

# SECRET WARS

THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED!

THE HEROES OF EARTH-616 AND EARTH-1610  
WERE POWERLESS TO SAVE IT!

NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS BATTLEWORLD!

A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF  
WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL OF ITS  
GOD AND MASTER, VICTOR VON DOOM!

EACH REGION IS A DOMAIN UNTO ITSELF!

## SECRET WARS JOURNAL

### ◆ THE HUNT ◆

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# KILLVILLE, A TYPICAL TUESDAY.

"CENTRAL,  
THIS IS  
PALADIN..."

"...WE ARE  
IN PURSUIT OF  
BOMBHELL."

"SHE'S  
HEADED NORTH  
ON REMINGTON AVE.  
BE ADVISED, SHE'S  
THROWING  
BOMBS..."

*boom boom boom*

"I BET YOU  
FIVE HUNDRED  
BUCKS SHE'S HEADING  
TO THE MANN DISTRICT!  
TAKE THE ALLEY, WE  
CAN CUT HER  
OFF!"

"YOU'RE ON,  
MISTY. BUT LET'S  
MAKE IT THREE  
HUNDRED..."

"...MY WALLET  
CAN'T TAKE  
THE HIT."

"TOLD  
YA."

"AW,  
C'MON!  
WATCH THE  
PAINT!"

# WHAM



OOOCH. I--I NEED A DOCTOR.

AND MY RIDE NEEDS DETAIL WORK. TRAGEDIES ABOUND.

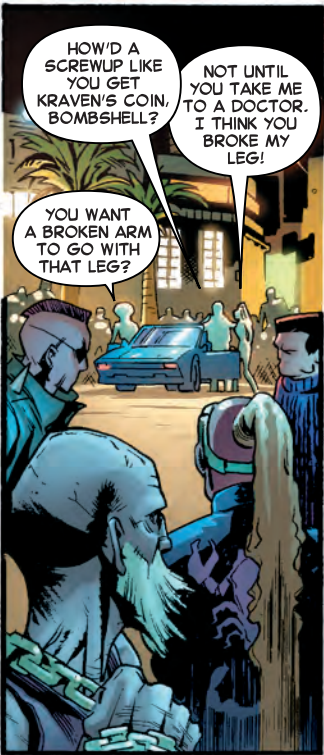


WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?

HOLY %&@\*! THAT LOOKS LIKE KRAVEN'S COIN.



OH, BOMBHELL. YOU'VE BEEN A BAD GIRL.



HOW'D A SCREWUP LIKE YOU GET KRAVEN'S COIN, BOMBHELL?

NOT UNTIL YOU TAKE ME TO A DOCTOR. I THINK YOU BROKE MY LEG!

YOU WANT A BROKEN ARM TO GO WITH THAT LEG?



OW, OW, OW! OKAY I'LL TALK. I'LL TALK. JEEZ. THE COIN WAS PAYMENT FOR A JOB. NOT GOING INTO DETAILS--

I DON'T CARE.

WHOEVER CASHES IN THE COIN GETS A FORTUNE. RETIREMENT MONEY.



BOATS AND CHAMPAGNE MONEY. HOW DO WE CLAIM IT?

GET THE COIN TO KRAVEN AT HIS JUNGLE WORLD CASINO, HE GIVES YOU THE MONEY.

THE CASINO? BOY, YOU ALMOST MADE IT. THAT'S GOTTA BE HEARTBREAKING.

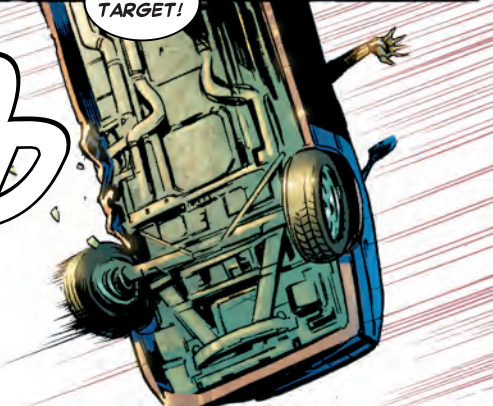
BUT THAT'S THE TRICK. IT'S CALLED THE HUNT BECAUSE WHOEVER HAS THE COIN...

...IS THE TARGET!



**RHINO**

THE COIN IS MINE, COPPERS!





TODAY...TODAY  
I **SAVE** THE  
WOMAN I LOVE.

NO, NOT FROM  
THE MONSTER.  
SHE DOESN'T NEED  
HELP WITH **THAT**.

SHE'S GONE AFTER  
A DIFFERENT **BEAST**  
EVERY DAY FOR **YEARS**.  
ONLY THE **MEANEST**  
AND **MOST UNIQUE**.



THE **COLLEKTRA**  
BAGS THEM ALL.

'COURSE, FOLKS LIKE HER AREN'T  
EXACTLY **ALLOWED** TO GO  
BOUNCING BETWEEN THE **BARONIES**.



BUT THEN...THE GUY **SHE**  
WORKS FOR? THE GUY WHO  
TOOK HER VOICE JUST IN  
CASE SHE GETS **CAUGHT**?



HE'S THE TYPE  
WHO LIKES TO BEND  
THE **RULES**.

HMM.

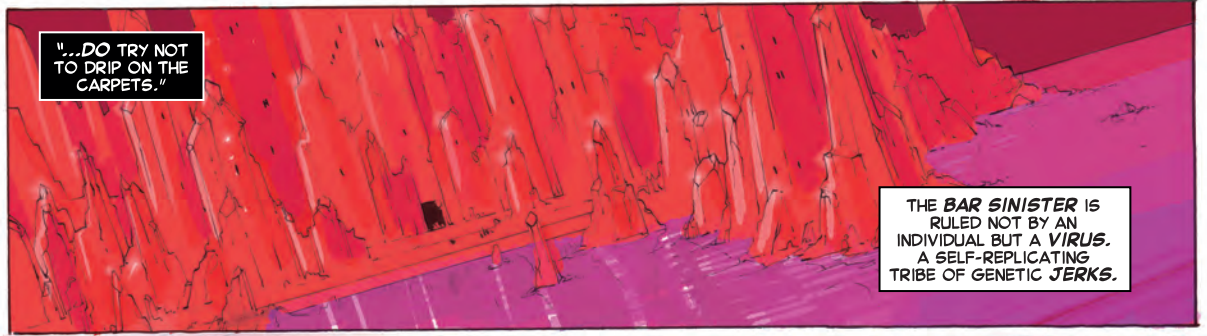
THE TYPE WHO  
LIKES HIS  
MEAT **RARE**.



WHAT AN UNNECESSARILY UGLY CREATURE.

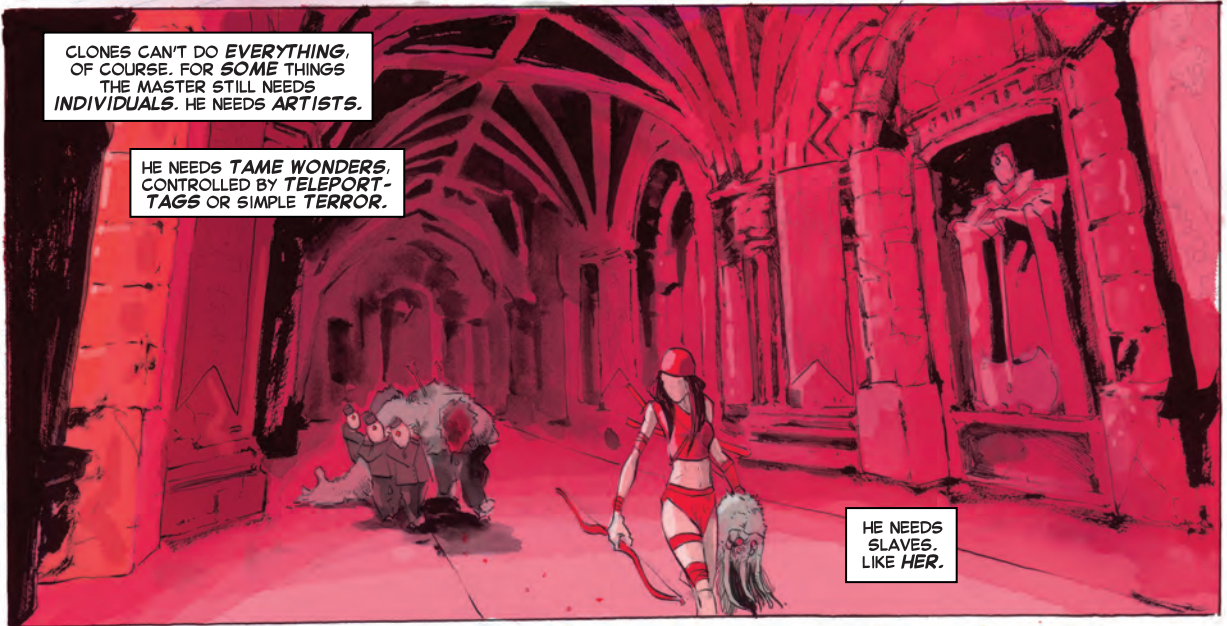
NATURE CAN BE SUCH A PHILISTINE, DARLING.

OFF TO THE KITCHEN WITH IT. AND--COLLEKTRA PLEASE...



"...DO TRY NOT TO DRIP ON THE CARPETS."

THE BAR SINISTER IS RULED NOT BY AN INDIVIDUAL BUT A VIRUS. A SELF-REPLICATING TRIBE OF GENETIC JERKS.



CLONES CAN'T DO EVERYTHING, OF COURSE. FOR SOME THINGS THE MASTER STILL NEEDS INDIVIDUALS. HE NEEDS ARTISTS.

HE NEEDS TAME WONDERS, CONTROLLED BY TELEPORT-TAGS OR SIMPLE TERROR.

HE NEEDS SLAVES. LIKE HER.



SOUNDS LIKE YOU BROUGHT ME A BIG BASTARD TODAY!

AND LIKE ME.

MATT MURDOCK.



I LOST MY SIGHT AS A KID, THOUGH THERE WERE... UNEXPECTED ADVANTAGES.

FORGET ENHANCED HEARING. FORGET SUPER-SENSITIVITY. THE MASTER HOLDS A SOPHISTICATED PALETTE, ABOVE ALL ELSE.

SO, NO, I'VE NEVER SEEN THE WOMAN I LOVE...BUT I CAN TASTE HER PAIN.

WE'RE BOUND, SHE AND I. BOUND BY OUR TALENTS AS MUCH AS OUR BODIES. BOUND TO THIS HATEFUL PLACE THE MASTER CALLS...

# HELL'S KITCHEN

WRITER: SIMON SPURRIER

ARTIST: JONATHAN MARKS

COLOR ARTIST: MIROSLAV MRVA

TWO ARTISTS.

ONE TO MAKE IT GLORIOUS.

ONE TO BRING THE FLESH.



GO AND GET READY, WENCH. THE MASTER FEASTS TONIGHT WITH HIS MOST SENIOR SELVES. HE'LL BE EXPECTING AN EXCEPTIONAL PERFORMANCE.

COLLEKTRA, I...

I'LL FIX YOU SOMETHING...F-FOR AFTERWARDS, Y'KNOW?

LEMON PIE, MAYBE? YOUR FAVORITE.



YOU DESERVE IT.

SHE CAN'T TALK AND I CAN'T SEE HER, BUT... BUT OH, I CAN TELL.

THE CHANGE IN HER PULSE. THE WARMTH OF HER TOUCH. THE SCENT OF ADRENALINE.