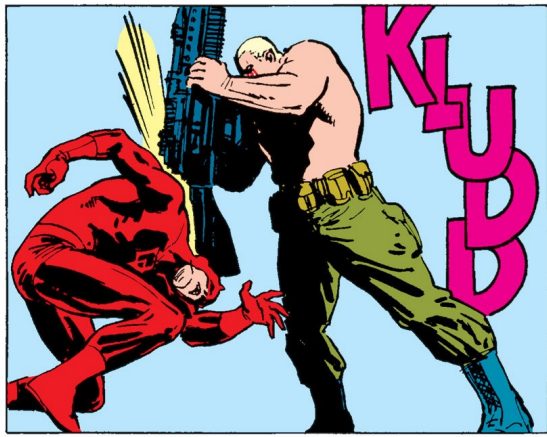
SPAKA SPAKA



-- DON'T GIVE HIM A SECOND--

-- NERVE CENTER -- FEEL IT HUM LIKE A FUSE BOX -- SHORT CIRCUIT THE--

-- NO GOOD--



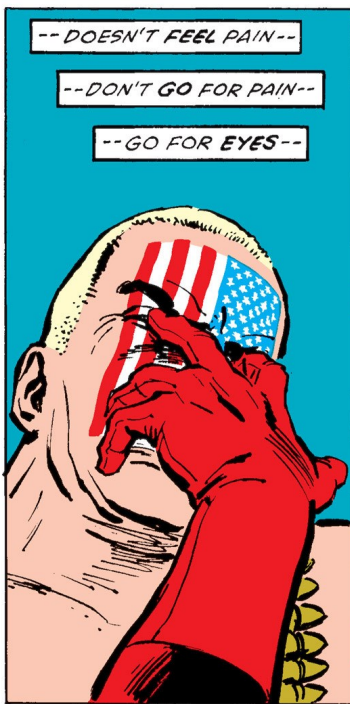
KLUDD



THIS IS SLAUGHTER BOSS -- THIS IS MASS MURDER --

THIS IS WAR. I HAVE DONE NO MORE THAN TRANSPORT IT -- FROM A SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE --

-- TO MANHATTAN -- TO HELL'S KITCHEN --



-- DOESN'T FEEL PAIN --

-- DON'T GO FOR PAIN --

-- GO FOR EYES --



THWOKK

-- DOESN'T MATTER -- HE'S BLIND AS I AM --



-- TOO MANY VICTIMS -- MAKE HIM DROP IT --

-- MUSCLES CAN'T WORK IF THEY'RE SEVERED --

-- NO -- ALMOST BROKE MY FINGERS --



BOSS... IF THIS GETS PINNED ON US...

YOU FORGET THAT NUKE IS A GOVERNMENT AGENT, WESLEY. DO YOU THINK THE ARMY WANTS IT KNOWN THAT THEY LOANED HIS SERVICES TO THE CRIME-LORD OF NEW YORK CITY?

WE MAY DEPEND ON OUR DULY ELECTED OFFICIALS TO PROTECT US.



-- BLIND AS I AM-- BUT HE DOESN'T HAVE-- HEIGHTENED SENSES--

-- BUILT-IN RADAR-- TELLS ME--

-- WHERE EVERYTHING IS-- BETTER THAN EYES--

-- FORGET NERVES-- SO MANY VICTIMS--



-- FORGET NERVES--

-- BREAK THE BONE--

CHAKK



SNACK

-- NOT-- THAT'S NOT BONE--

-- NO MORE-- STOP BEING CLEVER--



-- NO MORE--

WHUKK



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

THERE-- OVER THERE--

I GOT IT--

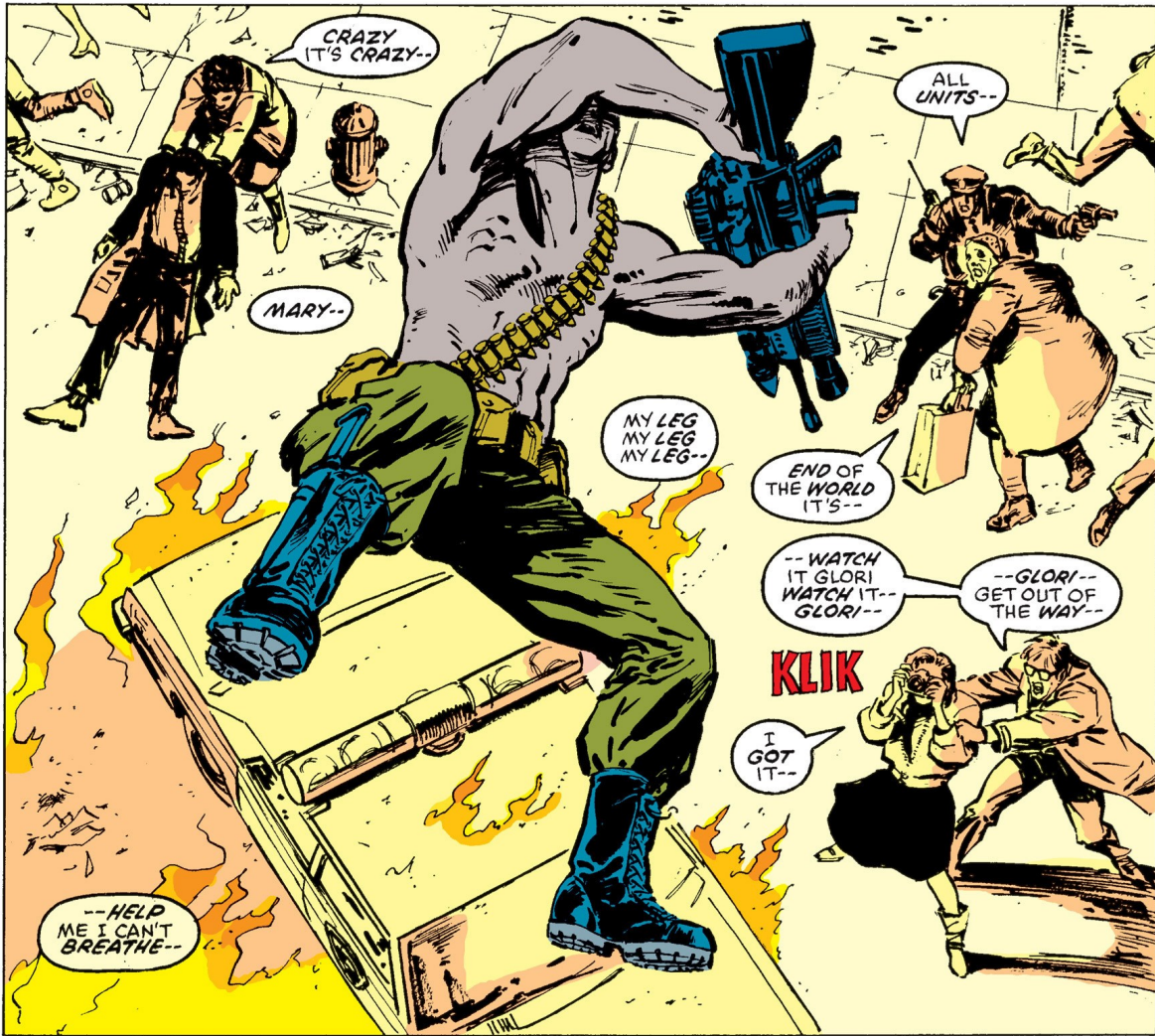
KLIK

HELL'S KITCHEN is under ATTACK by a one man ARMY. MATT MURDOCK is trying to negotiate a CEASE FIRE.



Unilaterally.

SSZZZATT



CRAZY IT'S CRAZY--

ALL UNITS--

MARY--

MY LEG MY LEG MY LEG--

END OF THE WORLD IT'S--

-- WATCH IT GLORI WATCH IT-- GLORI--

-- GLORI-- GET OUT OF THE WAY--

KLIK

I GOT IT--

-- HELP ME I CAN'T BREATHE--

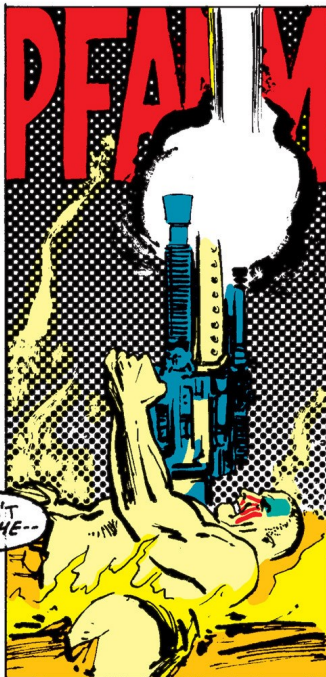


SKKREKKK

KLIK

-- CAN'T BREATHE--

-- GLORI YOU IDIOT--



PFAIM



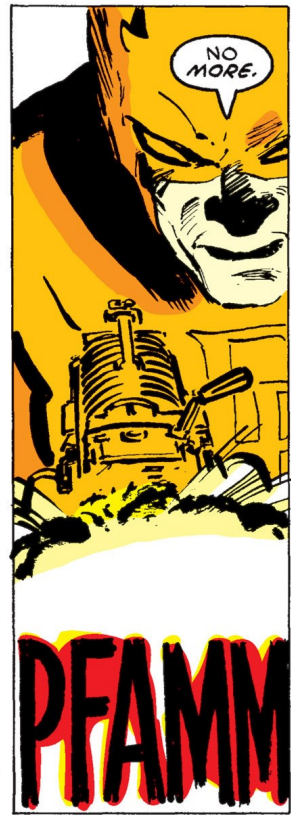
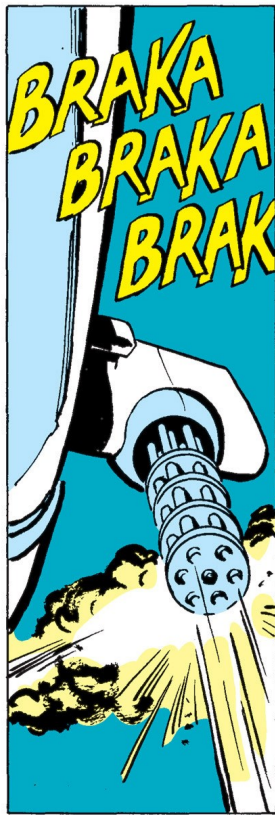
I shouldn't call him MATT.

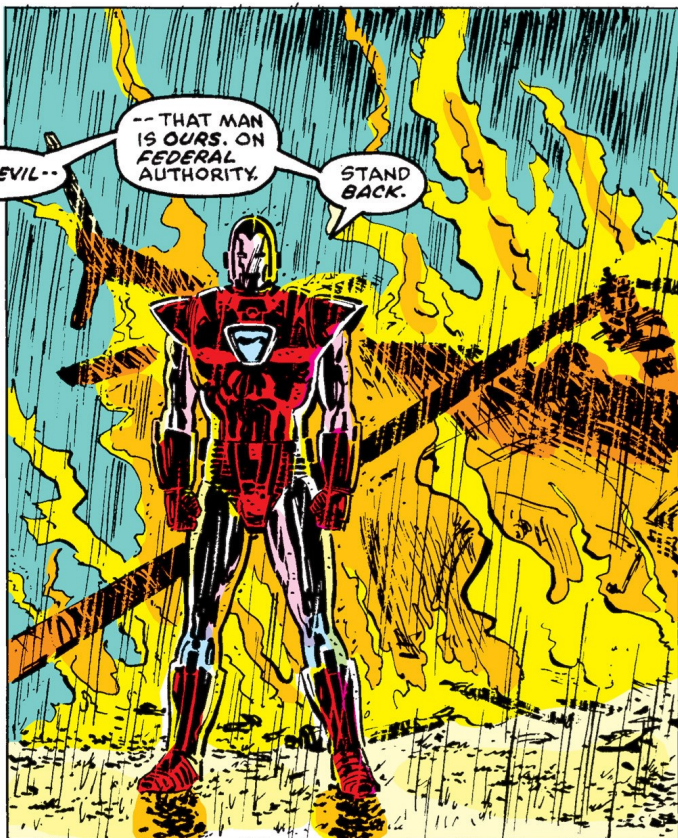
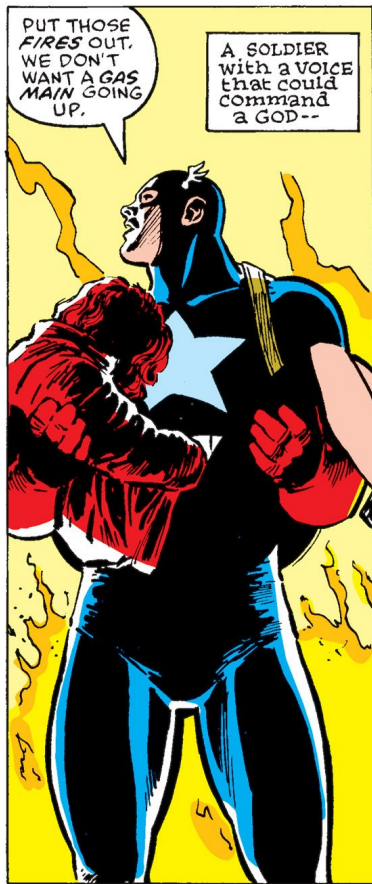
WHOOOM

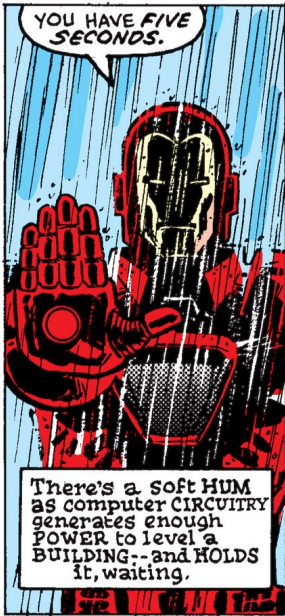
Give the man his DUE. He's wearing the TIGHTS.

He's PAREDEVIL. The man without FEAR.









YOU HAVE FIVE SECONDS.

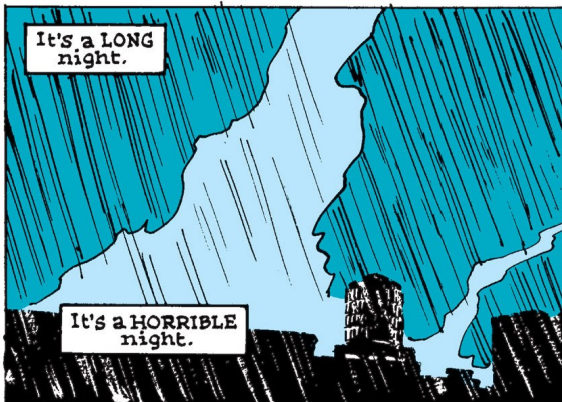
There's a soft HUM as computer CIRCUITRY generates enough POWER to level a BUILDING--and HOLDS it, waiting.



Not being STUPID, Matt backs AWAY.



GIVE ME-- A WHITE--



It's a LONG night.

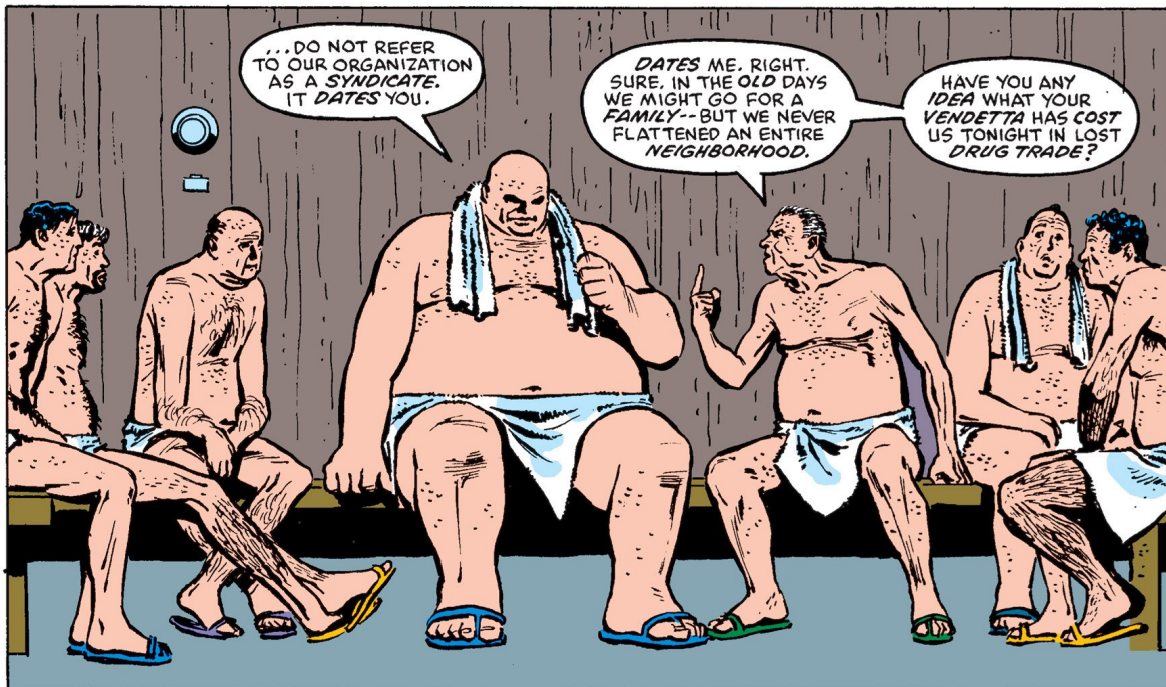
It's a HORRIBLE night.



SHEER LUNACY, KINGPIN! SHEER LUNACY.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE DEAD-- IF THE SYNDICATE GETS FINGERED FOR IT WE'LL BE IN COURT FOR MONTHS--

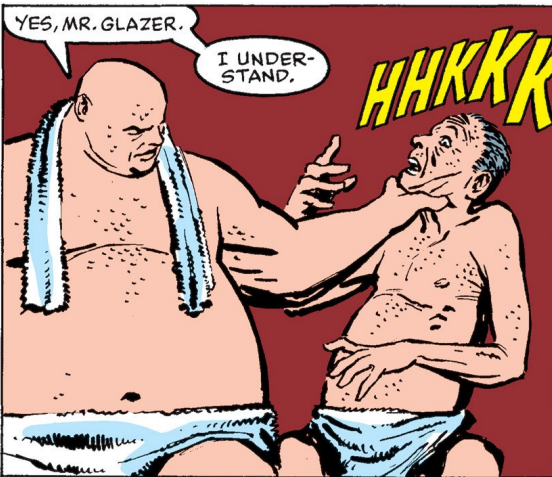
PLEASE, MR. GLAZER...

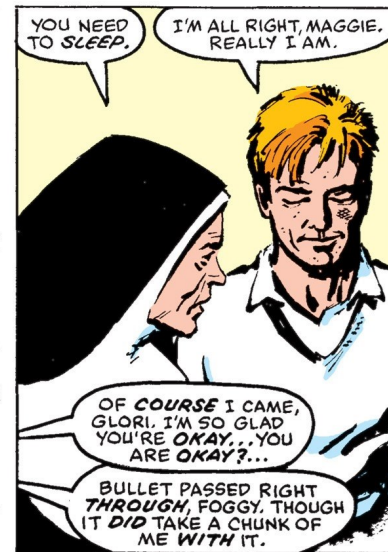
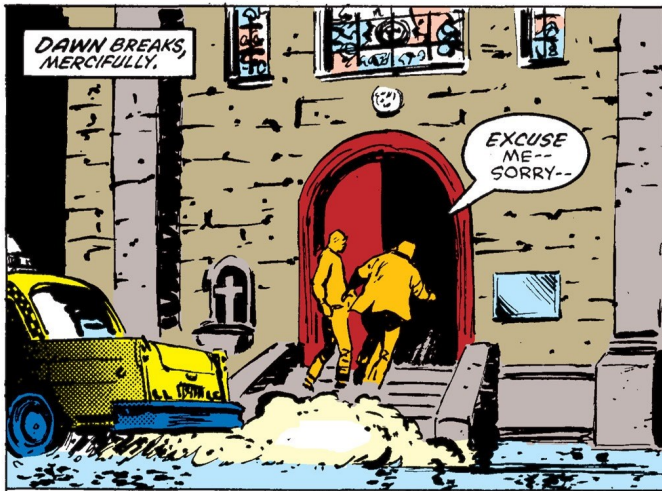


... DO NOT REFER TO OUR ORGANIZATION AS A SYNDICATE. IT DATES YOU.

DATES ME. RIGHT. SURE. IN THE OLD DAYS WE MIGHT GO FOR A FAMILY-- BUT WE NEVER FLATTENED AN ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD.

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT YOUR VENDETTA HAS COST US TONIGHT IN LOST DRUG TRADE?





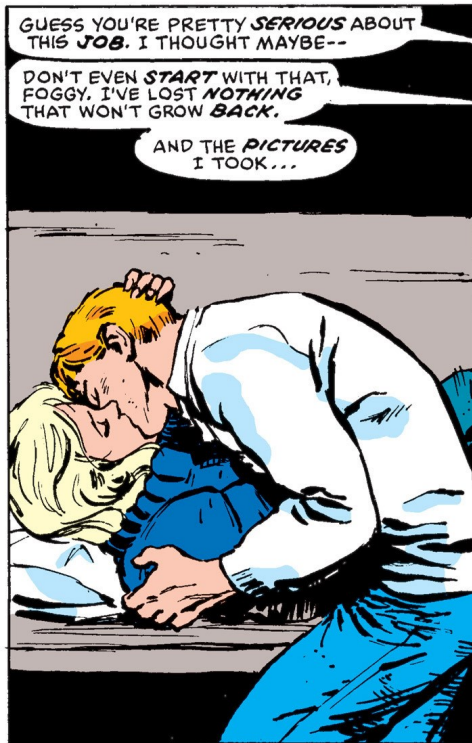


SURE, GLORI, WHATEVER...

WELL, I HATE TO ASK, FOGGY-- BUT COULD YOU TAKE THIS ROLL OF FILM TO THE DAILY BUGLE-- TO BEN URICH?

BY NOW HE'S CLIMBING THE WALLS.

THERE YOU ARE...



GUESS YOU'RE PRETTY SERIOUS ABOUT THIS JOB. I THOUGHT MAYBE--

DON'T EVEN START WITH THAT, FOGGY. I'VE LOST NOTHING THAT WON'T GROW BACK.

AND THE PICTURES I TOOK...

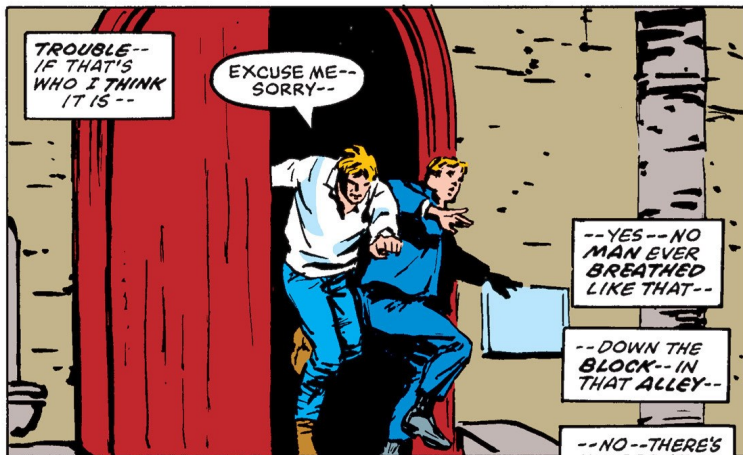


YEAH. WELL... I'LL BE SEEING YOU, SWEETIE...

SURE, FOGGY. I'LL CALL YOU...

WHAT IS IT, MATT?

I'M IN TROUBLE, KAREN. I HAVE TO GO.



TROUBLE-- IF THAT'S WHO I THINK IT IS--

EXCUSE ME-- SORRY--

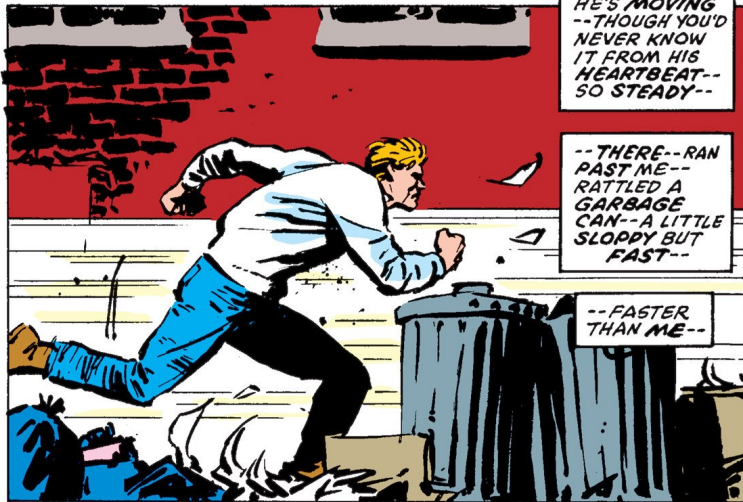
--YES-- NO MAN EVER BREATHED LIKE THAT--

--DOWN THE BLOCK-- IN THAT ALLEY--

--NO-- THERE'S HIS SCENT-- HE'S MOVING-- THOUGH YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT FROM HIS HEARTBEAT-- SO STEADY--

--THERE-- RAN PAST ME-- RATTLED A GARBAGE CAN-- A LITTLE SLOPPY BUT FAST--

--FASTER THAN ME--



--NO GOOD-- HE'S GOT IT ALL WORKED OUT-- RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER--

--LEAPING-- SO EASILY-- WINDOW STILL CREAKS WITH HIS WEIGHT-- THREE HUNDRED POUNDS, AT LEAST--

--HIS MUSCLES LIE ABOUT IT-- LIKE HYDRAULIC PUMPS THEY SWING HIM UP--



-- ALL WORKED OUT--
HE TRACKED ME--
SINCE LAST NIGHT--

DAREDEVIL--
I MEAN YOU
NO HARM.

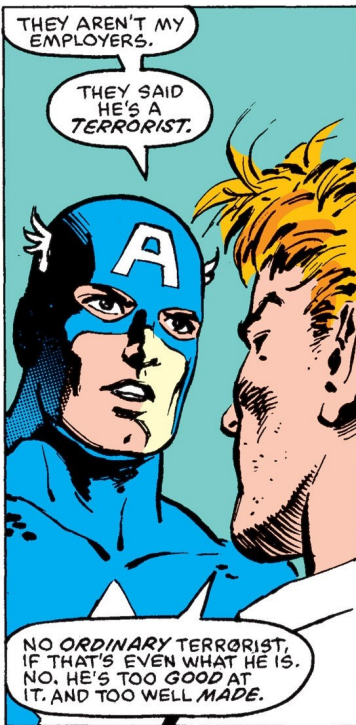
WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?



THAT MAN--
LAST NIGHT--
WHO IS HE?

YOU DIDN'T
ASK?

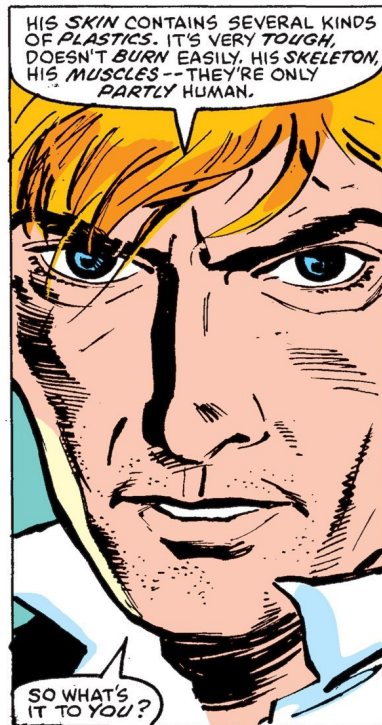
YOUR
EMPLOYERS,
I MEAN.



THEY AREN'T MY
EMPLOYERS.

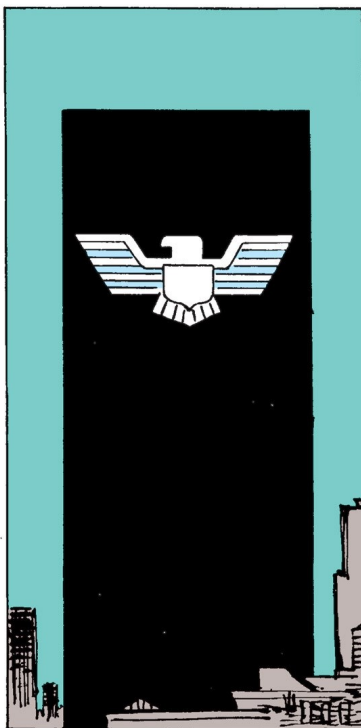
THEY SAID
HE'S A
TERRORIST.

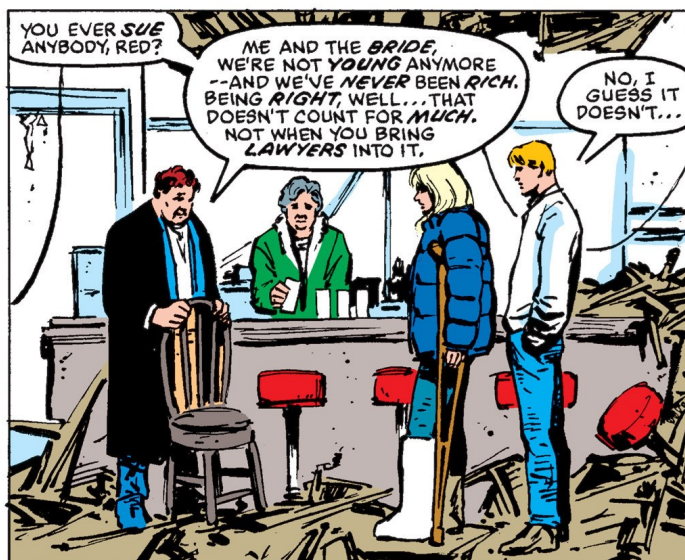
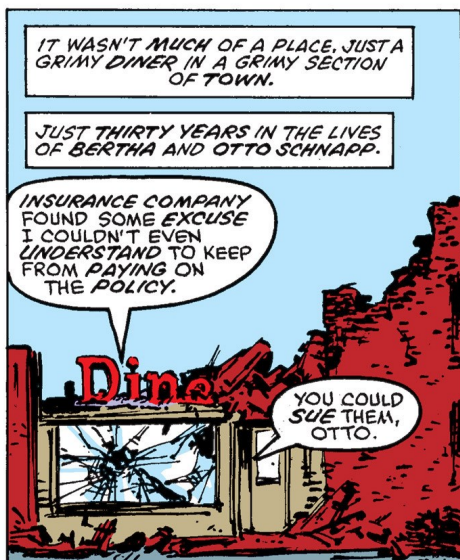
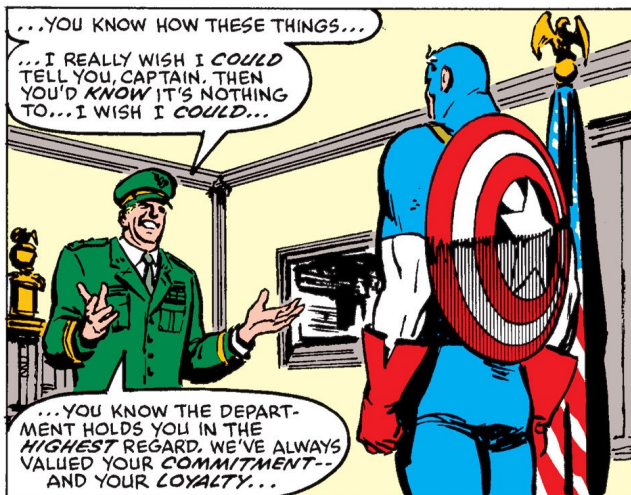
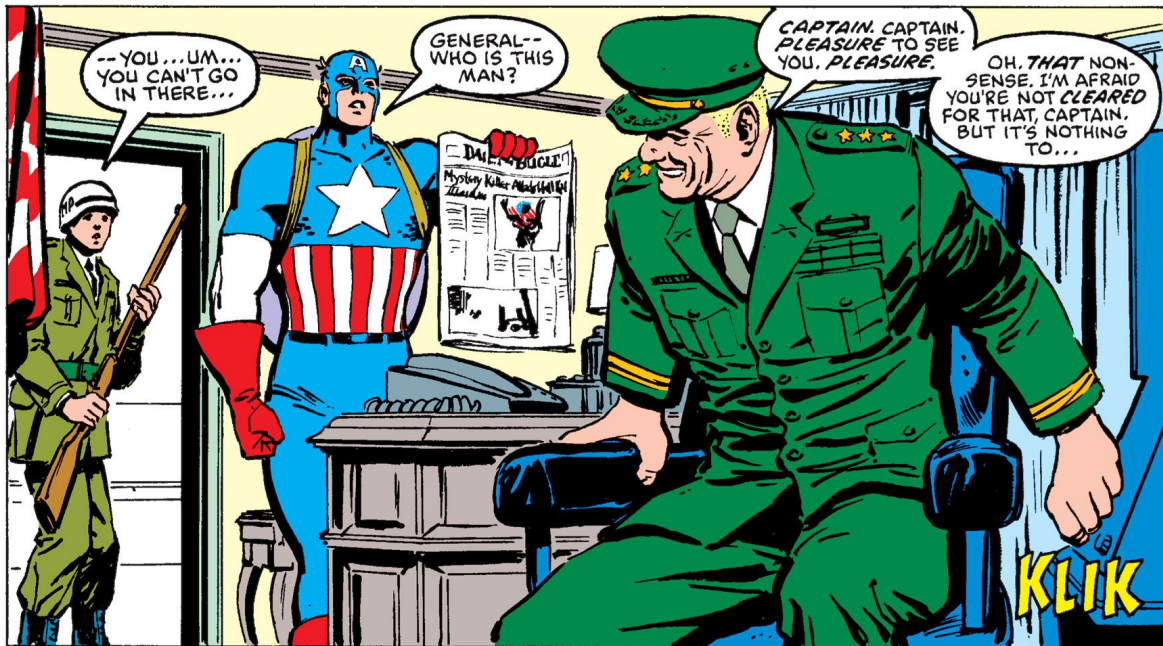
NO ORDINARY TERRORIST,
IF THAT'S EVEN WHAT HE IS.
NO, HE'S TOO GOOD AT
IT, AND TOO WELL MADE.

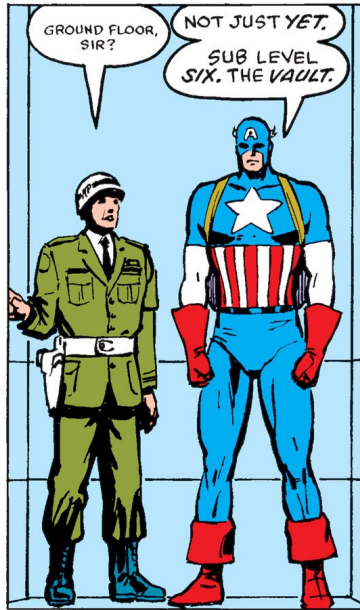


HIS SKIN CONTAINS SEVERAL KINDS
OF PLASTICS. IT'S VERY TOUGH,
DOESN'T BURN EASILY, HIS SKELETON,
HIS MUSCLES-- THEY'RE ONLY
PARTLY HUMAN.

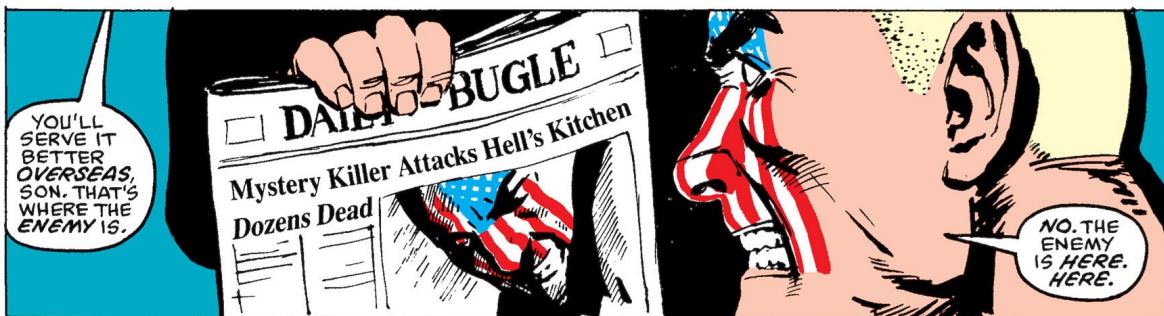
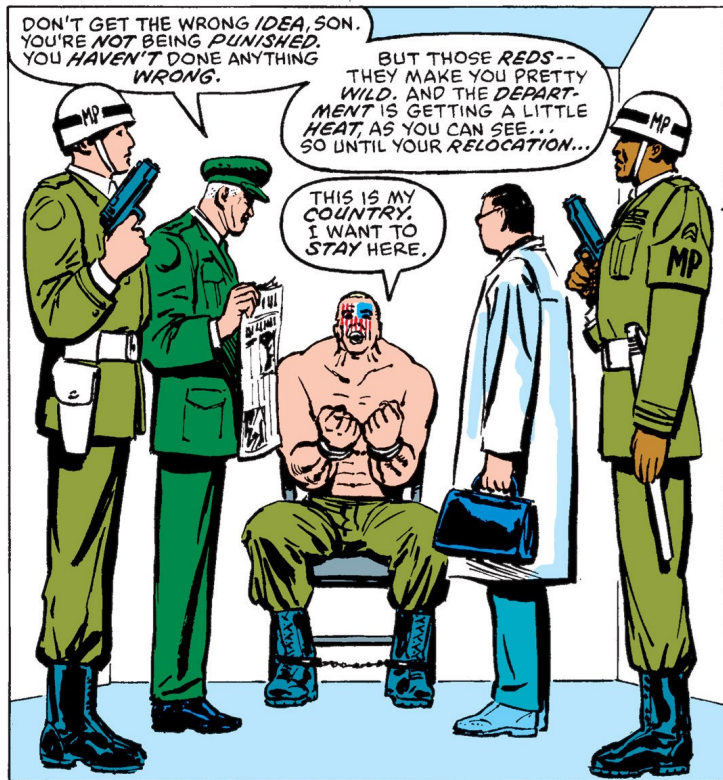
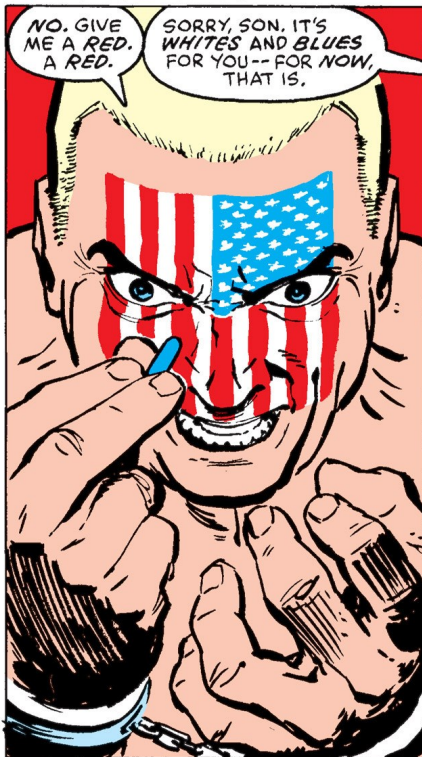
SO WHAT'S
IT TO YOU?







MANY FLOORS ABOVE...

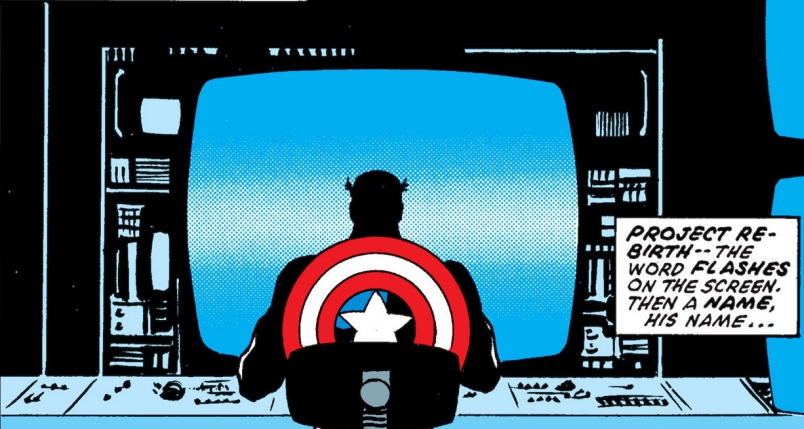


THE SOLDIER TRIES NOT TO REMEMBER HOW IT USED TO BE-- WHEN BREAKING INTO TOP SECRET RECORDS OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE-- AN ACT OF TREASON-- WAS UNTHINKABLE.

UNTHINKABLE -- BECAUSE IT WAS UNNECESSARY.

HE TRIES NOT TO RESENT THE COMPUTERS, ONLY AN OLD MAN WOULD.

HE PUNCHES THE KEYS AND BREAKS THE RIGHT CODES AND PRAYS THAT HE IS WRONG.



PROJECT RE-BIRTH-- THE WORD FLASHES ON THE SCREEN, THEN A NAME, HIS NAME...

Project Rebirth

classified soewn 29382msld
woeis s2323smsl woeld polkkl



STEVE ROGERS, UNFIT FOR ACTIVE DUTY. SUBJECT OF A CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT THAT MADE HIM A SUPERMAN.

Rogers, Steven

lskdwo 283 2983sidm ls8dmisd

skwo1338 andlw5wid wowind12
1283ksuutyt tyeiend tue7ndkU
woeiendErER 8 283 sndeendr sa

STEVE ROGERS-- THE SUPER SOLDIER -- PROTOTYPE FOR WHAT WAS TO BE AN AMERICAN FIGHTING ELITE.

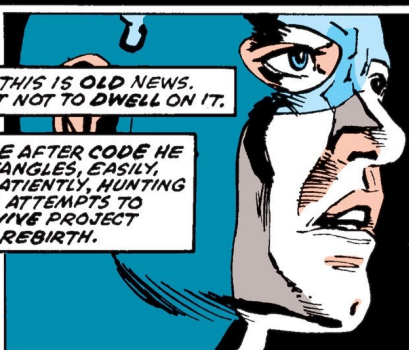
IF ONLY IT HAD GONE DIFFERENTLY, HE THINKS, IF ONLY THE SERUM AND THE MIND THAT HELD IT HAD NOT BEEN DESTROYED...

... WE COULD HAVE WON THE WAR WITH CLEAN HANDS-- NOT WITH MILLIONS OF INNOCENTS MURDERED BY ATOMIC FIRE.



ALL THIS IS OLD NEWS. BEST NOT TO DWELL ON IT.

CODE AFTER CODE HE UNTANGLES, EASILY, IMPATIENTLY, HUNTING FOR ATTEMPTS TO REVIVE PROJECT REBIRTH.



HIS STOMACH LURCHES AS TWENTY NAMES APPEAR.

McPherson, James s82lk3 leiti 92
deceased

Labash, Michael itlep wo46e 98ei
deceased

Perlmutter, Andrew 3839ei wou e
deceased

Walsh, John eiwo wt 293983 slw
deceased

derick onxk woie snd
ed

dore slpok o2112 owii
ad

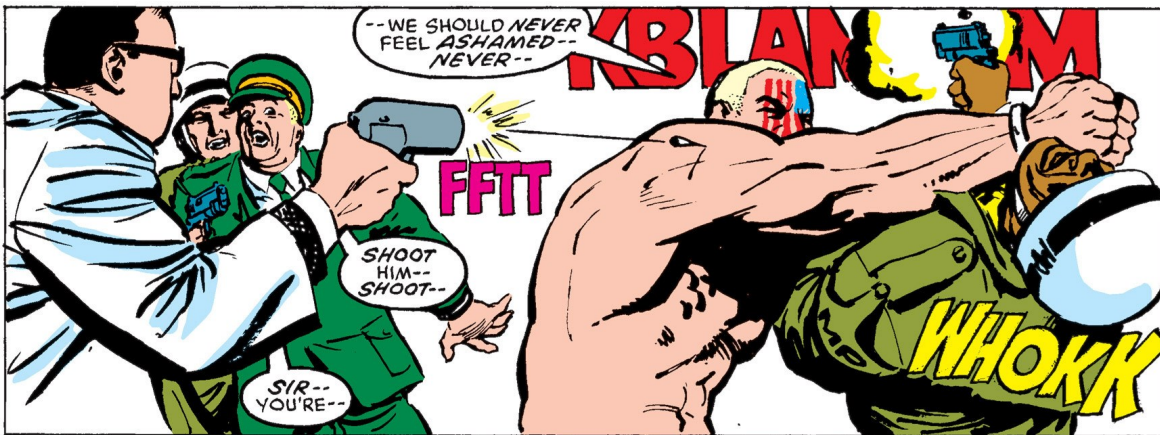
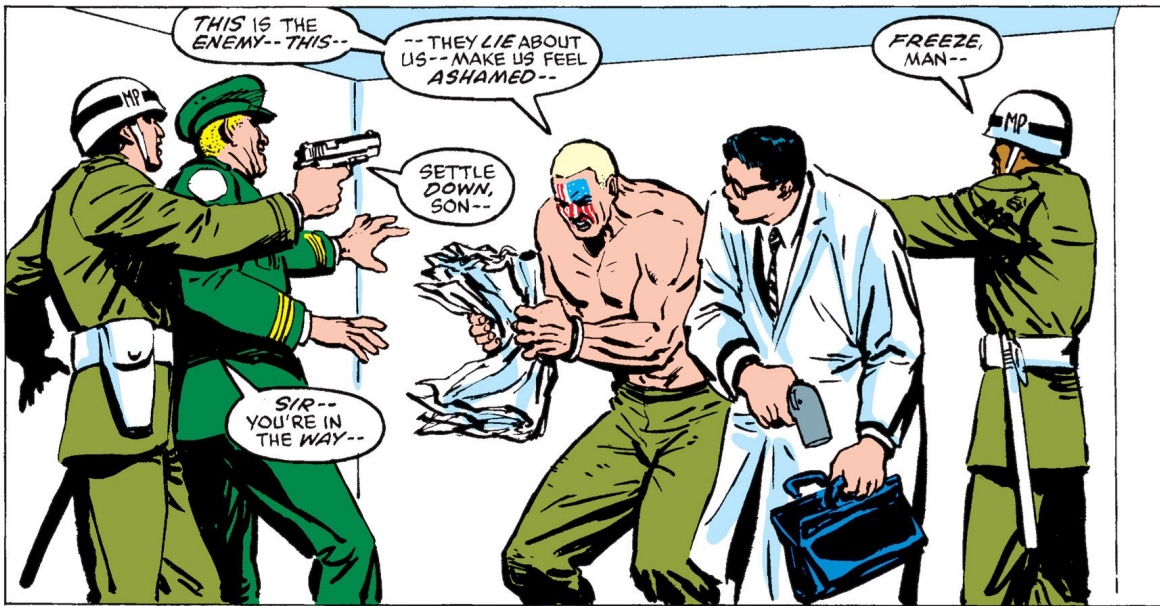


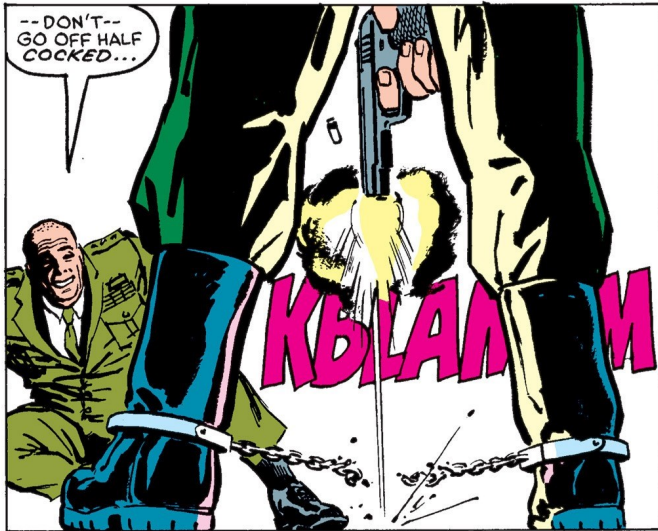
TWENTY.

DEAD-- ALL BUT ONE.

AGENT SIMPSON.

CODE NAME: NUKE.







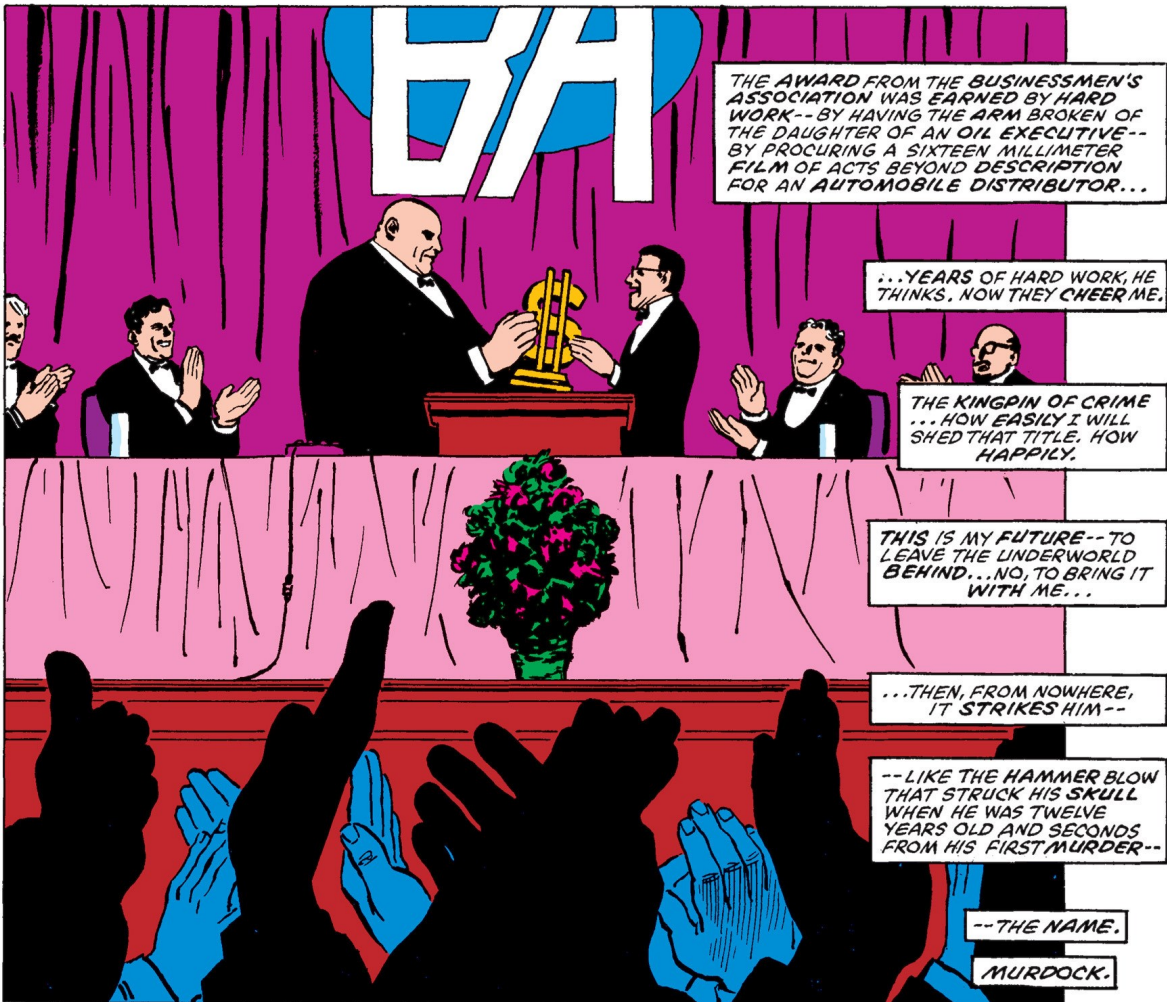
HELL'S KITCHEN.

... COSTUME GIVES ME A PSYCHOLOGICAL ADVANTAGE OVER CRIMINALS, KAREN...

... MAKES IT EASIER TO MOVE...

... REALLY, IT'S CRUCIAL...

RIGHT, RIGHT...



THE AWARD FROM THE BUSINESSMEN'S ASSOCIATION WAS EARNED BY HARD WORK-- BY HAVING THE ARM BROKEN OF THE DAUGHTER OF AN OIL EXECUTIVE-- BY PROCURING A SIXTEEN MILLIMETER FILM OF ACTS BEYOND DESCRIPTION FOR AN AUTOMOBILE DISTRIBUTOR...

... YEARS OF HARD WORK, HE THINKS, NOW THEY CHEER ME.

THE KINGPIN OF CRIME ... HOW EASILY I WILL SHED THAT TITLE, HOW HAPPILY.

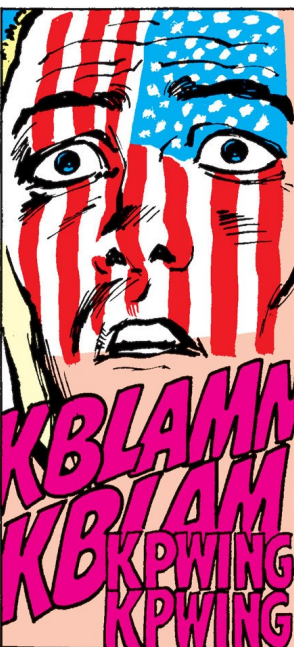
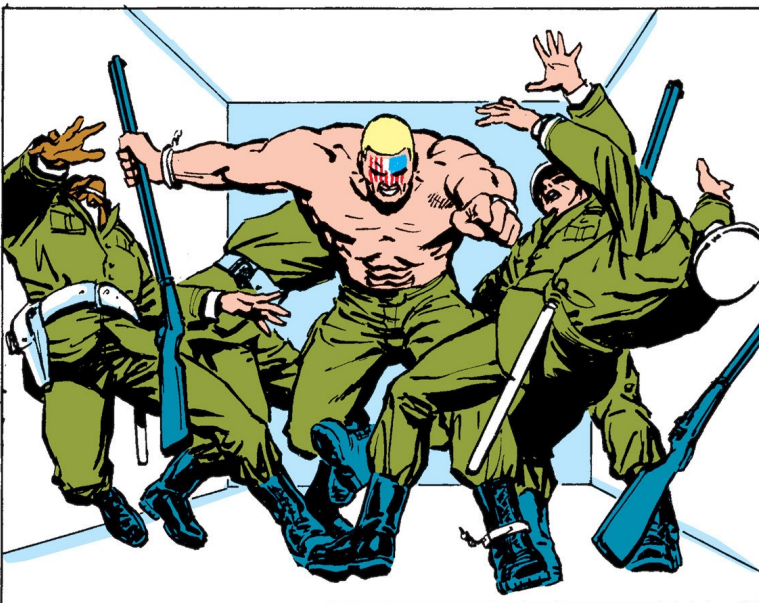
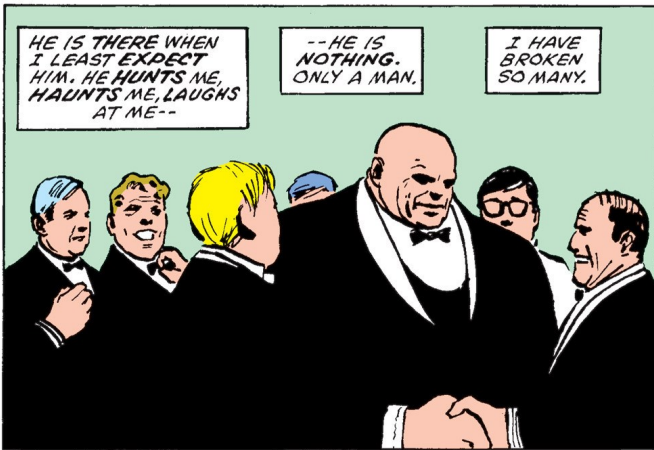
THIS IS MY FUTURE-- TO LEAVE THE UNDERWORLD BEHIND... NO, TO BRING IT WITH ME...

... THEN, FROM NOWHERE, IT STRIKES HIM--

-- LIKE THE HAMMER BLOW THAT STRUCK HIS SKULL WHEN HE WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD AND SECONDS FROM HIS FIRST MURDER--

-- THE NAME.

MURDOCK.





THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FED BY COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS TO CLEVER CON MEN AND NOW STAND POISED--

--TO BE FUNNELED INTO THE TECHNICALLY LEGITIMATE SIDE OF THE KINGPIN'S FINANCIAL EMPIRE.

RINGG

THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS OF REBUILT DINER...

...OUR ARMY CONTACT SAYS NUKE BROKE OUT, HEADED FOR THE DAILY BUGLE.

SCRAMBLE ROARK AND WIRE HIM GOOD. GET HIM IN POSITION AND WAIT FOR THE KILL ORDER...

THE SOLDIER REMEMBERS THE TIME BEFORE HE WAS FROZEN.

HE REMEMBERS THE SMILES, THERE WAS SO MUCH HOPE IN THAT TIME, HIS TIME.

HE REMEMBERS THE WAR...

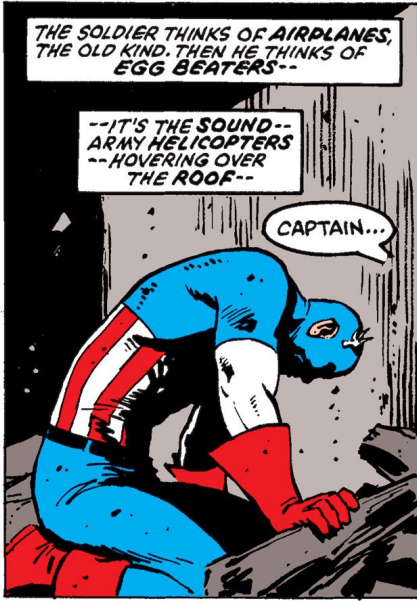
THREE BLOCKS AWAY--
HAS TO BE THEM--



THE SOLDIER THINKS OF AIRPLANES,
THE OLD KIND. THEN HE THINKS OF
EGG BEATERS--

--IT'S THE SOUND--
ARMY HELICOPTERS
--HOVERING OVER
THE ROOF--

CAPTAIN...

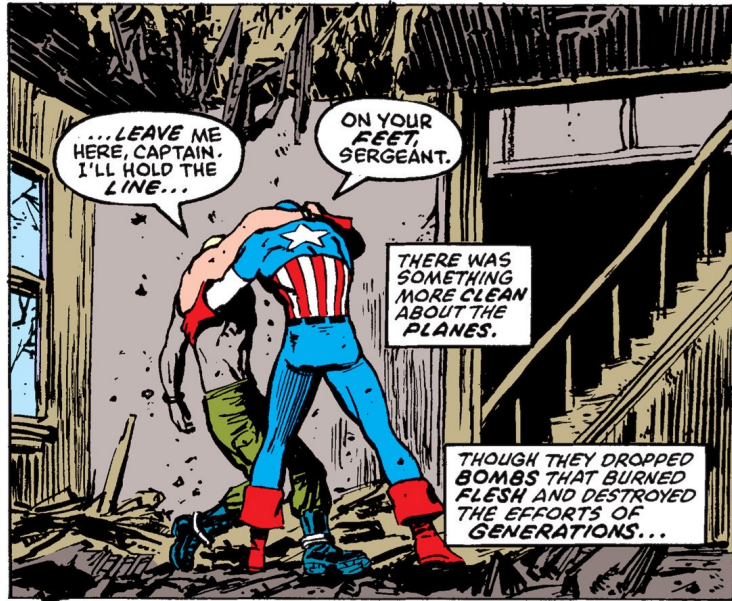


...LEAVE ME
HERE, CAPTAIN.
I'LL HOLD THE
LINE...

ON YOUR
FEET,
SERGEANT.

THERE WAS
SOMETHING
MORE CLEAN
ABOUT THE
PLANES.

THOUGH THEY DROPPED
BOMBS THAT BURNED
FLESH AND DESTROYED
THE EFFORTS OF
GENERATIONS...



--THOSE HELICOPTERS
--MOVING IN--

--I DON'T LIKE WHAT THEY'RE
SAYING TO EACH OTHER--

--WAIT TILL
THEY COME
OUT--KEEP
IT TIGHT--



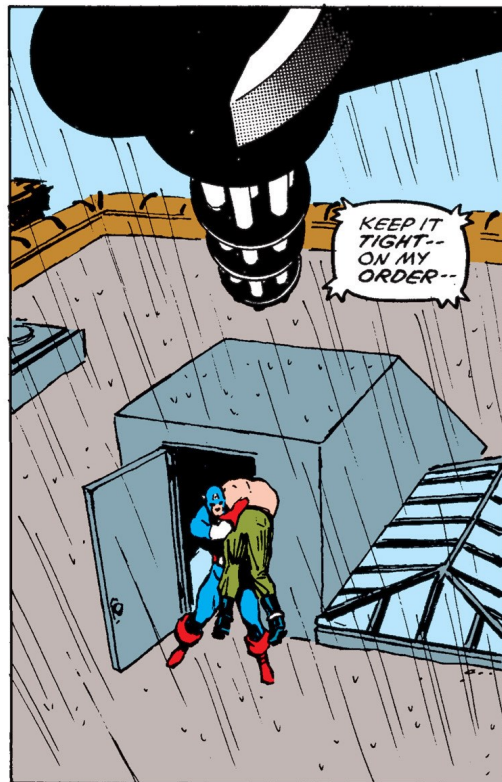
...THE PLANES DIDN'T
SNEAK IN CLOSE LIKE
THE HELICOPTERS DO.
THEY DIDN'T PICK OFF
THEIR VICTIMS LIKE
GIANT INSECTS FROM
A HORROR MOVIE...

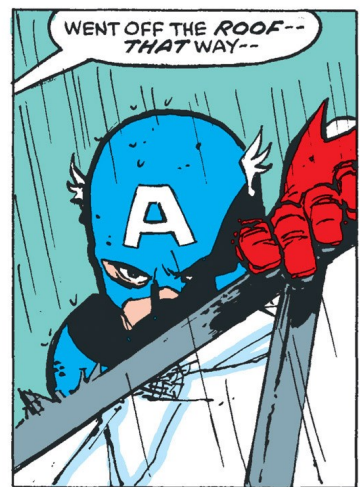
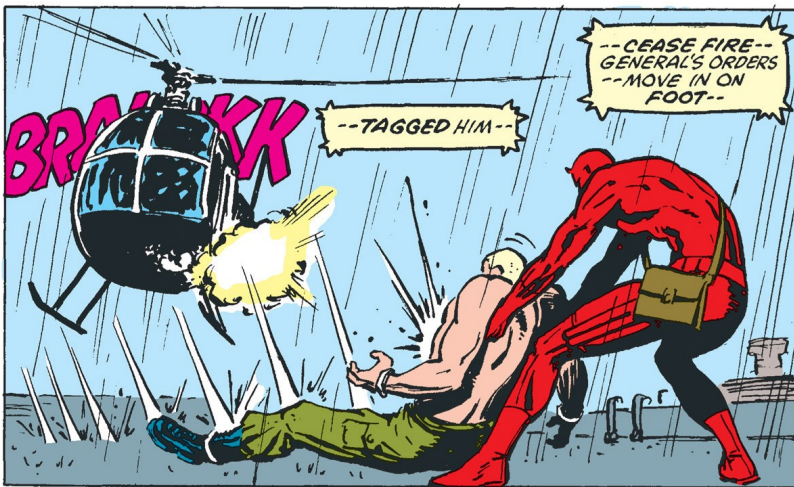
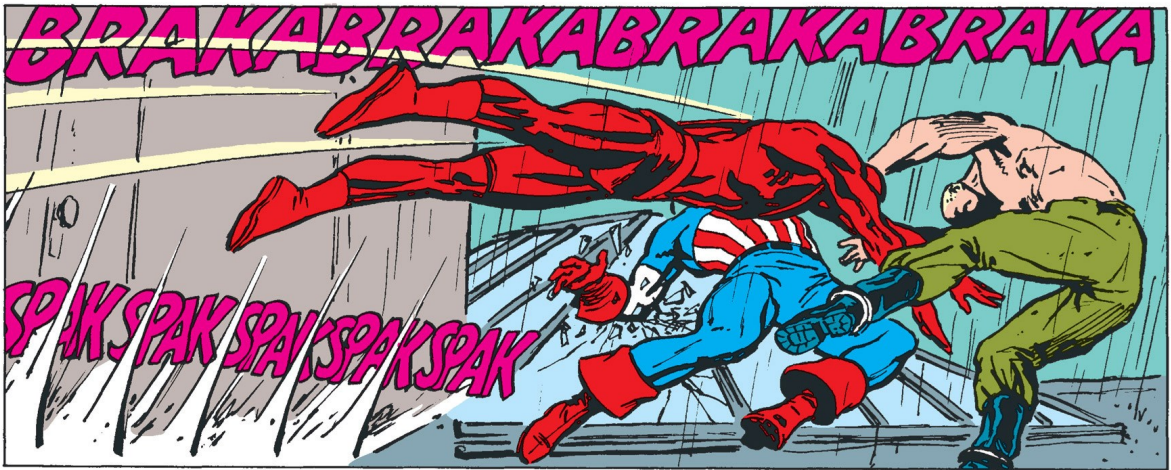
...DON'T BE OLD, THINKS
THE SOLDIER. DON'T BE
CRAZY.

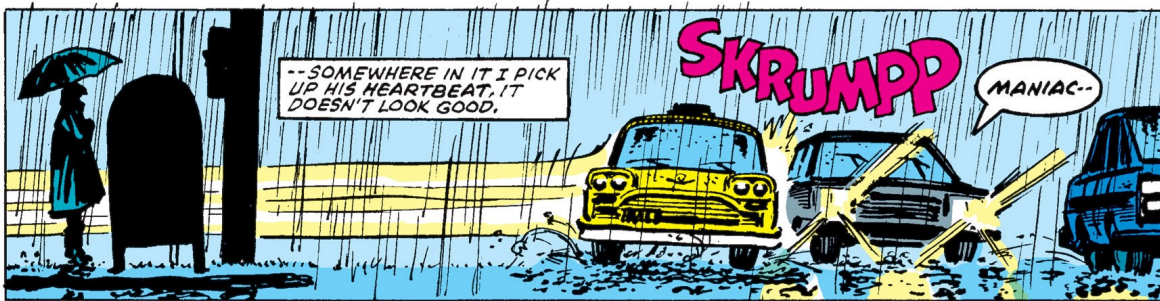
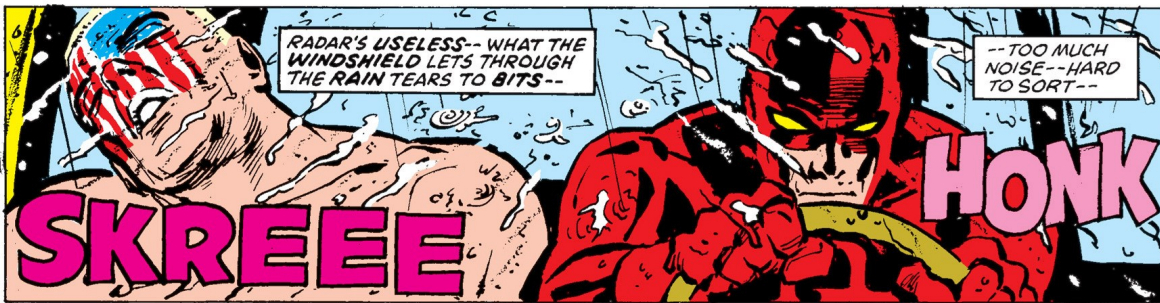
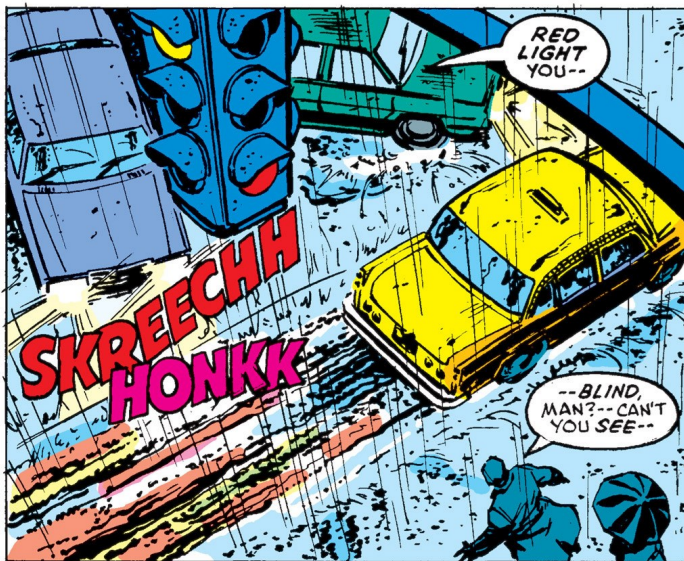
THOSE ARE OUR
BOYS.

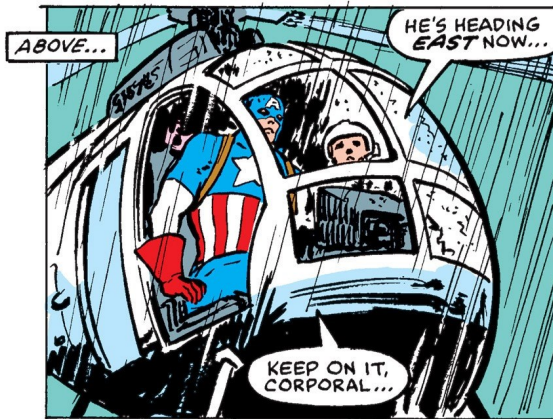
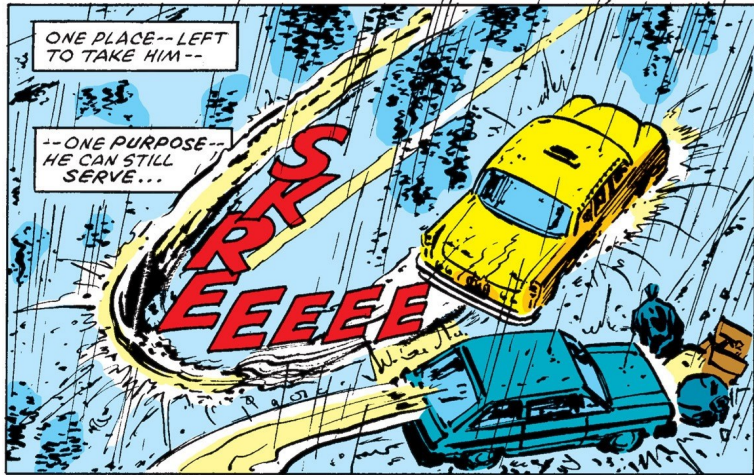


KEEP IT
TIGHT--
ON MY
ORDER--











THE NEXT FEW WEEKS GO POORLY FOR THE KINGPIN OF CRIME.

ONE OF THE HIT MEN PLACED ON THE ROOF OF THE DAILY BUGLE NAMES THE CRIMELORD AS RESPONSIBLE FOR NUKE'S ASSAULT.

THEN, FROM EVERYWHERE, THE CHARGES COME...



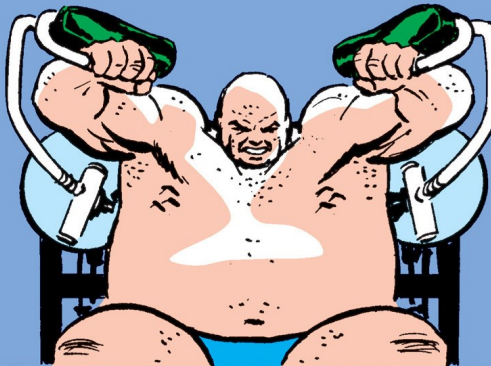
... FROM CITIZENS GROUPS AND SENATE SUB-COMMITTEES-- FIRED BY TESTIMONY FROM DISGRUNTLED EX-EMPLOYEES, BAG MEN AND NUMBERS RUNNERS BARTERING AWAY PRISON SENTENCES--

-- SPEAKING MORE SWIFTLY THAN THE KINGPIN CAN HAVE THEM KILLED...

... AND THE FACES OF HIS LIEUTENANTS GROW SULLEN AND HOSTILE. HIS COMMANDS ARE OBEYED, BUT FAR TOO SLOWLY...

FEW OF THE CHARGES STICK. THOSE THAT DO ARE SKILLFULLY CAST INTO YEARS OF LITIGATION.

STILL, IN THE EYES OF EVERYONE EXCEPT, AS YET, THE LAW-- HE IS A VILLAIN.



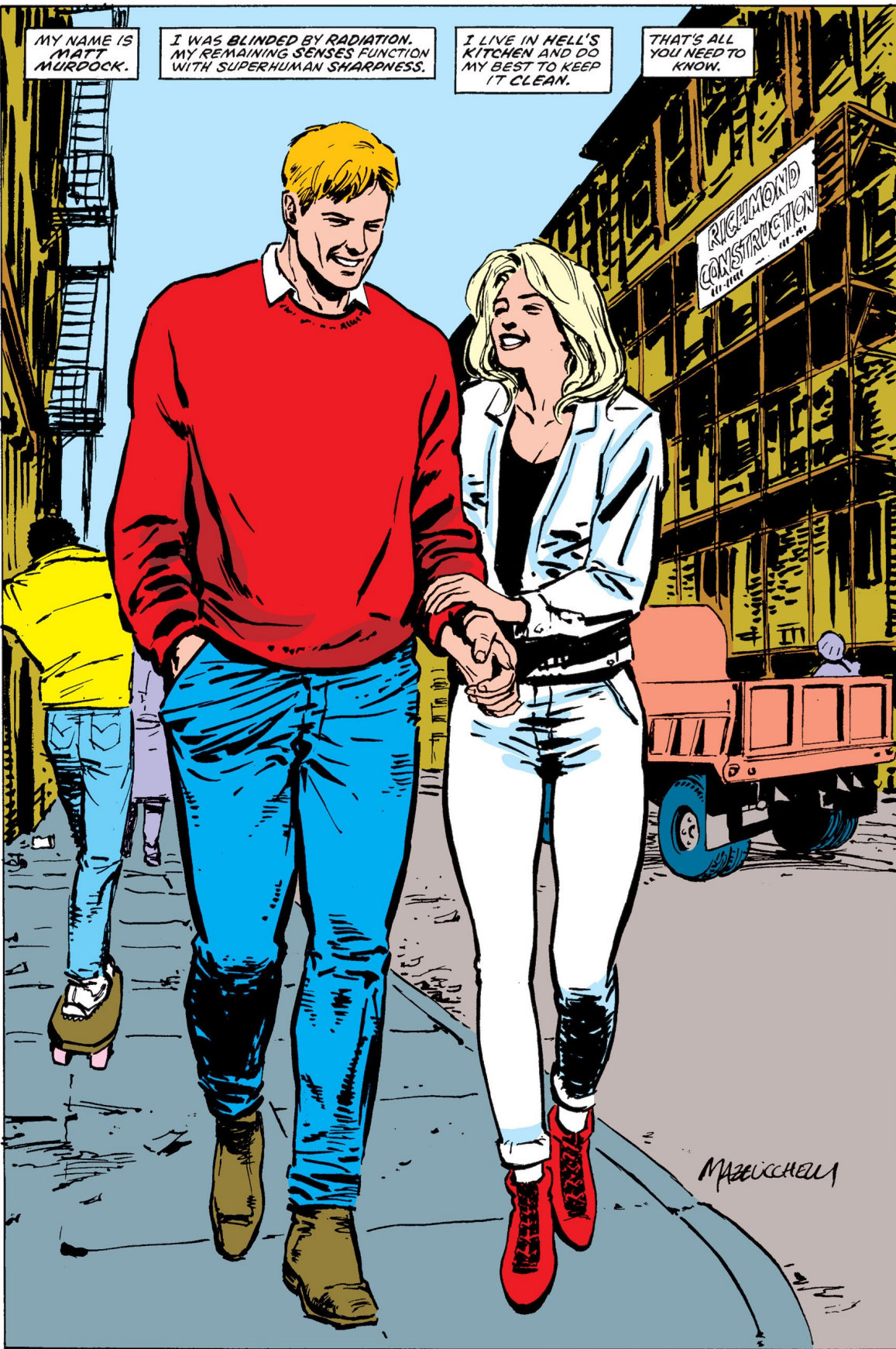
HE IS SHUNNED-- EVEN CONDEMNED-- BY THE BUSINESSMEN WHO SO RECENTLY CHERED HIM.

THE LAW.

... AT LEAST I TOOK THAT FROM HIM.

MURDOCK, HE THINKS.

AND PLANS.



MY NAME IS
MATT
MURDOCK.

I WAS BLINDED BY RADIATION.
MY REMAINING SENSES FUNCTION
WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS.

I LIVE IN HELL'S
KITCHEN AND DO
MY BEST TO KEEP
IT CLEAN.

THAT'S ALL
YOU NEED TO
KNOW.

RICHMOND
CONSTRUCTION
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212-555-1234

MAZUCCHELLI

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