

MACAU.

I
RAISE. FIFTY
THOUSAND.

These cards
I'm holding?

Absolutely
no idea what
they are.



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

MATT MURDOCK BECAME A FAMOUS DEFENSE ATTORNEY BUT WAS EVENTUALLY FORCED TO PUBLICLY REVEAL HE WAS DAREDEVIL.

HE HAS MYSTERIOUSLY FOUND A WAY TO KEEP HIS SECRET FROM THE WORLD AGAIN AND HAS NOW BECOME A PROSECUTOR FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK. BUT MATT DOESN'T MIND AN OCCASIONAL ADVENTURE OUTSIDE OF THE BIG APPLE...

BLIND MAN'S BLUFF PART I

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The cards are covered in a coating to protect them from wear. It also means I can't read them with my fingertips, enhanced senses or no.

But this is *poker*. Texas Hold 'Em, to be specific. One of the only games I can really play in a casino, as a blind man.

Because in this game, it's not so important to read the cards...

MR. LEVASSEUR RAISES FIFTY THOUSAND.

Chang. Slow, measured heartbeat. He's calm. He knows he's lost, and he's about to fold. He's got nothing left to worry about, and so he's completely relaxed.

Ms. Marcos. Her heart's pounding-- but it's not a winner's heartbeat.

She loves to win, but *hates* to lose. Her pulse jacks up *twice* as fast when she has a losing hand. It makes her angry.

And right now, she's *furious*.

...if you can read the people.

These are all expert players, or they wouldn't have gotten this far in the tournament.

They have complete, perfect control of their faces and body language. They communicate exactly what they want to, nothing more.

But there's more than one way to read someone.



Hank. *Hmm.* He's steady. Hard to tell what he's thinking, one way or the other.

Except that he's tapping his toes inside his boot-- which he only does when he's got a bad hand.

It's not even a *tell*, really, because no one at the table can detect it.

No one *else*, anyway.

Which leaves Flex.

SEE THAT RAISE, AND LET'S BUMP IT UP ANOTHER FIFTY K, ALL RIGHT? FEELIN' GOOD TONIGHT.



Uh-oh.



FOLD.

不好

I'M OUT.



MR. LEVASSEUR?



I'M IN.

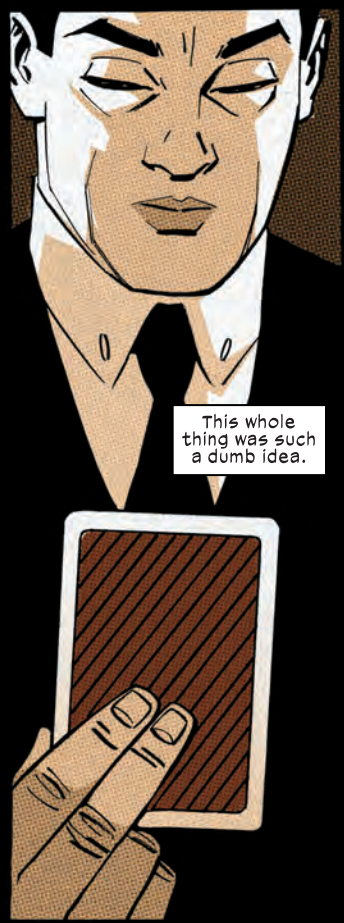
One nice thing about this poker table--all the chips are the same value, so I don't have to worry that I'm betting the wrong amount.



This tournament had a ten thousand dollar buy-in. Winner take all. Between that and the cost of a plane ticket to China, I am tapped out.

Turns out assistant D.A.s don't exactly rake in the big bucks. Who knew?

I have to win. I *have* to.



This whole thing was such a dumb idea.