

THE BRONX.

What *is* this?

Scents, sounds...it's like he's drawing them into himself. Like a *black hole* for sensory information.

Makes it hard to get a lock on him.

PLEASE, TELL ME, IT'S IMPORTANT.



DID YOU LIKE IT?

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 MYSTERIOUSLY FOUND A WAY TO KEEP HIS SECRET FROM THE WORLD AGAIN AND HAS NOW BECOME A PROSECUTOR FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK. AS DAREDEVIL, HE MENTORS A YOUNG VIGILANTE NAMED BLINDSPOT, A.K.A. SAMUEL CHUNG.

RECENTLY, A HORRIFIC MURAL PAINTED IN HUMAN BLOOD WAS DISPLAYED IN AN UPPER MANHATTAN ART GALLERY. THE ARTIST LEFT CLUES TO A SECONDARY INSTALLATION: A TABLEAU OF MURDERED INHUMANS. ONLY THIS TIME, DAREDEVIL MANAGED TO CATCH UP WITH THE KILLER RESPONSIBLE...

DARK ART PART III

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WHO ARE YOU?



DON'T MAKE ME BEG. TELL ME IF YOU LIKED MY WORK.



His work?

Almost a dozen Inhuman corpses, posed like statues. Like art.



THWAP

OH, WELL.



MY NEXT ONE WILL BE BETTER.

KRACK
KRACK

Not good.



HAVEN'T YOU SEEN THE PAPERS? THEY'RE CALLING ME VINCENT VAN GORE, I DON'T LIKE THAT, THOUGH, IT'S...LOW, UNDISTINGUISHED.

I'VE BEEN TOYING WITH THE NAME *MUSE*, BUT THAT COULD CHANGE. REINVENTION IS ONE OF THE KEYS TO A LONG CAREER.



YOU MEAN THE PEOPLE YOU MURDERED??



MURDER. THAT'S A FUNNY LITTLE WORD. IS IT MURDER IF THE PERSON WANTS TO DIE? I DON'T THINK SO. I THINK THAT'S A GIFT.



Wrong. Murder is an unlawful, planned killing. That's all. It doesn't matter if the victim wants it or not.

But I suspect the distinction would be lost on him.

SO YOU DIDN'T LIKE IT.



WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? WHY ARE YOU KILLING?

I AM AN ARTIST, MY FRIEND, AND AS AN ARTIST, I HOLD TO A STRICT CODE.

NEVER EXPLAIN, AND NEVER APOLOGIZE.



FOR EXAMPLE...



Tnk



HERE'S THE THING ABOUT THE CREATIVE SPIRIT. IT'S FICKLE.

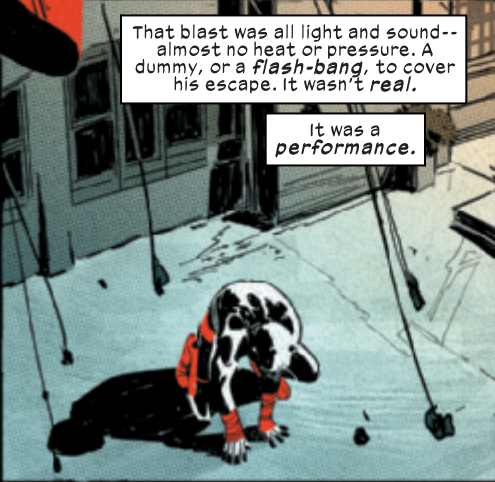
ONE MINUTE IT'S THERE, BUT THE NEXT--



KTH
BO

That blast was all light and sound-- almost no heat or pressure. A dummy, or a *flash-bang*, to cover his escape. It wasn't *real*.

It was a *performance*.



Radar sense can't find him... he's gone.

I need to get back to the crime scene.