

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

RECENTLY, DAREDEVIL'S PROTÉGÉ BLINDSPOT TOOK ON THE CRIMINALLY INSANE MURDER ARTIST MUSE ON HIS OWN, ONLY TO HAVE HIS EYES GOUGED OUT IN THE FIGHT. WRACKED WITH GUILT, MATT TAKES OUT A MASSIVE HIT ON HIMSELF TO DRAW OUT ANY ACTIVE CONTRACT KILLERS. HOWEVER, MATT MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR WHEN HIS OLD NEMESIS, BULLSEYE, SHOWS UP TO TAKE A SHOT AT HIM...

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HELL'S KITCHEN.  
DAY SIX.

Bullseye.

Radar sense tells me he's about 500 yards away. He's using a high-powered rifle-- I recognized the report when he fired the first time.

When he killed a man not two feet from me.

I don't use guns, but I know them. More than I'd like. The muzzle velocity of his weapon is around two thousand feet per second.

Once he fires, the bullet will shatter my skull in less than a moment.

My *skull*, because nothing less would satisfy him. Center mass is an easier shot, but it wouldn't give him much to brag about.

He'll hit his target.

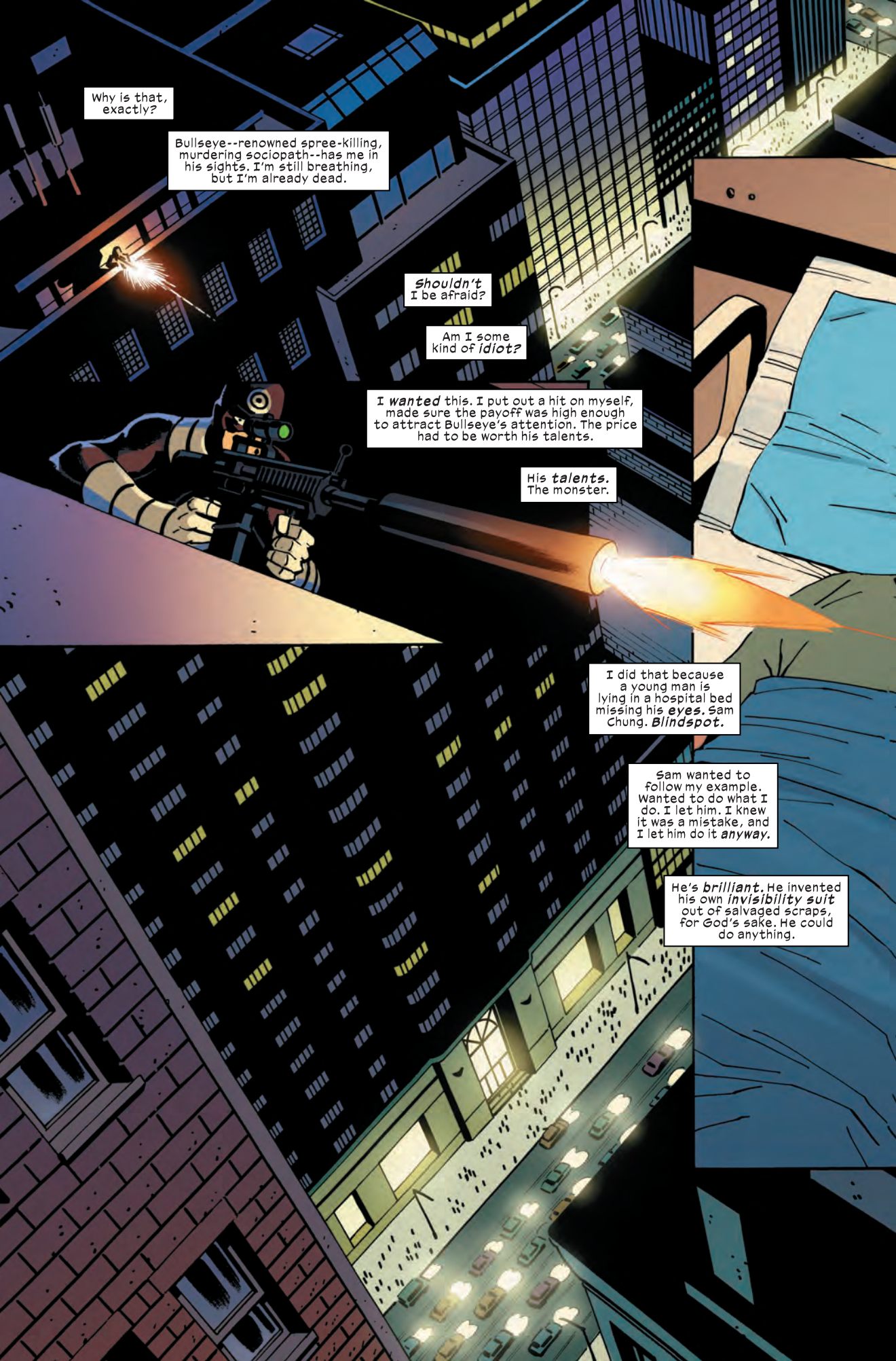
Bullseye never misses.

I am Daredevil.

And I am not afraid.

The Seventh Day,  
Part 2





Why is that,  
exactly?

Bullseye--renowned spree-killing,  
murdering sociopath--has me in  
his sights. I'm still breathing,  
but I'm already dead.

Shouldn't  
I be afraid?

Am I some  
kind of idiot?

I *wanted* this. I put out a hit on myself,  
made sure the payoff was high enough  
to attract Bullseye's attention. The price  
had to be worth his talents.

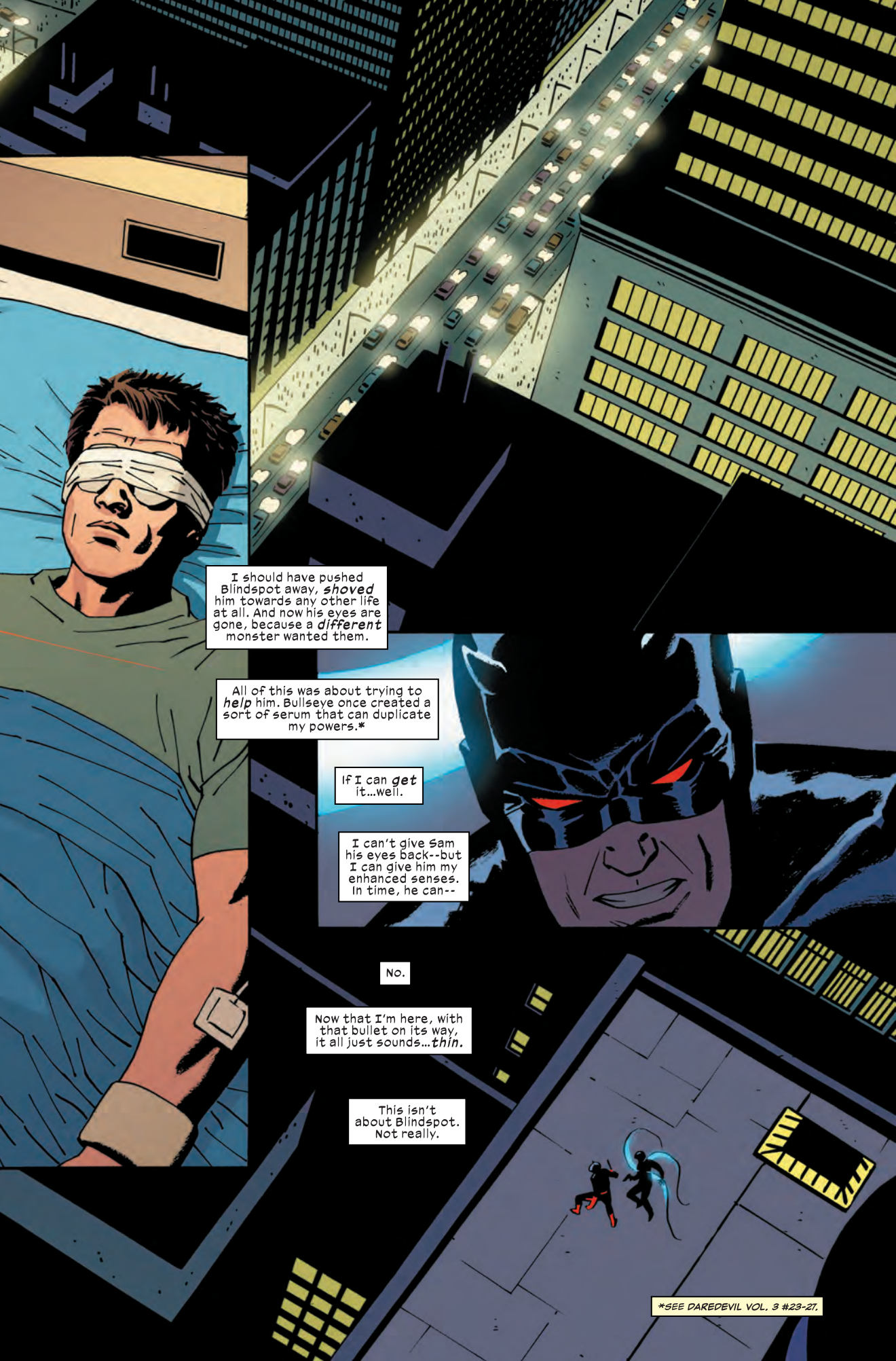
His *talents*.  
The monster.

I did that because  
a young man is  
lying in a hospital bed  
missing his *eyes*. Sam  
Chung. *Blindspot*.

Sam wanted to  
follow my example.  
Wanted to do what I  
do. I let him. I knew  
it was a mistake, and  
I let him do it *anyway*.

He's *brilliant*. He invented  
his own *invisibility suit*  
out of salvaged scraps,  
for God's sake. He could  
do anything.





I should have pushed  
Blindspot away, *shoved*  
him towards any other life  
at all. And now his eyes are  
gone, because a *different*  
monster wanted them.

All of this was about trying to  
*help* him. Bullseye once created a  
sort of *serum* that can duplicate  
my powers.\*

If I can *get*  
it...well.

I can't give Sam  
his eyes back--but  
I can give him my  
enhanced senses.  
In time, he can--

No.

Now that I'm here, with  
that bullet on its way,  
it all just sounds...*thin*.

This isn't  
about Blindspot.  
Not really.