

WHEN MATT MURDOCK WAS A KID, HE LOST HIS SIGHT IN AN ACCIDENT INVOLVING A TRUCK CARRYING RADIOACTIVE CHEMICALS. THOUGH HE COULD NO LONGER SEE, THE CHEMICALS HEIGHTENED MURDOCK'S OTHER SENSES AND IMBUED HIM WITH AN AMAZING 360-RADAR SENSE. NOW MATT USES HIS ABILITIES TO FIGHT FOR HIS CITY. HE IS THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR. HE IS...

DAREDEVIL

AFTER YEARS AS A DEFENSE ATTORNEY, MURDOCK HAS BECOME A PROSECUTOR FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK. NOW THE FULL-TIME CRIME FIGHTER IS FOCUSING HIS EFFORTS ON TENFINGERS, A MYSTERIOUS CRIMELORD TURNED CULT LEADER WHO'S BUILDING A POWER BASE IN CHINATOWN. BUT IN LOSING HIS ONE EYE WITNESS, MATT LOST THE CASE—AND THE TRUST OF HIS BOSS.

DAREDEVIL HAD HOPED THE HAND'S RECENT ATTACK ON THE CHURCH OF THE SHELTERING HANDS MIGHT SWAY TENFINGERS FROM HIS PATH, BUT SURVIVING THE SKIRMISH ONLY REINVIGORATED THE VILLAIN'S DELUSIONS. THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR AND HIS NEW PROTÉGÉ, BLINDSPOT, ARE LOSING ON ALL FRONTS.

NOW, DAREDEVIL HAS TURNED TO A VETERAN SUPER HERO FOR SOME MUCH NEEDED GUIDANCE...

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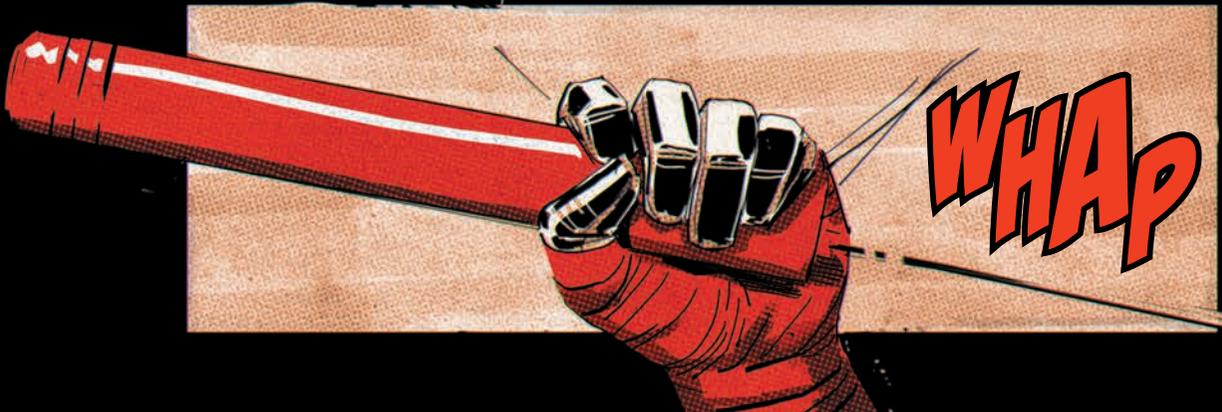
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YES. ALL GOOD.
I'M MOVING FORWARD.

Tell him, Matt. It's why you're *here*.

**RED HOOK,
BROOKLYN.**

ROGER THAT, DAREDEVIL.
KEEP ME POSTED.

Steve Rogers.
Captain America,
once.

Until his Super-Soldier
serum stopped working,
and his actual age caught
up with him. He's something
like ninety years old.

But his voice
could still
command a god.



Or...me, in this case.

IT'S GOOD TO BE WORKING WITH YOU AGAIN. I'M GLAD YOU'RE BACK IN NEW YORK.

I KNEW YOU'D HEAD BACK EAST FROM CALIFORNIA EVENTUALLY.

TOO SUNNY FOR A GUY LIKE YOU.



YOU PICKING ANYTHING UP?

YES. CHLORINE, AMMONIA, MODEL AIRPLANE ENGINE FUEL...THE WHOLE BOMBMAKER'S PANTRY.

OKAY. BE CAREFUL--THESE GUYS ARE SELLING CHEAP, HOMEMADE EXPLOSIVES TO EVERY GANG FROM BOSTON TO PHILLY. WHO THE HELL KNOWS WHAT THEY'RE COOKING UP THERE?



Steve says he's retired. He's not retired.

He still keeps an eye on his old neighborhood. And when he sees a problem...well...he knows every hero in the city.

He might not be doing the fighting himself, but the problems get solved.



THANKS AGAIN, DAREDEVIL. THAT BUILDING'S FULL OF ORDINARY PEOPLE, LIVING RIGHT ON TOP OF A BOMB FACTORY.

THIS JOB NEEDS A DELICATE TOUCH. I KNOW YOU WEREN'T EXPECTING TO GET DRAFTED INTO THIS WHEN YOU CALLED ME, BUT I APPRECIATE THE ASSIST.

No, Steve. I called you because you're the most moral man I know.

I called you because I'm afraid I've made the biggest mistake of my life.



I'm trying to take down a cult leader named Tenfingers--the kind of low-rent bad guy I assumed would be a walk in the park, a great fit for the *new, improved* Daredevil--but I can't manage to do it.

The guy *came to my office*, for God's sake. He sat there...smirking at me...and I couldn't do a damn thing about it.

But really, Cap...

...I think I called you to *confess*.

NEW YORK COUNTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE.

EARLIER.

ARE YOU A MAN OF FAITH, MR. MURDOCK?

I...USED TO BE.

MM. LARSED. SOMEHOW THAT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME. YOU STRIKE ME AS A MAN FOCUSED ONLY ON HIMSELF.

I WAS LIKE YOU, ONCE.

YOU HONESTLY THINK WHAT YOU'RE DOING ISN'T *SELFISH*? YOU'RE TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A POOR, DISENFRANCHISED COMMUNITY, SELLING THEM EMPTY PROMISES AND TAKING EVERY PENNY THEY HAVE.

EMPTY? MY PROMISES ARE NOT EMPTY.

I'LL SAVE THEM ALL, EVERY LAST ONE.

FROM WHAT? YOU'RE THE DANGER, TENFINGERS.

ONCE, PERHAPS, I WILL FREELY ADMIT IT. I WAS A MEMBER OF AN EVIL ORGANIZATION-- A CULT, WHOSE MEMBERS COMMUNED WITH DEMONS IN EXCHANGE FOR STRANGE ABILITIES.

SKILL IN BATTLE, INFLUENCE OVER THEIR ENEMIES, PROPHECY.

I DID TERRIBLE THINGS.

BUT I BELIEVE IN REDEMPTION.