

MARVEL

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**BEMIS
TEMPLETON
SMITH**

MOON KNIGHT



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Marc Spector. Steven Grant. Jake Lockley. Each a distinct personality of one man vying for control. Spector, the original personality, has asserted his dominance and fights to retain that control. But years ago, as a mercenary, Spector died in Egypt under a statue of the moon god **Khonsu**. In the shadow of the ancient deity, Marc returned to life. From then on, Marc took on a new aspect in honor of Khonsu, dedicating his second life to fighting crime as...



MOON KNIGHT

Marc Spector recently fought through a gauntlet of enemies old and new as the Sun King joined with Bushman and the Truth to attempt to destroy Moon Knight and everything he held dear, including the daughter he never knew he had. Spector overcame the odds and defeated the Sun King, but now faces an even greater challenge: Fatherhood.

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ANYONE? ANY JOB?

THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION.

I THINK I WOULD HAVE LIKED BEING CREATIVE.



WHAT, LIKE AN ACTOR?

YOU *COULD* BE A POOR MAN'S BRAD PITT WITH THAT JAWLINE.

ACTOR? HELL NO, MAN.



IT WOULD BE SOMETHING CREATIVE. THERE'S A LOT GOING ON UP HERE.

STUFF I COULD EXPRESS WITHOUT, YOU KNOW...BEATING PEOPLE HALF TO DEATH.

I'D BE FAT AND HAPPY AND SOFT.



I GET IT. JUST YOU AND MARLENE AND DIATRICE, WITHOUT HORRIFYING SUPER-FREAKS OR ANNOYING ELDERLY SIDEKICKS TO DEAL WITH.

NO MORE LIVING SCARED.

NO MORE BEING SCARED?

FOR *THAT* I'D NEED A WHOLE NEW FAMILY AND UPBRINGING. THEN, I COULD REALLY SLEEP AT NIGHT.

WHAT DIFFERENCE WOULD THAT MAKE?



BECAUSE THEN I WOULDN'T BE JEWISH.

MOON KNIGHT ORIGIN



LET ME EXPLAIN.

I'D HAVE TO START WITH RABBI YITZ PERLMAN, THE FUNNIEST GUY I'VE EVER MET IN MY LIFE.

SO, THIS MAN COMES TO GOD AND HE SAYS...

"VEY...LORD, I GAVE MY SON THE MOST EXPENSIVE BAR MITZVAH, I GAVE HIM EVERYTHING HE EVER WANTED, MADE HIM FEEL LIKE THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE!"

YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'RE A KID AND A GROWN-UP IS MAKING GROWN-UP JOKES YOU DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND, BUT THEY'RE STILL SO FUNNY YOU ALMOST PEE?



"AND AFTER ALL THAT, HE COMES HOME ON SHABBAT AND HE SAYS, 'DAD, I'M BECOMING A CHRISTIAN.' I FEEL LIKE A FAILURE. ADONAI, WHAT DO I DO?"

SO, THE LORD SHAKES HIS HEAD KINDA LACKADAISICALLY AND HE SAYS...



..."FUNNY YOU SHOULD COME TO ME WITH THIS PROBLEM."

THERE WAS SOMETHING EXOTIC ABOUT THE LANGUAGE HE USED, THE RICH, ALMOST MEALY-MOUTHED YIDDISH INFLECTIONS HE PEPPERED INTO HIS MONOLOGUES. BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY...

...YITZ HAD THE BEST JEWISH JOKES OF ANYONE I'VE MET TO THIS DAY.

NOW, LET ME BACK UP FOR A SECOND AND ESTABLISH SOMETHING YOU'VE PROBABLY CAUGHT ON TO, FRENCHIE.

THERE'S NOTHING JEWS FIND FUNNIER THAN MAKING FUN OF OURSELVES.

AS A GUY WHO GAVE UP ON ORGANIZED RELIGION, I SOMETIMES THINK OF IT AS A WEIRD BY-PRODUCT OF OUR PRIDE IN BEING "GOD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE" (OR AT LEAST ACCORDING TO THE OLD TESTAMENT).

LIKE, WE CAN AFFORD TO TAKE THE PISS OUT OF OURSELVES BECAUSE, IN THE END, WE'RE GOING TO BE THE ONES RULING THE ROOST.

I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT DR. WHATLEY. I HAVE A SUSPICION THAT HE'S CONVERTED TO JUDAISM PURELY FOR THE JOKES.

AND THIS OFFENDS YOU AS A JEWISH PERSON?

NO, IT OFFENDS ME AS A COMEDIAN.



AFTER ALL I'VE BEEN THROUGH AT THE HANDS OF ONE FAITH OR ANOTHER, I CONFESS SOMETIMES THAT MAKES ME ANGRY.

BUT THEN I REALIZE I'M CAUGHT UP IN THE CYCLE ITSELF JUST BY HAVING THESE THOUGHTS. INFLATION OF EGO, ANGER, SHAME...JUST A CYCLE.

ONE THAT RUNS ON HATRED.



BUT AT THAT POINT I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT. JEWISH HUMOR WAS JUST PITHY AND JOLLY, AND I WAS PROUD TO BE IN ON THE JOKE.

YITZ WAS THE RABBI WHO TAUGHT MY DAD HOW TO BE ONE HIMSELF, SO HE WAS VERY MUCH AN UNCLE TO ME.

I LOVED SITTING IN THE CORNER OF HIS OFFICE AND LISTENING TO YITZ, DAD, AND THEIR FRIENDS RANT ABOUT ENDLESS JEWISH MINUTIAE AND DEBATE ITS MORAL SIGNIFICANCE.



YEARS IN SLAVERY IN EGYPT? A TRAGEDY!

HOW CAN YOU ANSWER OTHERWISE!

THE SHOAH WAS ALSO A TRAGEDY, BUT WITHOUT IT WE WOULDN'T HAVE OUR OWN STATE!

ALWAYS WITH THE SHOAH...

BEING, UNSURPRISINGLY, A BIT OF A LONER, I'D OFTEN GO ON ADVENTURES BY MYSELF THROUGH THE BOWELS OF OUR SYNAGOGUE, STAVING OFF DUST ALLERGIES SO I COULD PRETEND TO BE INDIANA JONES.

AS IF I'D, LIKE, UNEARTH SOME LOST TABLET THAT HELD THE ANSWERS TO ALL OF LIFE'S QUESTIONS AND GET RICH.

WHAT I FOUND, MOSTLY, WERE OBESE MICE.

I WAS A PREPUBESCENT KID WHO WAS MORE COMFORTABLE WITH A COUPLE OF OLD JEWISH GUYS THAN I WAS WITH A SINGLE SOUL IN MY HOMEROOM CLASS.



HEY, DAD?

WHAT'S THE "SHOAH"?