

*"Whether you are a longtime fan or new to the character,
this is a comic you need to read."* — ComicVine.com



MOON KNIGHT™

FROM THE DEAD

ELLIS

MARVEL
NOW!

SHALVEY



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MOON KNIGHT

FROM THE DEAD

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Mercenary Marc Spector died in Egypt, under a statue of the ancient deity Khonshu. He returned to life in the shadow of the moon god, and wore his aspect to fight crime for his own redemption. He went completely insane, and disappeared.

This is what happened next.



A black and white illustration of a character's face occupies the upper portion of the image. The character has a wide, open-mouthed grin revealing numerous sharp, triangular fangs. Their eyes are closed, and they have a wild, manic expression. They have dark, wavy hair that appears to be flowing or being blown by a strong wind. The style is graphic and expressive.

MOON KNIGHT



Now, Khonshu, he has four different aspects. So the mercenary, he comes back to the States, becomes the Moon Knight, AND two other people.

He's got four different personalities now. Dissociative Identity Disorder.

He's completely nuts. Cut off a guy's face once.

If he's back in town, you need to talk to...the Mayor created that new sweeper squad for homicide, specifically for freak beat stuff? He's on that squad.

Flint. There's a Detective Flint on the sweeper squad. Talk to him.

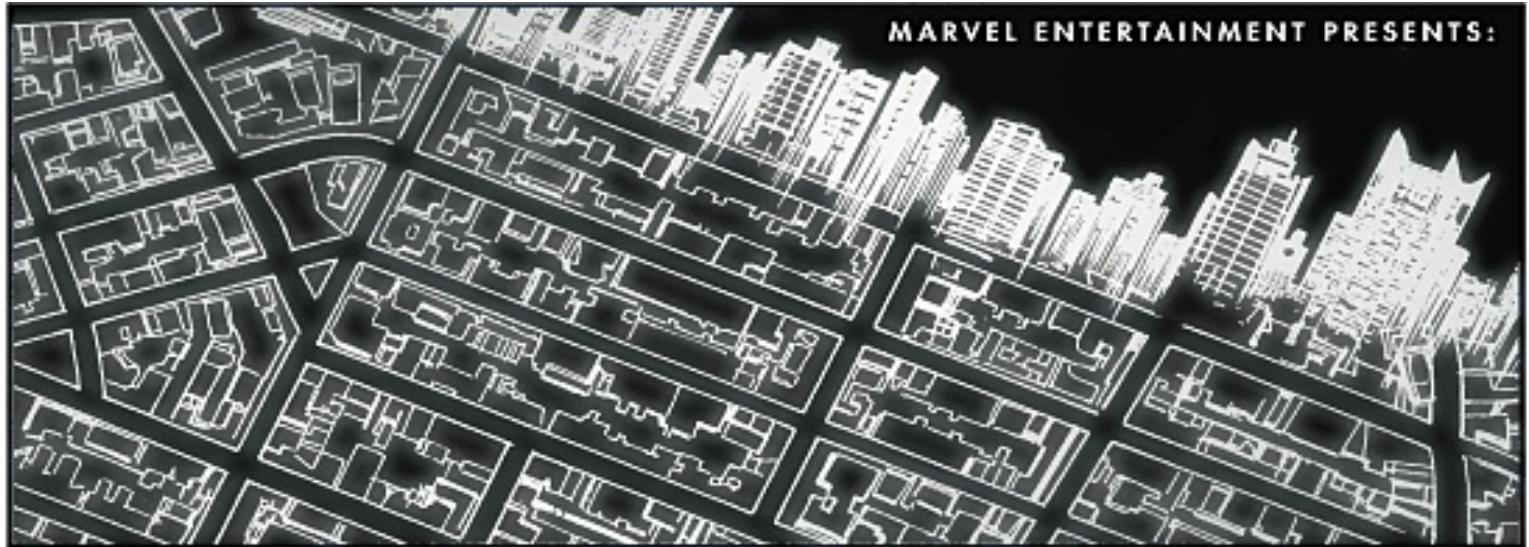
I got a question. Why would you wear white, and a giant cape that looks like a moon, if you're fighting crime and hunting faces at night?

Easy. He likes people to see him coming.

Because he's crazy.



MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS:



MOON KNIGHT

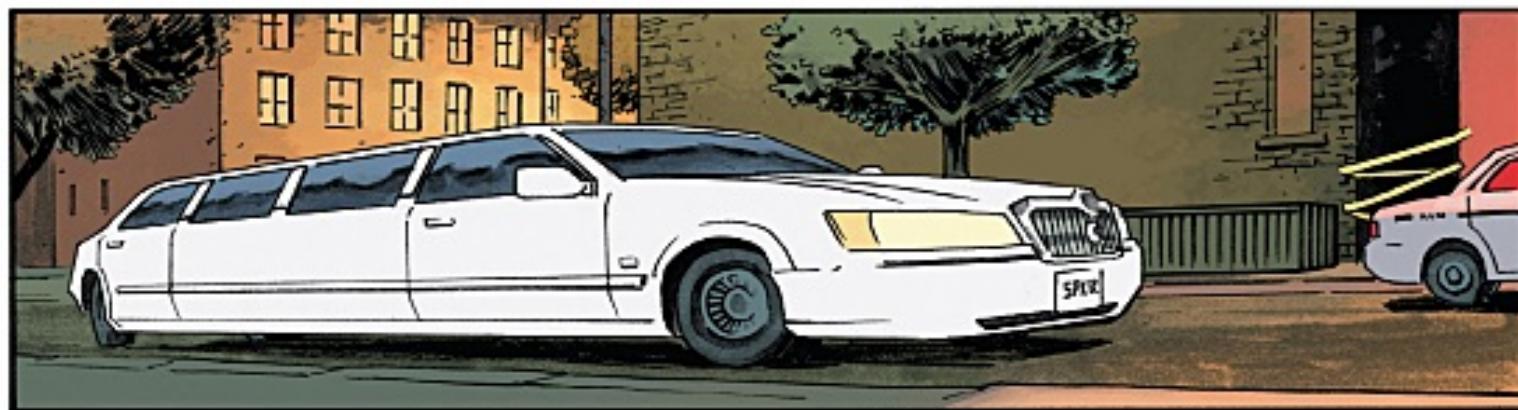


"SLASHER"

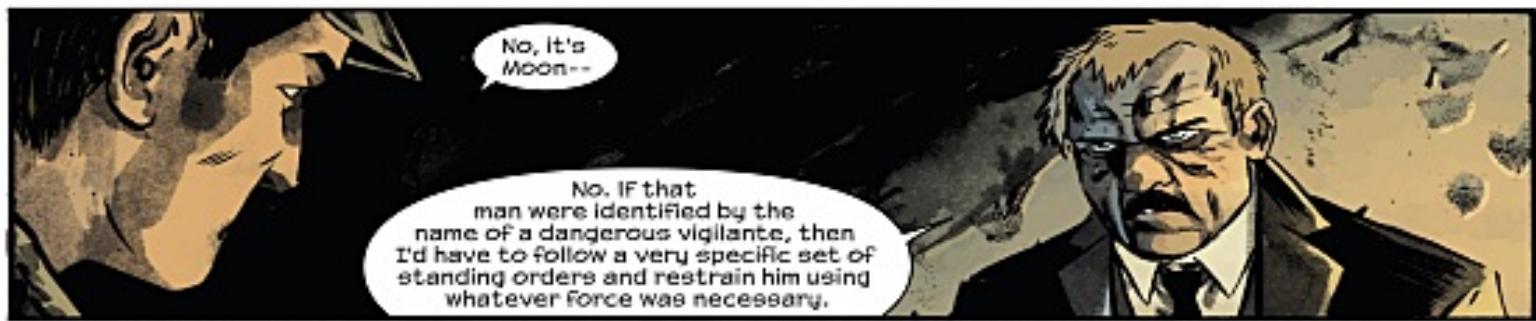
Correlate
police radio
capture with
map and
G.P.S.

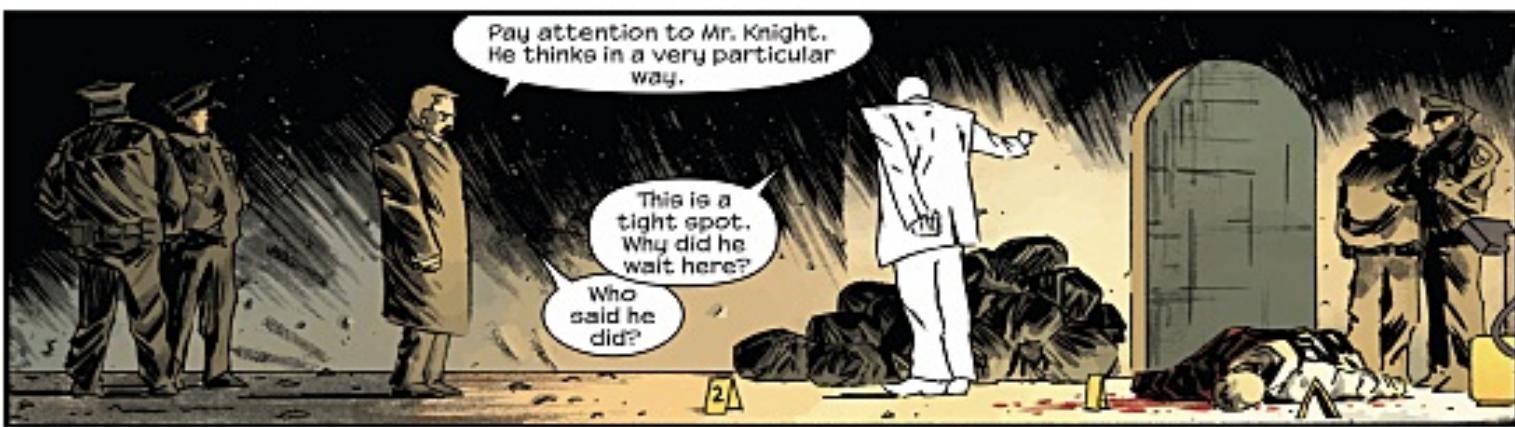
Show me
the last four
events in incident
folder SL2.

Include
all folder
events in a
perimeter.











The maps, and the computers, and the self-driving cars and all the other Tools:



The entire return to New York, paid for with laundered old blood money.

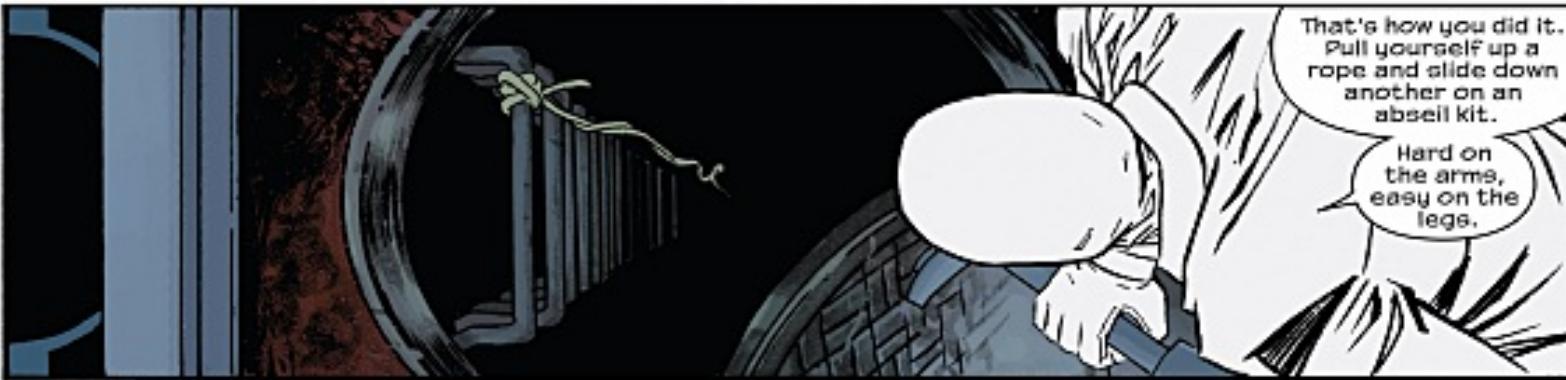


Becoming sane by spending what the crazy days paid him.



That's how you did it.
Pull yourself up a
rope and slide down
another on an
abseil kit.

Hard on
the arms,
easy on the
legs.



Well, this
is a totally
sane thing
to do.









No need for
the weapons,
soldier.

So, you were
killing healthy
people for...
supplies?

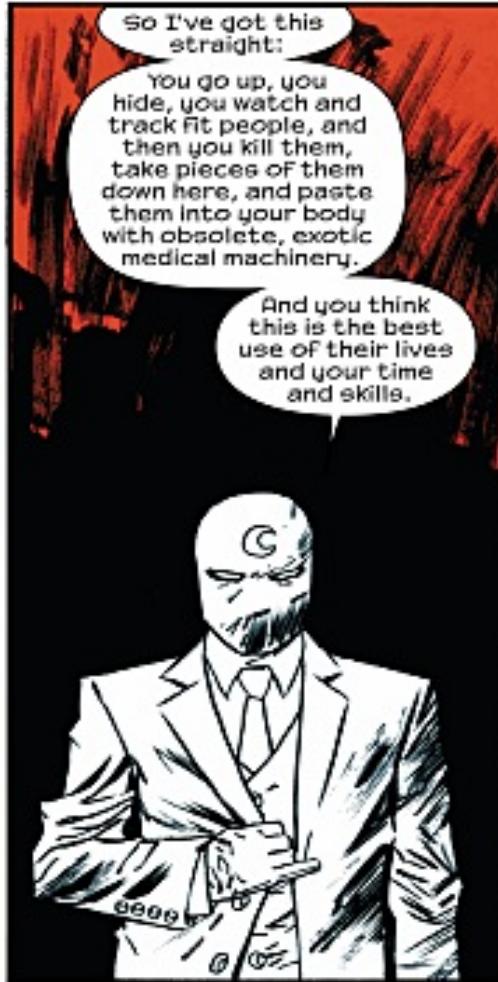
Right. I mean,
who does all that
training and then
does nothing useful
with their bodies?



These are people who actually know the names of their muscles, but do they sign up, or work to get into an agency, and serve their country?

Hell no.
Perfectly useful
muscles and
organs going
to waste.

Every time
I go on a supply
run, I get better.
I have to be
better.



So I've got this straight:

You go up, you
hide, you watch and
track fit people, and
then you kill them,
take pieces of them
down here, and paste
them into your body
with obsolete, exotic
medical machinery.

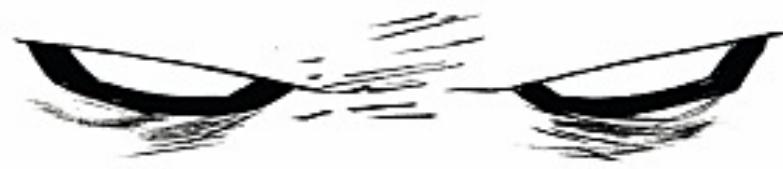
And you think
this is the best
use of their lives
and your time
and skills.



No offense, buddy,
but you're a mile
underground wearing
a white suit and a bag
on your head.

Fair
point.

And you're
unarmed, and
you're gonna die
down here.



I've died
before. It
was boring,
so I stood
up.



I dunno, man.
I think you could
have things I
need.

Did you think
you were going
to drag me out of
here? Give me to
the cops, or back
to S.H.I.E.L.D.? I
know you mask
types.

I could. But I have to tell you: You don't know me. You've never met anyone like me before.

You prey on innocent travellers at night. That's all I care about.

All I'm doing is stopping you, as simply and completely as possible.

So how are you going to stop me?

I stopped you two minutes ago.

Look down.

Too much noise in here. You didn't hear it bounce off the wall.

It looked like it was important.

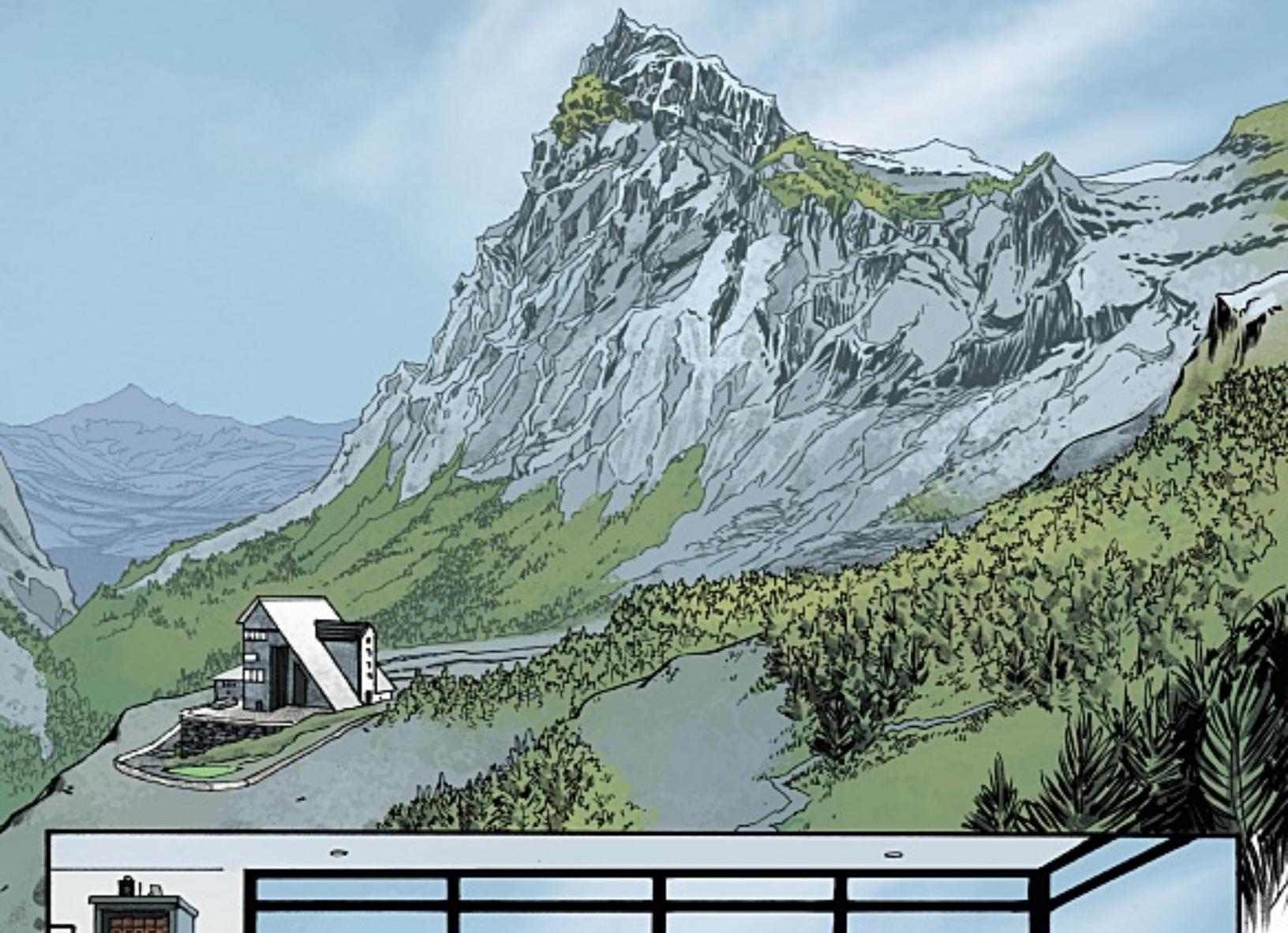
I wonder what would have happened if you'd ever actually been in a fight.

Instead of hiding your lumpy ass behind some garbage and stabbing people in the back from cover.

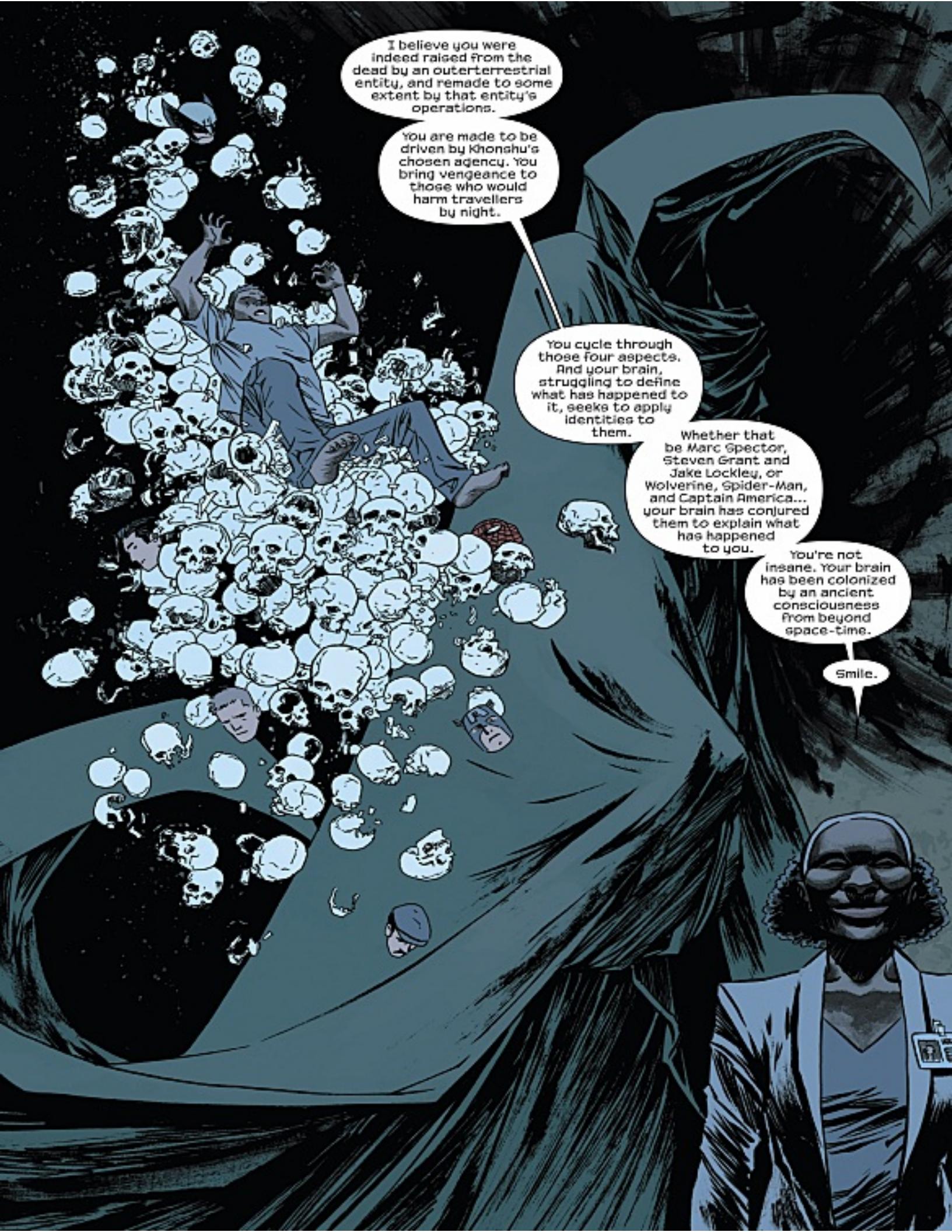




BEFORE NEW YORK:







I believe you were indeed raised from the dead by an outerterrestrial entity, and remade to some extent by that entity's operations.

You are made to be driven by Khonshu's chosen agency. You bring vengeance to those who would harm travellers by night.

You cycle through those four aspects. And your brain, struggling to define what has happened to it, seeks to apply identities to them.

Whether that be Marc Spector, Steven Grant and Jake Lockley, or Wolverine, Spider-Man, and Captain America... your brain has conjured them to explain what has happened to you.

You're not insane. Your brain has been colonized by an ancient consciousness from beyond space-time.

Smile.







MOON KNIGHT





It was a night like this when they left him to die.





No explanation.
Bought expensively, used for
years and thrown away in
one mysterious second.



There could be only
one response.



Sorry. Bad day.
I love you.



They should
have it back.



All nine of them. The entire special operations group who obtained and directed and discarded him in the field.

He imagined one final sudden short glimmer of amusement in their minds before the bullet met the bone:



That he was doing this last job for free.

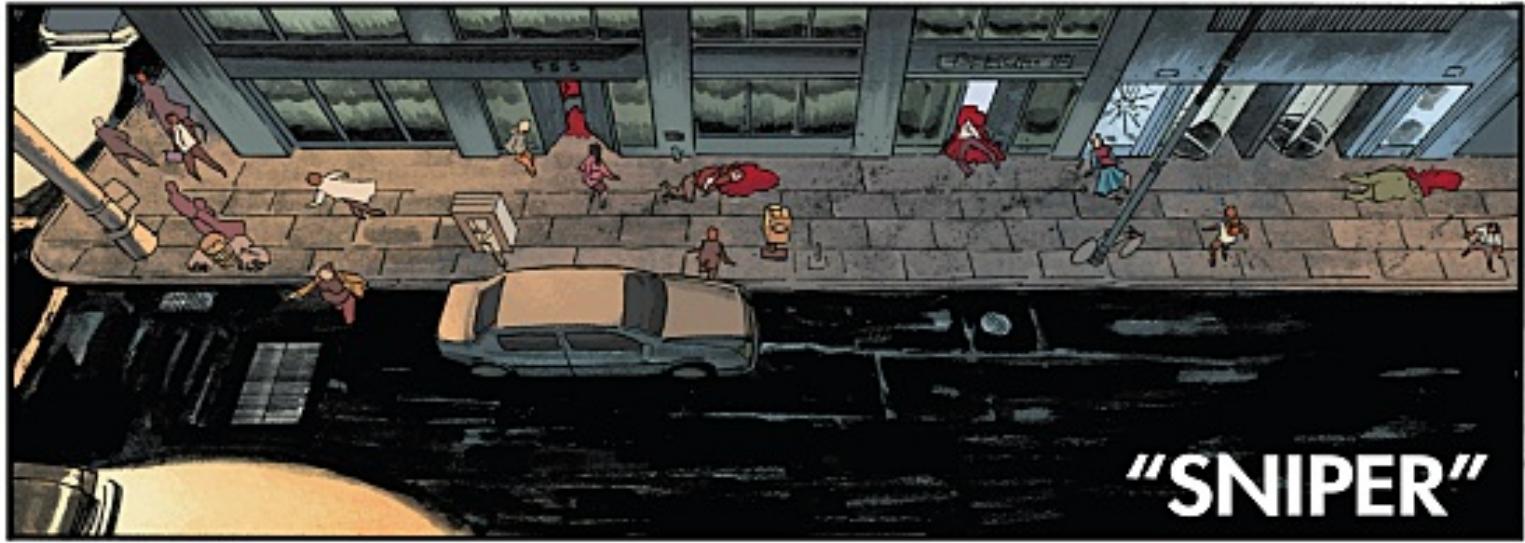


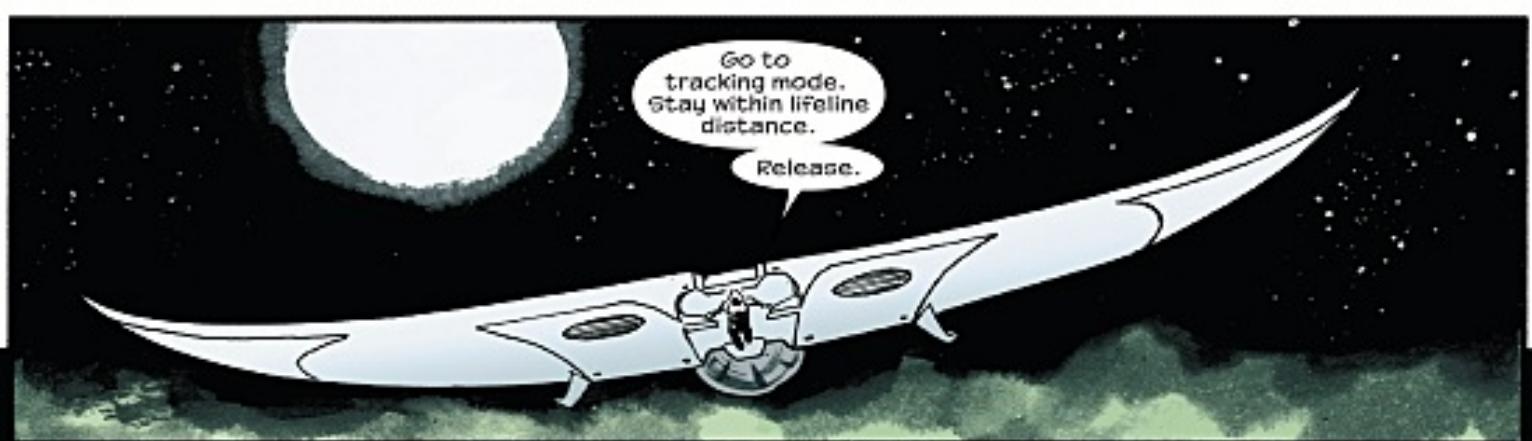
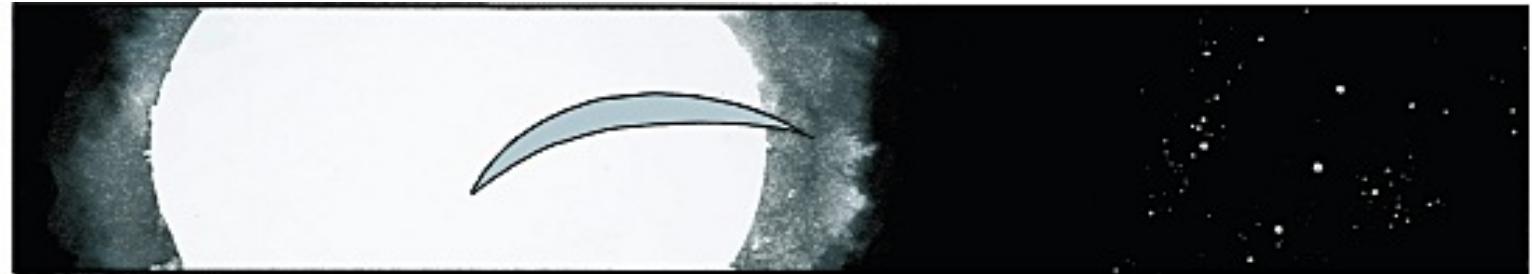


MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS:



MOON KNIGHT

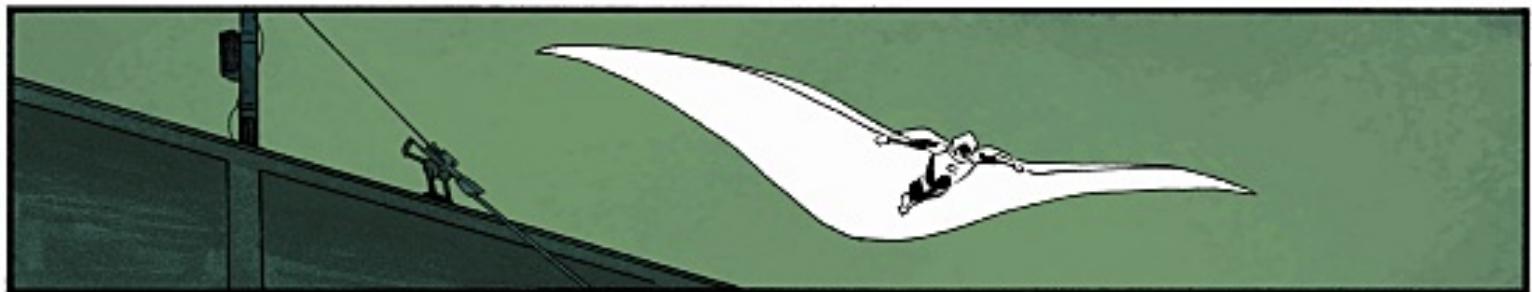






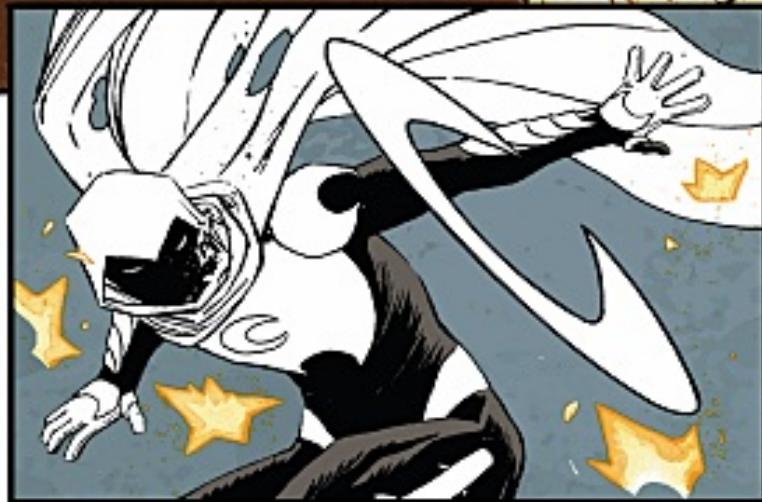


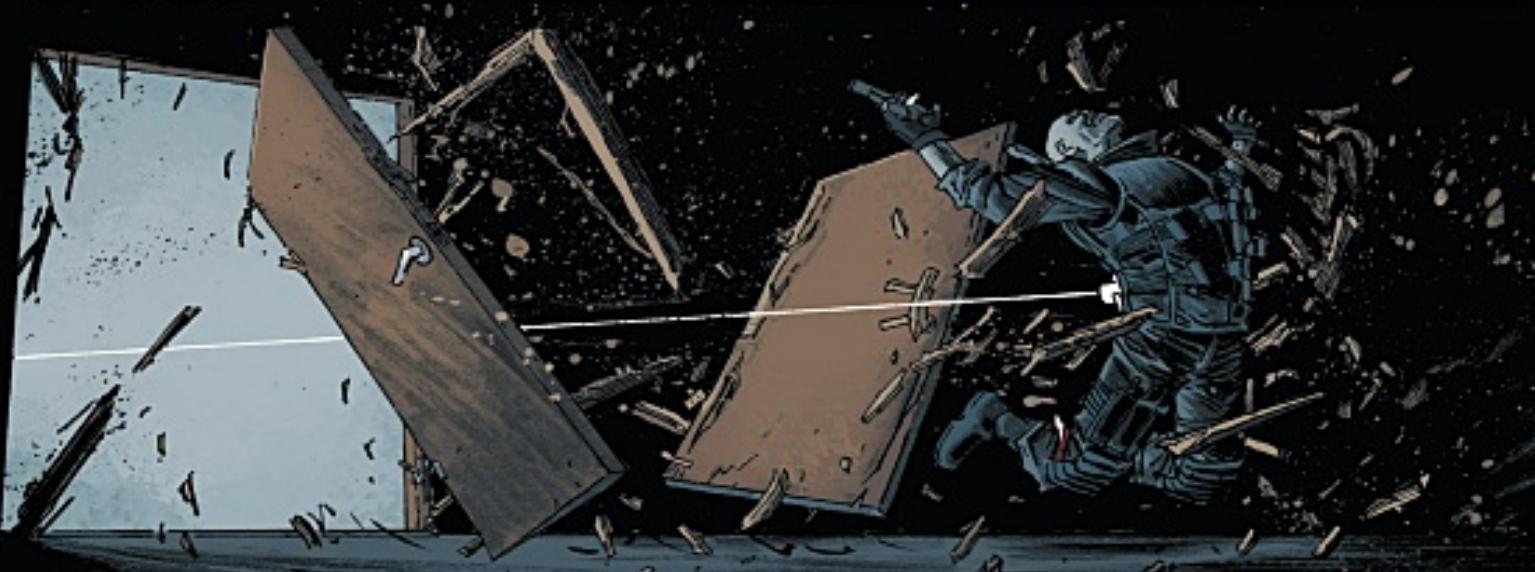
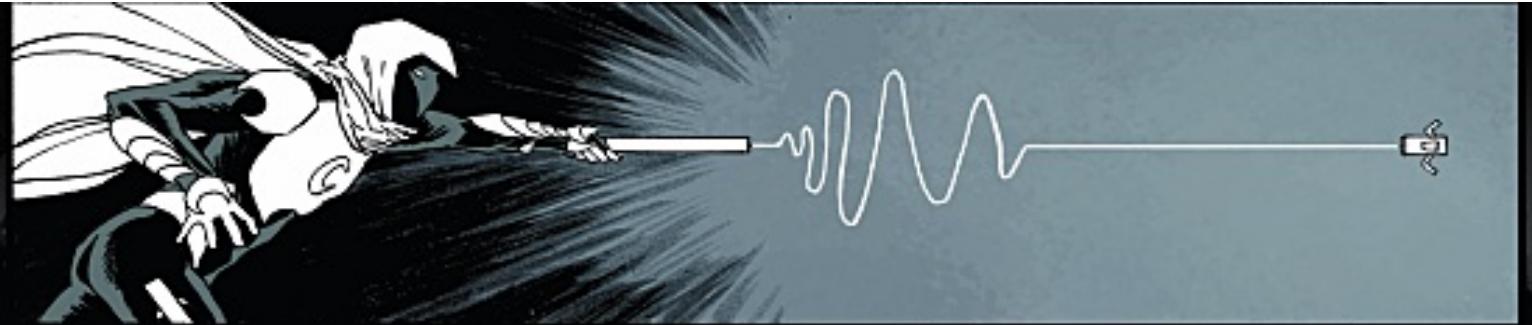
















There were nine of us in the special operations group.

I had a last-minute late meeting. Didn't leave work on time.

We left the global security field and retired to large financial houses to make money.

He was a tool. A gun with the numbers filed off, dropped in a street in Beirut, or Mogadishu, or Tripoli.

Guns aren't supposed to come back and punish their owners.

I suppose his gamble was just what we taught him. Guns are power. The distant projection of death is power.

That's why we all changed careers. We learned differently.

The bank always wins.

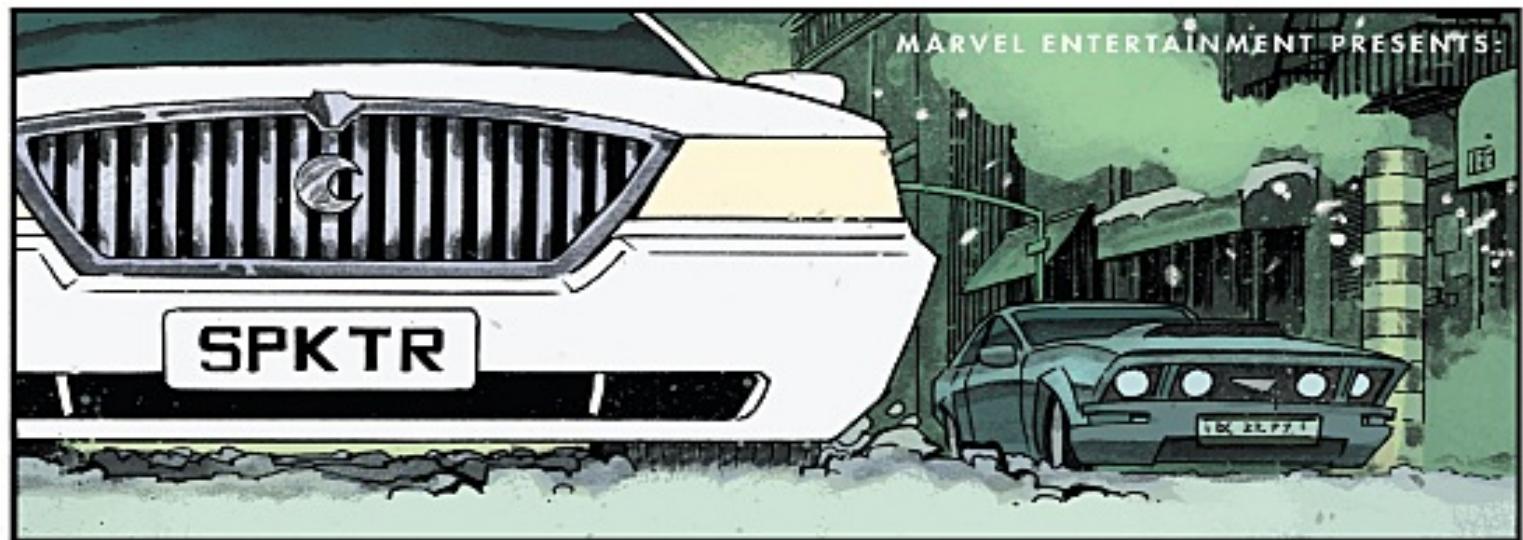


MOON KNIGHT





MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS:



MOON KNIGHT



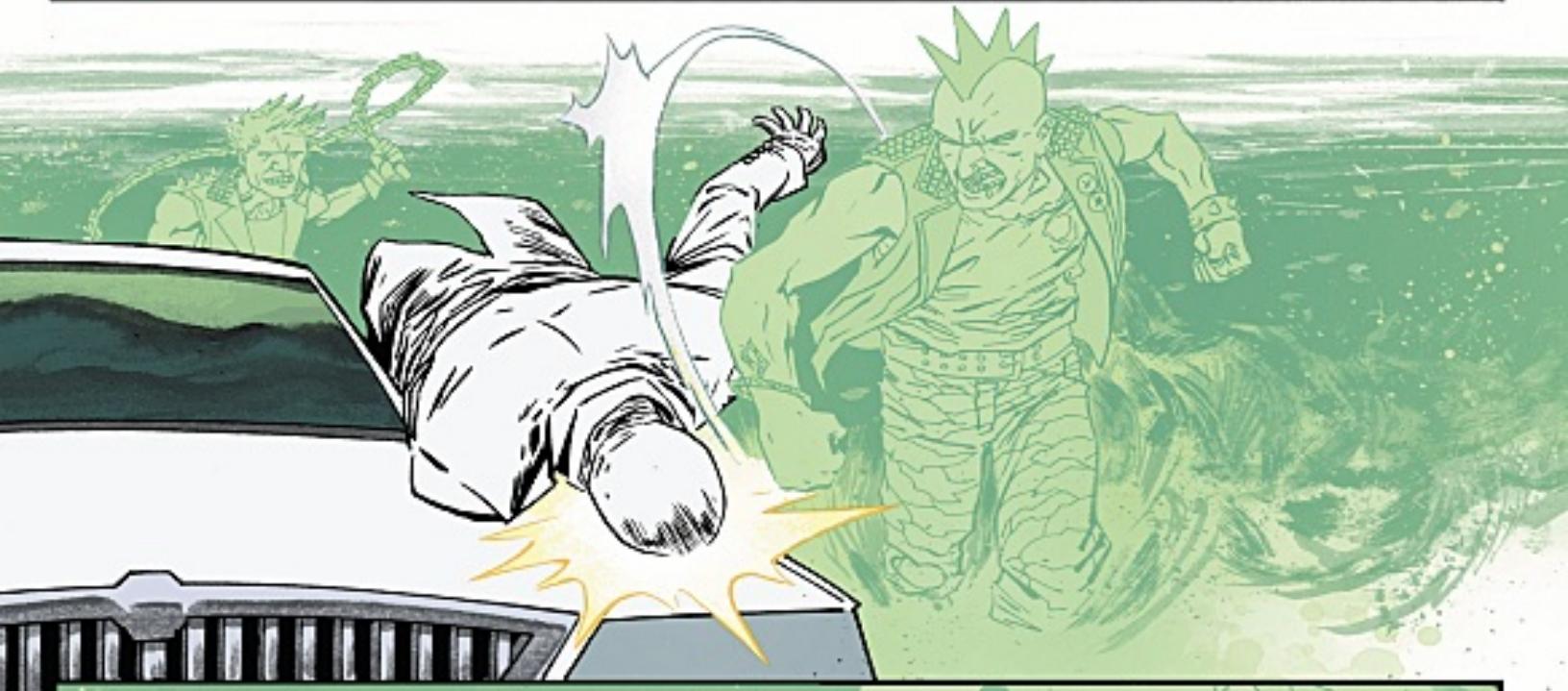
Yes, Detective Flint, this is Mr. Knight. Your spree hitters just appeared for the third time. I see them.

Who knew there were still punk gangs? Kind of vintage...

Hey. Fun's over.
Jumping out at night
and beating people
for kicks is--

--ah, the hell
with it, you're
not even
listening.









OF COURSE
YOU DO, MY
SON.

THEY ARE
GHOSTS.

YOU KNOW
FULL WELL THAT
THE ANGRY DEAD
CAN REACH OUT
AND TOUCH THE
LIVING.



I DID.



Okay. Fine.
Ghosts are randomly
attacking people in
downtown Manhattan
at night.

They can
touch me, and
I can't touch
them. What am I
supposed to do?
Sprinkle holy water
over downtown?
Exorcise Spring
Street?



FOR AS LONG AS WE HAVE
BEEN TOGETHER, YOU HAVE
COLLECTED ITEMS FROM
ANCIENT EGYPT.

A CIVILIZATION
OF THE DEAD AS
MUCH AS OF THE
LIVING.

A PEOPLE WHO
MAPPED THE AFTERLIFE.
A PEOPLE WHO CLOTHED THEIR
DEAD FOR THE WORLD BEYOND
AND SOUGHT ALWAYS TO TOUCH
THE UNTOUCHABLE.

YOU POSSESS ALL
KINDS OF ARMOR AND
RAIMENT FOR FIGHTING
THE LIVING; HOW CAN
YOU NOT HAVE GARMENTS
FOR FIGHTING THE
DEAD?



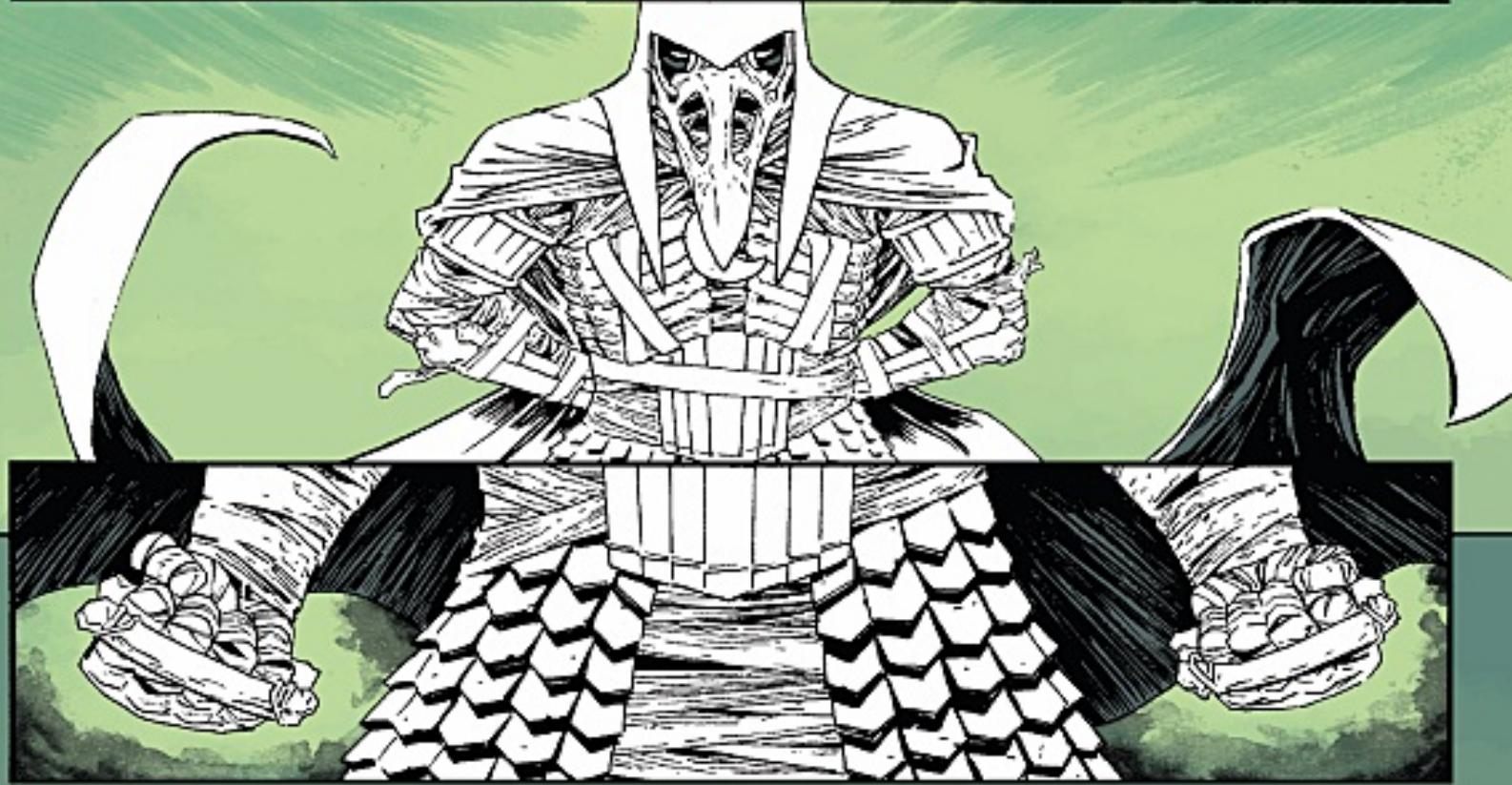


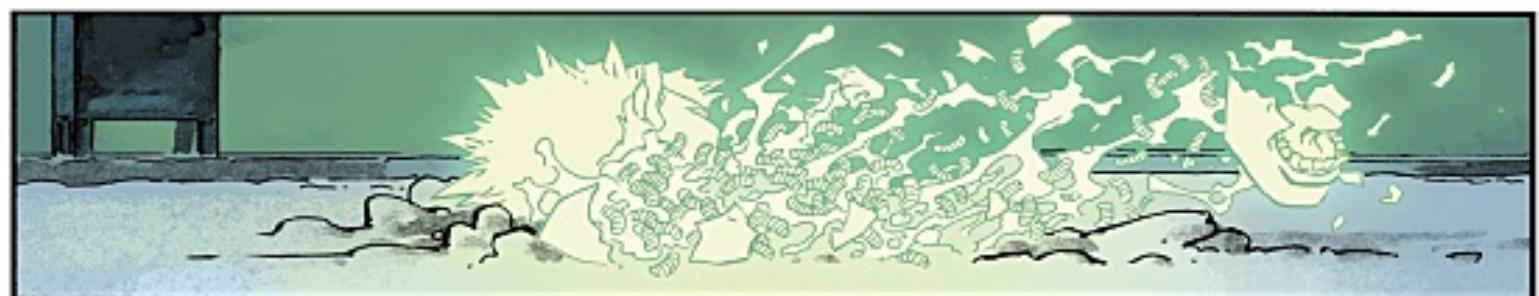








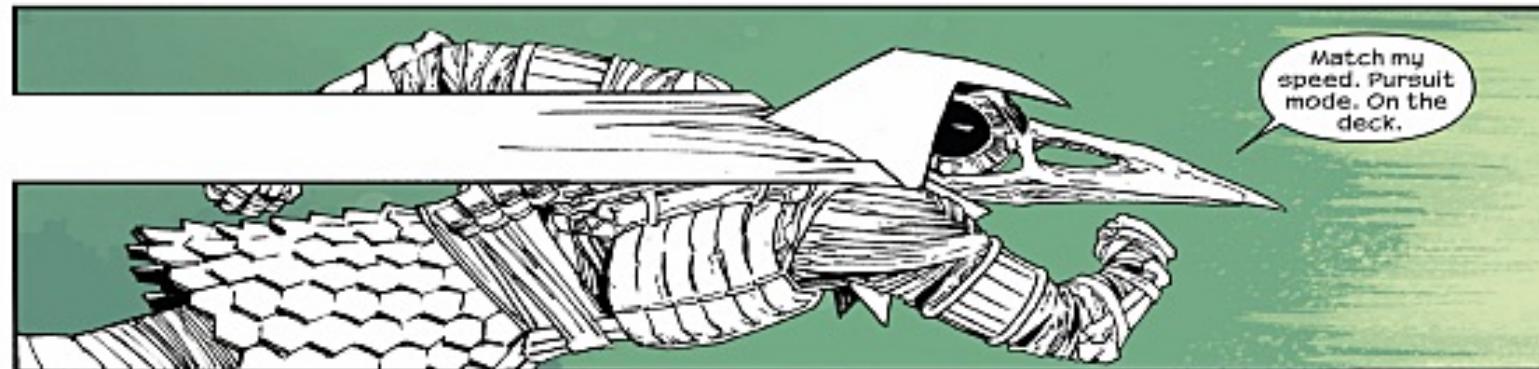


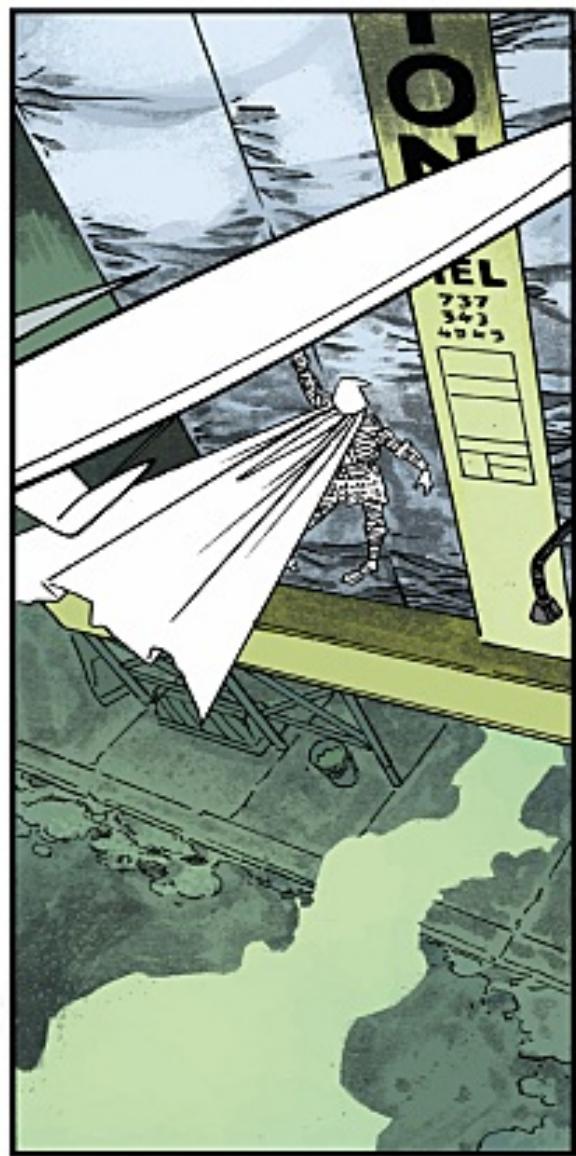
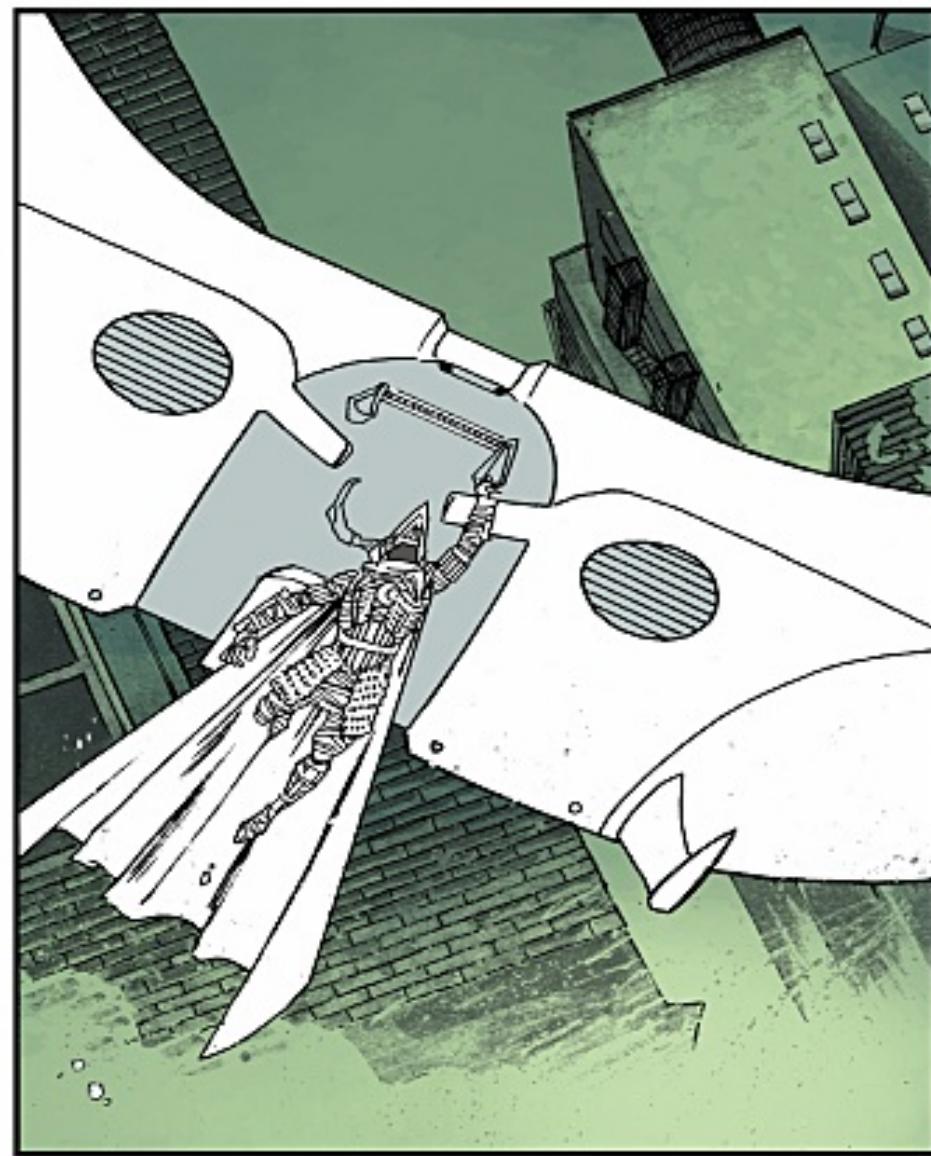


So here's the thing.
I hate ghosts.



Match my speed. Pursuit mode. On the deck.





RENOVATION

TEEHAN





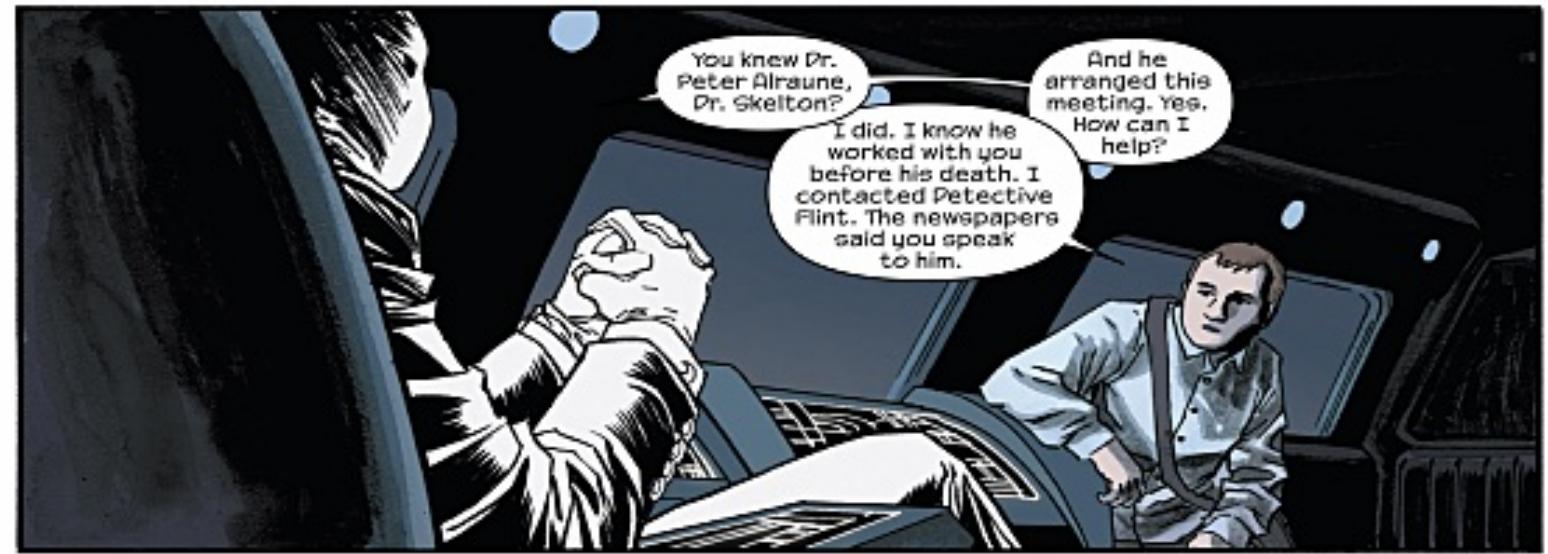






MOON KNIGHT





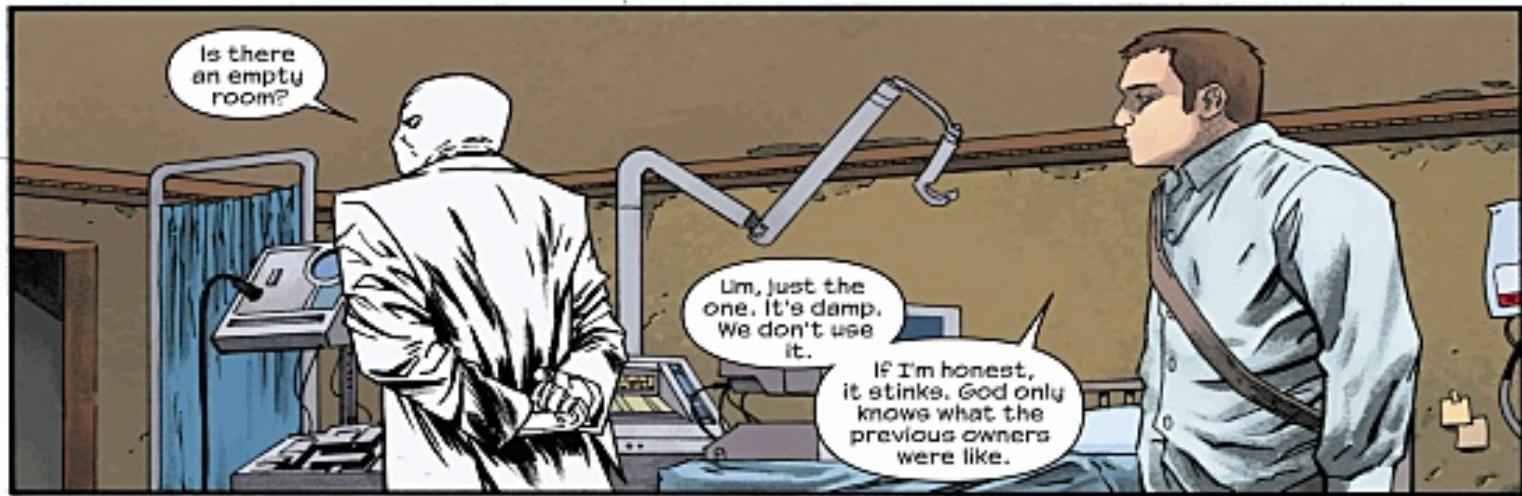
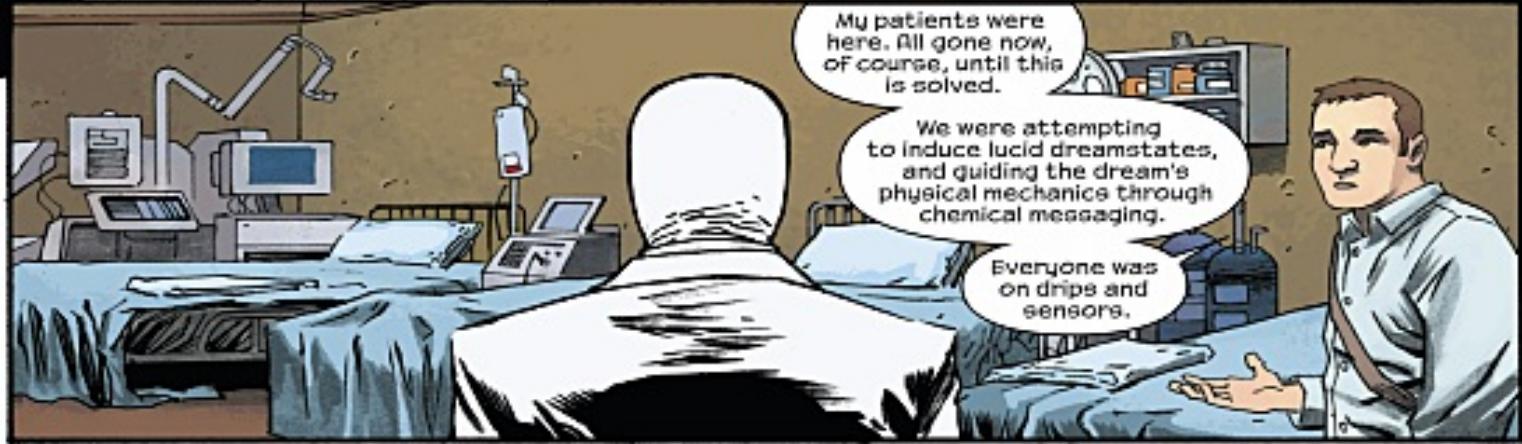


MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS:



MOON KNIGHT





What are you intending to do?



Sleep.

The phenomenon is hyper-local. It's this building. So I intend to let the enemy get a good look at me, so I can get a good look at them.

That's your plan?

It occurs to me that you might already be insane.



Me too. Do you sleep here?

No. I'm a night owl. I monitor my subjects while they sleep, and I sleep through the day.

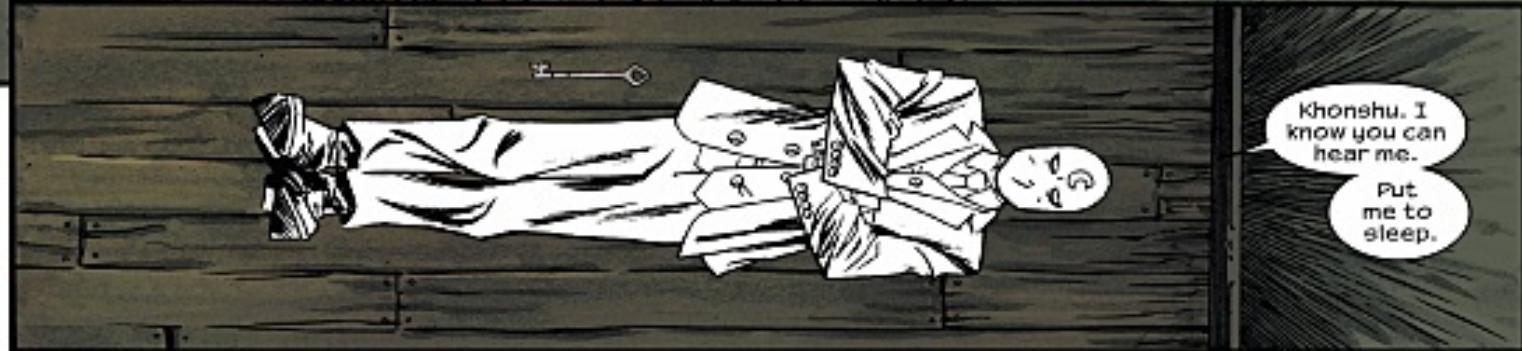
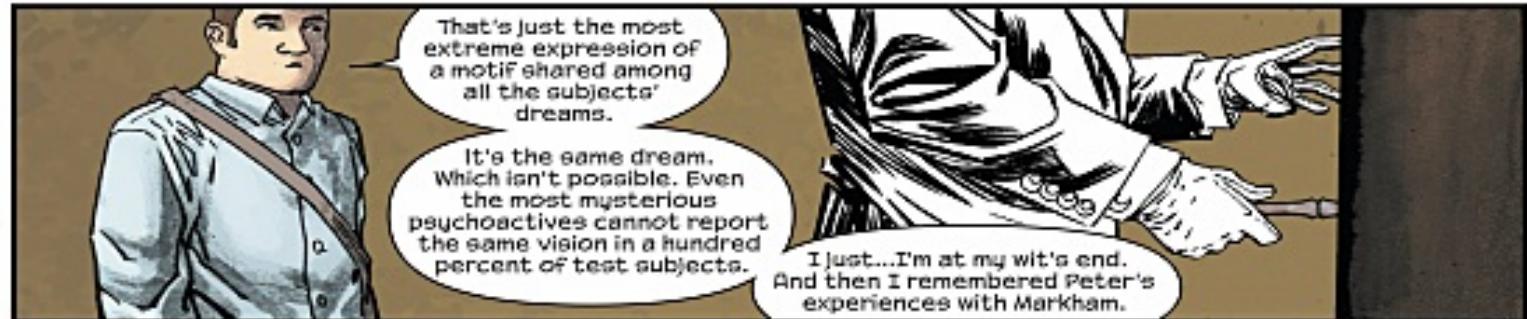
Will any of them come here tonight?

Have you been listening? They're all in hospitals now.

One of them bit through her own fingers while asleep and didn't wake from it.

Once we got her to wake, she started screaming about needing to escape her own body.

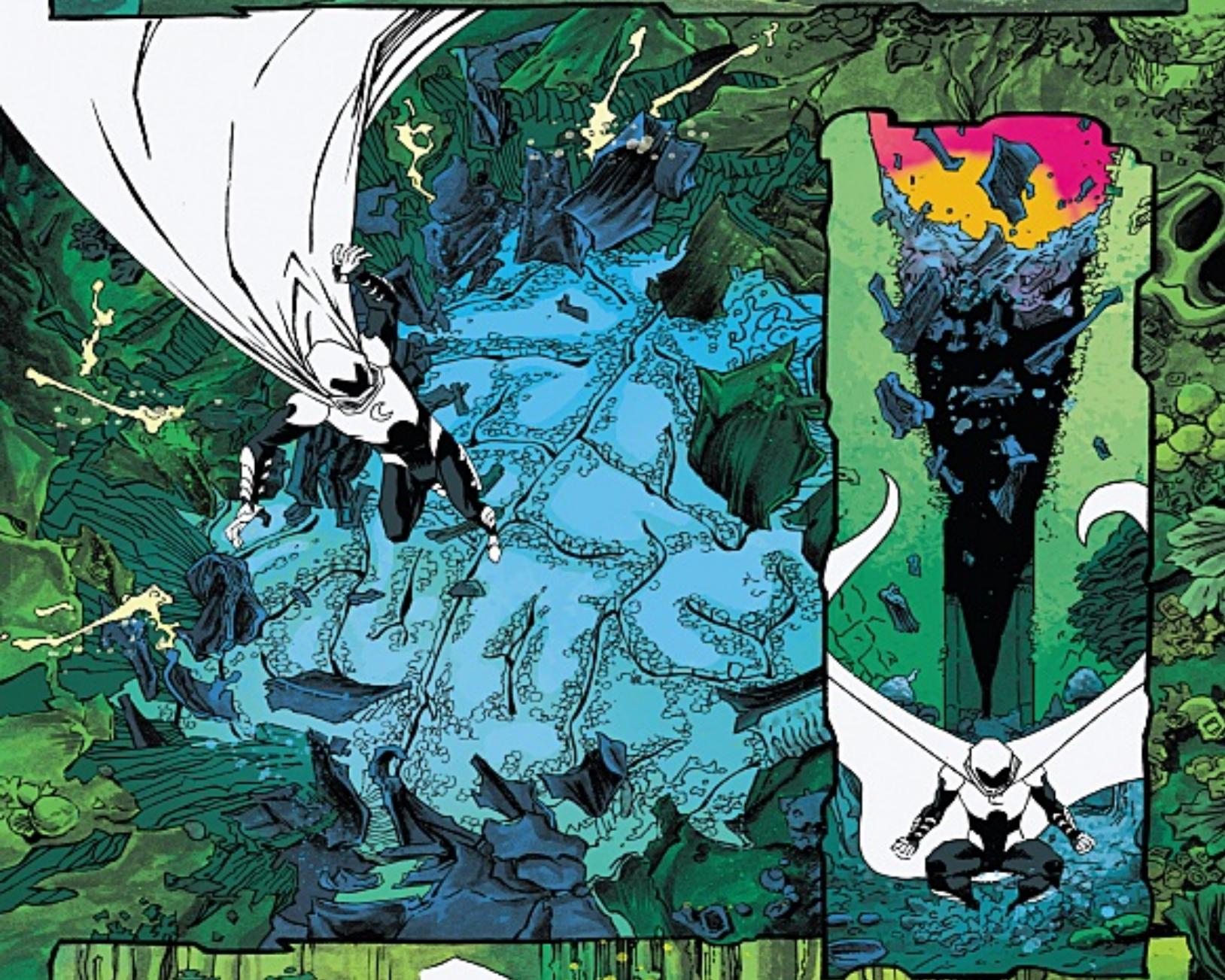


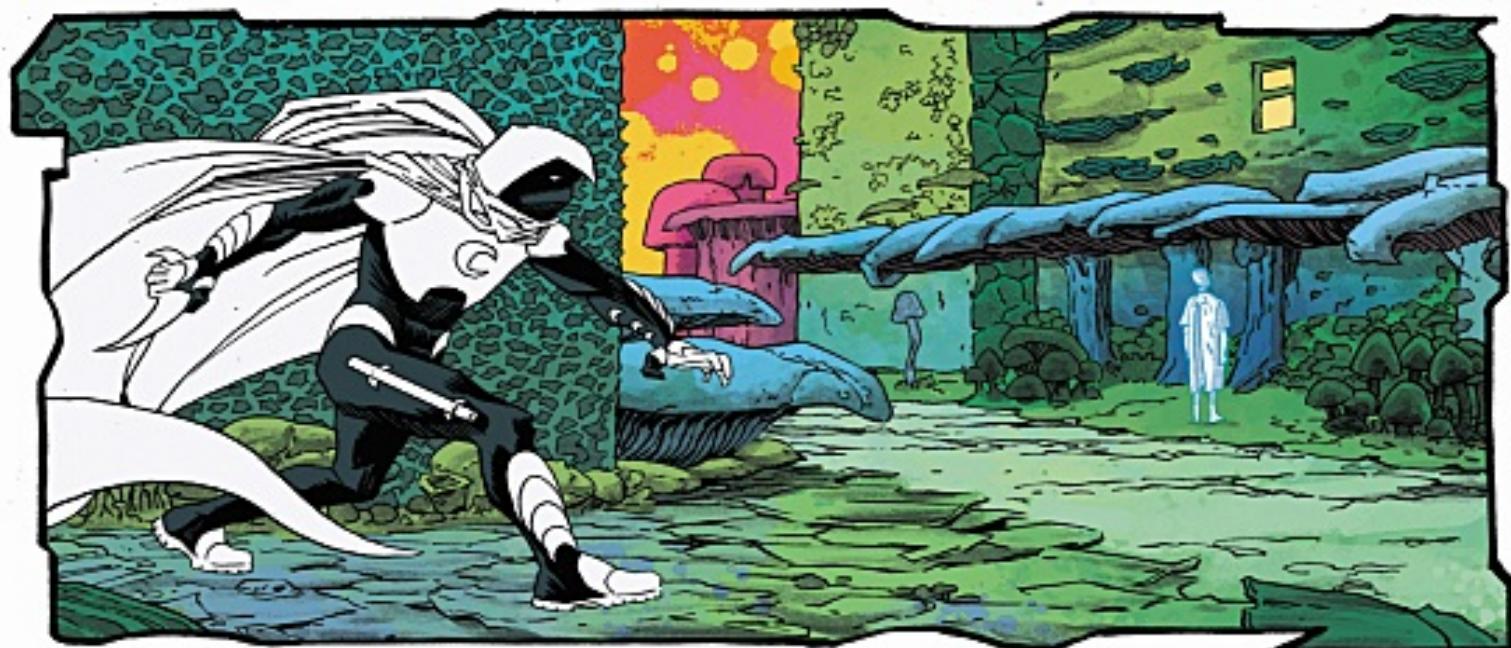














I'm trapped in here.



I don't know where I am.

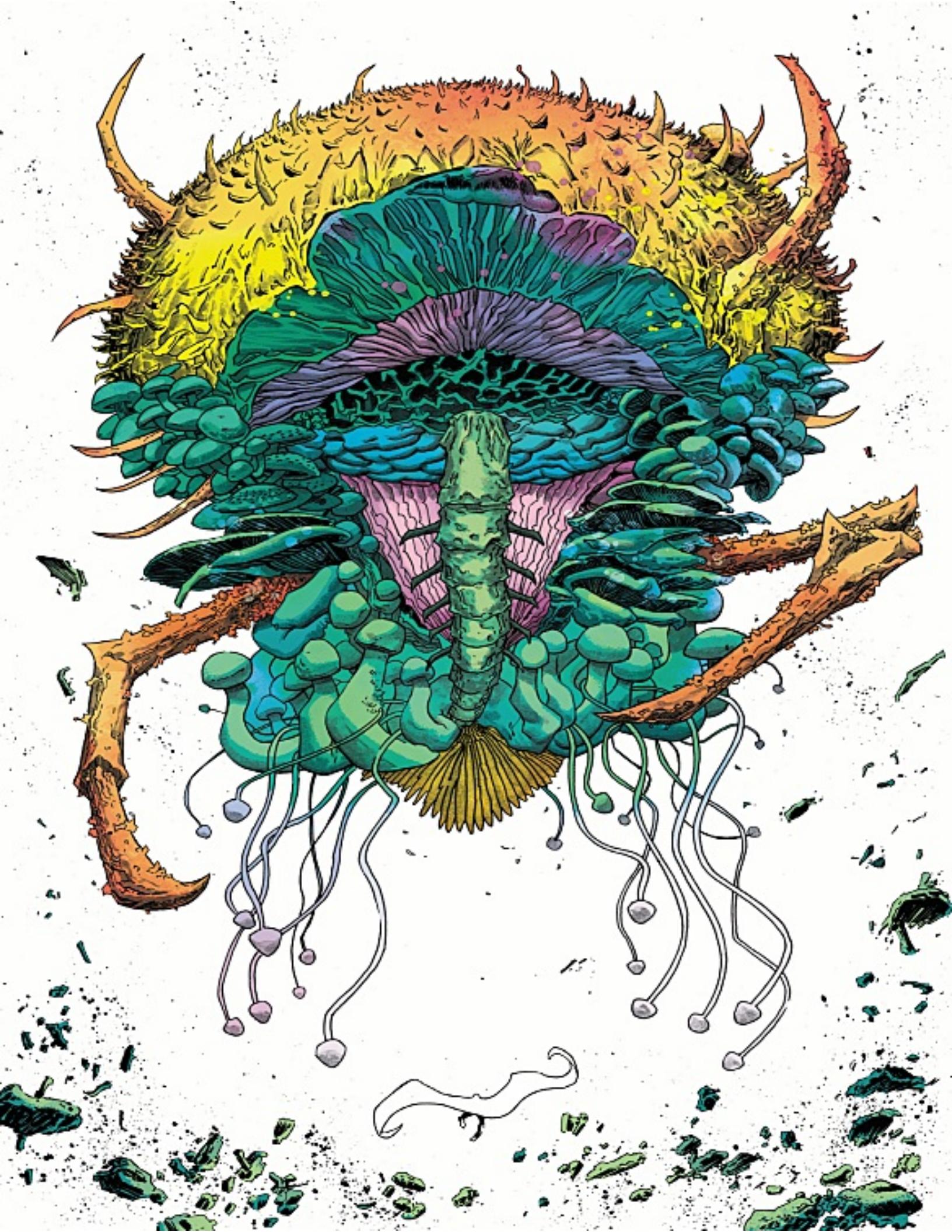


Cryptococcus and dimethyltryptamine



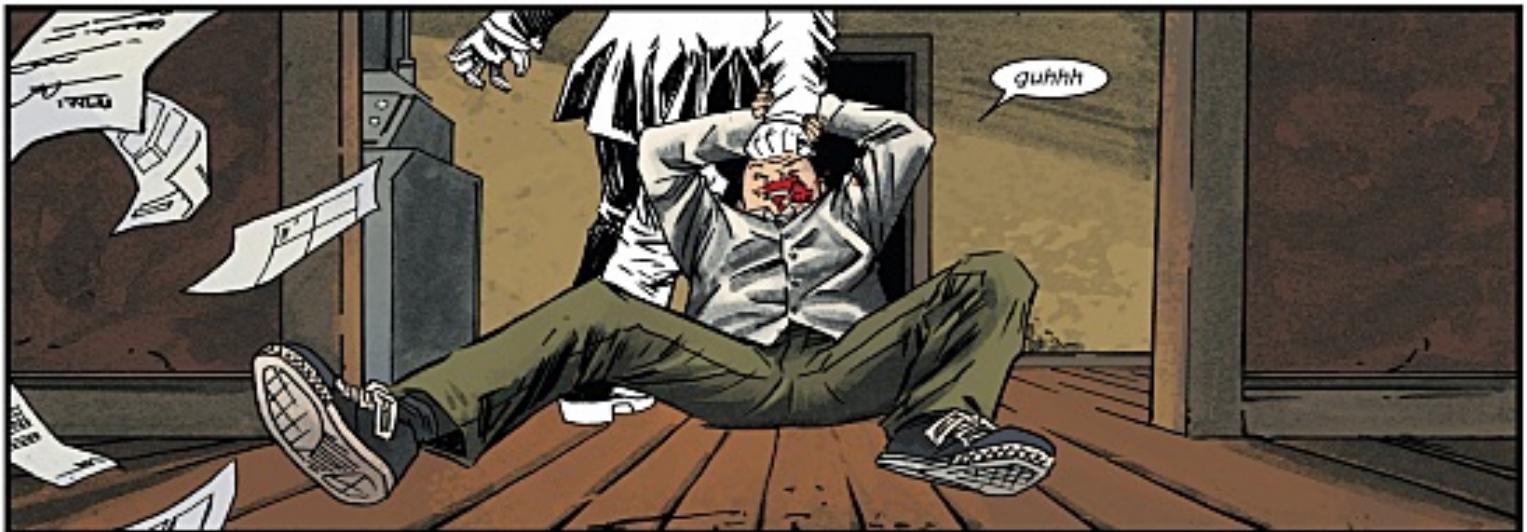
I don't know if I'm dreaming that I'm dead or dead from dreaming.

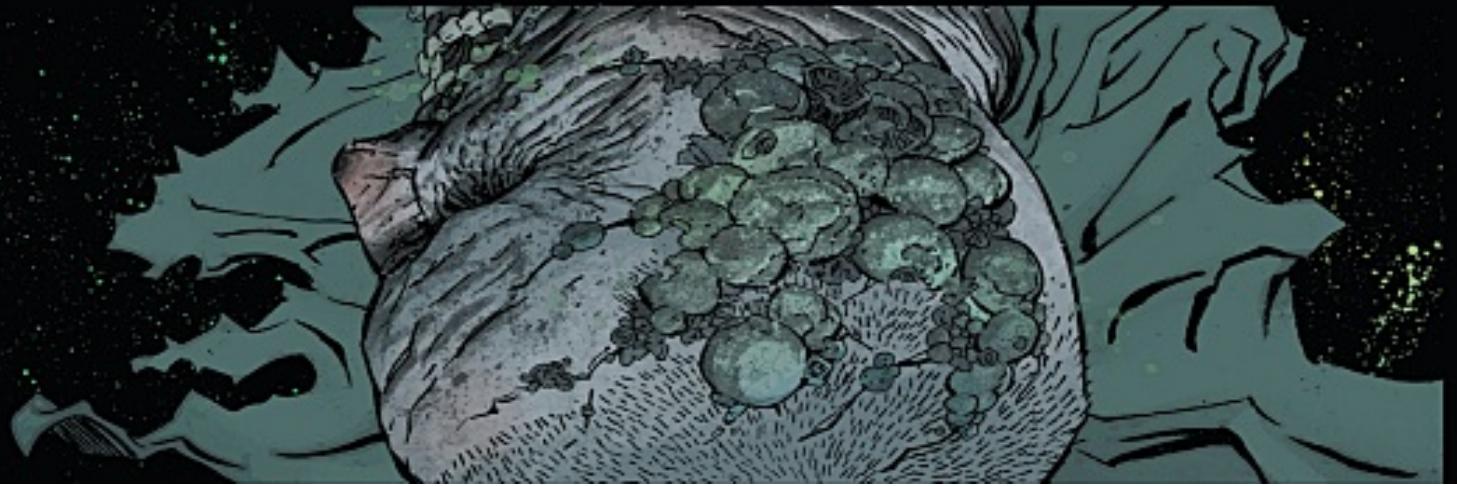














One of the first test subjects. Off the books. I found him on Craigslist.

I found out too late that he had some kind of fungal infection in his brain that was killing him.

He died in the dreamstate.



I...I couldn't have anyone find out.

I wrapped him up and put him in the floor.

Just for now. Just until...



Look at him. Down there in the damp. Rank with whatever crap you were putting into him.

His brain sporulated.



You've been breathing in his dreams.



MOON KNIGHT





Now then. You have taken someone away from their home. I'm not interested in the politics of crime families, so don't even try to justify it.

You took someone who was traveling at night. On their way home from a school event. You don't do that in New York City.

How many people are holding that person in there?

...a dozen. Maybe more.

Where's your abductee?

Fifth Floor.



OF a six-floor building. I presume your Friends are pretty much spread out?

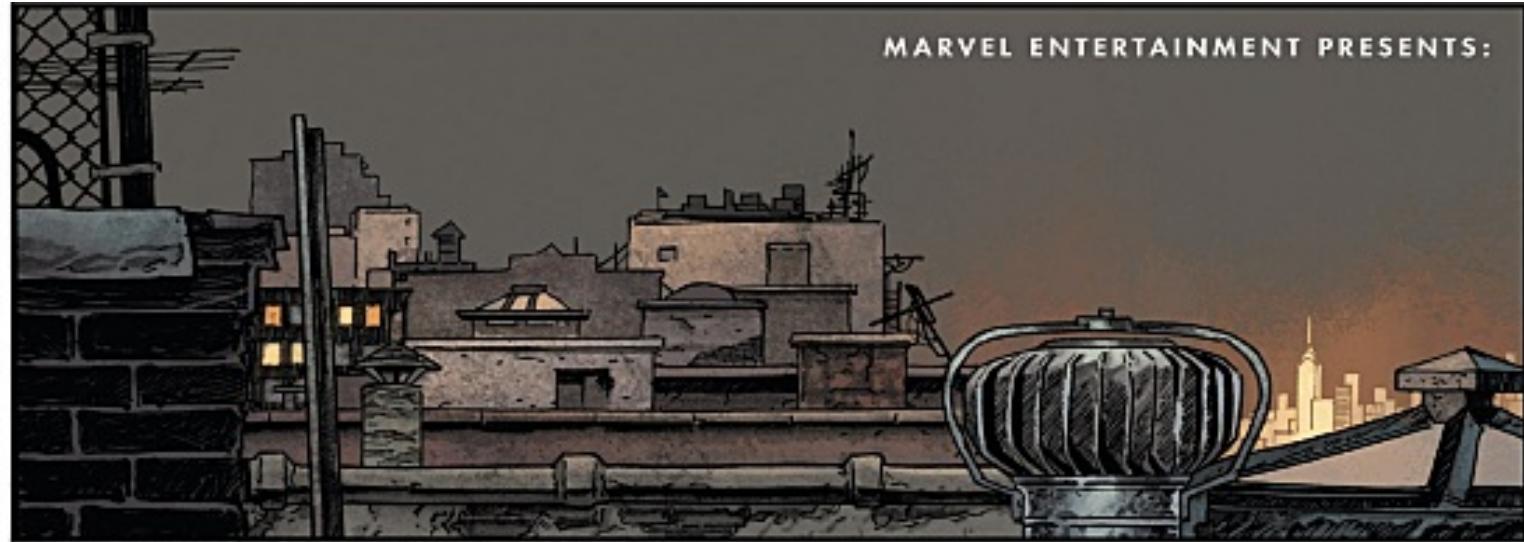
I guess.

All right, then.

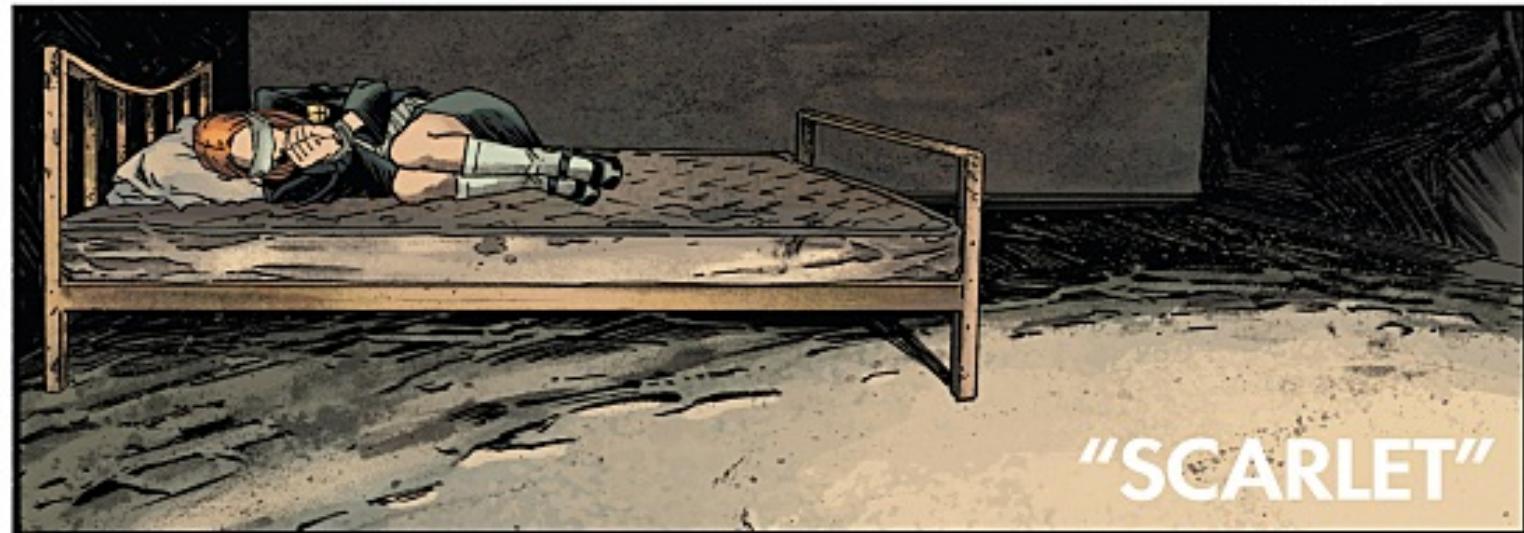


May as well go through the front door.

MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS:

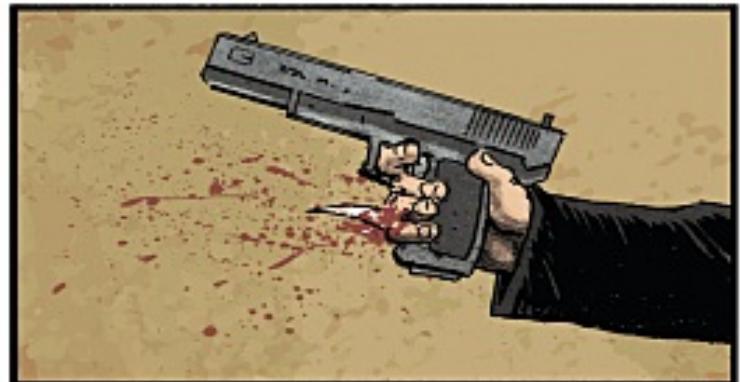


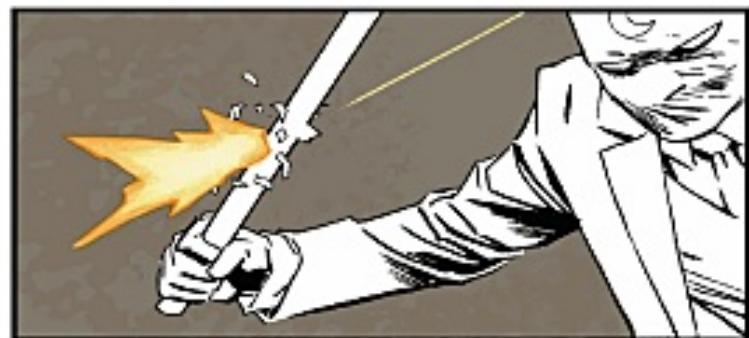
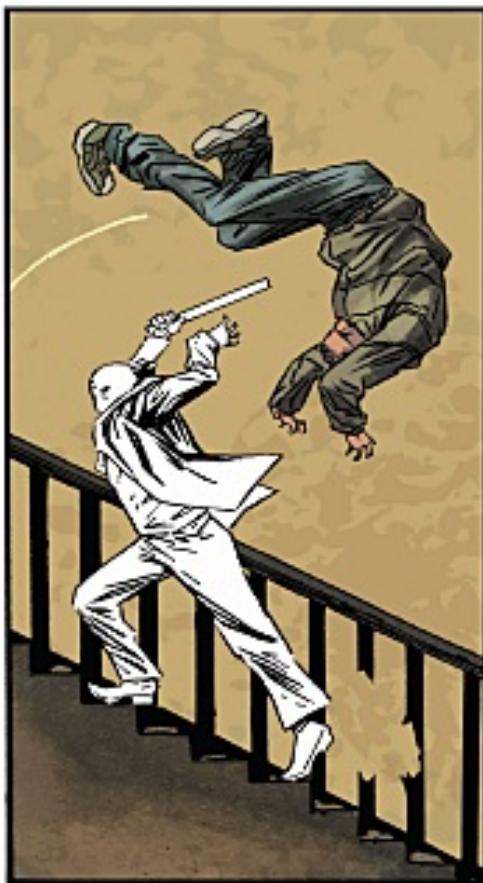
MOON KNIGHT





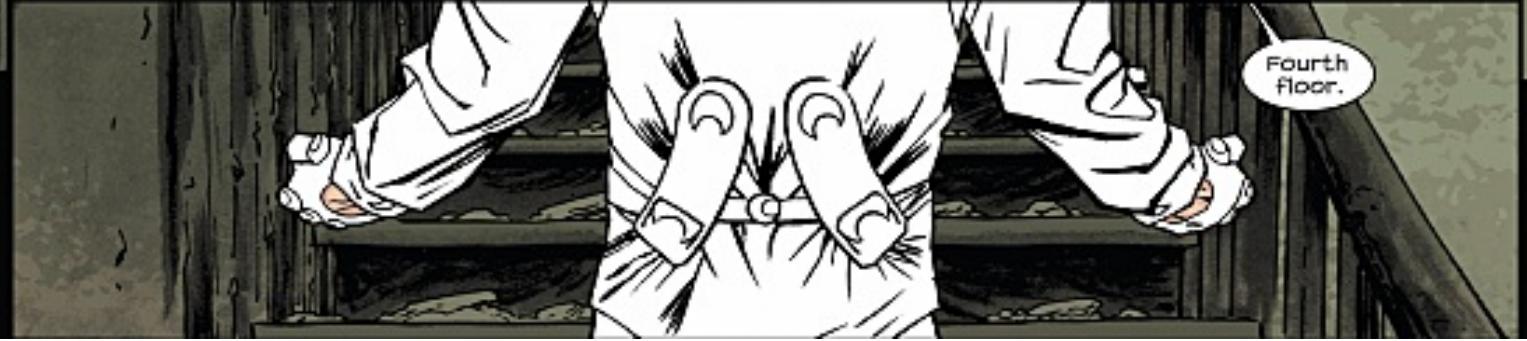




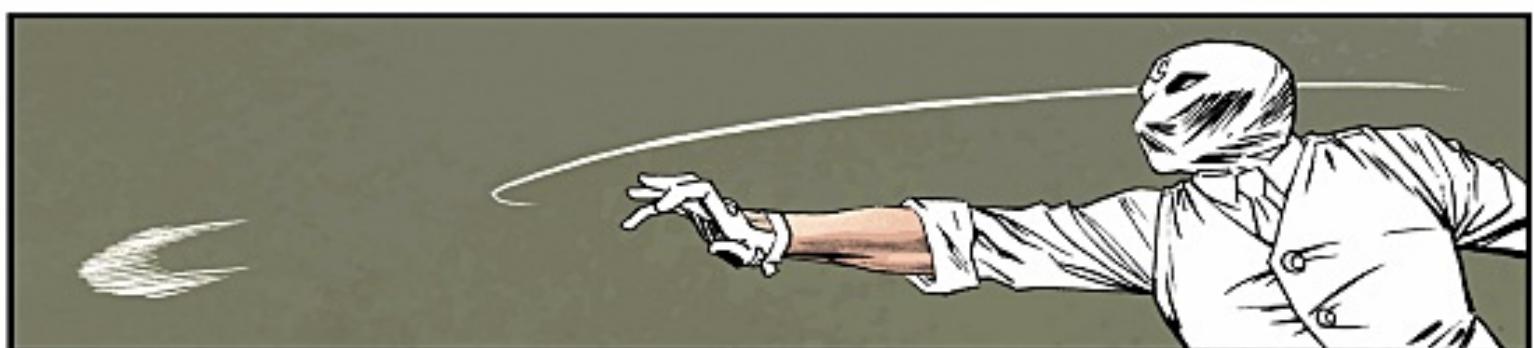












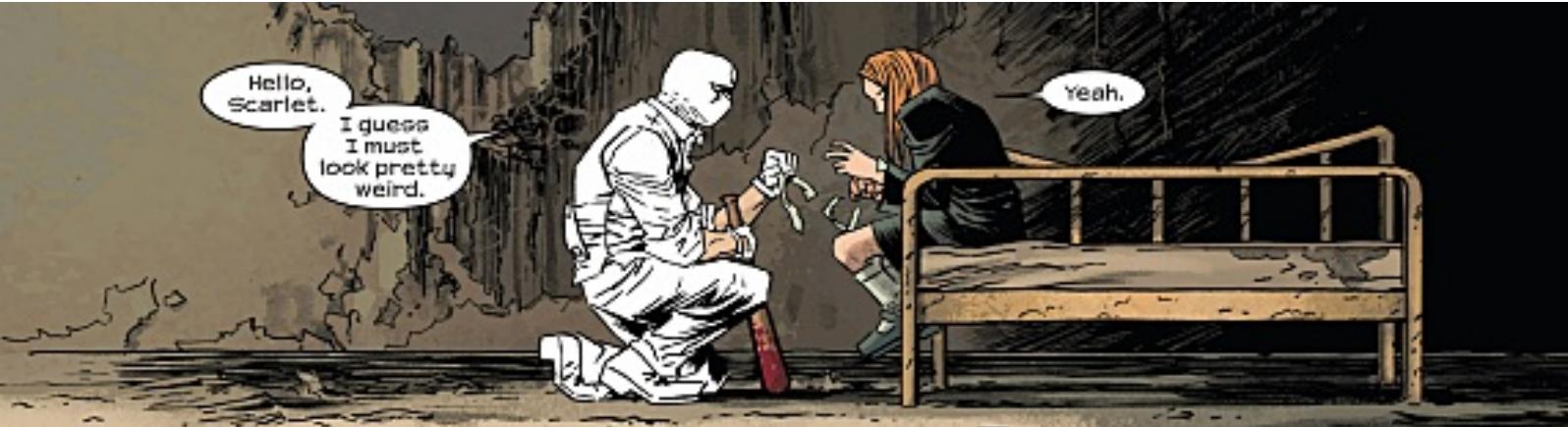






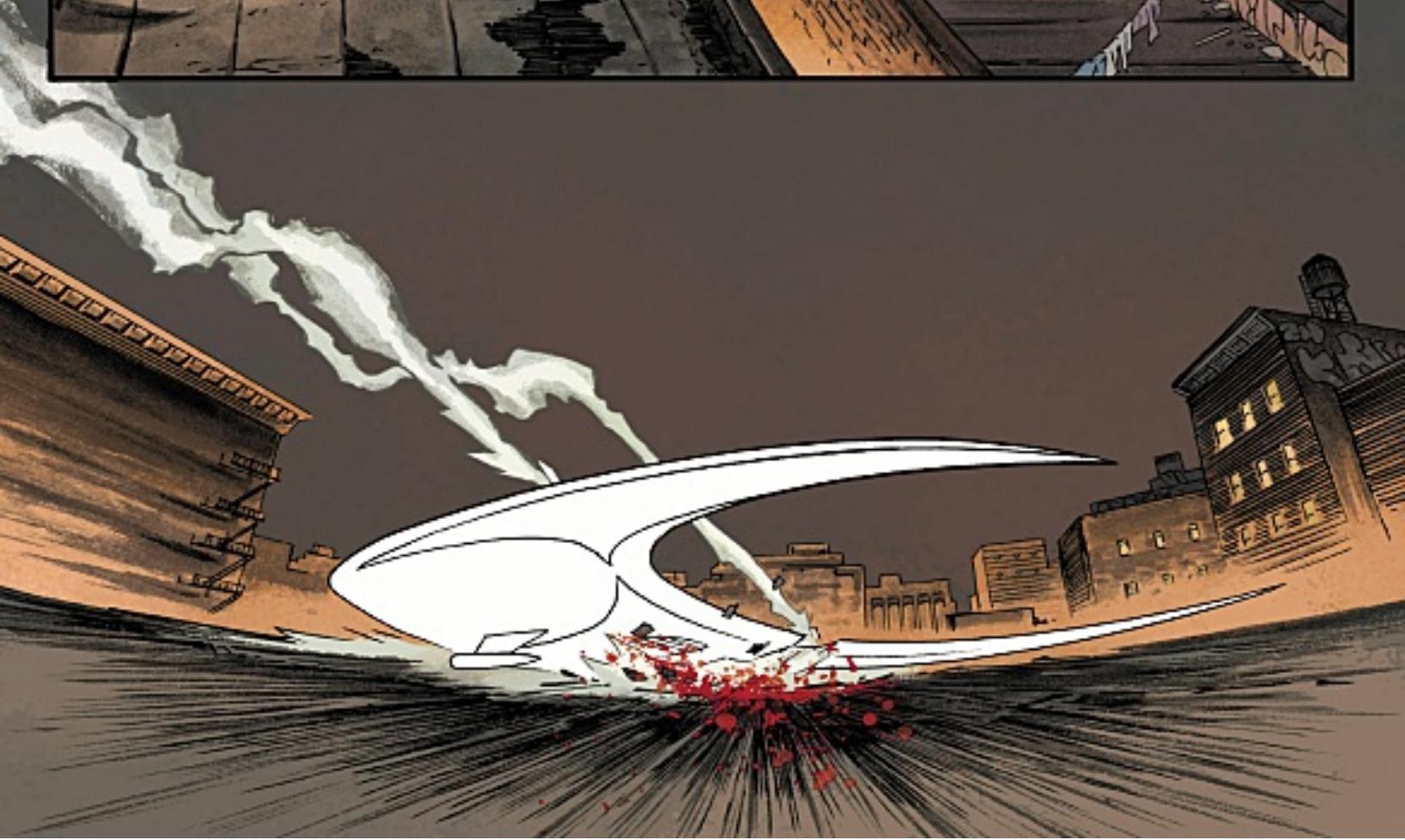






Driver: anonymized calling system: leave a message for Detective Flint giving this location.

Drone: predator mode, this location. Mantle.







MOON KNIGHT

The title is rendered in a large, bold, black sans-serif font. The letters are slightly irregular and have a hand-drawn feel. The background behind the text is a dark, textured image of a city skyline at night, with a prominent full moon rising over the horizon.

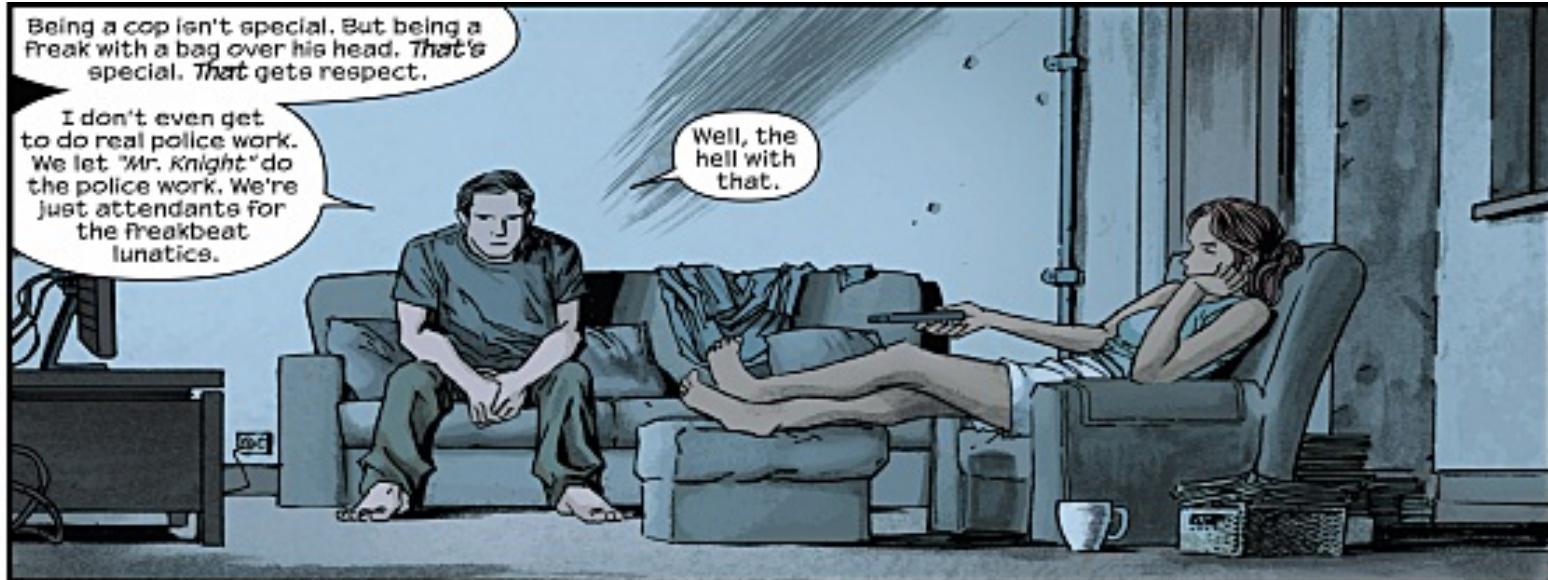




Being a cop isn't special. But being a Freak with a bag over his head. *That's* special. *That* gets respect.

I don't even get to do real police work. We let "Mr. Knight" do the police work. We're just attendants for the freakbeat lunatics.

Well, the hell with that.



"MOON KNIGHT"
(UNKNOWN SUBJECT)

NAME: UNKNOWN
ADDRESS: UNKNOWN
CHARGES: SEE APPENDIX 1.2
CLASS: VIGILANTE
POSSIBLE SUPERHUMAN COMBATANT

KNOWN ANTAGONISTS:

RAOUL BUSHMAN
SCARLET FASINERA
CARSON KNOWLES



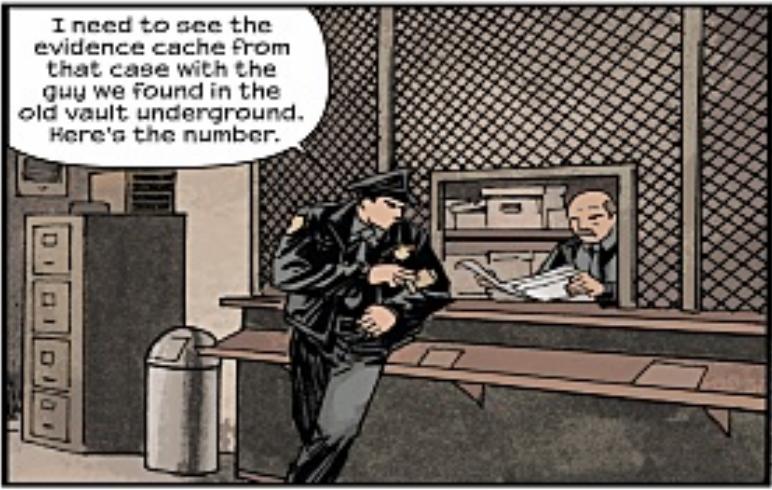
KNOWN ANTAGONISTS:

RAOUL BUSHMAN
SCARLET FASINERA
CARSON KNOWLES
ROBERT MARKHAM

CARSON KNOWLES

AKA
"BLACK SPECTRE"

MILITARY VETERAN
FATHER (POLITICIAN)
MOTHER (DECEASED)
SPOUSE (REMARRIED)
SON (DECEASED)







Is that because he's mentally ill?

It's because... look. You wouldn't have come to me unless you'd read whatever dossier you keep on him.

He died. He came back. I fell in love with the man I thought he came back as.

But it turned out that either that man was never really there--

--or he never really came back from the dead.

Jean-Paul Duchamp?

I'm with S.H.I.E.L.D. I just have a couple of questions.

Oui, oui. I watch the news. He is back.

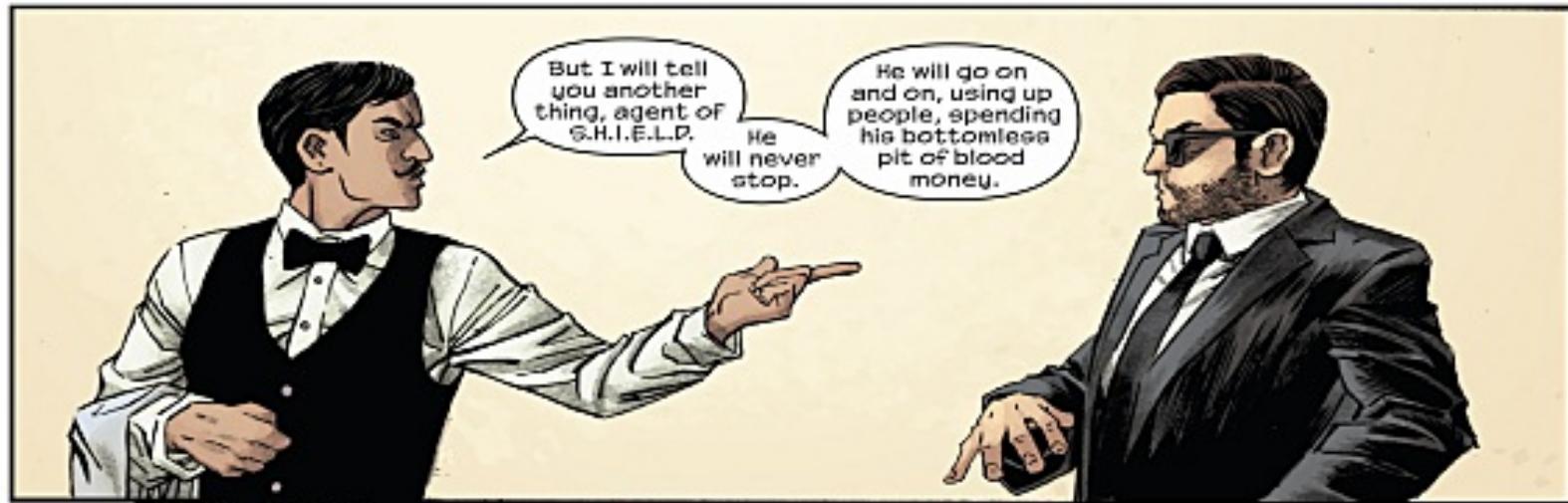
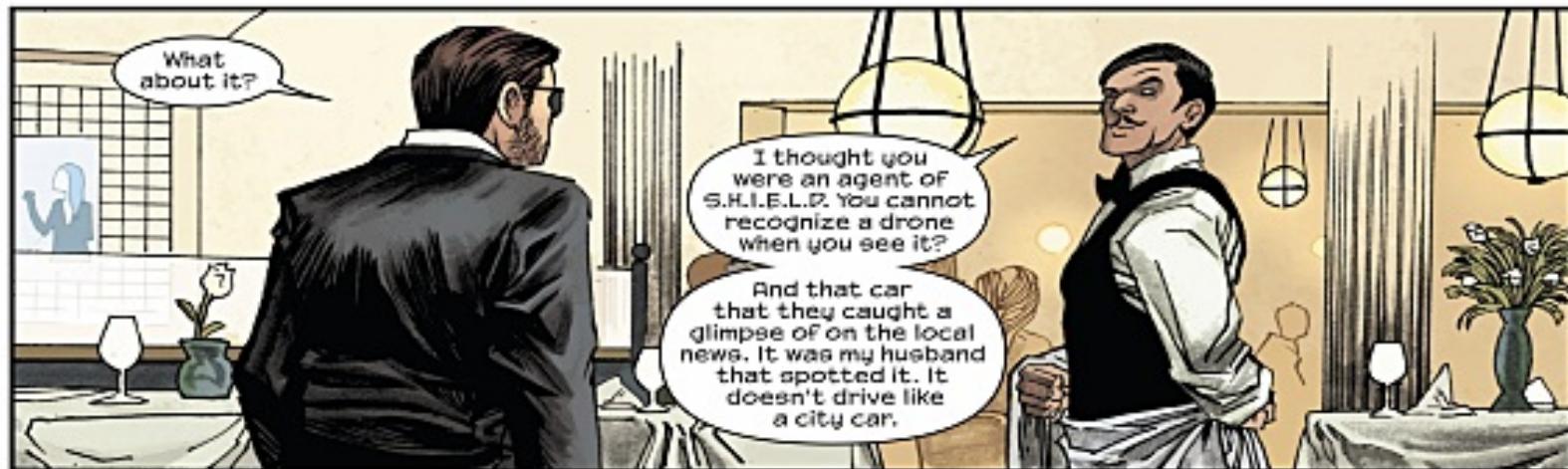
You were seen working with him more than once. You continued to...?

Not now. I have not seen him in many years. I am not working with him. I do not believe that anybody is.

Really?

I watch the news. I have seen the footage of his helo.





So, this guy, Knowles, he comes back, and he's crazy, right?

He wants to become mayor. He wants to top what his Father did and make his wife sorry she ran off with some other guy.

But he sees Moon Knight. And he sees a guy who is admired for doing the state's job, in disguise.

So he loses it. He comes up with his own second identity. "Black Spectre." He puts his own crew together, like Alraune and Duchamp for Moon Knight.

And he nearly does it. He nearly kills Moon Knight, he nearly takes over the city.

But he was a bad guy.

Right. He tries to become the opposite of Moon Knight. His motives are all screwed up.

If I became Black Spectre...I could just replace Moon Knight.

GHST PUNKS!

He doesn't need a crew. So I don't need a crew.

He's got some crappy background in mercenary warfare. I'm a goddamn New York City police officer.

Can you imagine that old bastard Flint's face when I eventually reveal that the freakbeat detective in a mask is really a street cop he disrespected?

No more sweeper-squad uniform backup duty for me. I'll be on homicide and wearing a sharp suit in a second.

Wait.
Back up.

How do you
replace Moon
Knight?

I'm going
to have to
kill him.

Shouldn't
be a thing.

Carson Knowles
was an idiot. All that
time in war zones, and
he never learned
how to plant an
I.E.D.?

What?

What?

You don't know where
he lives. You can't just
blow him up in his car.

Why
not?

Because it's
murder? And
you'd have to do
it in the city?
With people.

See, there's
another thing,
too.

Moon Knight
works alone.
No ties.

He's
technically
dead.







Intelligent listening system has one captured phone conversation for your attention:

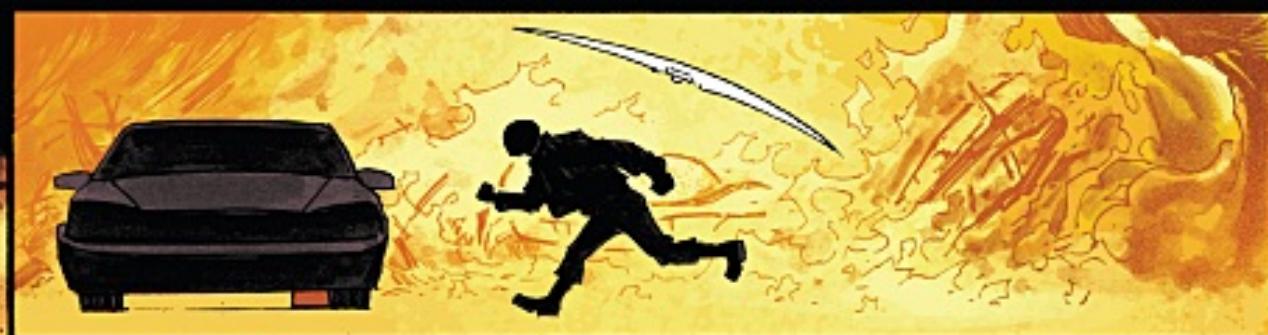
Police? Yes?
There's a guy with no
face, and he's actually
cutting people's faces
off, and yelling for
Moon Knight? He's
at--



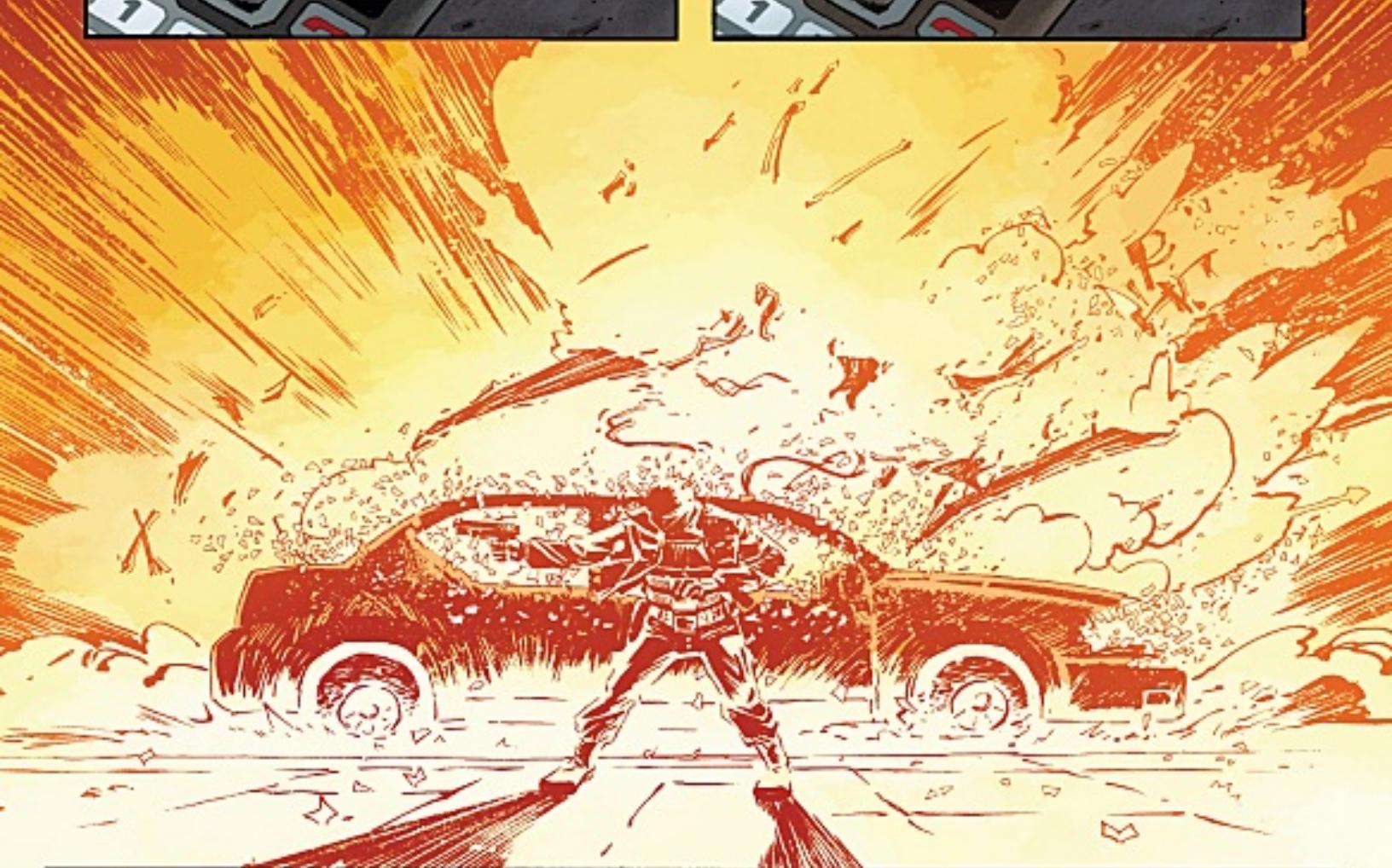














Who the hell are you supposed to be?

Black...Black Spectre.



Let me tell you a thing about Black Spectre.



He really just wanted to be loved.

He wanted his dad and his wife to love him. Wanted his crew to love him. Wanted the whole city to love him.

I don't know you.



Let me tell you a thing about me.

People who love me suffer and die.

I never want to be loved.





MOON KNIGHT

"SPECTRE" ☾



MOON KNIGHT #1 VARIANT BY ADI GRANOV



MOON KNIGHT #1 VARIANT BY SKOTTIE YOUNG



MOON KNIGHT #1 ANIMAL VARIANT BY KATIE COOK



MOON KNIGHT #1 VARIANT BY BILL SIENKIEWICZ

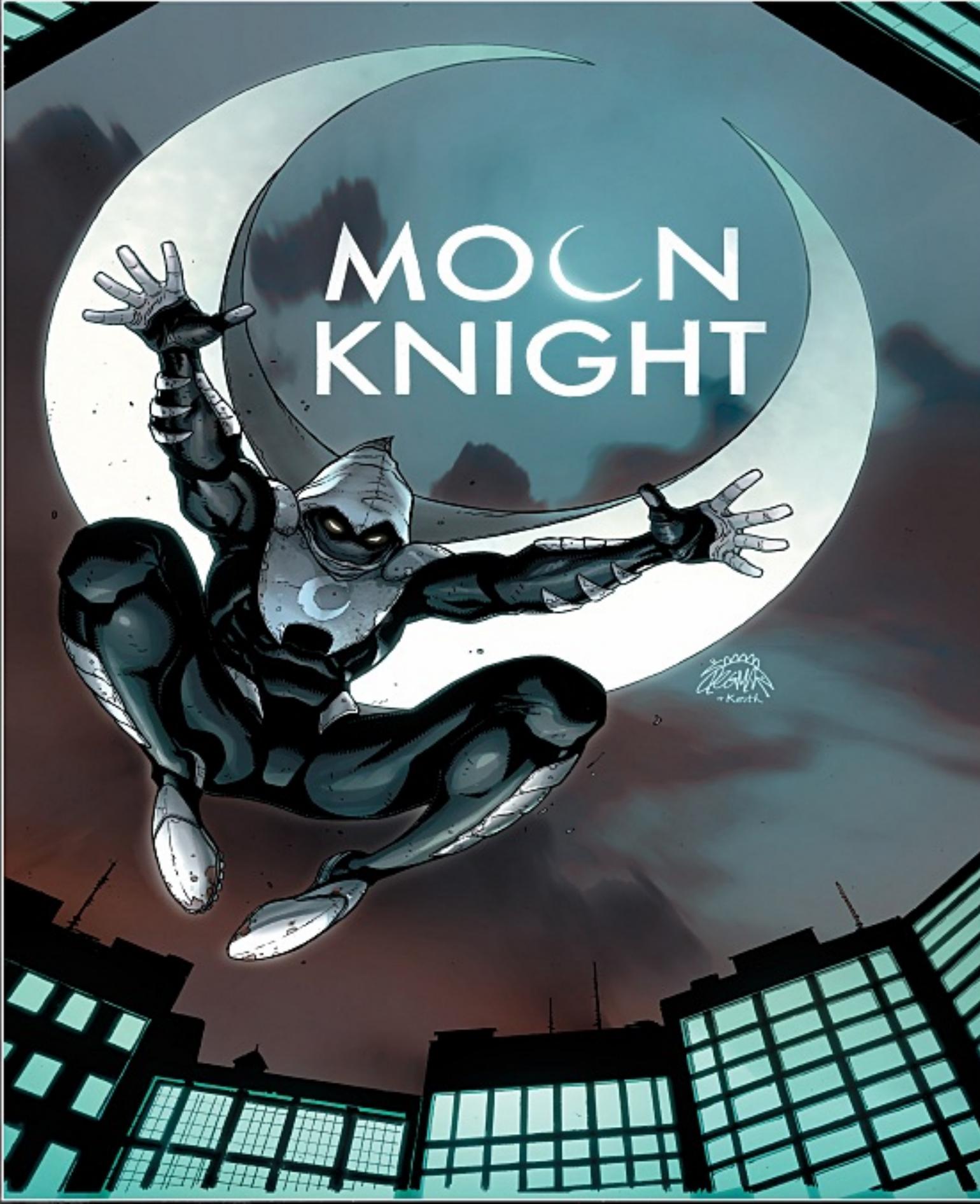
MOON KNIGHT

warren ellis
declan shalvey

No. 2

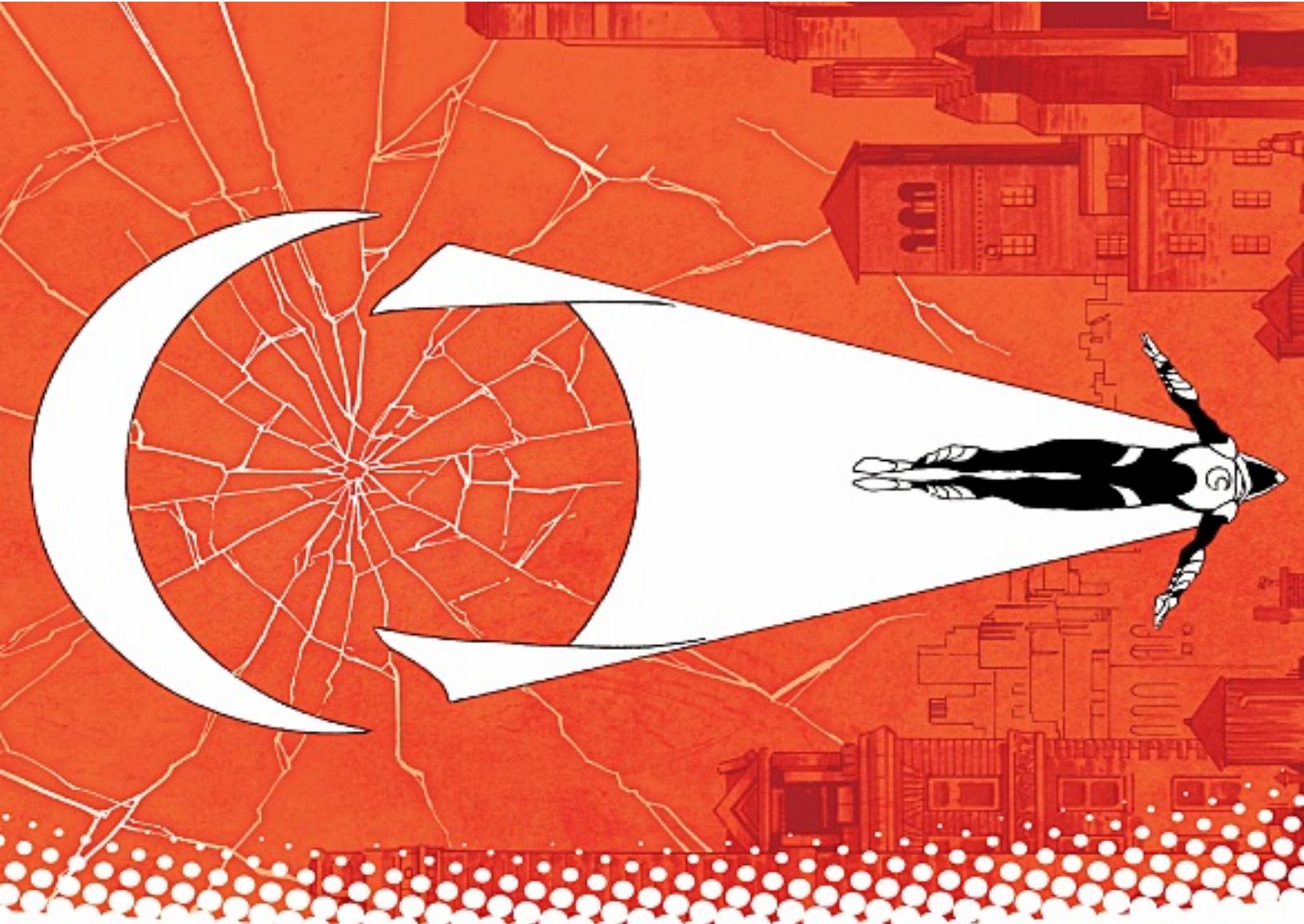


MOON KNIGHT #2 PULP VARIANT BY PHIL NOTO



MOON KNIGHT

MOON KNIGHT #3 VARIANT BY RYAN STEGMAN & JASON KEITH



"Ellis, Shalvey and Bellaire are cooking up something really special here, and exploring a gritty part of the Marvel Universe that we haven't seen in a while." —Comicosity.com

MARC SPECTOR IS MOON KNIGHT! OR IS HE?

It's hard to tell these days, especially when New York's wildest vigilante protects the street with two-fisted justice and three, that's right, three different personalities! But even with the mystical force of Egyptian moon-god Khonshu fueling his crusade, how does the night's greatest detective save a city that's as twisted as he is? The road to victory is going to hurt. A lot. Be there as Moon Knight punches ghosts (!), investigates a sleep experiment that's driving its patients insane, travels to the mushroom graveyard planet (!!), faces the Black Spectre and takes on twenty mob enforcers to save an abductee — alone. Marvel's most mind-bending adventure begins as Moon Knight sleuths his way to the rotten core of New York's most bizarre mysteries!

T+

Collecting *Moon Knight (2014)* #1-6, written by Warren Ellis and illustrated by Declan Shalvey.

MARVEL



