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First shot should be a kill shot. But he's not going to let me have one.

The longer this goes on the uglier it'll get.

Gary, can you talk?

I know you, man... I got somethin' for you...

You've got nothing I can use. Delbert.
A man with a determined look. He seems to be holding a device or weapon."
You’d better radio for help for your partner. He’s in a bad way.

That’s my problem, your problem is dropping that piece and putting your hands up.

Do it now, mister, or I nail you.

Yeah, well...

You do what you think is right.

I.

I.

No more questions.

I.

Bert knew the shooter but he didn’t use a name or anything.

What did he look like?

Did the shooter talk to you?

I.

Officer Coyle could it have been the man called the Punisher?
BAD SCENE, FRANK. YOU WENT WAY TOO FAR.

THAT COP COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED AND THERE WERE ALL THOSE KIDS AROUND.

COULDN'T YOU HAVE WAITED AND TAKEN THAT SKELL OUTSIDE?

NO TIME FOR THAT.

GOOD THING WE SET UP HERE IN BROOKLYN PLACES US CLOSER TO THE ACTION.

I GOT ENOUGH LEADS FROM DELBERT LAST TIME TO MAKE A FEW INROADS WITH THE CARBONE FAMILY.

LISTEN TO ME, FRANK. YOU'RE NOT GETTING ENOUGH SLEEP. YOU'RE PUSHING TOO HARD.

MAYBE YOUR JUDGMENT'S OFF.

I DEALT WITH IT YOU WEREN'T THERE IT TURNED OUT ALL RIGHT, RIGHT?

BUT WHAT IF IT DIDN'T OR WHAT IF NEXT TIME...?

$\#&!$!

I DON'T NEED THIS, I'M GOING OUT.

JUST OUT.\nWE'RE NOT MARRIED, FRANK.

ARE YOU GOING TO START MONDAY MORNING QUARTER BACKING ME MICRO? MAYBE YOU CAN'T HANDLE IT ANYMORE.

WHERE I MIGHT NEED YOU LATER.
MICROCHIP'S BEEN TAKING OFF A COUPLE OF NIGHTS A WEEK FOR ABOUT A MONTH NOW.

I'M WONDERING IF HE'S LOST THE NERVE FOR THE WAR WE WAGE.

I'VE GOT TO KNOW IF I CAN TRUST HIM.

HE'S GOOD AT THIS.

HE CHECKS ALL AROUND FOR TAILS WITHOUT BEING OBVIOUS ABOUT IT.

SOMETHING'S UP HE FEELS IT.

HE'S GOING TO WAIT FOR THE NEXT TRAIN.

DAMN
I've been at it longer. We've both had our losses. We both have people that we do this for.

Micro has his son.

I'm liking this less and less.

This is deep cover for Micro.

We get off in midtown Manhattan. This could be another dodge I wait outside.
AN OFFICE BUILDING ON SEVENTH AVENUE

AN OFFICE ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE BUILDING

NO NAME ON THE DOOR, JUST A NUMBER

I DON'T LIKE MYSTERIES

I LIKE BETRAYAL EVEN LESS

OVERCAST PERFECT DAY FOR FLEEING I FIND THE OFFICE EASY

MICROMAN'S TALKING CAN'T SEE THE LISTENER'S FACE

THE GUY'S TAKING NOTES

HE'S RECORDING MICRO

CAN'T READ MICRO'S LIPS THROUGH THE PHONY BEARD
Welcome home, Micro.

Have a good time, Micro.

Where did you go, Frank? A little shopping?

What's going on, Frank? Why all the questions?

I followed you, Micro. I saw you and your buddy talking.

What do you talk about, Micro?

You followed me.

You could have just asked me, Frank, but that's not you, is it? You'd rather sneak around behind me.

I need to know.

Who's the guy you're talking to?
A PSYCHOANALYST! A SHRINK! GOT NOBODY ELSE TO TALK TO!

ABOUT MY SON.

WHAT DO YOU TALK TO HIM ABOUT?

ABOUT MY BOY.

I STILL MISS HIM, FRANK AND EVERYTHING WE DO TO PAY BACK THE KIND OF ANIMALS WHO KILLED HIM HASN'T CHANGED THAT.

I CAN'T BURY IT LIKE YOU DO. I HAVE TO TALK TO SOMEONE, AND YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT!

DO YOU TELL HIM ABOUT ME?

THAT'S ALL YOU CARE ABOUT. ISN'T IT? IT DOESN'T MATTER THAT I'M CLAWING MY GUTS OUT, THAT I BLAME MYSELF EVERY DAY FOR WHAT HAPPENED.

AS LONG AS I PROTECT THE SECRET OF THE PUNISHER, THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS.

IF THAT'S ALL THE TRUST YOU HAVE IN ME THEN I CAN'T STAY HERE ANY LONGER.

I'VE HAD IT.
He’s losing his edge, losing sight of what we’re about.

He’ll be back. He needs this as much as I do.

Micro slams the door behind him.

I hurt him.

He needed it.

He’ll get over it and he’ll come back.

Yeah...

I hurt him.

But he’ll heal.

He just needs more scar tissue.
THE REPUBLIC OF YARITAGUA, OFF THE CARIBBEAN COAST OF COLOMBIA

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, MI MIJO.
TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY AT EL PRESIDENTE'S VILLA.

JUST TELL ME THE TRUTH, JUST THE WAY YOU SAW IT.
SI, MI JEFE.

I WAS SERVING IN THE DEMOCRATIC GUARD, THE BODYGUARDS FOR OUR VALIANT PRESIDENTE.

...ESCORTING HIM TO HIS ESTANCIA IN THE SIERRA OSCURA.

THE THREATS FROM THE REBELS HAVE BEEN MANY LATELY.

"WE THOUGHT WE WERE PREPARED FOR ANY KIND OF ATTACK.
"BUT NEVER FOR WHAT WAS TO COME NEXT."
"I saw the assassin as a man would in a fever dream."

"Then I succumbed to the pain of my wound."

"He was a giant, a monster out of a nightmare."

"One man? One man slays a hundred of our best commandos? Impossible! The lies of a coward!"

"My first act as President will be to order your execution!"

"Sorry, General."

"If there's any executin' to be done, I'll be doin' it."

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
I'm awake before the alarm clock buzzer.

Micro?! You here?

Micro!

He must have run out for something.

He'll be back, I know. He'll be back.

Poor sucker's first act as President is his own state funeral.

Oh, and one man can kill a hundred when the man's name is Shotgun.

Make that a hundred and three.
LITTLE PLACE ON MULBERRY, JUST OFF CANAL.

FROM THE OUTSIDE, IT'S LIKE A DOZEN OTHER RESTAURANTS IN CHINATOWN.

QUON LUCK RESTAURANT

BUT THIS ONE'S SPECIAL.

THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN YOU'LL FIND ON THE MENU!

IT'S THE BANK FOR THE CASINOS THE TRIADS RUN.

I HEARD THIS FROM A LOUSE WHO HEARD IT FROM A FRIEND OF A FRIEND OF A FRIEND.

SOMEWISE GUYS WERE GOING TO DO A LITTLE FREELANCE.

THEY WERE LOOKING FOR SOME SIDE MONEY.
A GOOD NIGHT WILL FIND A HUNDRED GRAND IN THE COUNTING ROOM.

THIS WAS A VERY GOOD NIGHT.

THESE GUYS ARE GOOD.

IN AND OUT IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO PICK UP AN ORDER OF LO MEIN.

GOT THE GETAWAY CAR REVVED UP OUT FRONT AND THE SWITCH CAR THREE BLOCKS AWAY.

BUT THEN THINGS START GOING BAD.

ARNIE!

YOU GUYS WALK OUT WITHOUT YOUR FORTUNE COOKIES.

WHUM...
I'm not playing with these fools.
They're packing heavy and they're on that rush a holdup gives you.

Adrenaline and fear mixed with a few Reds and four Roses.

Jeeze... Jeeze... Jeeze!

But I'm trying to make a point.

Jeeze!
I LET YOU LIVE.

WHU-HHUH?
I DIDN'T DO IT TO DO YOU ANY FAVORS

I CAN USE YOU.

WHUH-WHAT FOR?

WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT.

I LET HIM HANG A WHILE AND SCREAM.

NOBODY AROUND THE GARAGE IN BROOKLYN THIS TIME OF NIGHT.

LET'S TALK.

I KNOW YOU?

YOU'RE SOMEBODY I SHOULD TALK WITH IF YOU A FED?

FEDS COME IN PAIRS LIKE BUTTSCHEEKS.

I WANT YOU GET ME AN ABDUCTION TO YOUR BOSS.
You're nuts, Pally. You can make your own friends, y'hear? I'm sayin'?

Sorry you feel that way, Mickey.

Hey, how you know my name?

Mickey Fornado, soldier for the Carbone family. A collector. You could introduce me as your cousin from Kansas City.

For what? I do something like that, and they find out, they'll kill me.

You don't help me and I'll kill you now, Mickey.

Huh...I tell you nuthin'. We got a code: omerta.

You're not even one of them, Mick. Your father was Albanian.

Well, same goes for my people. I tell you nuthin', go ahead and kill me!

Nice bluff, Mick. But I said I was going to kill you now.

That doesn't mean you're going to die right away.
Hey! You're not for real!

Smell that, Mick? I'm burning off some of your fat.

Anything!

I'll do anything you want!

It won't hurt at first, Mick. It's too hot. It sears the nerve endings.

You'll smell burning meat and then it'll hurt.

Eeeeeeaaaaah!

See? It's not how much it hurts. It's how much you think it'll hurt.

There's a card in your wallet. You give me a call when you've set things up.

You—You.
I trust him as far as I can throw him.

But he knows if he rats me out I'll kill him.

It doesn't even have to be all bad for him.

He's a low man in the Carbone outfit. He's got nowhere to go but up.

Yeah?

Mickey. This is Andy Calabrese.

Yeah, Andy?

Yeah?

We got a problem. Nico, Arnie, Freddie, and Tony the Tuna were found shot to death on Mulberry. They were pullin' down a score.

You know anythin' about that?

No way, Andy. I just now got back from my mother's in Trenton.

Okay.

Well, this leaves us short-handed. I need some new guys for a thing that's comin' up.

You know anybody lookin' for work?

Yeah, sure. I know a guy.
FRANKIE'S REC ROOM, BAY RIDGE IN BROOKLYN

JULIUS IS ALL IN MY HAIR OVER THIS WHY'D THESE NUGGS GO DO SOMETHIN' DUMB? YOU CALLED A FEW GUYS, ANDY?

I TOLD YOU I DID SAL WE'LL COVER THINGS OKAY?

SCUSE ME, MR. CARBONE, MICKY FRANCOZZI'S HERE SEND HIM IN

OU GET US SOM HELP, MICKEY?

SURE DID, ANDY, MR. CARBONE

MEET JOHNNY TOWER

HE'S A COUSIN A'MINE FROM KANSAS CITY

NEXT ISSUE BLOOD IN THE WATER!