

MARVEL
GRAPHIC NOVEL
MAY

MARVEL

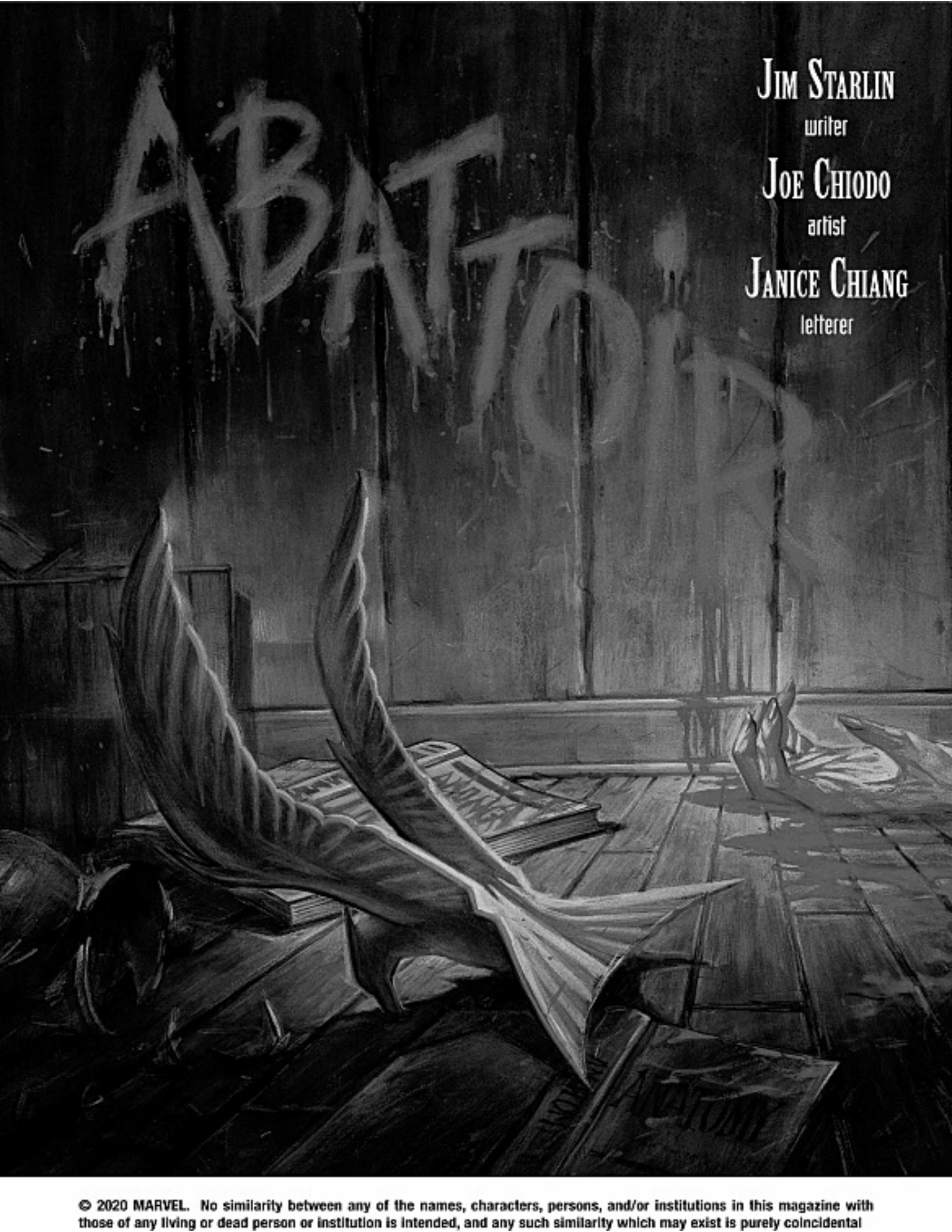
DAREDEVIL
BLACK
WIDOW

ABATTOIR



JIM STARLIN

JOE CHIODO

A dark, moody illustration of a city skyline at night. In the foreground, large, stylized letters spell out "AVENGERS". The scene is filled with dramatic shadows and highlights, creating a sense of mystery and power.

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TOP-SECRET

Black Widow

SHIELD - TOP SECRET - SHIELD

Subject: Natalia (Natasha) Romanova
Code name: Black Widow

Height: 5'7"

Weight: 125 lbs.

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Red-auburn (sometimes dyed black)

Status: Former KGB agent, defected to the United States; on extended visa (SHIELD authorization). One-time Avenger and Champion. Currently part-time SHIELD intelligence agent (inactive status). Requested indefinite leave of absence due to duty-related stress. It is believed that a certain amount of dissatisfaction with current SHIELD operations and methods contributed to this decision.

Base of operations: Mobile, Alabama and New York, New York.

Known associates: Hawkeye, former paramour, Daredevil, fellow adventurer, possibly linked romantically.

Abilities: Gymnast, master at Karate, judo, aikido, savate and boxing. Proficient in the use of most modern firearms, though she seldom uses them. Prefers wristlet weapons of her own design and construction. Weapon modified to fit occasion.

Contact
N.R.onCB

TOP-Secret

Daredevil

Nick Fury —

Side Note pretty
forgetched. What've
those research boys
been smoking?

SHIELD - TOP SECRET - SHIELD

Subject: Daredevil
Code Name: None
Height: 6'0"
Weight: 200 lbs.
Eyes: Unknown
Hair: Unknown

Status: Lone adventurer, though has been associated with several groups of paranormals: Avengers, Fantastic Four, Defenders, etc. Currently appears to be concentrating his crime-fighting efforts on organized and street-level crime, with only occasional run-ins with criminals classified as super villains.

Base of operations: New York City's Hell's Kitchen. Daredevil has apparently taken this troubled section of town under his wing and become its unofficial protector.

Known associates: Elektra (deceased), possible love interest. Natalia (Natasha) Romanova/Black Widow, fellow adventurer and perhaps lover. Matthew Michael Murdock, blind friend and disbarred attorney.

Abilities: Apparently has no so-called super powers, though runs with the crowd where those abilities are common. Olympic-class athlete and gymnast. Appears to be a master of a variety of martial arts, but a strict adherent to no one discipline. Only weapon subject appears to use is a billy-club affair that has some kind of grappling hook/line apparatus incorporated into it.

Side note: Several agents who have seen the subject in action — performing seemingly impossible physical feats — have hypothesized that Daredevil may have inhumanly keen senses. (Drug induced? Results of some unknown martial arts training? Mutation?) Further investigation along these lines is recommended.

I'VE BEEN THINKING A LOT
ABOUT LIFE AND DEATH
DURING THE PAST TWELVE
HOURS.

WHEN SOMETHING
SURROUNDS AND MADLY
ENGULFS YOUR ENTIRE
EXISTENCE, YOU CAN'T
HELP BUT GIVE IT MORE
THAN JUST CASUAL
CONSIDERATION.

LIFE IS FLUID.

SOME 90% OF
WHAT WE ARE IS
MADE UP OF
WATER.

WITHOUT
THIS PRECIOUS
LIQUID WE ARE
NOTHING.

WE CEASE
TO EXIST.

WE'RE DEAD.

THIS
WATER'S
CARRIED
AROUND IN
THIN-
SKINNED
SACKS.

WE MUST ALL BE
INSANE TO RACE
RECKLESSLY
ABOUT...

...IN A WORLD
ILLED WITH SO
MANY SHARP
AND POINTED
DANGERS.

THAT'S JUST
ASKING FOR
TROUBLE.

THIS PLACE IS
THOROUGHLY
DRENCHED
IN PRECIOUS
FLUIDS.

THE WATERS OF
LIFE ARE
EVERWHERE.

ON THE WALLS...
ON THE FLOOR...
EVERYWHERE...

SO WHY DOES
THE PLACE SMELL
SO OF DEATH?

I KNOW I'M LOSING
IT. CAN'T HELP IT.

IT'S JUST THAT I'VE SPENT
THE LAST HALF DAY
HELPLESSLY WATCHING
SHIELD AGENT WILSON
BEING SLOWLY AND
SADISTICALLY BUTCHERED.

ALL DONE,
CHARLIE
MONEY?

TIME ROSIE
FINALLY GOT
HER LICKS IN.

I NEVER TRULY
KNEW SUCH INHUMAN
DEPRAVITY WAS
POSSIBLE.

THAT KIND OF
HORROR WARPS
REALITY. MAKES
YOU STUPID
WITH TERROR.

IT'S THE
NIGHTMARE HOUR IN
ROSE'S FUN-TIME
SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

ROSE'S LITTLE
MAN IS ALL FUCKED
OUT, AIN'T HEY?

YOU DID
GOOD, CHARLIE.
A REAL
MASTERPIECE.

CHARLIE KNOWS
THE ART. NO ONE
DOES IT BETTER.

SLEEP
TIGHT,
SUGAR.

GENIE,
MEANIE,
MINIE MO
WHO WILL
BE NEXT?
ONE TO
GO? ♫

MAMMA
SAYS IT'S
AGENT
TURN TO
PLAY!

No!
GET
AWAY
FROM HIM.
YOU
MANIAC!!

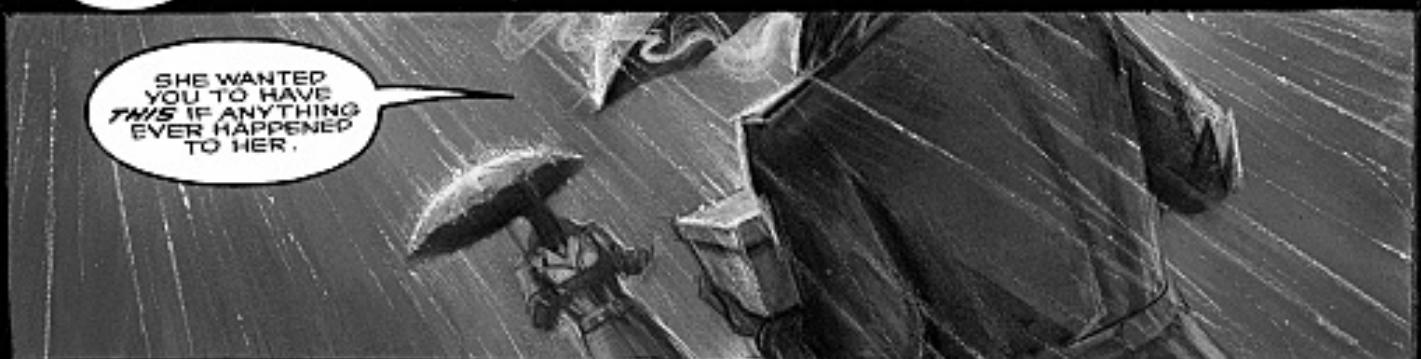
I RECOGNIZE A FUTILE
GESTURE WHEN I
INDULGE IN ONE, BUT
I TRY ANYHOW.

RED, TEMPER,
TANTRUMS AND
BAD MANNERS
WILL GET YOU
NOWHERE.

NOWHERE
BUT...

...PAINTLIFE





I THINK I
UNDERSTAND.

WHAT
WAS
CHRISTINE
WORKING
ON?

CAN'T SAY.
CLASSIFIED.

DON'T GIVE
ME ANY OF
THAT CRAP,
FURY.

THIS IS
A STRICTLY
NEED-TO-KNOW
SHIELD
MATTER, TAS.

NOW IF YOU
WERE PART OF THE
ASSIGNMENT...

BUT YOU MADE
IT PERFECTLY CLEAR
DURING OUR LAST MEETING.
YOU DON'T WORK
FOR SHIELD ANY LONGER.

THAT WAS
THEN, THIS
IS NOW.

I'LL HAVE THE
CASE FILE
SENT OVER
TO YOUR
APARTMENT.

"THE FILE WAS
INTERESTING
READING, TO
SAY THE LEAST.

"LIKE SOMETHING
WRITTEN BY
STEPHEN KING.

"SOMEONE WAS KILLING OFF FORMER SHIELD ESPER AGENTS AND OTHER LOW LEVEL TELEPATHS WORKING IN GOVERNMENT RESEARCH."

"THEIR EXISTENCE CAME AS NO SURPRISE TO ME, I USED TO BE AN AVENGER."

"THE SHOCKER WAS THAT SOMEONE HAD MURDERED 30 OF THEM IN THE LAST THREE MONTHS."

"EACH OF THEM HAD BEEN LAST SEEN IN LOWER MANHATTAN."

"ONLY A FEW OF THEIR BODIES HAD TURNED UP, TERRIBLY MUTILATED."

"BUT ALL WERE PRESUMED DEAD."

"CHRISTINE MUST HAVE GOTTEN TOO CLOSE TO SOLVING THE CASE."

"THEY FOUND HER REMAINS STUFFED DOWN A SEWER DRAIN."

"FURY'S PEOPLE HAD RULED OUT ANY FOREIGN CONNECTION TO THE NETWORK."

"HAD TO AGREE. THE KILLINGS WEREN'T PROFESSIONAL."

"MUCH TOO SCOOPY AND PUBLIC."

"EVERYTHING
POINTED TO THIS
BEING THE WORK
OF AN AMATEUR
PSYCHO."

"BUT THAT DIDN'T
RING TRUE WITH
ME. ONE BIG
HOLE IN THAT
THEORY."

"HOW WOULD
THE KILLER KNOW
HIS VICTIMS WERE
TELEPATHS?"

"RIGHT. THEIR
SPECIAL
ABILITIES WERE
CLASSIFIED
INFORMATION."

"THERE HAS
TO BE
SOMEONE ON
THE INSIDE
INVOLVED
WITH THESE
KILLINGS."

"NOT NECESSARILY,
TAS. HOW DO YOU KNOW
IT'S ONLY GOVERNMENT
ESPERS GETTING KILLED?"

"GOOD POINT. I
KNEW CALLING YOU
IN ON THIS WOULD
BE A SMART MOVE.
FURY CAN CHECK
FOR RECENT
MURDERS WITH
THE SAME MO."

"YOU WERE RIGHT, MATT.
SHIELD CANVASSED
THE TRI-STATES AREA AND
CAME UP WITH A NUMBER OF
SIMILAR CASES."

"HOW MANY?"

"40."

"THAT MANY...
GOOD LORD!"







WHEN STALKING AN UNKNOWN QUARRY, THE ONLY THING THE HUNTER REALLY HAS WORKING FOR HER IS PATIENCE AND ENDURANCE.

LITERALLY
MILLIONS
OF PEOPLE
WANDERING
AROUND
NEW YORK AND
EVERY ONE
A SUSPECT.

THIS KIND OF BAD GUY
DOESN'T WEAR A SIGN
AROUND HIS NECK
PROCLAIMING
HIS INTENTIONS.

THE ANONYMOUS
TERROR.

THE KILLER
THAT LOOKS
JUST LIKE
EVERYONE
ELSE.

ONLY THE ACT
REVEALS
THE TRUTH.

8 DAYS WITH MATT
RELIEVING ME WITH
5 HOURS OF SLEEP
EACH NIGHT.

WONDERING IF
THE KILLER
MIGHT HAVE
MOVED ON.

OR GONE AFTER
SOME OTHER TELEPATH
UNKNOWN TO US.

NOT KNOWING.
UNTIL...

IT WAS LIKE HITTING
THE LOTTERY.



THE HEART WAS PUMPING PURE ADRENALINE.

I PRAYED THIS WASN'T JUST SOME RANDOM NEW YORK MUGGING.



THE DOUBT DIDN'T HOLD ME BACK ANY.

MY 125 POUNDS CRASHED DOWN ON HIM LIKE A TON OF BRICKS.



SO YOU CAN IMAGINE MY SHOCK WHEN HE DIDN'T STAY DOWN.

READIED MYSELF TO RIP INTO HIM WITH EVERYTHING I HAD.



WHICH IS WHY THE VAN DOOR CAUGHT ME BY SURPRISE.



CAUGHT FLAT-FOOTED LIKE
SOME RANK AMATEUR.

SHOULD HAVE
USED MY WIDOW'S
BITE RIGHT OFF.

A DEADLY MISTAKE.

ONE NOT ONLY
I WOULD HAVE
TO PAY FOR.

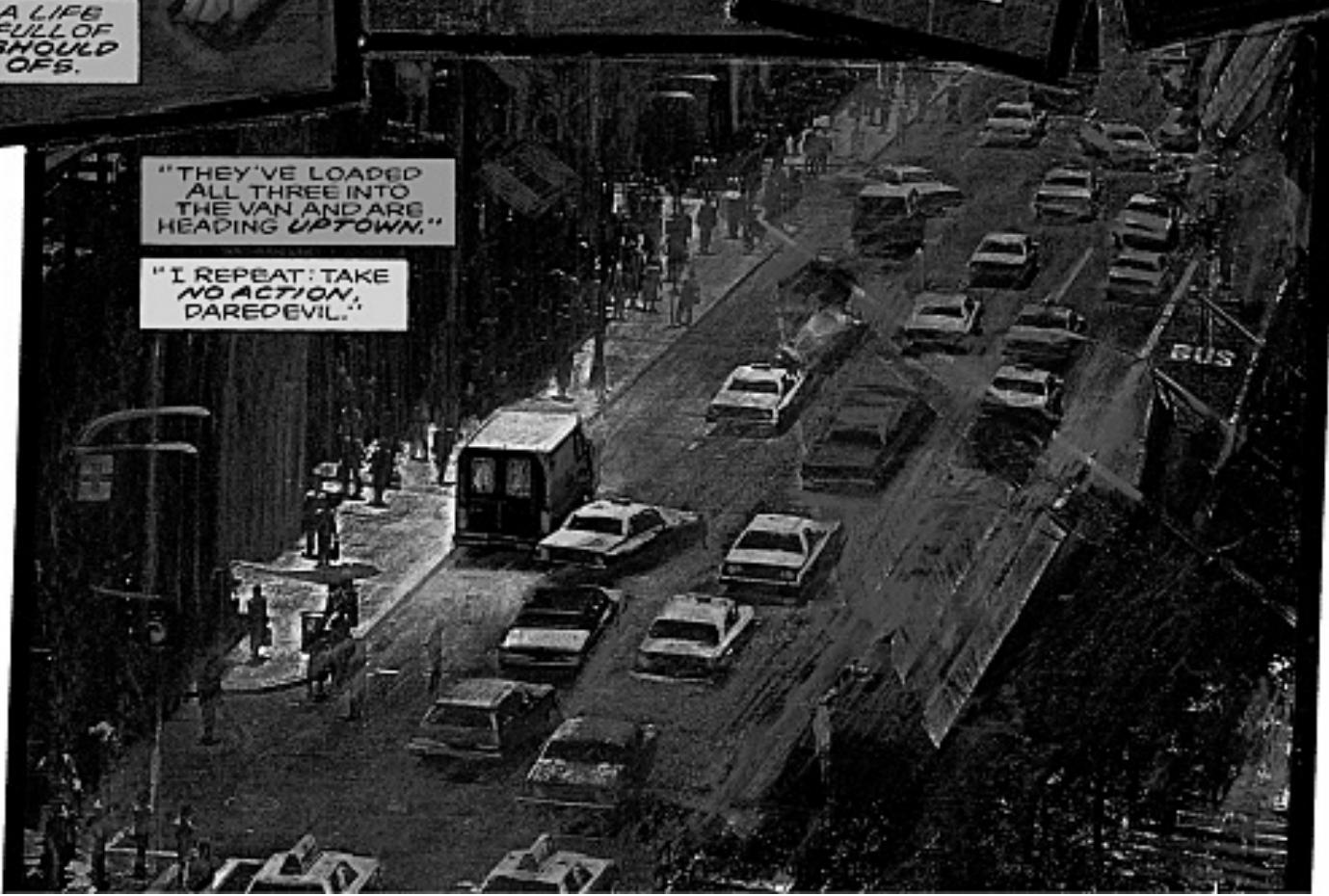
A LIFE
FULL OF
SHOULD
OFS.

BANCROFT.

WILSON.

"THEY'VE LOADED
ALL THREE INTO
THE VAN AND ARE
HEADING UPTOWN."

"I REPEAT: TAKE
NO ACTION;
DAREDEVIL."



JUST USE THAT TRACKING DEVICE TO FOLLOW THE SIGNAL FROM THE BUG WE PLANTED IN THE WIDOW'S BRACELET.

I'VE GOT A SPECIALLY EQUIPPED SQUAD ON THE WAY.

LET THEM PLAY HERO THIS TIME.

WHY SHOULD I?

BECAUSE THAT PAIR ALREADY TOOK OUT ONE OF YOU SUPER HERO HOTSHOTS.

ISN'T THAT ENOUGH REASON?

LET THE PROS HANDLE IT.

ONLY IF THE PROS SHOW UP IN TIME.

"THEY'RE HEADING UP PARK AVENUE, AROUND 75TH STREET."

"I DON'T LIKE THIS, FURY."

TAXI

TAXI



"FURY, THEY'RE PULLING ONTO THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE!"





BUT SOMETIMES
INTENTIONS
ARE BEYOND
REALIZATION,
EVEN FOR US
SUPER HERO
HOTSHOTS.

UNUSUALLY
LIGHT TRAFFIC,
AND THE VAN HITS
THE FAST LANE.

I NEED
WHEELS.



IN A MAD RUSH
I PICK A TAXI
JUST PULLING ONTO
THE BRIDGE.

A BIG MISTAKE.



A BLIND MAN AT THE WHEEL OF A CAB: EVERY NEW YORKER'S NIGHTMARE.



THE CABBLE IS QUITE GRACIOUS ABOUT RELINQUISHING HIS VEHICLE.

THE VAN'S HAULING ASH. I'M NOT GOING TO BE ABLE TO OVERTAKE THEM.



"YOU GOT ME,

"SOMEWHERE IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS!"

OF COURSE I WOKE UP WITHOUT
MY WEAPONS BRACELETS,
HANGING LIKE A SLAB OF MEAT.

EVERY TIME I COME AROUND,
SOMEONE'S SCREAMING.

PLEASE...
NO MORE...
PAIN...

BUT THAT'S
WHY I DO IT,
SUGAR.

THERE'S ART
IN THE AGONY.

YOU'RE
MY CANVAS.

MY IN-PROGRESS
PORTRAIT
OF DEATH.

A MASTER-
WORK
IN THE
MAKING.

LIFE IS
FINITE!

ART IS
FOREVER!

AND I REALIZE THE ART
IS THE PSYCHIC SAVORING
OF EXCRUCIATING
TORMENT!

ROSE REVELS IN
THE MENTAL DREAD AND
THE PHYSICAL PAIN!

VAMPIRE!

THE ECSTASY IS
MORE THAN ROSE
CAN CONTAIN!

I'M ENGULFED
IN THE PSYCHIC
OVERFLOW OF
HER PLEASURE!

AND REALITY
TAKES AN UNEXPECTED
LEFT TURN.

...WHAT?

YOU LITTLE
TRAMP!

I WON'T
HAVE YOU
TALKING TO
ME LIKE
THAT!!





EMOTION RESPONDS
BEFORE INTELLECT
CAN REASON.

STOP THAT!



I PASS THROUGH
THE BRUTE LIKE
THE GHOST OF GOOD
INTENTIONS.

HUN?



HOW MANY
TIMES I
WARN YOU!?

HOW MANY
TIMES I HAVE TO
BEAT YOU!?

STILL YOU
DON'T
LEARN!!

WELL, MAYBE
THIS'LL POUND
SOME SENSE
INTO YOU!



I DON'T WANT
TO HEAR NO
MORE, ROSE.

HAD ENOUGH
OF YOUR LIES.

YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO SPLIT
ME AND YOUR
DADDY UP.



ALWAYS
CARRYING ON.
GET OUT.

THINK YOU'RE
SPECIAL
OR SOMETHING.
DON'T YA?

WELL,
YOU
AIN'T.

A NIGHTMARE
CHILDHOOD.

NO WONDER SHE
TURNED INTO SUCH
A MONSTER.



STILL, IT'S
NO EXCUSE.
SO WHO AM
I CRYING FOR?
HER OR ME?

WORK THE WRIST,
BUT BE COOL.

TEARS.

LEFT
WRIST
COMING
LOOSE.

SWEAT.

DON'T LET
ROSE SEE
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING.

DON'T
THINK
ABOUT
IT!!

TWELVE HOURS
WITHOUT
WATER.
DEHYDRATING.

A WAY
OUT?



THE SNOW KEEPS
COMING DOWN.

THE ROADS ARE
GETTING
DANGEROUS.

LOST CONTACT
WITH FURY
HOURS AGO.

JUST KEEP DRIVING
HOPING TO PICK UP
THE BUG'S SIGNAL.

RAPAR SENSE AND
ADRENALINE; THE ONLY
THINGS KEEPING ME
ON THE ROAD.

ONLY HOPE TO
SAVE NATASHA.

I WON'T LET
YOU DOWN, GAL.
I PROMISE.

I REMEMBER
OUR NIGHTS
TOGETHER,
THE THINGS
WE SHARED.

I WON'T LET
THEM KILL YOU!
I WON'T!!!

GO AHEAD
AND
TAKE IT.
I WANT
YOU TO
HAVE IT.

DEAR GOD, ROSE
ACTUALLY HAS BANCROFT
UNDER HER MENTAL
CONTROL!

A MORE
POWERFUL
TELEPATH
THAN I
SUSPECTED!

TAKE THE
KNIFE.

YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO
WITH IT.

AN OFFER
HE CAN'T
REFUSE.

I SEE TWO
POSSIBLE
SCENARIOS
COMING
DOWN HERE.

NEITHER VERY
APPEALING.







CRIMSON LIGHTS
FLASHING
IN THE NIGHT.

YES, SHE WAS
DRINKING
PRETTY
HEAVILY.

I WAS ALWAYS
WARNING HER
TO BE CAREFUL ON
THOSE RICKETY
OLD STAIRS,
BUT ...

SCARLET FLUID
DRYING ON A
TENEMENT
STAIRCASE.

A CHILD THAT
DOES NOT CRY.

AND A PHANTOM
THAT CANNOT
SPEAK THE TRUTH.

LIES
PRESENTED
AND
ACCEPTED.

SINS GOING
UNPUNISHED.

AND ROSE RECEIVES
A NEW LAYER OF
PSYCHIC SCAR
TISSUE TO HELP
HER GROW INTO
A TWISTED ADULT.

HEY,
LADY...

SHE
SEES
ME!!

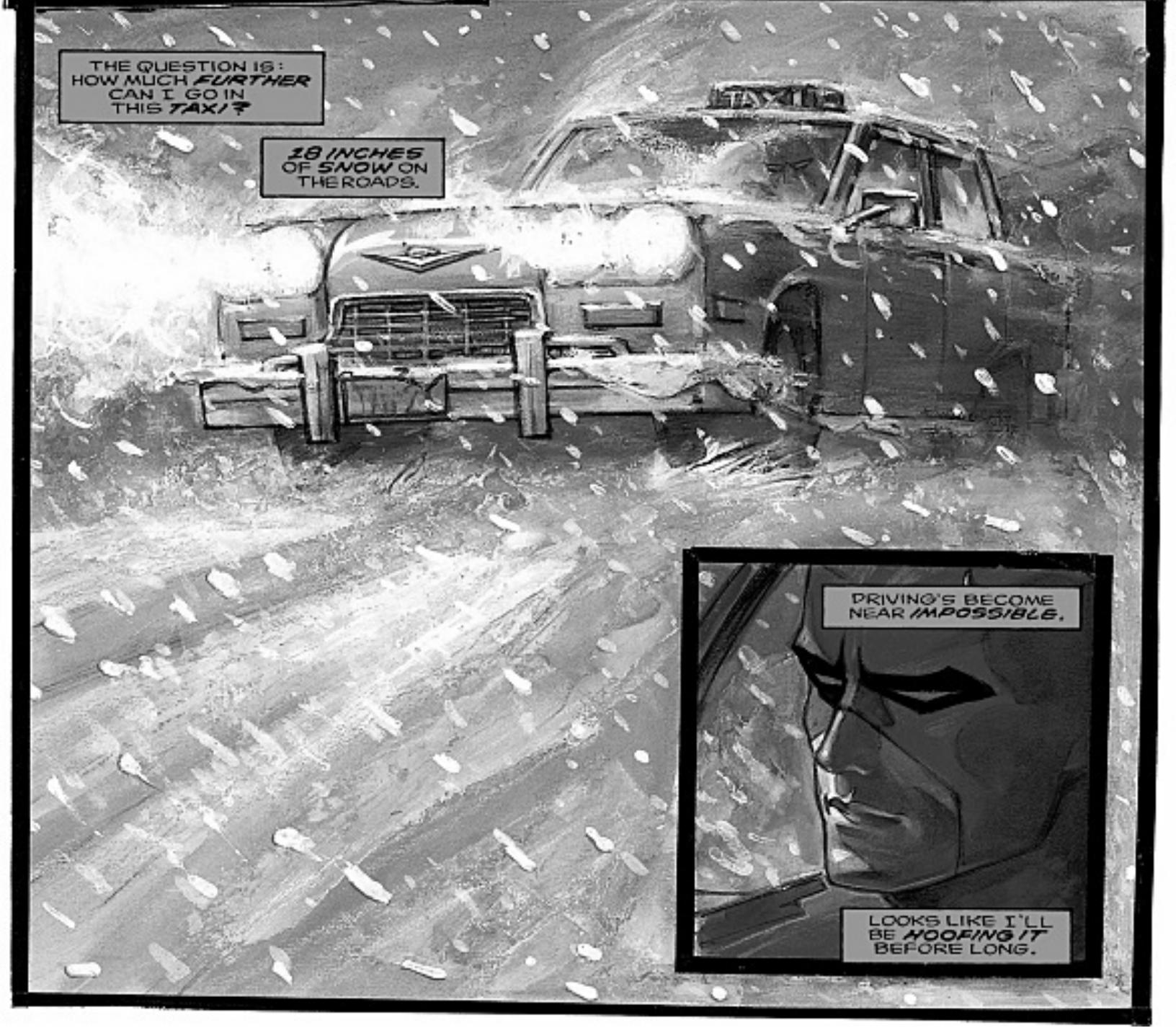


YOU KNOW DADDY'S GOT TO PAY FOR WHAT HE DID TO MY MA.



DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE READING ME OR NOT, FURY, BUT I JUST PICKED UP THE WIDOW'S SIGNAL!

I'M HEADING IN!



THE QUESTION IS: HOW MUCH FURTHER CAN I GO IN THIS TAXI?

28 INCHES OF SNOW ON THE ROADS.



DRIVING'S BECOME NEAR IMPOSSIBLE.

LOOKS LIKE I'LL BE HOOFING IT BEFORE LONG.



I DISCOVERED
I COULD CONTROL
OTHER PEOPLE WHEN
I WAS ABOUT
10 YEARS OLD.

AT FIRST I
HAD TO CATCH
THEM OFF GUARD,
SLEEPING OR DAY
DREAMING.



"STARTED OFF JUST
TOYING WITH
MY CLASSMATES.



"HARMLESS
PRANKS
MOST OF
THE TIME.



"BUT YOU KNOW
WHAT THEY SAY
ABOUT POWER
CORRUPTING.



"THAT NIGHT I WAITED
UNTIL DADDY WAS
REAL DRUNK.

"TOO DRUNK TO
RESIST ME.





"I LEFT HIM JUST ENOUGH AWARENESS TO KNOW WHAT WAS COMING DOWN."

"BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE THE WILL TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT."

"PERFECTLY OBEDIENT, DISCIPLINED WITHOUT ME..."



"MY LUMBERING PARENTAL PUPPET WENT TO THE ROOF WITHOUT COMMENT OR COMPLAINT."

"...EVER HAVING
TO LAY A HAND
ON HIM."





I GUESS
THIS MAKES
ME AN
ORPHAN.

HOW
SAD.



BUT YOU
KNOW,
MOMMA
WAS
WRONG.

DEAD
WRONG.



IT TURNED
OUT I WAS
VERY
SPECIAL.

THIS'S AS FAR
AS THIS JUNK
HEAP'S GOING.

THEN AGAIN I'M NOT
SURE HOW LONG I'M
GOING TO LAST IN
THIS WEATHER.

AN HOUR, MAYBE TWO.

IF THE WIDOW'S
ANY FARTHER AWAY
THAN THAT...

...WE'RE BOTH
HISTORY."



"THIS SHACK IS HIS **STAGE**. HE BUILT IT AND CHERISHES IT."

"HE RELISHES THE DRAMATIC BUILD-UP, THE LIFE AND DEATH SUSPENSE."

"...A GOOD CLIMAX!"

"BUT WHAT HE LOVES MORE THAN ANYTHING IS..."



AND THEN
THERE
WAS ONE.



MATT,
WHERE
ARE YOU?

CHARLIE, ME
BOY, WE'VE GOT
COMPANY ON
THE WAY.



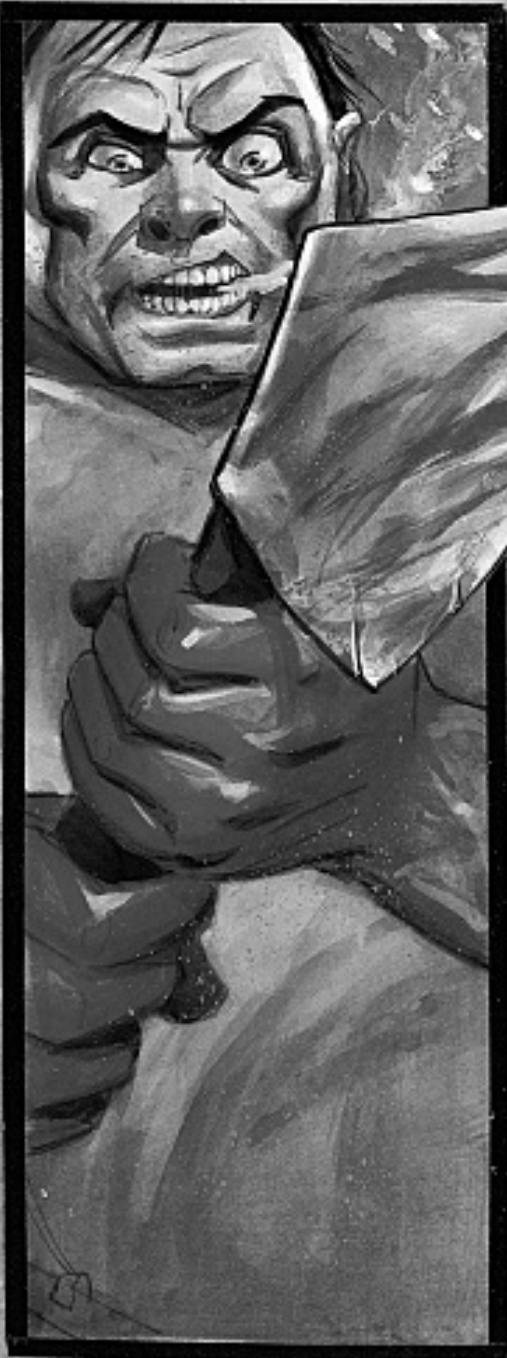
GOD HELP ME!

I WAS SO BUSY
NOT THINKING
ABOUT MY WRISTS
I BETRAYED
MATT!

HE KNEW HE'D
BACK ME UP
EVEN THOUGH
HE NEVER
SAID
ANYTHING.

HAVE TO
USE THIS
BLUNDER
TO MY
ADVANTAGE.





EVEN THROUGH
THIS MESS I CAN
SMELL THE DRYING
BLOOD ON HIM.

TASS'S BLOOD?
AM I TOO LATE?

DAMN THAT
BEAT-UP
OLD TAXI!

DAMN THIS
SNOW!

DAMN YOUR
INCOMPETENCE,
FURY!

DAMN
EVERYTHING!



IT'S LIKE
BEATING ON
A BRICK
WALL.

THERE'S ROCK-
HARD MUSCLE
UNDER THAT FLAB.

SURE, MAYBE I CAN'T
READ HIM AS
WELL AS I SHOULD!

BUT I'VE FACED
TOUGHER AND
WALKED AWAY A
WINNER.

IT WON'T BE ANY
DIFFERENT TODAY!

BUT I CAN SENSE
HIM ENOUGH
TO HIT HIM!

AND HIT HIM AGAIN.

AND AGAIN.

AND AGAIN!

IN THE END THAT'S
ALL IT TAKES.

NOTHING
ELSE
MATTERS."

HUH?







HE LOOKS
TO BE A
STRONG
ONE.



DON'T
LISTEN!



"LOTS OF MEAT
ON THIS GUY."



DON'T
LISTEN!



"GOING TO BE LOTS
OF FUN CARVING
HIM UP."



WORK
THE
WRIST!



WORK
THE
WRIST!



WORK
THE
WRIST!



WORK
THE...



GOT TO
TAKE HIM.

IGNORE
THE PAIN AND
STIFFNESS!

YOUR BODY'S NOT
UP TO IT, GIRL!

BEEN HANGING
TOO LONG!

FIGHT WITH
YOUR HEAD!

USE ANYTHING
THAT COMES TO HAND
AS A WEAPON.

THIS IS NO TIME
TO WORRY ABOUT
FIGHTING FAIR!

YOU DON'T DROP
CHARLIE OUT,
YOU'RE DEAD!

AND SO IS MATT.

MATT...

...IS ABOUT
TO GET A NEW
SMILE.

LET CHARLIE
LOSE AND
WE'LL WORK
THIS OUT.

THEN
MATT AND I
BOTH DIE
HORRIBLY.
OH, MATT...







JUST YOU
AND ME NOW,
ROSIE!

LET'S FIND
OUT JUST HOW
SPECIAL YOU
REALLY ARE!



THAT LAST
VERBAL JAB
DOES THE JOB!

ROSE COMES
DIRECTLY FOR ME.
MATT COMPLETELY
FORGOTTEN.



NOW ALL I HAVE TO
DO IS SURVIVE
MY OWN CLEVERNESS.

ROSE IS
COMPLETELY
BERSERK!



I FIGURE THAT'LL WORK
TO MY ADVANTAGE.

AN ANGRY ENEMY IS
AN UNTHINKING FOE.

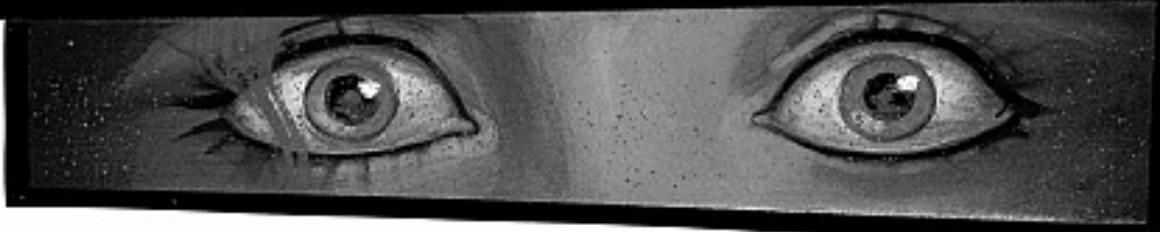


MY TRAINING AND
SKILL WILL WIN OUT
IN THE END.

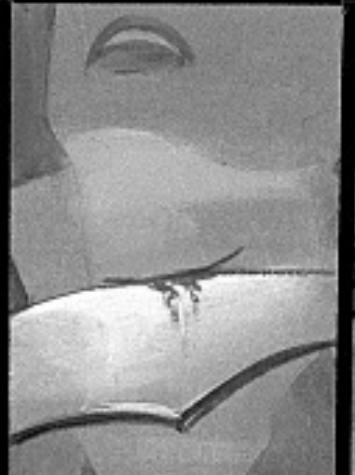
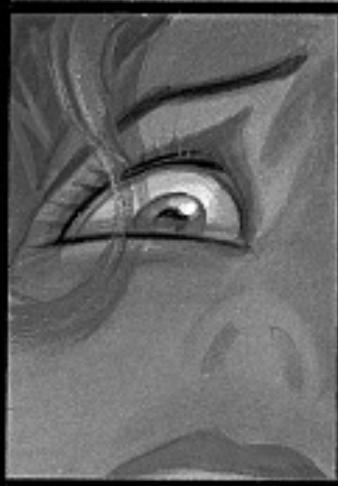
BUT THEN
I DISCOVER...



...ROSIE'S RAGE WAS
ALL AN ACT.

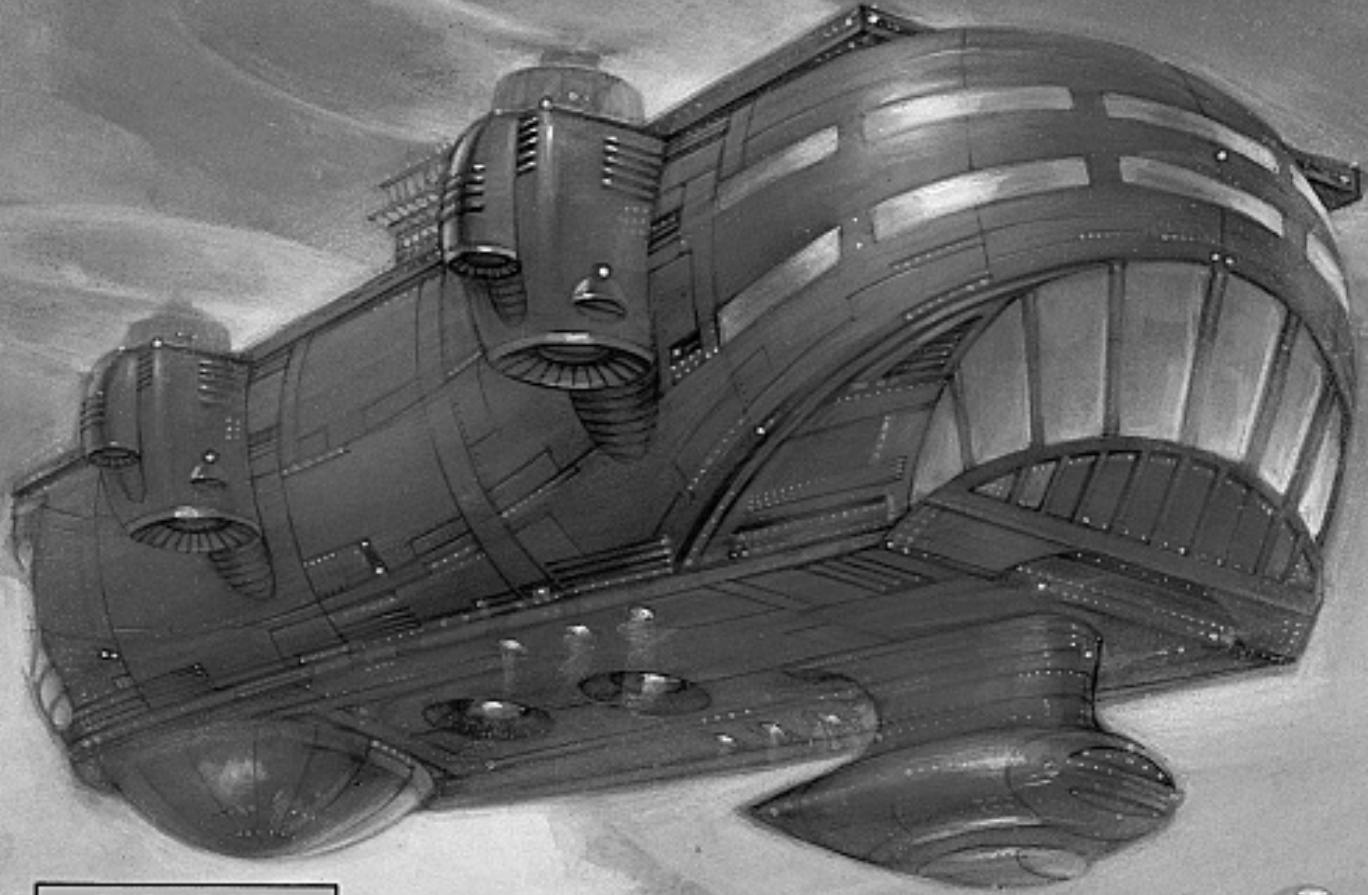












FURY'S MEN
FIND ME CRADLING
ROSE'S BODY
IN MY ARMS.

WITHIN A COUPLE OF HOURS
WE'RE IN SHIELD'S
HELI-CARRIER'S SICK BAY,
PATCHED UP AND RECOVERING.

"HI."

"HI YOURSELF."



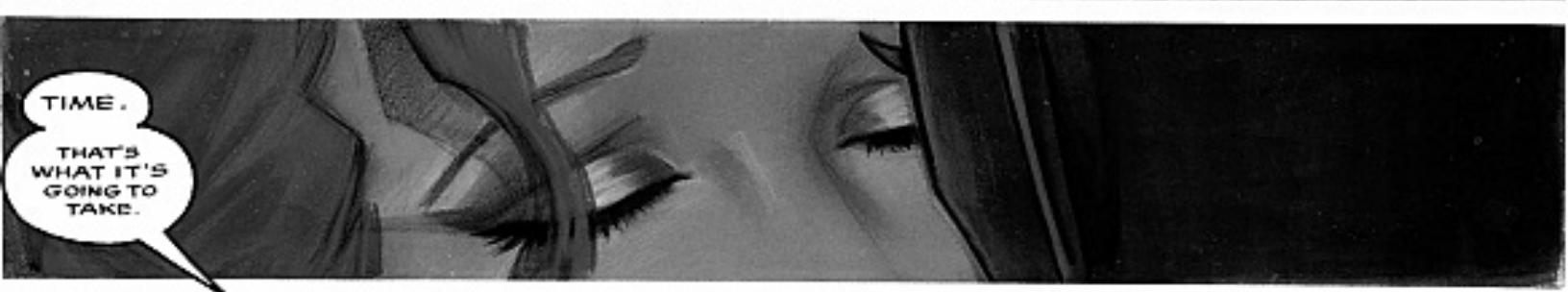


I SPENT 18 HOURS WITH TWO MANIACS, GOT TRAPPED IN THE MIND OF ONE OF THEM.

SAW THE WORLD THROUGH HER TWISTED PERSPECTIVE, FELT HER SICK JOY IN BUTCHERY.

IN MANY WAYS I ACTUALLY BECAME PART OF ROSE.

AND SHE BECAME PART OF ME.





THE ONLY THING I WONDER
ABOUT THOUGH...



END

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Life is fluid. Some 90% of us is made up of water. Without this precious liquid we are nothing. We cease to exist. We're dead. This water's carried around in thin-skinned sacks. We must all be insane to race recklessly about in a world filled with so many sharp and pointed dangers.

That's just asking for trouble.

DAREDEVIL:
The man without fear.

BLACK WIDOW:
Beautiful and deadly master spy.

ABATTOIR:
Slaughterhouse.