

"THESE ARE JUST THE SCRIBBLES OF A SICK MAN."

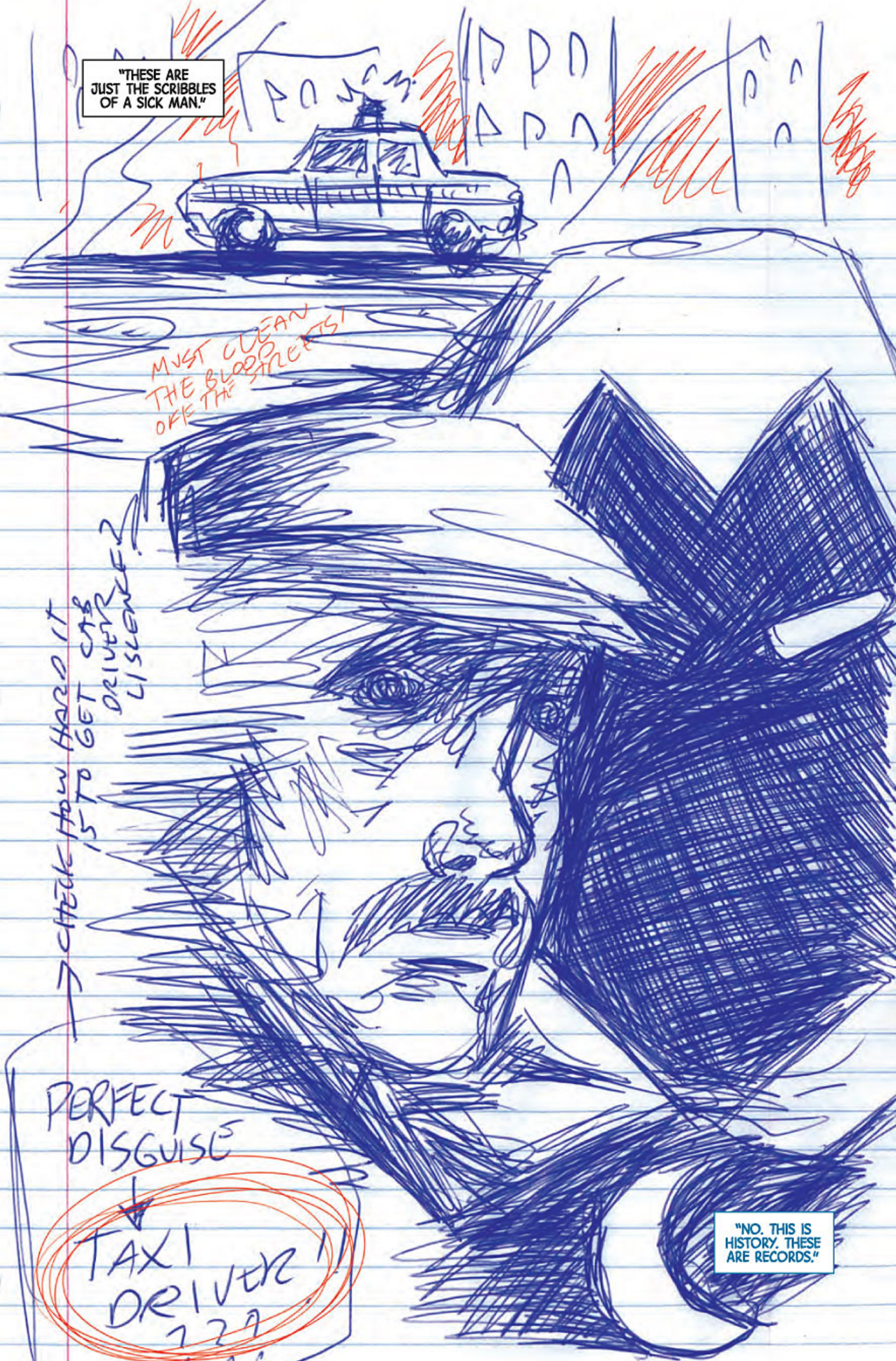
MUST CLEAN THE BLOOD OFF THE STREETS!

→ CHECK HOW HARD IT IS TO GET CAB DRIVER LICENSE?

PERFECT DISGUISE

TAXI DRIVER 72A

"NO. THIS IS HISTORY. THESE ARE RECORDS."





# WEAPONS OF WAR

WAR

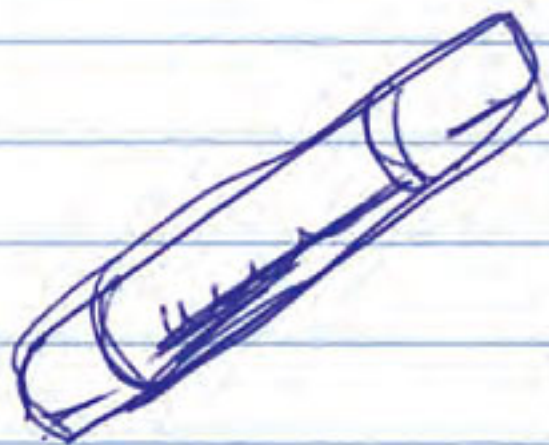
## GRAPPLING HOOK

COLLAPSES AND  
FITS INSIDE  
BILLY CLUB TRUNCHEON



## TRUNCHEON

OR  
"MOON STICKS"  
FIT TO COVER  
LEG OR THIGH.



## CRESCENT THROWING DARTS

- AT LEAST A  
DOZEN OF THEM  
ON MY  
BELT



"ALL OF THIS  
HAPPENED. THIS  
WAS MY LIFE..."







YOUR LIFE? WHY DO YOU INSIST ON MAKING THINGS SO DIFFICULT, MARC?

I AM NOT MARC SPECTOR.



→SIGH← NO? WHO ARE WE TODAY, THEN, MARC? JAKE LOCKLEY? STEVE GRANT?

I AM THE MOON KNIGHT. I AM THE FIST OF KHONSHU.



AH, THAT ONE AGAIN. I EXPECTED MORE, MARC. THESE DELUSIONS ARE REALLY--

I WAS NOT FINISHED. HOSPITALS LIKE THIS DON'T EXIST ANY MORE. MENTAL HEALTH FACILITIES LIKE THIS ARE RELICS. YOU ARE NOT A DOCTOR. THAT IS NOT YOUR REAL FACE.



MARC, MARC...YOU SAID THE SAME THING WHEN YOU CAME HERE FROM THE ORPHANAGE WHEN YOU WERE TWELVE. SUCH A BRIGHT BOY, HELD BACK BY SUCH A TERRIBLE ILLNESS.

I HAVE TRIED TO BE PATIENT WITH YOUR TREATMENT. ALL THESE YEARS, AND HERE WE ARE, BACK WHERE WE STARTED.



SO, I'M AFRAID WE ARE GOING TO NEED TO TRY SOME MORE AGGRESSIVE METHODS NOW.

DR. EMMET MEANS YOU'RE GONNA GET ZAPPED, SMART GUY.



AMMUT.

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

YOUR NAME. AMMUT. GOD OF JUDGMENT. THAT'S WHO YOU ARE, RIGHT?



