

HE STANDS AMID **CARNAGE**, ONE MAN, RIGHTLY, WRONGLY--DEDICATED TO THE WAGING OF A LONELY, UNENDING BATTLE. ONE MAN WHO HAS SET HIMSELF ABOVE ALL LAWS, ALL CODES, BUT HIS OWN. ONE MAN...

THE PUNISHER

WAR JOURNAL,
ENTRY NUMBER 374:
THE RED GROTTO
RESTAURANT IN
BROOKLYN'S BAY RIDGE
AREA HAS TWO
SPECIALTIES--VEAL
MARSALA AND CATERING
TO SOLDIERS OF THE MOB.
TONIGHT AN ATTEMPT
WAS MADE TO ADD A
THIRD SPECIALTY--
AMBUSH.

IT FAILED.

AMONG THE DEAD WAS JOEY CHARISMA
...THE MAN I'D COME TO SEE, THE BAIT
FOR THE TRAP, BUT JOEY HAD LIVED LONG
ENOUGH TO TELL ME WHAT I WANTED.
A NAME...A NAME I'D BEEN WAITING
MONTHS TO LEARN.



BY THE TIME SQUAD CARS APPROACHED THE RED GROTTTO, I WAS ALREADY--

KNOCK
KNOCK



WAR JOURNAL, ENTRY NUMBER 374 TO BE CONCLUDED LATER!



HI! I'M AUDREY!

YOUR DATE FOR THIS EVENING!

RIGHT! COME ON IN!



I LIKE YOUR APARTMENT! IT'S VERY NICELY DECORATED!

I WOULDN'T KNOW! I JUST RENTED IT FOR THE WEEK!



MY GOD! THAT TUNIC--! Y-YOU'RE HIM! THE ONE THE NEWSPAPERS SAY HUNTS DOWN AND DESTROYS CRIMINALS!

THE ONE THEY KEEP CALLING--

THE PUNISHER!



DOES THAT **CHANGE** ANYTHING?

BUSINESS IS **BUSINESS**, LOVE! AS LONG AS YOU'RE NICE TO ME, I'LL BE NICE TO YOU!



BESIDES, A LADY IN MY LINE OF ENDEAVOR LEARNS NEVER TO **JUDGE** PEOPLE... PARTICULARLY NOT BY **APPEARANCES** OR **REPUTATION**!

SO WHY DON'T YOU **STRETCH** OUT AND **RELAX** WHILE I **FRESHEN** UP A BIT?



BUT **TALK** TO ME, LOVE! CONVERSATION HELPS A PERSON **LOOSEN** UP..

IF THIS IS GOING TO BE AN EVENING OF **FUN**, YOU'VE GOT TO **SHAKE** THAT 'TALL, DARK, AND BROODING' IMAGE!



HOW DID YOU GET INTO IT... THIS WHOLE **PUNISHER** TRIP?

I **WALKED** INTO IT, AUDREY! ONE SPRING AFTERNOON...

EVEN IF IT'S **PAINFUL**, TELLING SOMEONE ABOUT IT MIGHT **HELP**!



"... ALONG WITH MY **WIFE**, MY **SON**, AND MY **DAUGHTER**..."

GOD IN **HEAVEN!!**

WE'VE GOT **COMPANY**, BRUNO!

TOO BAD FOR **THEM**... WANDERING IN ON OUR LITTLE **FAMILY EXECUTION**!



NOW THEY'RE **WITNESSES**...

...WE CAN'T LET THEM **GO**!

SO... WE **WON'T**!

"WHAT HAD BEGUN AS A **PICNIC**... ENDED AS A **MASSACRE**!"



"I SURVIVED IT... JUST AS I HAD HUE, KHE SAN, AND ALL THE OTHER PLACES THE CORPS SENT ME.

CAPTAIN...? SORRY TO DISTURB YOU AT A TIME LIKE THIS! I'M LAVIANO, REMEMBER? THE DETECTIVE WHO--

WHO WENT OVER THE MUG SHOTS WITH ME!

YOU PICKED UP THOSE FIVE SCUM I IDENTIFIED?



WELL... UH... THAT'S WHY I CAME TO SEE YOU, CAPTAIN! THOSE FIVE... SEEMS THEY GOT ALIBIS FOR THE TIME THE INCIDENT TOOK PLACE! LOTTA WITNESSES WHO'LL SWEAR--

AND YOU BUY WHAT THEY 'SWEAR,' LAVIANO?

'BOUT AS MUCH AS A DROWNING MAN WOULD BUY LAKE ERIE!



BUT WE'RE TALKIN' ABOUT SYNDICATE! BRUNO COSTA-- ONE YOU SAY LED THE GROUP? HE'S BROTHER TO FRANK COSTA, HEAD OF THE SECOND LARGEST FAMILY ON THE EAST COAST!

THEY GOT POWER, CAPTAIN! POWER TO PROTECT THEIR OWN! KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN'?



YOU'RE SAYING THE MEN WHO SLAUGHTERED MY WIFE AND CHILDREN ARE GOING TO GET AWAY WITH IT!

I'M SAYIN' OUR HANDS ARE TIED... TEMPORARILY. BUT I GOT FIFTEEN YEARS EXPERIENCE FIGHTIN' THOSE BASTARDS... SOONER, LATER, THEY DO GET NAILED!

SOMETIMES IT'S TAXES, SOMETIMES FOR BRIBERY... SOMETIMES THEY KILL EACH OTHER...



IT AIN'T MUCH, CAPTAIN, BUT IT'S ALL I CAN OFFER FOR NOW!

FINE, LAVIANO! I GUESS YOU'RE A GOOD COP! JUST LIKE I'M A GOOD MARINE...

... ONLY I'VE BEEN FIGHTING IN THE WRONG WAR!

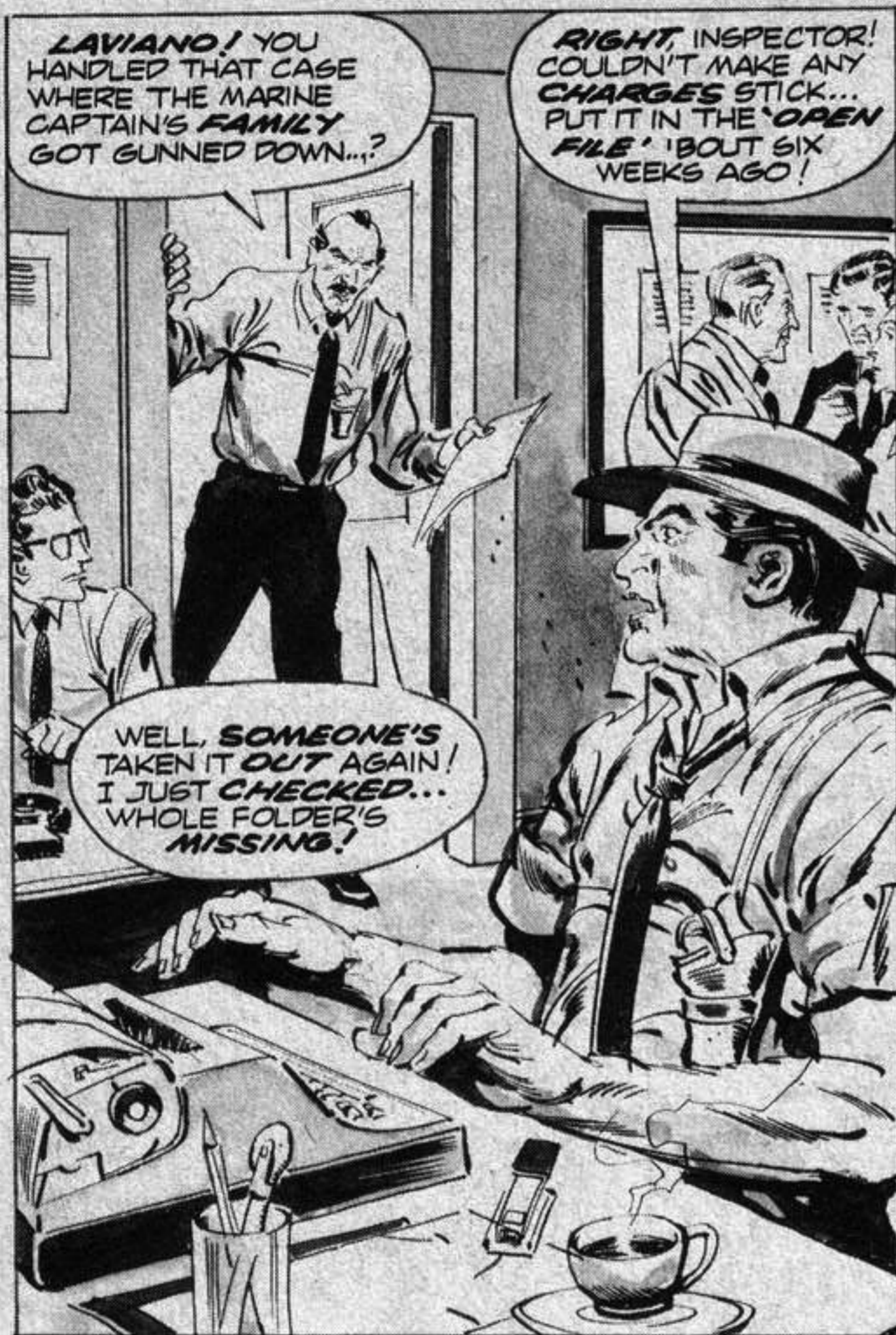
WAR JOURNAL, ENTRY
NUMBER ONE: LOCATING
THE SYNDICATE'S CENTRAL
NUMBERS DROP IN
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY
TOOK ONE WEEK'S
SURVEILLANCE OF RUNNERS
AND BAG MEN, THAT WAS
THE HARD PART...



...THE REST
WAS EASY.

"ACCOUNTS
SETTLED...
ACCOUNTS
DUE!"





LAVIANO! YOU HANDLED THAT CASE WHERE THE MARINE CAPTAIN'S FAMILY GOT GUNNED DOWN...?

RIGHT, INSPECTOR! COULDN'T MAKE ANY CHARGES STICK... PUT IT IN THE 'OPEN FILE' 'BOUT SIX WEEKS AGO!

WELL, SOMEONE'S TAKEN IT OUT AGAIN! I JUST CHECKED... WHOLE FOLDER'S MISSING!



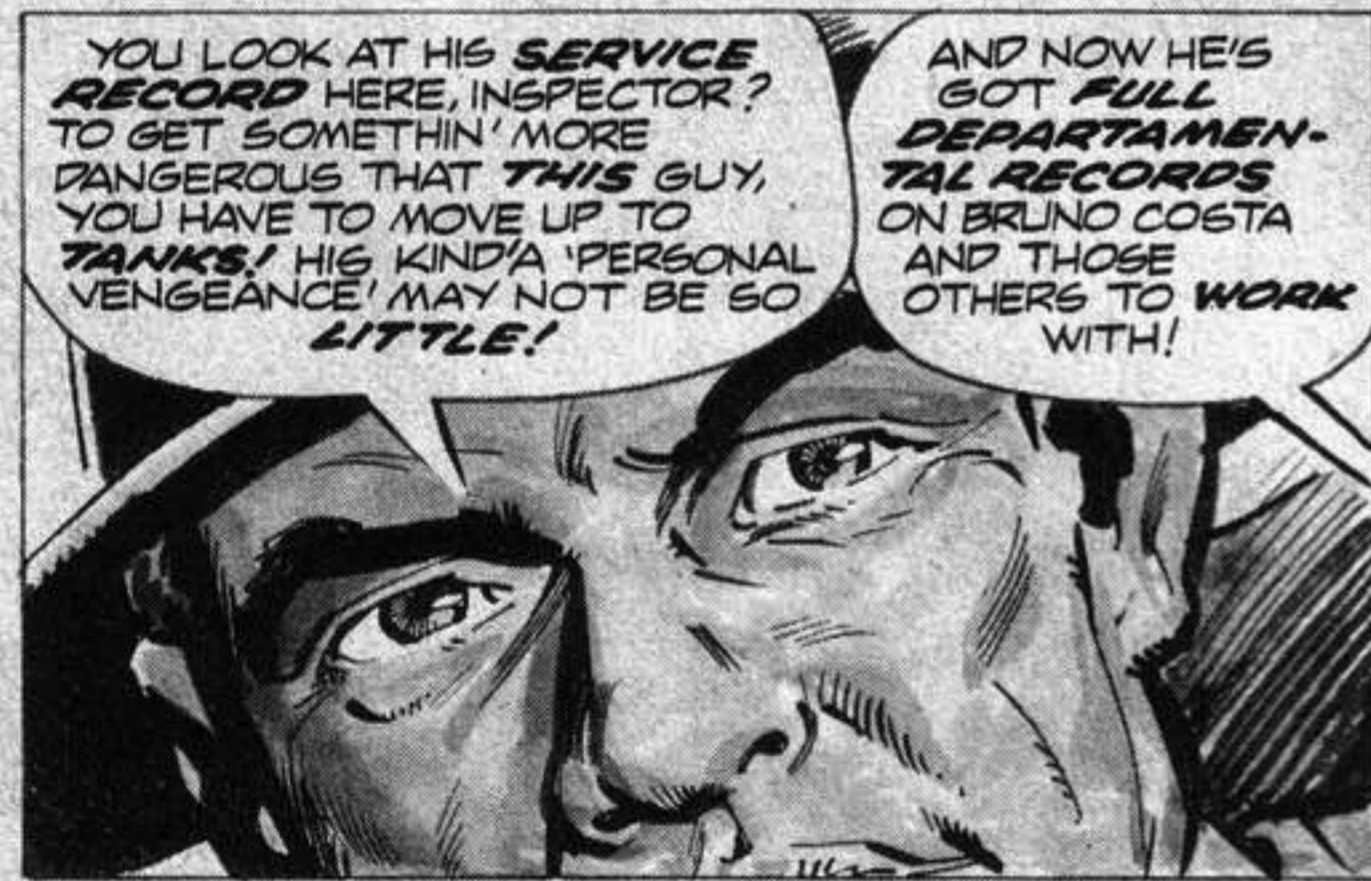
STEALIN' STUFF FROM A POLICE STATION...? WHO HAS THAT KIND'A MOXIE?

MAYBE YOUR MARINE, LAVIANO... EX-MARINE, I SHOULD SAY! ACCORDING TO THIS FBI NOTICE, HE'S BEEN OFFICIALLY DECLARED A DESERTER!



FIGURES! HE DIDN'T ACT LIKE A GUY WHO'D LET THIS DROP JUST 'CAUSE WE HAD TO!

SO HE'S CHUCKED HIS WHOLE CAREER FOR A LITTLE PERSONAL VENGEANCE!



YOU LOOK AT HIS SERVICE RECORD HERE, INSPECTOR? TO GET SOMETHIN' MORE DANGEROUS THAN THIS GUY, YOU HAVE TO MOVE UP TO TANKS! HIS KIND'A 'PERSONAL VENGEANCE' MAY NOT BE SO LITTLE!

AND NOW HE'S GOT FULL DEPARTAMENTAL RECORDS ON BRUNO COSTA AND THOSE OTHERS TO WORK WITH!



WAR JOURNAL, ENTRY NUMBER SEVEN: A WAR REQUIRES FINANCING... AND INTELLIGENCE INFO. I NOW HAD BOTH. IT WAS TIME TO MOVE...

ANOTHER TEQUILA SUNRISE, MR. HANNIGAN?

SURE, DOLL! BUT NO MORE BUTTER MILK FOR MY PAL... HE'S DRIVIN'!

GIMME A BREAK, MAN! THIS ULCER'S NO DAMN JOKE!



DON'T LOOK SO DAMN PLEASED ABOUT IT, LAVIANO! I MIGHT GET THE IMPRESSION A CERTAIN FAT COP WHO HATES THE MOB MAYBE MADE IT EASY FOR THE CAPTAIN TO LIFT THAT FILE!

YOU JUST GOT A NASTY MIND, INSPECTOR! ANY COP WHO DID THAT WOULD BE IN BIG TROUBLE... ALMOST AS BIG AS THOSE FIVE SYNDICATE PUNKS MAY BE IN!



A **HITMAN** WITH A WEAK STOMACH... BREAKS ME UP!

WHY NOT GET ON THE **PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM**, MAN? LET THE WHOLE **RESORT** KNOW WHO WE ARE!



F'R CHRISSAKE, LUIS... EVERYBODY'S TOO BUSY EYEBALLIN' THE **WAITRESSES** TO PAY ATTENTION TO US!

NO WONDER YOU GOT AN **ULCER!** YOU'RE **NERVOUS** AS AN OLD LA--



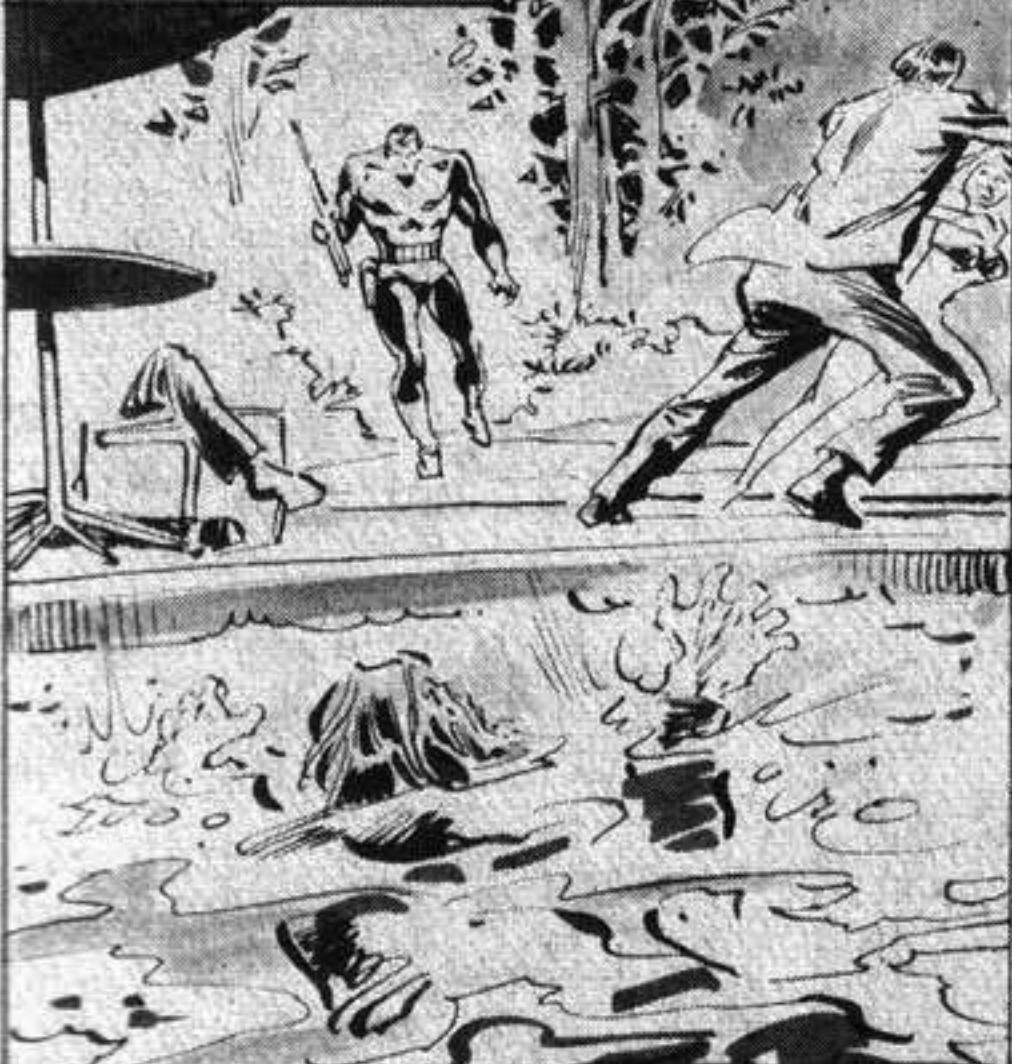
MADRE DE DIOS!



THE PLAYTIME CLUB WAS BUILT IN THE CATSKILLS TO ATTRACT GAMBLERS AND HIGH-ROLLERS UP FOR THE TROTTING RACES IN NEAR-BY MONTICELLO...

GAMBLERS OFTEN LOSE, AND LOSERS OFTEN **WELCH**. WHEN THEY **WELCH** ON THE SYNDICATE, **ANOTHER** CLIENTLE VISITS THE **PLAYTIME CLUB**...

...**Hired Killers**, like **Byron Hannigan** and **Luis Allegre**, **two** of the men who killed my family.



W-WHY... YOU... **SAVIN' ME...** AFTER GUNNIN' ME... DOWN...?

YOU'RE **NOT SAVED!** NOT THE WAY I PLACED THAT **GUT-SHOT**...



...BUT YOU'LL LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO TELL BRUNO COSTA AND THE OTHER TWO ABOUT THIS...

WUNK



...AND THAT THEY'RE GOING TO BE NEXT!

THERE WAS MUCH SHOUTING AND SCREAMING FROM PLAYTIME CLUB GUESTS AND STAFF, BUT NO ONE TRIED TO STOP ME. WAR JOURNAL, ENTRY SEVEN-- CONCLUSION.



UNCLE FRANK!
UNCLE FRANK!



HEY! MY TWO FAVORITE LITTLE ROSEBUDS! ABOUT TIME YOUR DADDY BROUGHT YOU TO VISIT!

COME GIVE ME A KISS!



THAT'S NICE! NOW YOU RUN IN TO AUNT ROGE... SHE'S BAKING COOKIES!

LATER, I'LL SHOW YOU MY PEONIES... GOT SOME NEW BLOOMS!



BEAUTIFUL KIDS, BRUNO... BEAUTIFUL! YOU'RE REALLY BLESSED!

WELL, THEY SURE LOVE YOU, FRANK!

UH... YOU SAID YOU HAD SOMETHING TO DISCUSS?



YES, LITTLE BROTHER...

...I DID!

VRAANG



CHRIST, FRANK! WHAT TH--

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE FAMILY ENFORCER, BRUNO! AND THE FAMILY'S IN TROUBLE WITH THE REST OF THE SYNDICATE BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T DO YOUR JOB...

...DIDN'T MAKE SURE A CERTAIN LOUGY MARINE WAS DEAD!



THAT MUT WHO ICED HANNIGAN AND ALLEGRE? LISTEN, FRANK, WE--

NO, YOU LISTEN! THE GUY HAS KNOCKED OVER SIX SYNDICATE OPERATIONS! NOT JUST OURS-- HE'S HITTING EVERYBODY!

SO FAR THE ORGANIZATION IS OUT ABOUT TWO MILLION! THEY DON'T WANT TO BE OUT ANY MORE!



THE MAN IS DOING IT FOR REVENGE, BRUNO... AND HE COULD DO IT MANY TIMES BEFORE HE'S NAILED!

SO THE ORGANIZATION'S VOTED TO REMOVE HIS REASON FOR REVENGE! RATHER... HIS THREE REASONS!

FRANK! YOU MEAN ME... AND SKINNER... AND KOLSKY...?



HEY! YOU SCREWED UP... BUT YOU'RE STILL MY BROTHER! GET THE OTHERS, HEAD FOR OUR FLORIDA PLACE! NOBODY CAN TOUCH YOU IN THAT JOINT!

THE MARINE MAY TRACK YOU, BUT IF HE TRIES ANYTHING THERE, YOU GOT HIM! AND EVERYTHING'S SQUARE AGAIN!



UNCLE FRANK! AUNTIE ROSE SAID TO TELL YOU THERE'S A PHONE CALL!

COMING, ROSEBUD! AND YOU KNOW WHAT? YOU AND YOUR BROTHER ARE GOING TO BE STAYING HERE WHILE DADDY GOES AWAY ON BUSINESS!



YEAH! IT'S DONE! ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, THIS THING WILL BE FINISHED!

WAR JOURNAL, ENTRY TEN: PUNTA VERDE, ON FLORIDA'S GULF COAST, HAD ITS BEGINNINGS AS A SPANISH FORTRESS. DURING THE SEMINOLE WARS, **ANDREW JACKSON** BRIEFLY USED IT AS A HEADQUARTERS.

IN THE TWENTIES, THE TOWN ENJOYED A SLIGHT VOGUE AS A RESORT. THIS ENDED WITH THE DEPRESSION. AN OFF SHORE OIL STRIKE GAVE HOPE FOR A **BOOM** IN 1950. BUT THE STRIKE PRODUCED ONLY **TWO** WELLS. HOPE DIED, AND PUNTA VERDE FELL UPON **HARD TIMES...**

...HOW HARD CAN BE GAUGED BY ITS CURRENT LEADING CITIZENS...THE **BROTHERS COSTA**.

YESSIREE!
THEY TOOK THE
OL' FORT...
TURNED 'ER INTO
A **WINTER
HOME!**

BUT AH GUESS
**ONE 'A THEM'S DOWN
HEAH NOW...** SEE
THET **LAUNCH?**
DELIVERIN' **GIRLS
AN' BOOZE!**

HAVE 'EM SOME
**HIGH OL' TIMES OUT
THEAH ON THE POINT!**
YESSIREE!



NONE OF
THEM COME INTO
TOWN?

SHOOT FIRE, MAN! WHY
SHOULD THEY? EVAH THIN'
ANYONE COULD **WANT**, THEY
ALREADY **GOT** OUT THEAH!

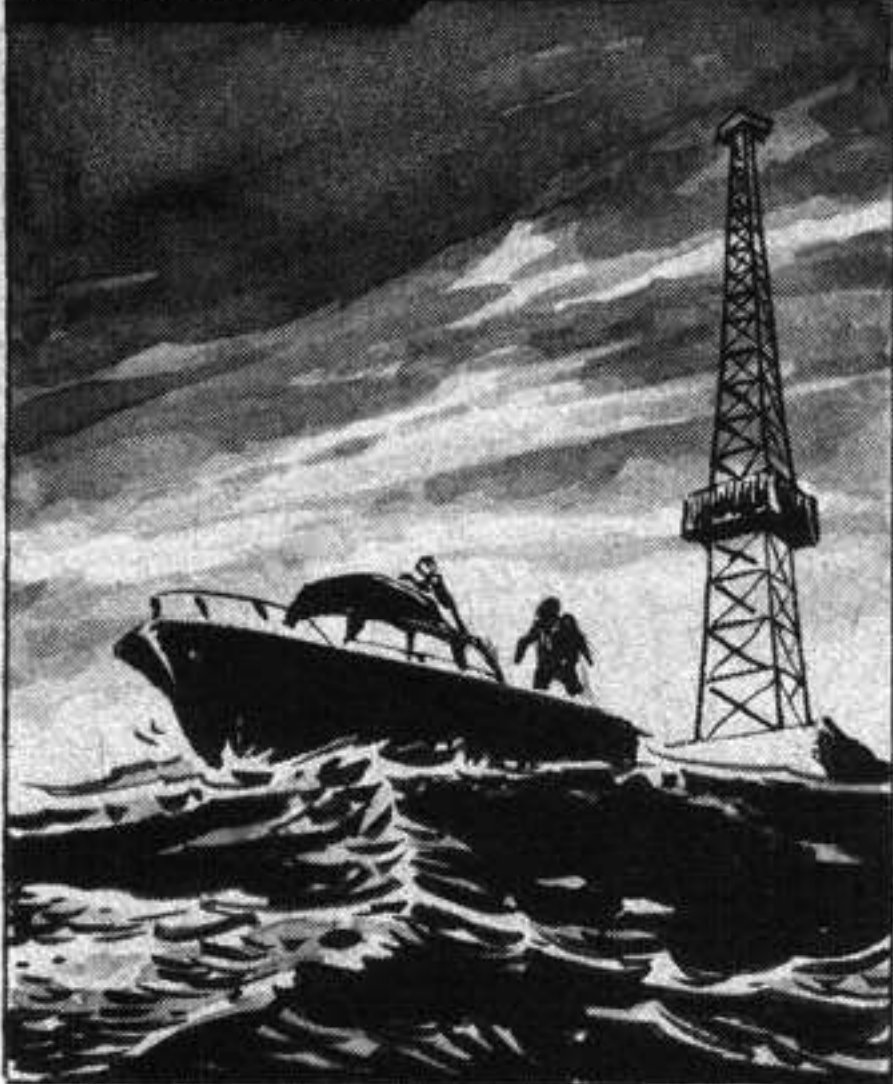
COUPLE OL' BOYS AH
KNOW HELPED **REDO** THE
PLACE! STEAMBATH...
SWIMMIN' POOL...EVEN A
DAMN **AQUARIUM!**

WELL, MECHANIC...
WHAT DO YOU
THINK?

I THINK
AFTER COOLIN'
MY BUTT IN A
**VETERAN'S
HOME** FOR
TWO YEARS, IT'S
GOOD TO BE
**BACK IN
ACTION,
CAPTAIN!**



WAR JOURNAL, ENTRY TEN--
CONTINUED: THE MECHANIC
WAS MY ORDNANCE MAN IN NAM.
HE HAD A SPECIAL GENIUS FOR
DEVISING WEAPONS AND
EXPLOSIVES...



...A GENIUS THAT WAS ALMOST
TERMINATED BY A CLAYMORE
MINE IN QUANG TRI PROVINCE.



"MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL," HE
SAID WHEN I FIRST LOOKED HIM UP
IN THE MARYLAND VETERAN'S
HOME...



"GUYS LIKE US, CAPTAIN, WE
WERE TRAINED FOR ONE
THING ONLY... KILLIN'. WHAT
GOOD ARE WE TO ANYBODY
WITHOUT A WAR?"



AT THE TIME, I DIDN'T HAVE
A GOOD ANSWER FOR THE
MECHANIC. I SUPPOSE I
DON'T REALLY HAVE ONE FOR
HIM EVEN NOW...



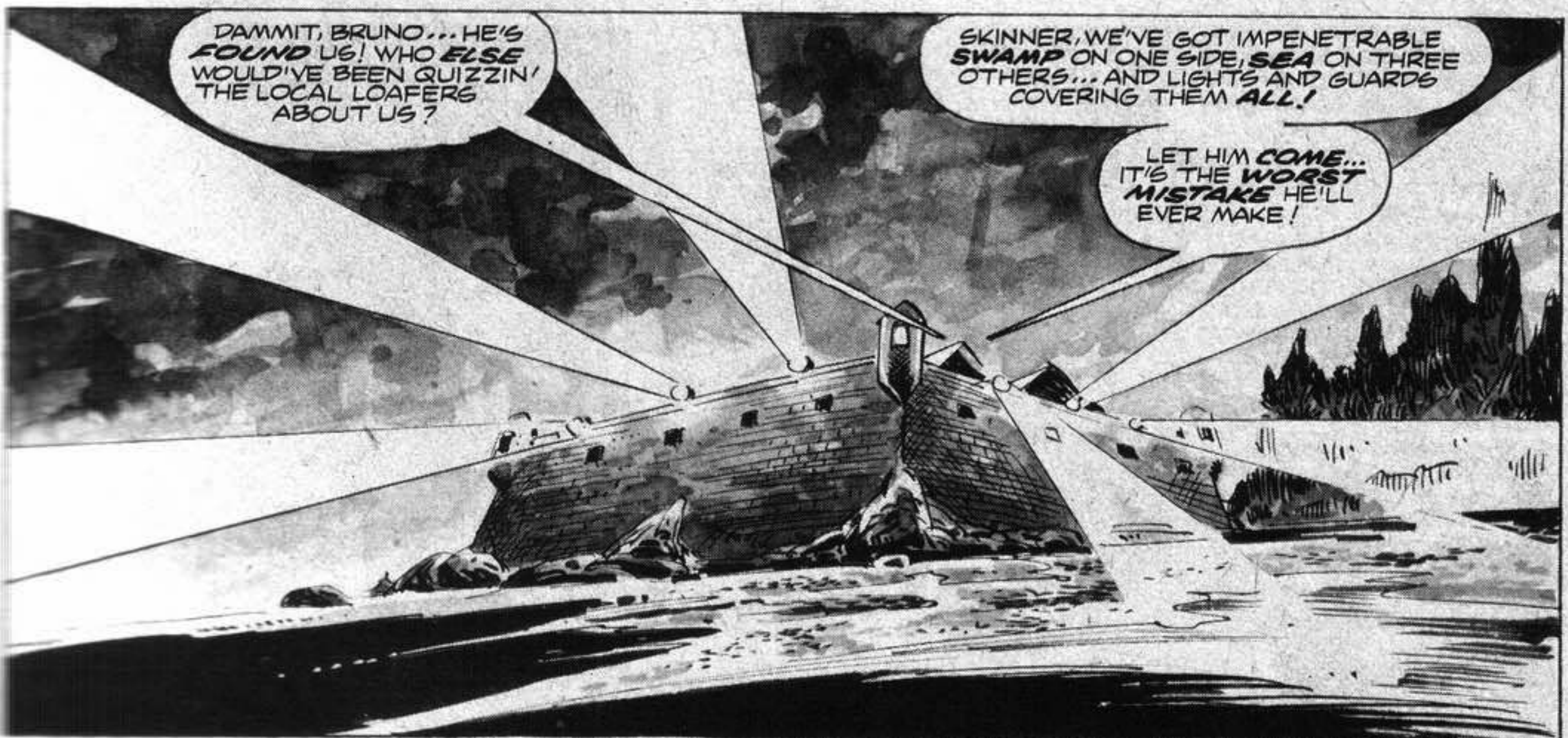
...BUT I
DO HAVE
A WAR.



DAMMIT, BRUNO... HE'S
FOUND US! WHO ELSE
WOULD'VE BEEN QUIZZIN'
THE LOCAL LOAFERS
ABOUT US?

SKINNER, WE'VE GOT IMPENETRABLE
SWAMP ON ONE SIDE, SEA ON THREE
OTHERS... AND LIGHTS AND GUARDS
COVERING THEM ALL!

LET HIM COME...
IT'S THE WORST
MISTAKE HE'LL
EVER MAKE!





RIGHT, KOLSKY?

HE DON'T SEEM LIKE A GUY WHO **MAKES MISTAKES**, BRUNO!

SO WHAT THE HELL YOU WANT US TO DO...? **SURRENDER** AND THROW OURSELVES ON HIS **MERCY**?



ME, I'M JUST GONNA **EXPECT** 'IM, BRUNO... AND BE **READY**!

BY CARVING HIS **NAME** ON A BULLET?

FILIN' **CROSSES** INTO THE TIP... TURNS 'EM INTO **DUM-DUMS**!

THEY'LL **SPREAD** WHEN FIRED... MAKE A HOLE LIKE A **HOUSE**!



JEEZUS, KOLSKY! YOU SOUND LIKE A DAMN **CHARLES BRONSON** MOVIE!

I'M GOING DOWN TO THE **GAMEROOM**... SEE WHAT THE **GIRLS** ARE UP TO! **COMING**, SKINNER?

SURE, BRUNO! LONG AS YOU THINK THERE'S NO **PROBLEM** WITH THAT **MARINE**!



KOLSKY?

UH-UH! SOMEBODY'S FIXIN' TO **CHILL** ME... I DON'T **PARTY**!

GONNA BE **CHECKIN'** AROUND JUST IN CASE!



THAT **KOLSKY**, MAN... HE'S A **COLD** ONE! LIKE ONE'A THEM **SHARKS** YOU GOT IN THE **AQUARIUM**!

IT AIN'T JUST **BUSINESS** WITH HIM, Y'KNOW, BRUNO? TELL YA THE **TRUTH**, I THINK HE GETS MORE **JOLLIES** FROM A **HIT** THAN A **WOMAN**!

LIKE THEY **SAY**, SKINNER, "DIFFERENT **STROKES**..." MAYBE WITH A WIFE LIKE **MINE**--ALCOHOLIC, IN AND OUT OF **SANITARIUMS**--HE'D **APPRECIATE** REAL **WOMEN** NOW AND THEN!



WAR JOURNAL, ENTRY TEN-- CONTINUED. FRANK AND BRUNO COSTA'S PUNTA VERDE RETREAT WAS DESIGNED TO BE **IMPREGNABLE**. AND SO IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN...



...EXCEPT SOMEONE ELECTED TO HAVE A SALT WATER POOL.



BUT ENTRY WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING...

THE POOL WAS KEPT CONSTANTLY LIGHTED BY NIGHT...



...AND REGULARLY PATROLLED.

CLEARLY, A DIVERSION WAS REQUIRED.



AND, OF COURSE, THE MECHANIC AND I HAD ARRANGED A VERY LARGE ONE.

WA'D DOOM!

HOLY--! IT'S THE GODDAMNED OIL WELL!



BRING WATER...
HOSES! THAT
FLAMIN' DEBRIS IS
COMIN' DOWN LIKE
RAIN!!

THAT'S
NOT THE
WORST!



CURRENT'S MOVIN' ALL
THAT **BURNIN' OIL** THIS
WAY... IT'LL **SURROUND**
THE **BLASTED PENINSULA!**
WE DON'T GET OUT **FAST...**
EVERYBODY'S GONNA
FRY HERE!



MR. SKINNER...!
DID YOU **HEAR--?**

LOUD AND **CLEAR,**
SWEETHEART! GET
YOUR TAIL TO THE
DOCK WITH THE
OTHER GIRLS... I'M
GONNA BE RIGHT
BEHIND YA!



SKINNER! DON'T
BE A DAMN
FOOL! RUNNING
OUTSIDE IS THE
WORST THING
YOU CAN DO!

YOU **NUTS,**
BRUNO? WANNA
MISS THE **LAST**
BOAT? THIS
FREAKIN'
FORTRESS IS
GONNA TURN
INTO AN
OVEN!



DUMMY!
THIS **MUST** BE
THE **MARINE'S**
WORK! THINK
THAT **OIL**
WELL JUST
POPPED BY
ITSELF?

I DON'T CARE
IF THE **JOLLY**
GREEN GIANT
LIT IT FOR A
BIRTHDAY
CANDLE,
MAN!

ALMOST **DIED**
IN A **TENEMENT**
FIRE AS A **KID!** I
AIN'T **ABOUT** TO
BURN NOW!



AND IF THAT
REVENGE-HAPPY
CREEP IS IN THE WAY!
I'LL GO RIGHT
OVER HI--

SKINNER!



BY THE TIME THE MAGNUM BUCKED IN MY HANDS, MOST OF THOSE FLEEING HAD REACHED THE DOCKS. THE MAIN HOUSE WAS QUIET...



THE SOUND OF MY SHOT SEEMED LOUD...



...LOUDER THAN I WOULD HAVE PREFERRED.



BUT THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE WAS A SILENCER, AND THE COST IN ACCURACY AND DISTANCE WASN'T WORTH IT.

TWO MORE! JUST TWO MORE! BRUNO COSTA AND THE OTHER ONE...



...KOLSKY!

COMBAT IS NOT A SITUATION WHERE RULES CAN BE RIGIDLY--OR SAFELY--APPLIED. STILL, THERE ARE SOME, SUCH AS: "DO THE EXPECTED... AND YOU'RE DEAD."

SO, PRESENTED WITH AN OPEN DOOR...



...I CHOSE THE WINDOW!

AND LEARNED I WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WISE IN THE WAYS OF COMBAT...



...ALTHOUGH LARGE SPOTS OF BLOOD TOLD ME I WAS DESCENDING INTO THE COSTA'S PRIVATE AQUARIUM AFTER A SERIOUSLY WOUNDED FOE.



BUT A MAN SERIOUSLY WOUNDED BY A .44 MAGNUM DOESN'T RUN QUICKLY DOWN-STAIRS. AND A SLIGHT WOUND CAN BE SQUEEZED TO BLEED MORE PROFUSELY...



GIVEN THAT, WHEN THE TRAIL TURNED LEFT...

...I FLATTENED AND FIRED RIGHT!



PLEASURE DEALIN' WITH A SMART MAN! YOU FIGURED IT JUST LIKE I WOULD'VE IN YOUR PLACE... THAT'S WHAT I COUNTED ON!

NOW DROP THE MAGNUM! IT'S EMPTY ANYWAY! THEN, GET TO YOUR FEET...



...I WANNA SEE YOUR FACE WHEN MY HOME-MADE DUM-DUMS RIP THROUGH YA!



AND KOLSKY BEGAN MOVING FORWARD... AS I KNEW HE WOULD.

AS WITH A SILENCER,
YOU HAVE TO BE IN CLOSE
TO BE ACCURATE WITH
DUM-DUMS...

BDAM

PDAM POW

THAT SAVED MY LIFE WHEN
I DIVED TO THE SIDE...



HIS SCREAMS WERE STILL ECHOING THROUGH THE SPANISH ARCHITECTURE AS I MADE MY WAY UPSTAIRS...



...TO ANOTHER OPEN DOOR...

...BEHIND WHICH BRUNO COSTA WAITED...



...AND WOULD CONTINUE TO WAIT FOREVER, JUST LIKE MY REVENGE.



WAR JOURNAL ENTRY TEN... CONCLUDED.



COSTA HAD COMMITTED SUICIDE?

NO! SOMEONE HAD STAYED BEHIND ...LONG ENOUGH TO STAB BRUNO IN THE BASE OF THE SKULL WITH AN ICEPICK!

THE SYNDICATE WANTED EITHER HIM OR ME DEAD, REMEMBER? THROUGH FRANK COSTA, THEY MUST HAVE PUT A KILLER IN THE FORTRESS...

ONCE IT SEEMED MY ATTACK WAS GOING TO BE A SUCCESS, THAT KILLER ACTED!

THE SYNDICATE LIKES TO PUNISH ITS OWN, I UNDERSTAND, LOVE! BUT I WONDER... IF THEY HADN'T INTERFERED, WOULD YOU HAVE BEEN SATISFIED?

I'VE WONDERED TOO, AUDREY...

...EVERY TIME I GO AFTER ANY KIND OF CRIMINAL SCUM, I ALWAYS WONDER: "IS THIS THE TIME I FEEL MY FAMILY'S AVENGED...?"

AND EVERY TIME...IT NEVER SEEMS ENOUGH!

MAYBE IF I HAD GOTTEN BRUNO...OR, WHEN I WENT AFTER FRANK COSTA, IF THE SYNDICATE HADN'T FIXED HIM THE SAME WAY...

...OR IF I'D EVER GOTTEN THEIR KILLER WHO WAS CHEATING ME OF MY REVENGE... MAYBE THEN, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH, AUDREY!

HEY...

