

"Call me Shang-Chi, as my *father* did, when he raised me and molded my mind and my body in the vacuum of his Hoonan, China retreat. I learned ~~many things~~ from my father. Since then, I have learned that my father is *Dr. Fu Manchu*, the most insidiously evil man on earth... and that to *honor* him would bring nothing but *dishonor* to the spirit of my name.

Stan Lee  
PRESENTS:

# MASTER OF KUNG FU!

Featuring supporting characters created by SAX ROHMER

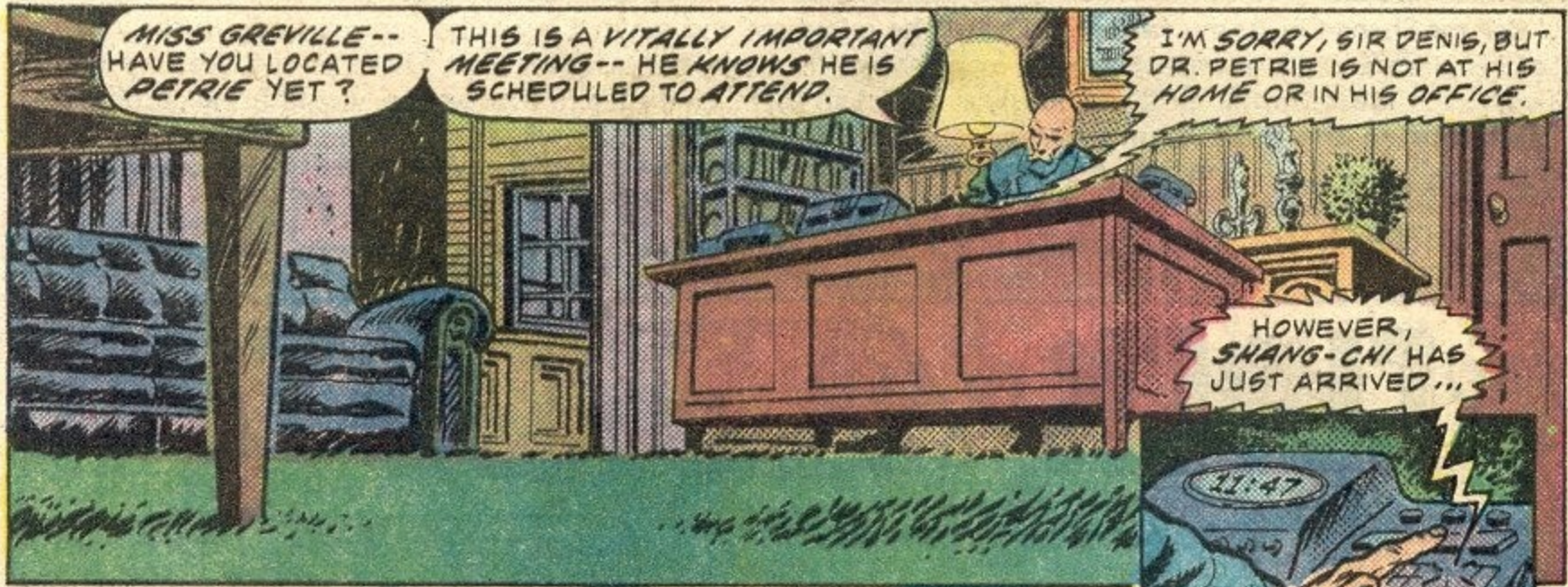
## THE CLOCK of SHATTERED TIME

DOUG MOENCH & PAUL GULACY, STORYTELLERS  
TOM SUTTON INKS & DENISE K. WONG, LETTERS  
D. WARFIELD, COLORS & M. WOLEMAN, EDITOR

"THE THOUGHT IS DIFFICULT TO FORM...  
THROUGH THE RAIN... AND LET IT  
SCREAMS... FROM MY MIND... TO EVERY  
POINT OF AND IN MY... BODY..."



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New York, N.Y. 10022, Vol. 1, No. 42, July, 1976 issue. Price 25¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. Subscription rate \$3.50 for 12 issues. Can-  
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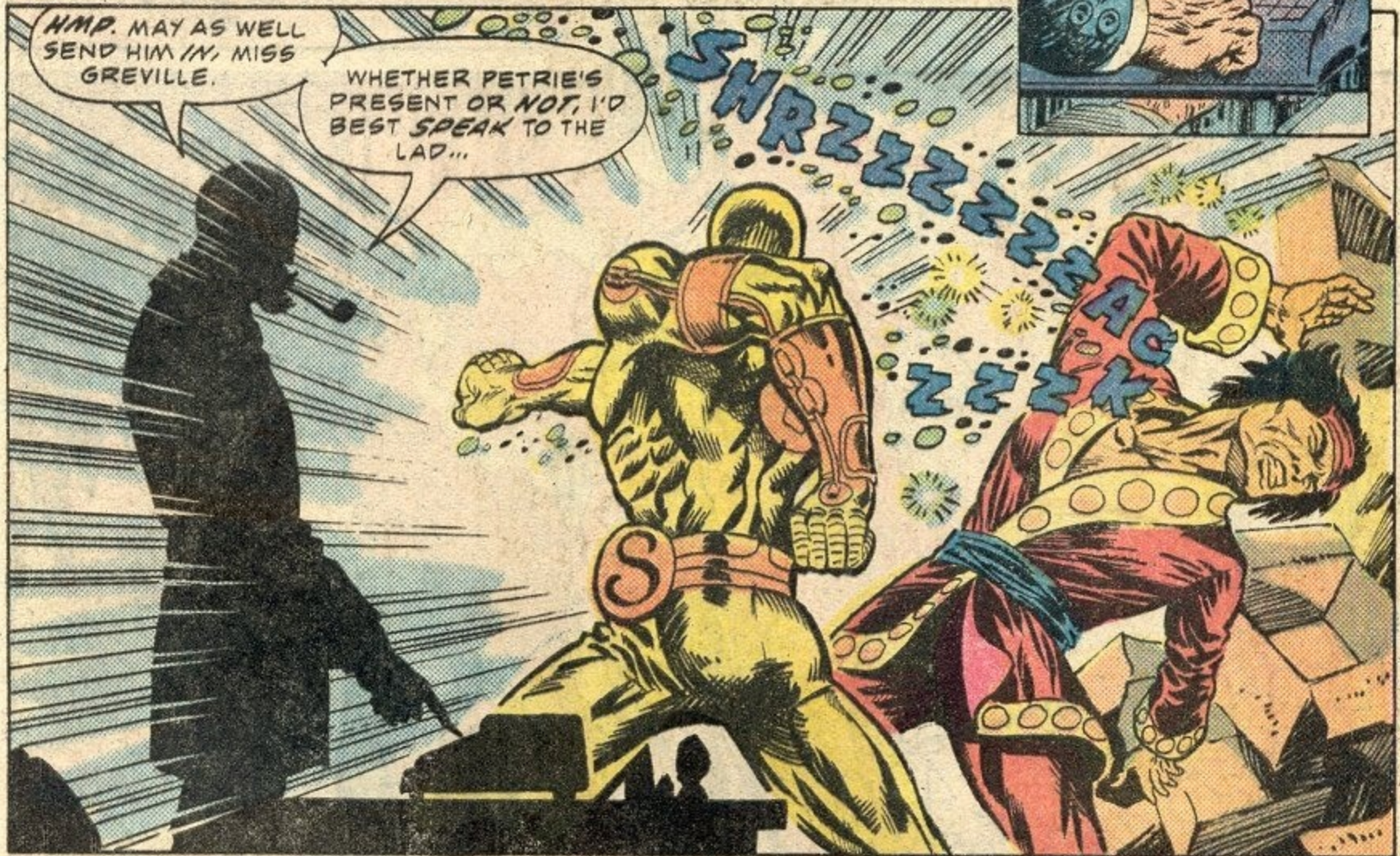


MISS GREVILLE-- HAVE YOU LOCATED PETRIE YET?

THIS IS A VITALLY IMPORTANT MEETING-- HE KNOWS HE IS SCHEDULED TO ATTEND.

I'M SORRY, SIR DENIS, BUT DR. PETRIE IS NOT AT HIS HOME OR IN HIS OFFICE.

HOWEVER, SHANG-CHI HAS JUST ARRIVED...



HMP. MAY AS WELL SEND HIM IN, MISS GREVILLE.

WHETHER PETRIE'S PRESENT OR NOT, I'D BEST SPEAK TO THE LAD...



SIR DENIS SAYS YOU MAY GO IN NOW, SHANG-CHI...

THANK YOU, MISS GREVILLE.

"SHE WORKS FOR SMITH--OBEYS HIM. WHY IS IT DIFFICULT FOR ME TO DO THE SAME...?"



ALL RIGHT, LAD-- NOW THAT YOU'VE DECLINED A SEAT, WE MAY AS WELL GET DOWN TO THE MATTER AT HAND.

YOU'VE REFUSED TWO MISSIONS IN A ROW-- THE SHEN KUEI MATTER AND NOW THIS WRETCHED BUSINESS OF OUR AGENTS BEING METHODOICALLY MURDERED ALL OVER THE GLOBE, INCLUDING RIGHT HERE IN LONDON.

NOW I SIMPLY CAN'T PERMIT ONE OF MY AGENTS TO--

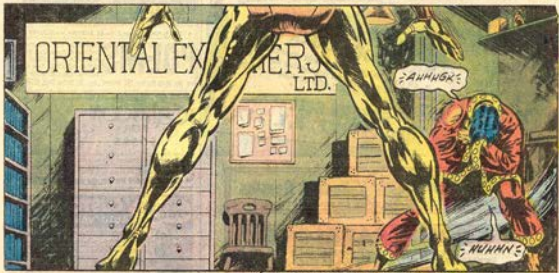
I AM NOT ONE OF YOUR AGENTS --I LIVE MY OWN LIFE, AND I HAVE NOT REFUSED YOUR MISSIONS...

I HAVE MERELY REFUSED TO PLAY YOUR GAMES OF RECEIT AND DEATH.

YES, I SUPPOSE YOUR CONDUCT DOES CONFORM TO SOME SYSTEM OF LOGIC. YOU DID GO TO HONG KONG TO PROTECT JULIETTE FROM SHEN KUEI!-- EVEN IF YOU REFUSED TO RETRIEVE THE STOLEN DOCUMENTS.

BUT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT THE CURRENT BUSINESS-- THAT YOU'RE NOW WILLING TO ACCOMPANY BLACK JACK TARR

... IN THE INVESTIGATION OF THIS "ORIENTAL EXPEDITERS" CLUE--?



TARR HAS CONVINCED ME THAT FURTHER MURDERS MAY BE PREVENTED BY INVESTIGATING YOUR "CLUE."

THEREFORE, I WILL GO WITH HIM.

THIS IS AN EXTREMELY GRAVE AFFAIR, SHANG-CHI. OUR AGENTS-- OUR FRIENDS --ARE BEING MURDERED BY SOMEONE RECEIVING INFORMATION FROM WITHIN THIS AGENCY.

ANY ONE OF US COULD BE NEXT, AND THAT'S WHY I MUST ASK YOU TO--

I APPRECIATE THAT ANSWER, SHANG-CHI, AND I RESPECT THE STRICT MORAL CODE WHICH PROMPTED IT.

HOWEVER, IT'S VITAL THAT YOU COOPERATE FULLY-- AND NOT PICK AND CHOOSE ISOLATED MOMENTS IN WHICH YOU WILL SUPPORT US.





I WON'T LET YOU WALK OUT ON ME AGAIN, SHANG-CHI...

...NOT BEFORE I'VE HAD A CHANCE TO SAY--



ZHRAKT



OH... MY...



...GOD.



"SMITH'S OFFICE..."

...NO LONGER EXISTS.



GOOD LORD, SIR DENIS-- THE... THE WHOLE ROOM... BLOWN TO PIECES...!



WHY, YOU... YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN...

"SHE DOES NOT COMPLETE THE SENTENCE REFUSING TO VOICE THE THOUGHT WHICH SO HORRIFIES HER MIND.



IT SAVED MY LIFE-- AND IF THAT FACT ISN'T MORE ELOQUENT THAN ANYTHING I COULD SAY...

AND PERHAPS YOU WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND--

...THEN YOU SHALL PROBABLY NEVER UNDERSTAND.

PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT, SMITH.



--WHAT I AM SAYING.

SHANG-CHI-- WAIT A MOMENT!

SIR DENIS--?

LET HIM GO, MISS GREVILLE. ONCE HE'S HAD HIS SAY, IT'S ENDED.



YES? WHAT IS IT, CALDWELL?

JUST RECEIVED THIS COMMUNIQUE, SIR-- CRYPTOGRAPHY SAYS YOU'LL UNDERSTAND IT WITHOUT DECIPHERING.



CAME IN ABOUT FIVE MIN--

HMM...

WHAT'S THAT ODOR--SMOKE...?



GOOD LORD-- YOUR OFFICE, SIR DENIS! WHAT ON EARTH HAPPENED IN THERE--!

HM?

OH, NOTHING, CALDWELL-- NOTHING OF GREAT IMPORTANCE, ANYWAY...



...NOT COMPARED TO WHAT THIS COMMUNIQUE SAYS.



ZHRAKT

AHHRRRR!!

"TARR WILL BE WONDERING WHERE I--"



CLIVE RESTON

HEY, CHI--  
WAIT A MINUTE...!

'RESTON?'

COME ON IN  
HERE--WE'D LIKE  
TO TALK YOU...

I SEE YOU GOT YOUR  
HAIR TRIMMED, CHI.  
LEIKO DID A  
FINE JOB.

'LEIKO DID NOT--'

HEY, DON'T  
LOOK SO SOUR.



IT'S ALL RIGHT  
NOW, CHI--WE'RE  
BOTH SOBER.  
CLOSE THE DOOR,  
WOULD YOU?

"WHY SHOULD THE DOOR BE--"



SORRY FOR  
ALL THE  
SECRECY--



--BUT IT'S  
NECESSARY.  
LARNER HERE HAS  
SOMETHING TO  
TELL YOU...

--SOMETHING EVEN SMITH DOESN'T  
KNOW, AND SOMETHING WE'VE  
DECIDED NOT TO TELL SMITH--  
FOR REASONS WE CAN'T TELL YOU.



YOUR WORDS FOLD  
THEMSELVES,  
RESTON--

--UNTIL THEIR  
MEANINGS CAN NO  
LONGER BE SEEN.

MAYBE I SHOULD START  
EATING FORTUNE COOK-  
IES INSTEAD OF WIMPY-  
BURGERS-- BECAUSE  
I'LL CERTAINLY SAY  
"AMEN" TO THAT BIT  
OF WISDOM.

ON THE OTHER HAND,  
SHANG-CHI, CLIVE DE-  
LIBERATELY PUT THE  
CREASES IN HIS WORDS--  
AND I'LL TRY TO EXPLAIN  
WHY...

AFTER THAT ASSAULT  
ON MY FLAT, I'VE DE-  
CIDED TO RETURN TO THE  
SERVICE AS SMITH WANTS.  
HE STILL HASN'T TOLD ME  
WHY HE THINKS MY SPECIAL  
TALENTS ARE NEEDED IN THIS  
CASE, BUT I THINK I KNOW  
SOMETHING EVEN HE  
DOESN'T KNOW.



IF I'M RIGHT, YOU  
COULD BE IN FOR  
SOME BIG TROUBLE...

KISSIE # 40.  
--MARY.

"...WITHIN THE  
HOUR."



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

THERE WAS ONCE AN AGENT HERE AT M16 NAMED LANCASTER SNEED--BEFORE HE GOT CAUGHT IN A SHRAPNEL-BURST WHILE ON A MISSION IN NORTH AFRICA...AND HAD HALF HIS FACE RIPPED OFF.

SEEM HE DIDN'T TRUST PLASTIC SURGERY...

HAD HIMSELF REBUILT WITH METAL PLATES INSTEAD--SAID IT WOULD HELP HIM IN HIS LINE OF WORK--TURN HIM INTO AN ARMORED TANK OF A MAN.

HE WAS QUITE PLEASED WITH THE RESULTS, TOO.

THANKS, CLIVE.

THE FILE.

HE WAS LET GO--FIRED--DECLARED "MENTALLY UNFIT" FOR DUTY IN THE SERVICE...

ANYWAY, SNEED WANTED TO CUT HIS CONVALESCENCE SHORT AND GOT BACK TO WORK... UNTIL SMITH'S DOCTORS GAVE HIM THE BAD NEWS.



...AND IF HE WASN'T MENTALLY UNFIT THEN, GETTING DROPPED FROM DUTY MADE HIM SO. HE WENT TO THE ORIENT TO LOSE HIMSELF, BUT HE KEPT HIS BODY FIT--STUDIED YOUR BAG OF TRICKS, SHANGI-CHI, THE MARTIAL ARTS AND SO FORTH.

HE THEN JOINED A TRAVELING CARNIVAL AS A SORT OF MARTIAL ARTS FREAK--EVEN RIGGED UP AN ELECTRICAL EXOSKELETON WHICH GAVE OFF SHOCK-WAVES WHENEVER HE TOUCHED OR KICKED ANYTHING.

IN FACT, HE CALLED HIMSELF "SHOCK-WAVE"--AND ONE OF HIS BIG CROWD-PLEASERS WAS DEMOLISHING A 5 BY 10 FOOT BLOCK OF SOLID CONCRETE WITH A SINGLE ELECTRIC KARATE CHOP.

HERE'S ONE OF HIS PUBLICITY PHOTOS...

HOW DOES THIS CONCERN ME?



YOU'RE ALMOST AS IMPATIENT AS MY FATHER WAS, CHI...

...BUT AS MY GREAT-UNCLE WOULD HAVE SAID STEADY, GOOD FELLOW, FOR THE GAME IS NEAR AFOOT.

TO PUT IT MILDLY.







I HAVE NO TIME FOR THIS, RESTON. TARR IS WAITING FOR ME...

PRECISELY THE POINT, CHI... IF YOU'LL CALM DOWN AND LISTEN TO IT.

TELL HIM THE REST, LARNER.



YOU REMEMBER THAT MISSION I BOTCHED, SHANG-CHI? THE GUN-RUNNING TO PORTUGAL BUSINESS, WHEN LEIKO WAS TAKEN BY THE RUSSIANS...? WELL, I SUSPECTED THAT SNEED WAS INVOLVED IN IT-- THAT HE'D LEFT THE CARNIVAL AND GONE BACK TO WHAT HE KNEW BEST...

...OUR LINE OF WORK--OR "GAMES OF DECEIT AND DEATH," AS RESTON TELLS ME YOU CALL IT, HE IMMERSSED HIMSELF IN THE UNDERWORLD OF THE ORIENT, ACTING BOTH FOR HIMSELF AND AS A FREE AGENT FOR HIRE BY OTHERS--THE RUSSIANS, FOR INSTANCE, IN THE GUN-RUNNING SCHEME.

I'D BEEN PLAYING CAT-AND-MOUSE WITH HIM JUST BEFORE SMITH BOOTED ME OUT OF THE SERVICE.



THAT'S WHEN SNEED--ALIAS "SHOCK-WAVE"--CAME TO ME WITH A PROPOSITION: WE'D BOTH BEEN DROPPED BY SMITH, SO HE SUGGESTED I JOIN HIS GAME.

I REFUSED SNEED'S OFFER, OF COURSE, BUT I WAS STILL BITTER TOWARD SMITH--SO I WITHHELD ALL I KNEW ABOUT SNEED/SHOCK-WAVE...



...AND FOR THAT REASON, HE'S STILL FREE...

I STILL DO NOT SEE HOW THIS CONCERNS ME...



YOU'RE ABOUT TO TAKE OFF WITH TARR, FOR ORIENTAL EXPEDITERS, AREN'T YOU? WELL, WHEN SHOCK-WAVE POSED HIS DEAL TO ME, HE CONFIDED THAT THE FRONT FOR HIS OPERATIONS WAS A LEGITIMATE FIRM FOR THE IMPORTING AND EXPORTING OF FAR EASTERN ART OBJECTS...

...A FIRM CALLED "ORIENTAL EXPEDITERS, LIMITED,"



WHY HAVE YOU NOT TOLD THIS TO SMITH?

WE CAN'T TELL HIM, CHI...



JUST BELIEVE THAT-- BECAUSE WE CAN'T TELL YOU WHY.

BUT WE DID WANT YOU TO KNOW WHAT YOU MIGHT BE GOING UP AGAINST...



I... APPRECIATE IT.



HE'S GETTING TO BE A REAL SOUR-PUSS THESE DAYS, LARNER-- BUT WE DID OUR BEST TO WARN HIM...

NOW LET'S GET BACK TO WORK, IF THE DEMOLITIONS DEPARTMENT--



--WILL QUIT SHAKING OFF THE PLASTER WITH THEIR BLOODY TESTS.

IT WAS NOT A TEST.



'I REACH TARR'S OFFICE, THINKING OF LEIKO...

BLACK JACK TARR

"...AND OF HER 'DEATH MISSION'...

...INVOLVING SOMEONE CALLED 'MOLE AGENT-O'...



'BOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE, CHINAMAN.

FIRST I'M ALL RARIN' TO GO AND SIR DENIS CALLS A BLASTED MEETING...

THEN I'M ALL RARIN' TO GO AGAIN, AND YOU'RE A FORT-NIGHT LATE.

I TELL YA, CHINAMAN, IT'S TYPICAL.



'TARR IS STILL COMPLAINING AS WE LEAVE WHITECHAPEL IN HIS CAR...

IF THEY KNOW WE FOUND THAT ADDRESS CARD--

--THEY'VE PROBABLY MOVED TO BLOODY SOUTH AMERICA BY NOW--!



'...AND STILL, AS WE REACH OUR DESTINATION.

WELL, THERE IT IS--AND THEY COULDN'T BE MORE OBVIOUS IF THEY TOOK OUT SPOTS ON THE B.B.C.

DARK INSIDE-- BETTER GO AROUND BACK.





...AND THE ANSWER BURSTS FROM DARKNESS--

...WITHOUT WARNING.



THE SAME HOODS WHO BLASTED IARNER'S PLACE, CHINAMAN--!

NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO BLAST THEIR--



FWOK

RATCH

UNNPHH--!

MY BACK!!



HYAAHH!

DID I EVER TELL YOU I HAD A LAMENECTOMY OPERATION AFTER THE WAR, CHINAMAN--?

SHOKT

GOT A THIRTEEN-INCH SCAR RIGHT UP THE SMALL OF MY SPINE...

...AND EVERY TIME I GET DUMPED ON MY BACK, THE OLD PAINS MAKE A RETURN VISIT.

THAT'S WHY NOTHING MAKES ME MADDER--

KLUMPT

--THAN GETTIN' DUMPED ON MY BACK!



I TOLD YOU WE WERE GONNA FIGHT, LITTLE MAN!

NOW DO YOU BELIEVE ME?



"THE FIGHT IS ENDED. TARR'S CROWBAR HAS STOPPED THE LAST OF THEM..."

QUIET, TARR....!

I HEAR VOICES-- BEYOND THIS WALL...

"...BUT I CANNOT HEAR WHAT IS BEING SAID..."



DON'T JUST STAND THERE TALKING TO HIM, SHOCK-WAVE!

HE'S DOWN! HE'S BEATEN! NOW FINISH HIM OFF!

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE-- HURRY UP AND KILL HIM!



KINDA GLAD YOU'RE THE ONE WHO FITS THROUGH THAT VENT, CHINAMEN--I GOT A TOUCH OF CLAUSTROPHOBIA, Y'KNOW.

...AND MY BACK'S STILL KILLIN' ME...

"THE AIR-SHAFT IS DARK, AND NARROW..."



"I CRAWL THROUGH IT TO THE NEXT VENT, AND TO THE VOICES..."

AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK ORIENTAL EXPEDITERS--

-- CAN FIND A USE FOR YOUR, AH... ABILITIES...?



"I RAISE THE VENTS' GRILLE..."

I AM WILLING TO WEAR THE GOLDEN DAGGER.

YEAH, THEY ARE THE CODE-WORDS, ALL RIGHT, BUT HOW DO WE KNOW YOU AIN'T--



WHAT TH--? PLASTER COMIN' OFF THE CEILING NOW...?

NO...

...IT IS DUST...



...AND SOMETHING FAR WORSE, I FEAR.

"I DROP."





BUT JUST FOR GOOD LUCK, I'LL GIVE 'IM ONE MORE ELECTROSHOCK KICK!

"MY BODY--BURNED AND NUMB--CRASHES THROUGH A DOOR..."

SKRASH

"...HURTLES INTO THE DISPLAY SHOP IN FRONT..."



"HEAD SWIRLING. DULL, NUMB SKIN TINGLING. BUT MUST GET UP..."



FZHT

"IN MERELY BLOCKING MY BLOWS... HE GIVES OFF A SHOCK, MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY BLOW."



"STILL CAN'T LOCATE, PETRIE, MISS GREVILLE?"

"NO, SIR DENIS--I'M SORRY..."

"WELL, SEND SOMEONE OVER TO HIS HOUSE. I HATE TO EXPECT THE WORST, BUT THERE'S NO SENSE IN TAKING CHANCES."



"AND BUZZ RESTON, TELL HIM TO BRING LARNER AND MEET ME BY THE CAR."



"MORE FIGHT IN YOU THAN I EXPECTED, LITTLE MAN--AIN'T NO ONE LASTED THIS LONG AGAINST ME..."

"...AT LEAST, NOT SINCE I STOPPED BEIN' THAT FLUNKY-JERK SHEED, AND STARTED BEIN' SHOCK-WAVE!"

ZRAPT



"BETTER START BEIN' SCARED, BOZO..."

"...SO SCARED THAT YOU CAN'T EVEN MOVE."

EXP ORTE



BLAM



KAESH

"BLOODY FAST WEIRDO--HE ALMOST FLEW THROUGH THAT DOORWAY!"

"YOU ALL RIGHT, CHINAMAN?"

"YOU DON'T LOOK IT."



I...

I... THINK... SO..."





**EPILOGUE:**



SUFFICIENTLY SHOCKED, PEOPLE? OR ARE YOU HUNGRY FOR MORE--? YEAH, WE KINDA THOUGHT SO, AND IN THAT CASE BE HERE-- **QUEST BEGINS!** WHEN WE JOURNEY TO SWITZERLAND TO LEARN THE IDENTITY OF THE OTHER MOLE (A.K.A. AGENT-D) IN THE SUPER-THRILLER CALLED--

# A FLASH OF PURPLE SPARKS!

"Call me Shang-Chi, as my *father* did, when he raised me and molded my mind and my body in the vacuum of his Honan, China retreat. I learned many things from my father. Since then, I have learned that my father is **Dr. Fu Manchu**, the most insidiously evil man on earth...and that to *honor* him would bring nothing but *dishonor* to the spirit of my *name*.

# Stan Lee PRESENTS: MASTER OF KUNG FU!

Featuring supporting characters created by SAX ROHMER

## A FLASH of PURPLE SPARKS

**SHOCK-WAVE**: A MAN EMBITTERED BY THE LOSS OF HIS POSITION WITHIN SMITH'S EMPLOY, A MAN WHO HAS FLED TO A NEW IDENTITY IN A CIRCUS TOURING THE ORIENT, WHO HAS STUDIED THE MARTIAL ARTS, AND HAS ADDED THE ALIEN FORCE OF ELECTRICITY TO HIS SKILLS--A MAN WHO NOW SEEKS VENGEANCE ON SMITH BY MURDERING FORMER FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES WITHIN SMITH'S AGENCY...

**I HAVE CONFRONTED THIS MAN, AND SUFFERED GREAT PAIN UNDER THE SPARKS OF HIS FALSE HANDS. I WILL CONFRONT HIM AGAIN...**

DOUG ROENCH & PAUL GILACY  
WRITER / ARTIST

JACK ABEL  
INKER  
PETRA G.  
COLORIST

GASPAR  
LETTERER  
MARY WOLFMAN  
EDITOR



**...AND THE OUTCOME WILL EFFECT MORE LIVES THAN MY OWN."**



PETRIE! WHERE THE DEVIL HAVE YOU BEEN, MAN? I'VE HAD MISS GREVILLE TRYING TO REACH YOU FOR THE PAST TWO DAYS!

SORRY, NAYLAND, BUT I'VE BEEN TO MY PHYSICIAN-- KIDNEY TROUBLES, YOU KNOW...



HURRY IT UP, PETRIE-- WE DON'T WANT ANOTHER NIGHT WATCHMAN STUMBLIN' ACROSS US...

AND YOU'D BETTER NOT BOTCH IT UP THIS TIME-- LIKE YOU DID WITH SMITH.

DON'T WORRY, SHOCK-WAVE...

OUR MASTER SHALL HAVE AMPLE CAUSE TO BE PROUD OF US AFTER TONIGHT--



--FOR THIS BOMB... CANNOT FAIL!

TIK TIK

TIK TIK



OH? ACTING UP AGAIN, PETRIE? I HOPE IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS...

NO, NOTHING TOO BAD, NAYLAND! AS A MATTER OF FACT, MY PHYSICIAN CLEARED MATTERS UP QUITE NICELY...

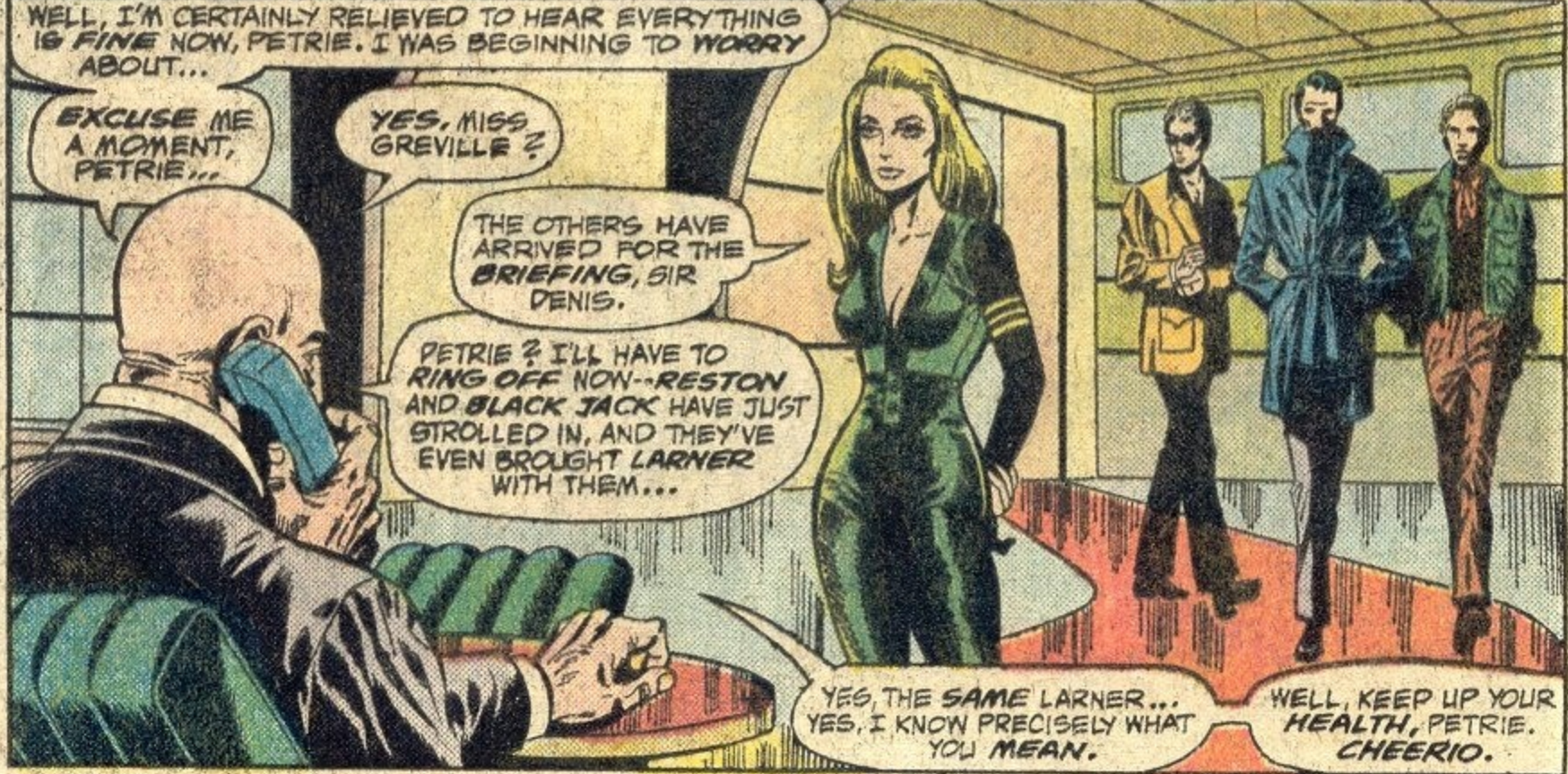
...AND I WAS ABLE TO SPEND LAST NIGHT WITH A FRIEND!



WELL, NOW THAT WE'RE SURE MR. BLACK JACK TARR WILL GET A BANG OUT OF OUR NIGHT'S WORK--

--LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, PETRIE

THIS WATCHMAN IS A BLOODY DEAD-WEIGHT AROUND OUR NECKS--IF IT HADN'T BEEN SUCH A PLEASURE, I'D ALMOST WISH I HADN'T ZAPPED 'IM OUT!



WELL, I'M CERTAINLY RELIEVED TO HEAR EVERYTHING IS FINE NOW, PETRIE. I WAS BEGINNING TO WORRY ABOUT...

EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, PETRIE...

YES, MISS GREVILLE?

THE OTHERS HAVE ARRIVED FOR THE BRIEFING, SIR DENIS.

PETRIE? I'LL HAVE TO RING OFF NOW-- RESTON AND BLACK JACK HAVE JUST STROLLED IN, AND THEY'VE EVEN BROUGHT LARNER WITH THEM...

YES, THE SAME LARNER... YES, I KNOW PRECISELY WHAT YOU MEAN.

WELL, KEEP UP YOUR HEALTH, PETRIE. CHEERIO.



GLAD TO SEE YOU'VE COME BACK, LARNER. I WAS AFRAID YOU MIGHT NOT MAKE IT!

WHY? DO YOU THINK I'D DROWNED MYSELF IN GIN?

OR DID YOU ACTUALLY BELIEVE ALL THAT CRUD YOU SPENDED IN FRONT OF THE BOARD-- WHEN YOU HAD ME BOOTED OUT THE BACK DOOR?

WATCH YER STEP, LARNER--



--BEFORE I SLAP YOUR GIN-PICKLED FACE INSIDE OUT! YOU CAME HERE FOR A BRIEFING--

--SO JUST SIT DOWN AND LISTEN TO WHAT SIR DENIS HAS TO--

AHEM!

I BELIEVE OUR FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS CONCERNS SHANG-CHI. I'M HAPPY TO REPORT--

"--THAT THE LAD WAS TREATED AT CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL LAST NIGHT--"

...AND WAS RELEASED EARLY THIS MORNING!

HE WAS STILL A BIT SHAKY, OF COURSE, BUT APPARENTLY NOTHING COULD STOP HIM FROM LEAVING ON HIS PRESENT MISSION!

RIGHT NOW, HE IS IN TRANSIT TO--

"--SWITZERLAND."



"VENGEANCE--A WEAKNESS TO WHICH I HAD ONCE FELT IMMUNE--"



"--AND RUSH CLOSER TO A SECOND CONFRONTATION--"

"--I FIND THAT MUCH OF MY STRENGTH HAS BEEN PURE DELUSION."

"BUT NOW, AS I NEAR MY DESTINATION--"



I'M SURPRISED THE CHINAMAN WENT ON ANOTHER MISSION SO EASILY, SIR DENIS-- WITHOUT GOING THROUGH ANOTHER SCENE OF MOUTING AND REFUSING TO PLAY OUR "GAMES OF DECEIT AND DEATH!"

YES, BLACK JACK, I WAS ALSO PLEASANTLY SURPRISED BY THE LAD'S DECISIVENESS.

BUT HIS NEW-FOUND RESOLVE MAY PERTAIN TO THE FACT THAT HIS PRESENT MISSION IS TO FIND AND PROTECT--

HAHA...



--LEIKO.

YEAH, IT FIGURES.

THAT WITCH COULD MAKE A CHIMNEY-SWEEP COME CLEAN!



QUIT YER BELY-ACHIN', RESTON-- YOU AN' LEIKO LOST NOTHIN' MORE THAN PUPPY-LOVE.

BLACK JACK'S COMMENTARY ASIDE, CLIVE, I BELIEVE WE SHOULD RESTRICT PERSONAL MATTERS FROM THIS DISCUSSION.

NOW--LEIKO HERSELF WAS SENT TO CONTACT AGENT-D--OUR MOLE WHO HAS BURROWED INTO THE ENEMY'S CAMP...

...BUT THANKS TO THEIR MOLE WITHIN OUR ORGANIZATION, THE CONTACT HAS SOME FOUL. AGENT-D HAS BEEN UNCOVERED BY THE ENEMY AS ONE OF OUR COUNTER-AGENTS...



...AND BOTH LEIKO AND AGENT-D ARE NON ON THE RUN."



LEIKO!!



CHAK!  
SPANG  
CHWEN!  
PLUK

ARE YOU ALL--

GET DOWN, YOU FOOL-- DOWN!!

--BEFORE THESE "ORIENTAL  
EXPEDITERS" THUGS--

**BRRRRRTT T TTT-T**



--EXPEDITE US STRAIGHT INTO  
MING DYNASTY IVORY  
CASKETS !!

THE GOLDEN  
DAGGER--

THEN THEY'RE  
IN ON THIS, TOO...



WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE  
BEFORE THEY PUT ANYONE  
ELSE ON OUR HEBELS !

COME ON--  
OUR BEST  
BET IS STILL  
THE SAFE-  
HOUSE !

RIGHT NOW, THEY'RE ON  
THEIR WAY TO THE  
SAFE-HOUSE--THE  
PRIVATE ESTATE OF  
OUR CHIEF OF  
SWISS OPERATIONS...

AND I'M NOT REVEALING THIS  
INFORMATION LIGHTLY--OF ALL THE  
AGENTS IN THE EMPLOY OF MI-6, YOU  
THREE--BESIDES LEIKO  
AND SHANG-CHI, OF  
COURSE--ARE THE  
ONLY ONES I FEEL  
CONFIDENT TO TRUST.



SO YOU'RE BACK TO  
"TRUSTING" ME, ARE  
YOU, SMITH ?

LARNER, I  
THOUGHT I  
TOLD YOU TO  
WATCH YOUR--

WHY DON'T  
YOU JUST  
KISS YOUR  
OWN FAT  
LIPS, TARR,  
AND KEEP  
EM KISSED !

AS FOR YOU, SMITH--THE ONLY  
REASON YOU'RE TRUSTING ME  
IS BECAUSE I HAVEN'T BEEN  
PRIVY TO TRADECRAFT SECRETS  
IN MORE THAN A YEAR !

IF I HAD BEEN--AND HAD KNOWN THE  
WHEREABOUTS OF EVEN ONE OF THE  
RECENTLY MURDERED AGENTS--RIGHT  
NOW I'D BE YOUR PRIME SUSPECT  
FOR THE MOLE !

AND YOU'D BE ACCUSING ME OF EVERYTHING  
ELSE THAT'S GONE SOUR IN THIS OUTFIT--RIGHT  
DOWN TO THE THEFT OF MISSING PAPER CLIPS--  
JUST LIKE YOU ACCUSED ME OF DELIBERATELY LOSING  
LEIKO DURING THAT SUN-RUNNING MISSION ON THE  
RIVIERA !

OF COURSE YOU  
FORGET THAT LEIKO  
LOST MY JENNIE AND  
NEVER EVEN BROUGHT BACK  
THE PIECES OF HER--



I WARNED YOU, LARNER--!!

**FRACK!**

SIR DENIS DON'T TAKE THAT KIND OF TALK FROM NOBODY--

--LEAST OF ALL YOU!!

JHN!!

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THAT, TARR--WAITING TO GET THIS THING OUT IN OPEN WHERE I CAN DEAL WITH IT.

--SO I MIGHT AS WELL KICK THE SCUMMY STINK OUT OF YOU!

GRAB 'IM, RESTON, OR GO HELP ME, I'LL--

HOLD IT, LARNER-- EASY-- WE'RE ALL ON THE SAME SIDE, REMEMBER?



OF COURSE, I WAS HOPING SMITH WOULD TAKE A POKE AT ME, BUT YOU'VE BEEN SNIFFING SMITH'S SEAT FOR SO LONG THAT YOU'RE BEGINNING TO SMELL JUST LIKE HIM--



**KWINK**



LET GO OF ME, CLIVE-- YOU AND ME HAVE ALREADY WORKED THINGS OUT! THIS BEEF IS NONE OF YOUR--



STOP IT--ALL OF YOU!! SIT DOWN, BLACK JACK--AND YOU, LARNER, IF YOU DON'T CONTROL YOURSELF, I'LL HAVE YOU BOOTED OUT THE BACK DOOR FASTER THAN THE FIRST TIME-- SO FAST IT'LL MAKE YOUR SURLY HEAD SPIN!!



NOW--THE SECOND ORDER OF BUSINESS IN THIS BRIEFING CONCERNS THE FACT THAT SHANG-CHI WAS TREATED FOR BURNS--THE KIND OF BURNS INDUCED BY ELECTRIC SHOCK--

--AND NOT FOR CUTS AS HE CLAIMED!



CLAIMED BECAUSE YOU, RESTON--AND PROBABLY YOU, TOO, LARNER--SWORE HIM TO SECRECY ABOUT SMOCK-WAVE'S INVOLVEMENT IN THIS AFFAIR!

AND DON'T TRY TO TELL ME I'M WRONG!



HEYTY... CALM DOWN, SMITH-- BEFORE YOU POP THOSE VEINS IN YOUR NECK.

NO, YOU'RE NOT WRONG...

...BUT HOW DID YOU FIND OUT--?

DON'T BE ABSURD, CLIVE / DID YOU HONESTLY BELIEVE I WOULDN'T EVEN GLANCE AT THE PHYSICIAN'S REPORT?

AND DID YOU HONESTLY BELIEVE I WOULD NOT BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY SHOCK-WAVE FROM BLACK JACK'S ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAPPENED AT ORIENTAL EXPEDITORS--?

--FROM HIS DESCRIPTION OF SHANG-CHI'S ASSAILANT?

BLACK JACK WASN'T AROUND WHEN LANCASTER SNIBED META-MORPHOSED INTO THE MADMAN CALLED SHOCK-WAVE--

...BUT DID YOU ACTUALLY ASSUME I WOULD NOT KEEP UP TO DATE WITH THE DOSSIER ON MY OWN NEPHEW?

--NOR WAS I, FOR THAT MATTER...

BUT THAT'S PRECISELY WHY WE DIDN'T TELL YOU--BECAUSE SNIBED IS YOUR NEPHEW!

FOR GOD'S SAKE, SMITH-- WHY SHOULD WE DRAG YOU OVER THE COALS UNTIL WE WERE ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN IT WAS HIM?

BECAUSE IT'S YOUR SWORN DUTY TO REPORT EVERYTHING TO ME-- WHETHER YOU FEEL IT IS GERMANE OR NOT!

I OUGHT TO LUMP THE BOTH OF YOU IN WITH SECURITY BRANCH!

THEIR HEADS ARE ALREADY ON THE CHOPPING BLOCK. HOW ANYONE COULD PLANT A BOMB RIGHT UNDER MY DESK WITHOUT THEIR KNOWLEDGE...!

ALL RIGHT, SMITH, SO WE AND REBORN ARE BAD LITTLE SCHOOL BOYS BECAUSE WE TRIED TO SPARE YOU A LITTLE PSYCHOLOGICAL PAIN-- WHICH IS MORE THAN YOU DID FOR ME WHEN LEIKO LOST MY JENNIE!

YOU DIDN'T EVEN ATTEND THE MOCK-FUNERAL-- THE ONE WITH THE EMPTY CASNET-- AND COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU DIDN'T EVEN SEND YOUR HYPOCRITICAL CONDOLENCES!

SO INSTEAD OF GETTING SO HIGH-AND-MIGHTY AND TREATING US LIKE BABIES-- WHY DON'T YOU JUST SNAP THE REAL LID OFF AND TELL ME WHY I'M BACK IN SERVICE?

I'LL OVERLOOK YOUR ATTITUDE, LARNER-- SINCE THERE'S BEEN TOO MANY OUTBURSTS ALREADY-- AND ANSWER YOUR QUESTION.

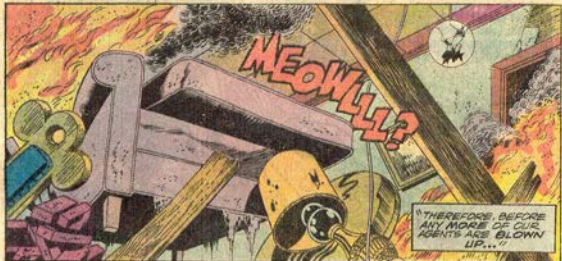
THE REASON IS SIMPLE.

YOU'RE AN EXPERT IN DEMOLITIONS, LARNER...





...AND NINETY PERCENT OF THE AGENTS WE'VE RECENTLY LOST--



"THEREFORE, BEFORE ANY MORE OF OUR AGENTS ARE BLOWN UP...!"

... I WANT YOU TO EXAMINE SOME OF THE BOMB FRAGMENTS--WE'VE PLENTY FROM THE DEVICE WHICH DESTROYED MY OFFICE --AND SEE IF YOU CAN DETERMINE THE BOMBS' ORIGIN OR MANUFACTURER.



SHOCK-WAVE IS A FREE AGENT NOW--A MERCENARY I WANT TO KNOW WHO HIS EMPLOYERS ARE.

BLACK JACK--YOU AND RESTON WILL BOARD THE NEXT FLIGHT TO ZURICH, BOAC, IN FORTY-EIGHT MINUTES, TO PROVIDE BACK-UP FOR SHANG-CHI.



THAT IS ALL.

DON'T BET ON IT, SMITH!

NOT IF YOU WANT TO WIN!



"SWITZERLAND."

THERE  
IT IS,  
SIR...

...RIGHT UP  
AHEAD...

...SIR HERBERT  
GRISWOLD'S  
ESTATE.

"SMITH CALLED  
THIS A...  
'SAFE-HOUSE'..."

"I HAVE SELDOM SEEN ANY  
HOUSE... SO LARGE.

"I EMERGE FROM THE  
LIMOUSINE, GREETED BY  
ONE WHOSE MANNER INDI-  
CATES HE IS PROUD TO  
SERVE."

WELCOME,  
MASTER SHANG-CHI...  
SIR HERBERT IS  
EXPECTING YOU.

HE IS IN BACK OF  
THE MANSION --

"--ON THE ARCHERY RANGE."

MASTER  
SHANG-CHI  
HAS ARRIVED,  
SIR HERBERT...

NOT NOW, YOU  
PRETTIFIED  
BUFFOON!  
CAN YOU NOT SEE  
WHAT I AM DOING?

IF THIS SHANG-CHI  
IS INDEED HERE, AS  
YOU SO CALLOUSLY  
INFORM ME --

...THEN LET HIM **BUSY** HIMSELF BY LOOKING ABOUT THE **GROUNDS**. MY EYES, HOWEVER, MUST REMAIN **FIXED** ON MY **TARGET**...

...INASMUCH AS ACTIVITY OF THIS SORT DEMANDS A **PRECISE** FOCUS OF...



**THUNG**



...CONCENTRATION!

NOW THEN, SHANG-CHI... GLAD TO MAKE YOUR **ACQUAINTANCE** AND ALL THAT. LEIKO WU AND HER CONTACT HAVE NOT **ARRIVED** YET, BUT WE EXPECT THEM **SHORTLY**...



...UNLESS, OF COURSE, THEY'VE BEEN **MURDERED** BY NOW! "..."

BUT YOU MUST BE **FATIGUED**. LET US TAKE **SOME DINNER**. SHALL WE? THE **LIGHT** IS **FAILING** ANYWAY-- I COULD BARELY **DISCERN** THE **BULLSEYE** ON THAT **LAST SHOT**.



MORE'S THE **PITY**-- BUT ALWAYS COMES THE **DAWN!**

"GRISNOLD IS... **STRANGE**."



HURRY IT **UP**, TARR-- WE'VE LESS THAN **THIRTY** MINUTES BEFORE OUR **FLIGHT**.



HOLD YER **HORSE'S**, RESTON. I'M JUST **GETTIN'** SOME **EXTRA SHELLS** FOR MY...

**TK TK**



SAY, I DON'T HAVE A **CLOCK** IN HERE...

**TK TK TK**



**BWOOM!**

TARR...!!



GOOD LORD!! **TARR!!**

"THE BODYGUARDS, I THINK, DISQUIET ME THE MOST. DOES GRISWOLD GO THROUGH EVERY DAY OF HIS LIFE UNDER THE SHADOW OF THEIR PRESENCE AS THEY CONSTANTLY STAND NEARBY IN SILENCE, LIKE STATUES, PRETENDING NOT TO EXIST?"

--NOT THE MOST UNOBTRUSIVE SAFE-HOUSE M-16 HAS EVER SELECTED, SO THEY SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE FINDING IT!

I IMAGINE YOU'VE SEEN THE STAGS-- QUITE MAJESTIC CREATURES, REALLY, EVEN IF THEY DO HAVE A DISCONCERTING HABIT OF UPROOTING THE RUTABAGA...

BUT AS I WAS SAYING, THIS LEIKO AND HER CONTACT-- "AGENT-D." I BELIEVE--REALLY SHOULD HAVE ARRIVED BY NOW.

"BUT THEY ARE NOT STATUES--THEY ARE MEN WHO GUARD GRISWOLD FROM DEATH, BUT WHO ACT AS IF THEY ARE THEMSELVES DEAD."

"WHAT DOES GRISWOLD EXPECT TO HAPPEN TO HIM--HERE?"

...SO I THINK WE MAY JUDICIOUSLY CONCLUDE IN ALL PRACTICALITY--

--THAT BOTH LEIKO AND HER CONTACT MAY VERY WELL BE--

--DEAD...

UHNN!!

--!!

GET DOWN--FLAT!! GRISWOLD'S BEEN HIT!!

I THINK WE'RE ALL AWARE OF THE FACT, NINE. CAN YOU SEE WHO MADE THE MARK?

NOT FROM HERE, NOW ABOUT YOU, SEVEN?

YES, NINE, I CAN SEE THE BUGGERS FROM THIS ANGLE. IT'S EXACTLY AS GRISWOLD SUSPECTED-- A TASK-FORCE FROM--

"--THE ORIENTAL EXPEDITORS' OUTFIT."

"THEIR STATUS, SEVEN?"

"WELL, LET'S JUST SAY WE'D BETTER SETTLE IN FOR THIS ONE, FIVE..."

"...BECAUSE THEY'RE ALL HEAVILY ARMED."

"THAT'S RIGHT--JUST KEEP WATCHING BY TWO LITTLE BIRDS OF A FEATHER."

"IT'S GOING TO BE AN EXTREMELY SATISFYING SIGHT--BRUGHT TO US BY THE COURTESY OF YOUR BUMBLING!"

"HOW DOES IT FEEL TO COME SO CLOSE TO SAFETY--AND THEN WATCH AS THAT SAFETY IS RIPPED OFF IN FRONT OF YOUR EYES?"

"HEY, WHERE'S THE CHINESE KID?"

"THEY MAY BE CIRCLING AROUND BEHIND--"

"--THE TIME OF MY SECOND CONFRONTATION--"

"THE TIME HAS COME SOONER THAN I THOUGHT!"

"DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW. I JUST LOST TRACK OF THREE MARKS."

"UGHNN!!"

"--WITH HE WHO HAS BROUGHT ME CLOSE TO DEATH."

"--THE MADMAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF SHOCK-WAVE."

"SEE? I TOLD YOU IT'D BE A PRETTY FIGHT!"

"WHAT'S THAT?!"

"BEHIND ME-- A STAB STARTLED BY THE GUNFIRE--"

"--MAKES A SOFT THRASHING SOUND..."

"WHO'S THERE?!"

"HIS HAND SLASHES OUT."

"SPARKS FLY."

"LEAVES BURST AND SHRED."



WHO IS IT?! WHO'S TRYIN' TO SNEAK UP ON ME?!

"HE HAS CLEARED A PATH OF SIGHT THROUGH THE HEDGE..."



"...BUT I HAVE ALREADY MOVED BEYOND THE HEDGE..."

YOU TWO GOONS STAY HERE WITH OUR CAPTIVE BIRDS!

I'M GONNA STALK ME A BACK SNEAKER!



"AGAIN, HE CUTS THROUGH THE HEDGE--"



"--AND AGAIN--"

"--I MOVE BEYOND IT."



"STINKIN' MAZE--!"

WHERE IN THE--

Boo!



HAH! NOW I'VE GOT YA WHERE--

WHAT?



DEER?!?

NOTHIN' BUT A BUNCH OF LOUSY DEER?!!

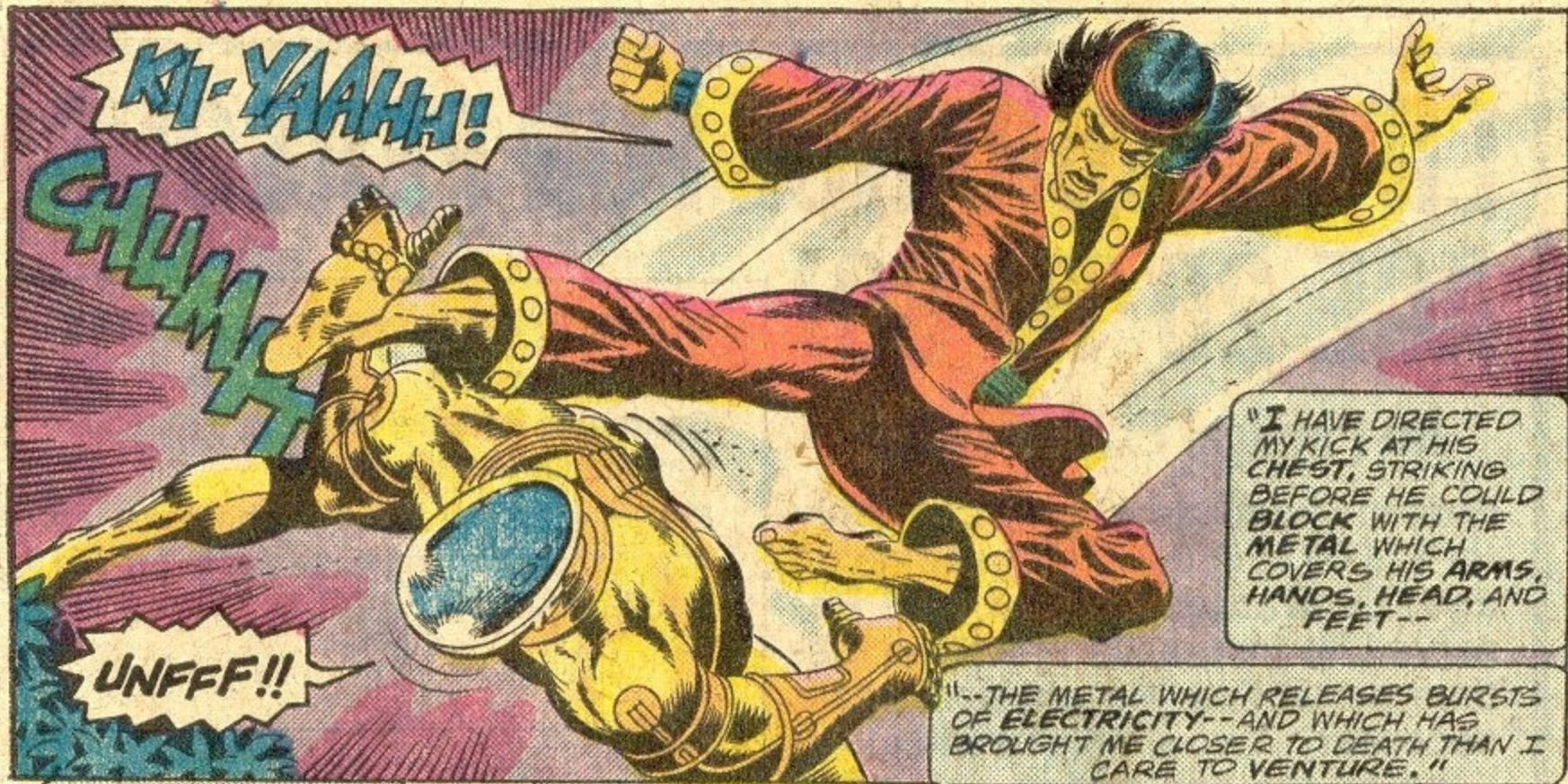


"HE IS WRONG."



I KNOW IT WAS MORE THAN DEER!

IT HAD TO BE--



**KI-YAAHH!**

**CHUNK**

"I HAVE DIRECTED MY KICK AT HIS CHEST, STRIKING BEFORE HE COULD BLOCK WITH THE METAL WHICH COVERS HIS ARMS, HANDS, HEAD, AND FEET--"

**UNFFF!!**

"--THE METAL WHICH RELEASES BURSTS OF ELECTRICITY-- AND WHICH HAS BROUGHT ME CLOSER TO DEATH THAN I CARE TO VENTURE."



YOU HAVE MURDERED A GREAT MANY PEOPLE...

IT MUST STOP.

...AND YOU HAVE ATTEMPTED TO MURDER ME.

AWRIGHT, PUNK... YOU GOT ME WHERE YOU WANT ME...

I'M DOWN...



...BUT I AIN'T OUT!!

"AGAIN THERE IS THE PAIN WHICH BURNS WHERE IT STRIKES--"

**ZRAPT**

"--AND NUMBS ALL OTHER POINTS OF AND IN MY BODY."



AIN'T OUT BY A LONG SHOT, PUNK!!

**ZRAK**

"MUST AVOID THE PAIN-- THE SHOCKS--"

"--STRIKE BETWEEN THE AREAS OF METAL--"



**CHUD**

"--SWIFTLY--"



**KUD**

"--REPEATEDLY..."



"...WHILE THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE REMAINS WITH ME..."

UHNN!!

"...SUSTAINED BY THE MOMENTUM OF MY ATTACK."



"I KICK AT THE METAL COVERING HIS FACE, KNOWING THERE WILL BE..."

"--PAIN!"

ZAKK

"BUT I MUST ABSORB THE PAIN, CONTINUE TO MANEUVER HIM BACK."



WHY--WAIT-- AIN'T FAIR--

WH--WHAT ARE YOU--TRYIN' TO--

"NOW."



HYAHH!!

"FURTHER BACK-- GUIDE HIM THROUGH THE MAZE OF HEDGES."

SHOKT



"MUST VENTURE THE PAIN--FORGET THE PAIN--"

GHHNFF!!

ZRAKT!

"--FORCE HIM BACK-- CLOSER AND CLOSER--"

"--TO THE--"





"--FOR LEIKO STILL LIVES, HER EYES BRIGHT...THOUGH SOMEHOW SAD."

THANK YOU, SHANG-CHI...

...FOR BEING WELL.

WE FOUND THESE TWO IN THE SHRUBS, SIR HERBERT. SNEED'S ORIENTAL EXPEDITORS MEN MUST'VE FOLLOWED THEM HERE...

THAT'S PROBABLY HOW THEY FOUND US.

"SHE RUSHES FORWARD, HER SADNESS BREAKING..."

"...AND SHE FILLS MY ARMS, HER SCENT SWEET, MOUTH SOFTENED. I CANNOT STOP MY KISSING."

I HAVE GIVEN MUCH THOUGHT TO... LOVE. AND I AM GLAD YOU ARE WELL, LEIKO.

WE WILL TALK ON THIS, LATER!

YOUR COMPANION-- HE IS AGENT-D?

YES, SHANG-CHI, SHE IS AGENT-D. BUT YOU WILL KNOW HER BETTER BY HER REAL NAME...

"...DUCHARME."

"DUCHARME--?? SINCE MY EARLIEST MEMORIES, SHE HAS SERVED MY FATHER'S EVERY WHIM-- HER LOYALTY TO HIM REMAINING BLIND AND UNQUESTIONING!"

"AND NOW--TO LEARN THAT, IN TRUTH, SHE IS ONE OF SMITH'S AGENTS--!!"

DUCHARME...

BUT... YOU--

YES, SHANG-CHI, I AM DUCHARME... AND AFTER SERVING FU MANCHU FOR ALL THESE YEARS, THAT NAME IS MY ONLY POSSESSION.

YET, PERHAPS I AM FORTUNATE MERELY TO POSSESS MY LIFE... FOR YOUR FATHER DISCOVERED MY TRUE NATURE WHEN I OBTAINED MY LAST PIECE OF INFORMATION FOR NAYLAND SMITH.

...INFORMATION CONCERNING THE DEATH OF BLACK JACK TARR.

**NEXT ISSUE!**

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, PEOPLE, DOUG MOENCH AND PAUL GULACY HAVEN'T EVEN WARMED UP YET-- AND IN JUST THIRTY SHORT DAYS THEY'LL REALLY PULL OUT THE STOPS IN THE START OF THE MOST THRILLING AND STYLISHLY CRAFTED MAGNUM OPUS EVER UNLEASHED IN THE HISTORY OF COMICS! BE HERE FOR--

**PRELUDE: GOLDEN DAGGERS! (A DEATH-- RUN!)**