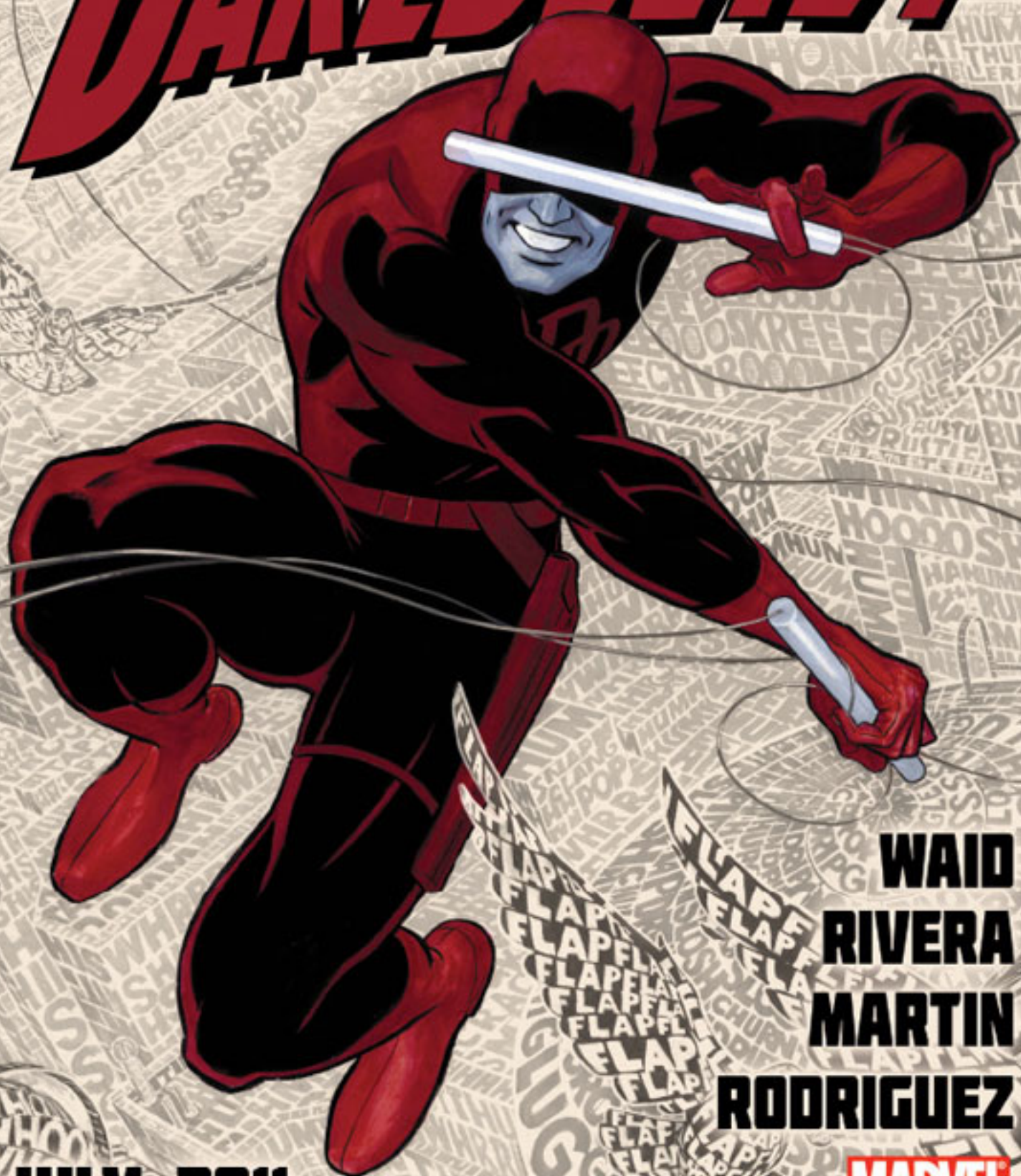


**MARVEL EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW**

HERE COMES...

# DAREDEVIL #1



**WAID  
RIVERA  
MARTIN  
RODRIGUEZ**

**JULY 2011**

**MARVEL**

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On the northern tip of Manhattan, overlooking the Hudson, is a branch of the Met called *The Cloisters*.

The main building is a meticulous reassembly of five medieval European abbeys, every brick authentic, while the surrounding gardens are a marvel of landscaping, a living tapestry of colors and textures.

I'll bet it's a beautiful sight.

I wouldn't know. A radioactive accident took my sight and altered my remaining senses.



A courtyard filled with tuxedos, gowns, and folding chairs that creak like wooden ships.

The sound of happy laughter and, in the breeze...

Embossed linen-pulp announcing the nuptials of Deborah Giacomo and Vict--

--no-- Vincent Petrocelli.

And in the very back, a bride who smells like jasmine, cardamom, carnation and...

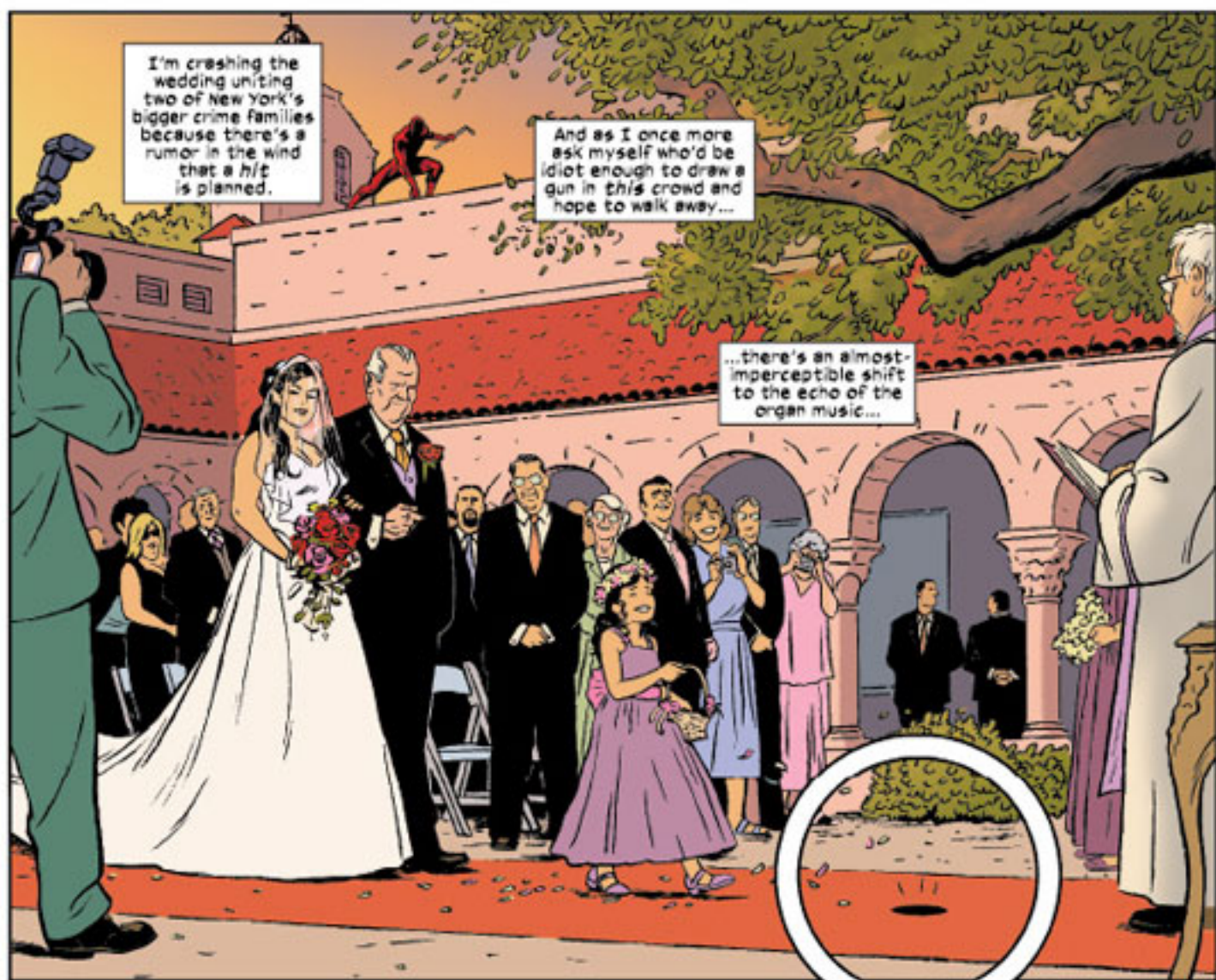
The salt-taste of tears.

...lemon. Clive Christian perfume. Expensive. Great choice.

I'm crashing the wedding uniting two of New York's bigger crime families because there's a rumor in the wind that a hit is planned.

And as I once more ask myself who'd be idiot enough to draw a gun in this crowd and hope to walk away...

...there's an almost-imperceptible shift to the echo of the organ music...





...and I realize it's NOT a hit...



...it's a kidnapping!

PAREDEVIL?



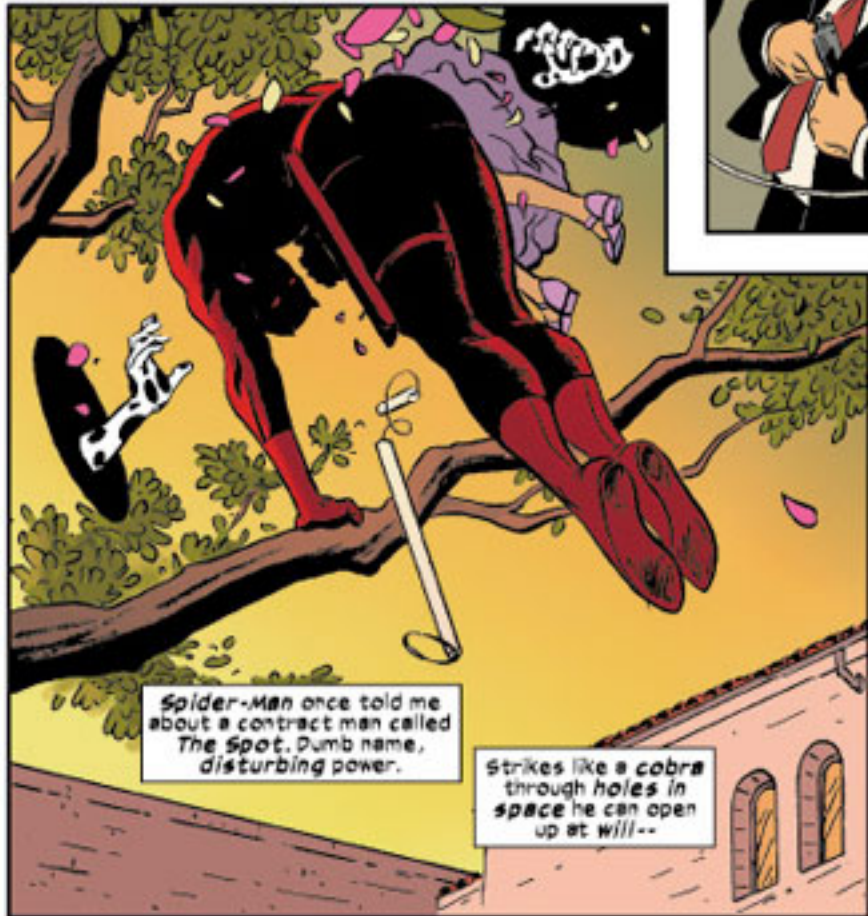
Smart target. The Giacomas'd pay anything for their little princess...



HE'S GOT KATIE! TAKE HIM DOWN!

NO! YOU'LL HIT HER! DON'T SHOOT!

...but now they think I'm the kidnapper. Terrific way to make my triumphant return to the game.



Spider-Man once told me about a contract man called The Spot. Dumb name, disturbing power.

Strikes like a cobra through holes in space he can open up at will--





--because his body's riddled with teleportation energy.

