

PSYCHOPATHIC SERIAL KILLER CLETUS KASADY BONDED WITH A DERANGED ALIEN SYMBIOTE, GIFTING HIM POWERS NOT UNLIKE SPIDER-MAN'S. WITH THE ABILITY TO CRAFT BLADED WEAPONS OUT OF HIS ORGANIC TISSUE AND THE NEWFOUND POWER TO ACT ON HIS DEADLIEST IMPULSES, CLETUS BECAME

CARNAGE

THE ANTI-CARNAGE
TASK FORCE HAS PURSUED
KASADY TO AN UNCHARTED ISLAND
WITH AN ALTAR WHICH CAN UNLEASH
THE FULL POTENTIAL OF *THE DARKHOLD*.
FOLLOWING THE DIRECTIONS OF JUBILILE, WHO
IS PSYCHICALLY CONNECTED TO KASADY, THE
GROUP VENTURES INTO THE JUNGLE—PURSUED BY
THEIR FORMER LEADER, CLAIRE DIXON, WHO HAS BEEN
TRANSFORMED INTO THE DEADLY SYMBIOTE RAZE.
JUBILILE AND KASADY SUFFER UNDER THE WEIGHT OF
THEIR CONNECTION—AND SO DOES RAZE, WHO IS UNDER
KASADY'S CONTROL—AS THEY ARRIVE AT THE GREAT
SITE OF EVIL: THE TEMPLE OF THE DARKHOLD!

WHAT DWELLS BENEATH PART FOUR

GERRY CONWAY
WRITER

MIKE PERKINS
ARTIST

ANDY TROY
COLOR ARTIST

VC'S JOE SABINO
LETTERER

MICHAEL WALSH
COVER ARTIST

DARREN SHAN
EDITOR

NICK LOWE
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

AXEL ALONSO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

JOE QUESADA
CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

ALAN FINE
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

CARNAGE No. 14, January 2017. Published Monthly by MARVEL WORLDWIDE, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, LLC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 135 West 50th Street, New York, NY 10020. BULK MAIL POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. © 2016 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. (GST #R127032832) in the direct market; Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in the USA. Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. \$29.99; Canada \$42.99; Foreign \$42.99. POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO CARNAGE, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTIONS P.O. BOX 727 NEW HYDE PARK, NY 11040. TELEPHONE # (888) 511-5480. FAX # (347) 537-2649. subscriptions@marvel.com. ALAN FINE, President, Marvel Entertainment; DAN BUCKLEY, President, TV, Publishing & Brand Management; JOE QUESADA, Chief Creative Officer; TOM BREVOORT, SVP of Publishing; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Business Affairs & Operations, Publishing & Partnership; C.B. CEBULSKI, VP of Brand Management & Development, Asia; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Sales & Marketing, Publishing; JEFF YOUNGQUIST, VP of Production & Special Projects; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; ALEX MORALES, Director of Publishing Operations; SUSAN CRESPI, Production Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Viti DeBellis, Integrated Sales Manager, at vdebells@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 888-511-5480. Manufactured between 10/21/2016 and 11/01/2016 by LSC COMMUNICATIONS INC., GLASGOW, KY, USA.

An Island in the Timor Sea...

YOU LOPE, THE SCENT
OF FEAR AND MEAT
DRAWING YOU ON.

THE SLAP OF EARTH BENEATH
YOUR PAWS, THE CARESS OF
WIND THROUGH YOUR FUR, THE
BRIEF GLIMPSE OF PREY THROUGH
THE FOLIAGE THAT WHIPS
YOUR SHANKS:

THIS IS WHAT
IT MEANS TO
BE ALIVE.

NOTHING MATTERS
BUT *THIS* MOMENT.

THIS MOMENT,
AND THE
HUNGER.



YOUR INSATIABLE
HUNGER FOR THE
HUNT.

SQUEEE



DID
YOU HEAR
THAT?

IT
WAS AN
ANIMAL.

KILLING
OR BEING
KILLED.

THAT'S
WHAT YOU
HEAR IN THE
JUNGLE.



I'D BE MORE CONCERNED BY SILENCE, MANUELA.

IF THOSE FROG-CREATURES FROM THE VILLAGE WERE OUT THERE, THE LOCAL FAUNA WOULD BE HIDING.

YOUR MAN SINGH CALLED THEM "THE BROODINGS OF CHTHON."

THEY DIDN'T LOOK HUMAN, VICTORIA.



THEY AREN'T.

THEY'RE HALF HUMAN, THE PRODUCT OF INTERBREEDING WITH SAILORS LIKE THOSE FROM THE WRECKED WHALING SHIP WE SAW.

WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH CARNAGE?

THEY WERE TORTURING HIM...



THEY WANT WHAT ALL SERVANTS OF CHTHON WANT:

TO BREAK THE CHAINS THAT BIND HIM AND RELEASE HIS EVIL UPON THE WORLD.



COULD YOU GUYS KEEP IT DOWN, OR BE LESS CREEPY?

JUBULILE HERE HAS BEEN THROUGH A LOT.

YOU'RE FREAKING HER OUT.



SHE HAS REASON TO BE AFRAID, MR. BROCK.

CARNAGE FOLLOWS A PATH TO DISASTER FOR THE HUMAN RACE.

IF WE FAIL TO STOP HIM, NOT EVEN DEATH WOULD SAVE US.

UH-HUH. NOT HELPING. JEEZ.



THEIR VOICES FADE,
LOST IN THE MORE
VITAL SOUNDS OF
THE JUNGLE...

BIRDS SHRIEKING
IN THE TREETOPS,
THE RUSTLE OF
SMALL ANIMALS
IN THE BRUSH.



YOU THRUST YOURSELF
THROUGH THE SWEET
SMELLS OF GROWING
THINGS.

MULCH AND
MOLD, FUNGUS
AND FAUNA.

THESE SCENTS
SURROUND YOU,
WELCOME YOU,
EMBRACE YOU.

BUT OTHER SMELLS
RISE IN YOUR
MEMORY...



...SCENTS FROM
HIS WORLD.

GUN OIL, LEATHER,
PERSPIRATION.

HUMAN
SMELLS.

CALLING
YOU.

CRYING
A NAME...

...HIS NAME, THE ONE
WHO FRIGHTENS YOU,
THE MAN...

"JAMESON!"

AND YOU
SCREAM WITH
FEAR AND FURY.



RAAARONK
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