

MOON KNIGHT

BEMIS • DAVIDSON • MILLA



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DIGITAL
CONTENT**

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Marc Spector. Steven Grant. Jake Lockley. Each a distinct personality of one man vying for control. Spector, the original personality, has asserted his dominance and fights to retain that control. But years ago, as a mercenary, Spector died in Egypt under a statue of the moon god **Khonshu**. In the shadow of the ancient deity, Marc returned to life. From then on, Marc took on a new aspect in honor of Khonshu, dedicating his second life to fighting crime as...

MOON KNIGHT

Moon Knight infiltrated the Société de Sadiques, having discovered their sinister leader is none other than his "Uncle" Ernst—the Nazi-disguised-as-Rabbi he had befriended as a youth, before witnessing him torture a Jewish man in the traumatic event that helped trigger Marc's dissociative identity disorder. Ernst put Marc through a gauntlet wherein he defeated the elite inner circle of the Société, but was pushed to the brink. Beyond exhausted, beyond reason, Marc is now in Ernst's clutches. But Ernst doesn't want to kill him...he wants Marc to see things his way...

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BROOKLYN, NY.**

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS **MULTIPLE PERSONALITY DISORDER.**

OR WHATEVER YOUR LEGION OF SOFT, PLIABLE BRATS CHOOSE TO CALL IT THESE DAYS.

YOU LIVE IN A FICTION THAT IS AN **EXCUSE.**

**CARBONATIUM
SAFE**

YOUR TRIO OF IMAGINARY FRIENDS ARE MERELY EXTENSIONS OF YOUR OWN WHIM.

"MENTAL ILLNESS"?

"SOCIAL AWARENESS"?

DO NOT EVEN GET ME STARTED ON THE PROLIFERATED FALLACIES OF "QUEER" AND "MULTI-ETHNIC."

"ME TOO!"
"ME TOO!"
SHEEP.

YOU CHOOSE TO DWELL AMONG **SHEEP!**

ACH... I TRY TO REMAIN CALM AT ALL TIMES.





THIS IS HOW IT WORKS.

CARBONATIUM CAFE



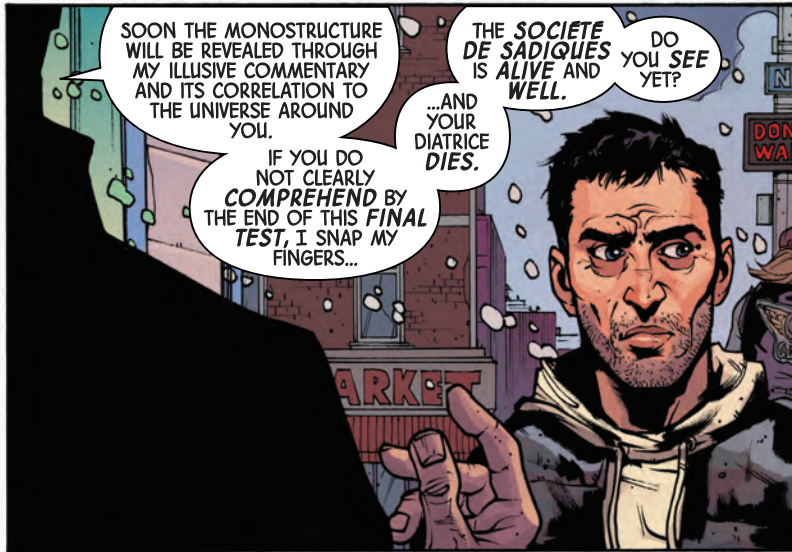
FIRST, I WILL WALTZ YOU THROUGH THE FADING HUSK OF A METROPOLIS.

THIS IS NOW YOUR "THING."

YOU HAVE BEEN WHISKED AWAY FROM YOUR PUNCHING CIRCUS AND SHOT WITH DRUGS.

HOW YOU NOW ARE HERE, WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT LITTLE GIRL...IS IRRELEVANT. FILL IN THE BLANKS YOURSELF.

HEHE. HE.



SOON THE MONOSTRUCTURE WILL BE REVEALED THROUGH MY ILLUSIVE COMMENTARY AND ITS CORRELATION TO THE UNIVERSE AROUND YOU.

THE SOCIETE DE SADIQUES IS ALIVE AND WELL.

DO YOU SEE YET?

...AND YOUR DIATRICE DIES.

IF YOU DO NOT CLEARLY COMPREHEND BY THE END OF THIS FINAL TEST, I SNAP MY FINGERS...



NO.



MEIN GOTT, EVEN TODAY YOU SHINE.



OUR "MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR" BEGINS!

MARC, WELCOME TO NORTH 7TH AND BEDFORD, THE HEART OF BROOKLYN GENTRIFICATION.



YOU WOULD THINK SOMEONE AS OLD AS ME, ALMOST AS OLD AS TIME, WOULD NOT BE INVOLVED IN THIS, BUT OH...THE SOCIÉTÉ IS AWARE, MARC!

THIS IS OUR DOING!



ALL OVER, THEY HAVE FELT IT...AND THIS IS WHERE WE PLANTED THE SEED.

MISERY, SELFISH SEX, AND VIOLENCE HAVE BEEN MADE TO TAKE ROOT. WE DO NOT WILT, MARC.



WEIRD.

DO NOT BE DISTRACTED!



HA. YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN WEAK.

I DRINK THIS TEA EVERY DAY AND MY MIND IS CLEAR.

GET OUT OF HERE, YOU WEIRD LITTLE--



WEAK. CRAZY. CONFUSED.

AND I PUT THAT IN YOU, MARC.

I STOLE YOUR HEART IN YOUR YOUTH...

BUT THIS IS NOT YOUR GHETTO.

HERE, I CAN GRIP IT TIGHT AND SQUEEZE.

ASK YOURSELF... DID I BREAK YOUR MIND? OR DID WE BREAK YOUR GENES?

I BET THAT QUESTION PLAGUES YOU NIGHTLY WHEN YOU SHAKE AND SWEAT LIKE A JILTED CHILD.

WHAT THE @#%\$, MAN!?!?



I'M SURE YOU'D RATHER BE **BASHING** FOOT SOLDIERS, BUT NOW YOU SEE.

NOT ONE FIGHT MATTERED.

AS FOR OUR CURRENT SITUATION, I ARRANGED FOR AN... **ISOLATED** EXPERIENCE WITH YOU.

NO SNIPERS. NO GUARDS. NOW YOU ARE ALONE WITH ME AGAIN.

WHERE I AM TRULY UNTOUCHABLE.

THE ONLY TEST THAT MATTERS.

OW.

OW.



WE'RE **FRIENDS**, MARC.

AND I HAVE SEEN YOUR POWER. I AM IN NEED OF AN **HEIR**.

AND A **YOUNG**, ABLE **FIST**.

SEE, I WAS NEVER A TRUE **ANTI-SEMITE**. I WAS AND AM A **REALIST**.

A **REALIST** OFFERING **FAME**, **MONEY**, AND **POWER CONSOLIDATED**.

BARGAIN BIN VIGILANTES. YOU DO NOT **BELONG** **AMONG** **THEM**.

BESIDES, SOON NONE OF YOU OR YOUR KIND WILL **MATTER**.

