



I don't have to open my eyes to see him. Radar sense shows me his scale, his *scope*.

He's as big as a *mountain*.

As big as the *Chrysler Building*.

As big as the *whole entire damn world*.

And he's *here* in my *room*.

It's all I can do to pretend to sleep, with my own pulse *trip-hammering* in my ears like the *A train*.

Wilson Fisk. Hizzoner the Mayor. The *Kingpin of Crime*.

I've *never* been so afraid of him as I am now.

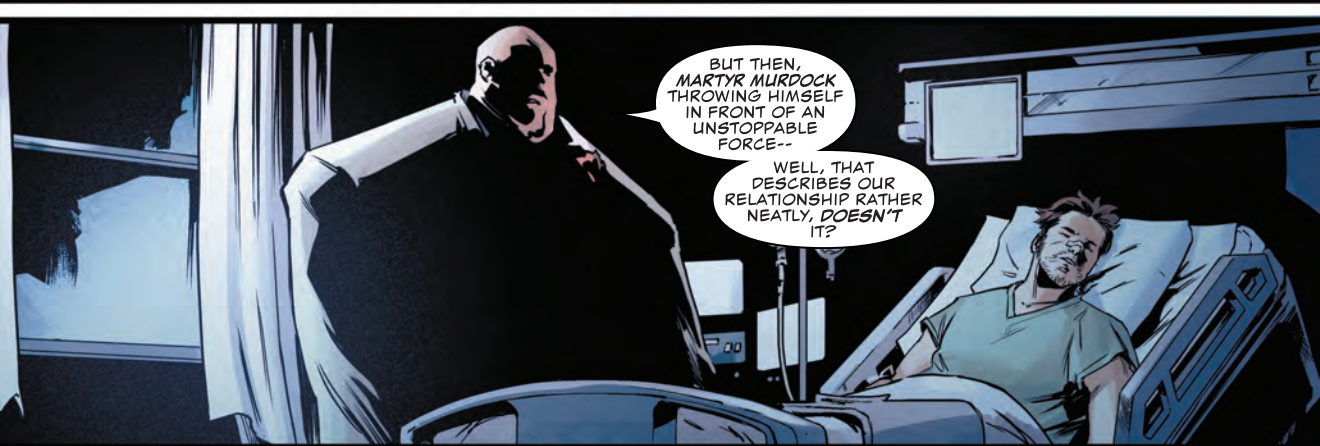


MURDOCK.
LOOK
AT YOU.



A
SAD, BROKEN,
CROOKED LITTLE
MAN.

YOU
WOULD THINK THAT
YOU'D HAVE LEARNED
YOUR LESSON AFTER
THE FIRST TRUCK,
HMMM?

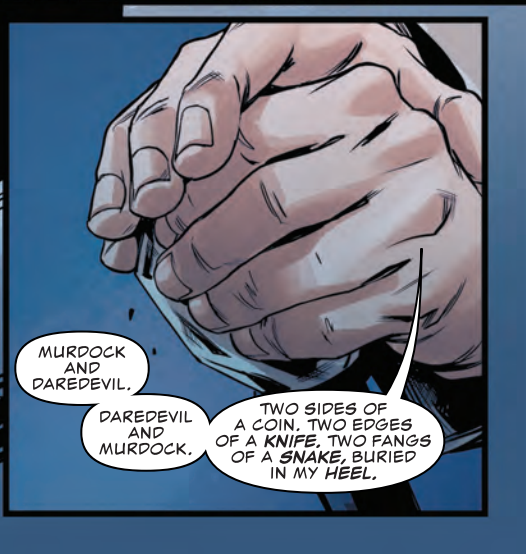


BUT THEN,
MARTYR MURDOCK
THROWING HIMSELF
IN FRONT OF AN
UNSTOPPABLE
FORCE--

WELL, THAT
DESCRIBES OUR
RELATIONSHIP RATHER
NEATLY, DOESN'T
IT?



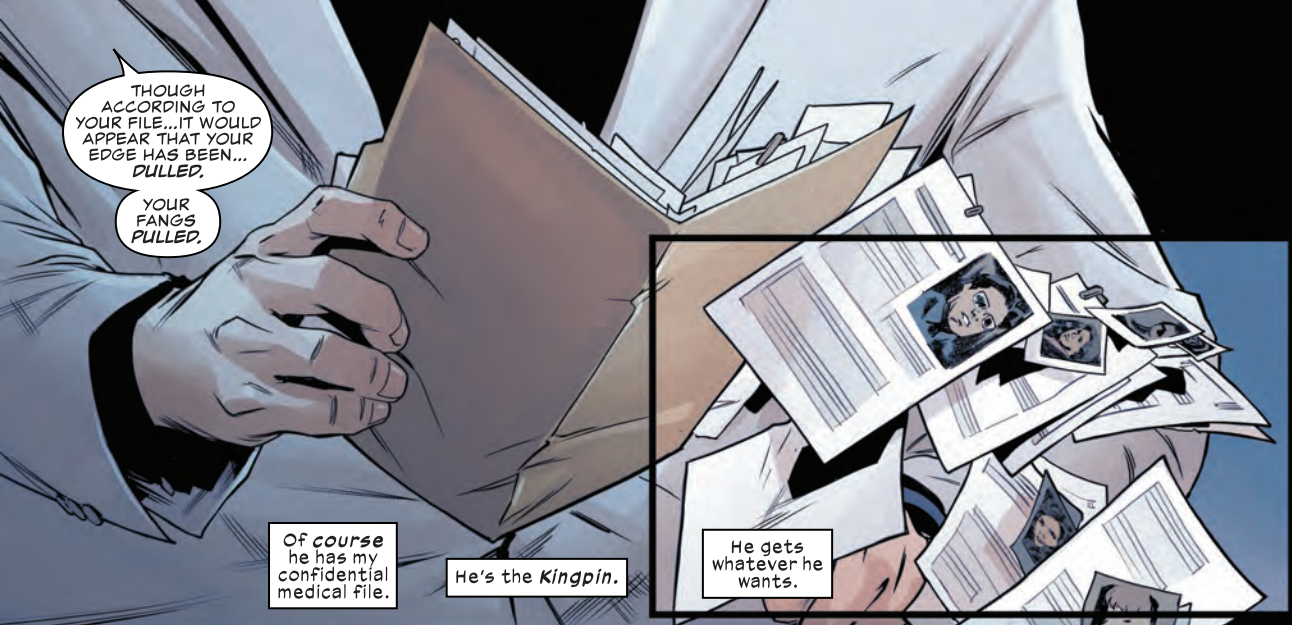
YOU...
AND YOUR
FRIEND,
DAREDEVIL.



MURDOCK
AND
DAREDEVIL.

DAREDEVIL
AND
MURDOCK.

TWO SIDES OF
A COIN, TWO EDGES
OF A KNIFE, TWO FANGS
OF A SNAKE, BURIED
IN MY HEEL.



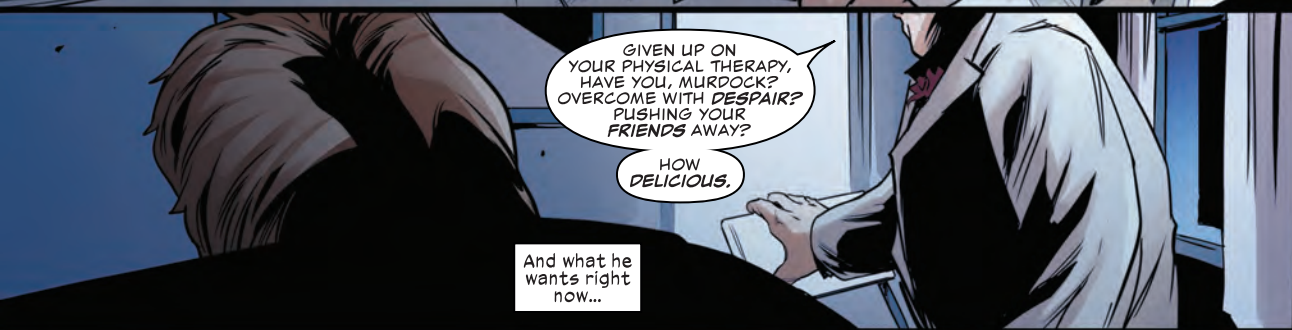
THOUGH ACCORDING TO YOUR FILE...IT WOULD APPEAR THAT YOUR EDGE HAS BEEN... PULLED.

YOUR FANGS PULLED.

Of course he has my confidential medical file.

He's the Kingpin.

He gets whatever he wants.



GIVEN UP ON YOUR PHYSICAL THERAPY, HAVE YOU, MURDOCK? OVERCOME WITH DESPAIR? PUSHING YOUR FRIENDS AWAY?

HOW DELICIOUS.

And what he wants right now...



...is to gloat.

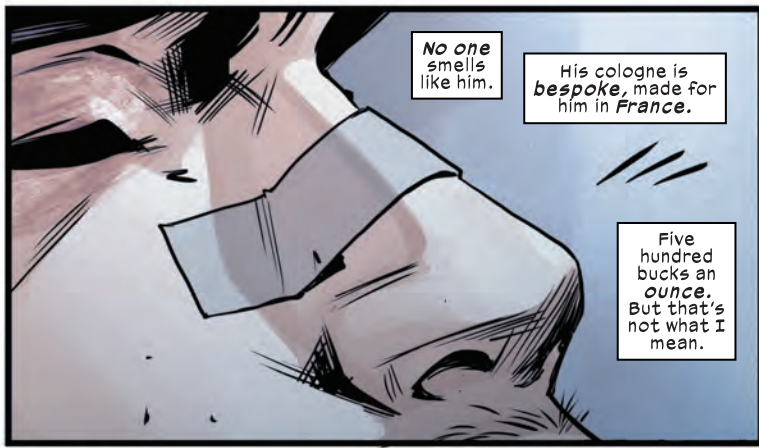


That's him all over.

Petty. Cruel. Vindictive, under that veneer of civility.



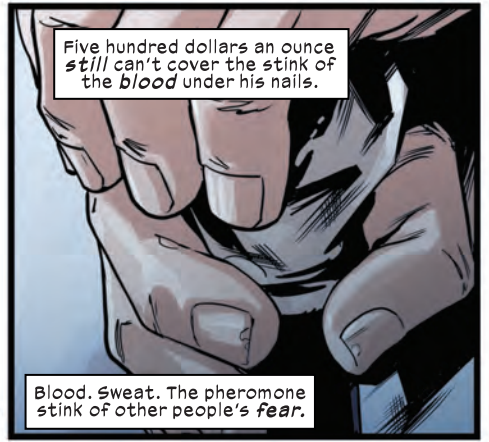
It's how he shows what he really is.



No one smells like him.

His cologne is *bespoke*, made for him in *France*.

Five hundred bucks an *ounce*. But that's not what I mean.



Five hundred dollars an ounce *still* can't cover the stink of the *blood* under his nails.

Blood. Sweat. The pheromone stink of other people's *fear*.



That's what Fisk smells like. What he really is.

And *that's* why I'm so afraid of him.



HNH.



I LOVE A NIGHT LIKE THIS.



I ALWAYS HAVE, EVER SINCE YOUR FRIEND JOINED US.