

**MARVEL SUPER HEROES®**  
**STATS CARD**

**GUILT  
BY ASSOCIATION**



**NAME: DAREDEVIL™**

**SECRET IDENTITY:**  
Matt Murdock

**ABILITY POINTS:**

Fighting:	8
Agility:	9
Strength:	8
Endurance:	8
Reason:	5
Intuition:	12
Psyche:	8
Agility with baton:	16
Enhanced Senses:	14
Acrobatics:	15

**KARMA POINTS: 8**

_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

**HEALTH POINTS: 30**

_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____



# MARVEL SUPER HEROES<sup>®</sup>

Adventure Gamebook #8

**DAREDEVIL<sup>™</sup>**  
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

## GUILT BY ASSOCIATION

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## FACE FRONT, TRUE BELIEVERS!

In this book, you will assume the role of Daredevil, as he tries to clear his name, and find the criminal who's been ruining his reputation.

Based on the popular MARVEL SUPER HEROES Role-Playing Game from TSR, Inc., MARVEL SUPER HEROES Adventure Gamebooks require only a single standard, six-sided die; a pen or pencil; a moderate supply of luck; and, most of all, your own personal skill in making decisions as you play the game. If dice are unavailable, see page 12 for a simple alternative that requires only paper and pencil.

MARVEL SUPER HEROES Adventure Gamebooks have been designed to read easily, without complicated rules to slow down the story. Once you finish reading the rules that follow, you should seldom find it necessary to refer back to them. Your choices are clearly stated at each choice point, with occasional reminders of additional options available to you.

Your adventure reads like a book, plays like a game, and offers a thrill a minute—with YOU as your favorite MARVEL SUPER HERO!



## YOUR CHARACTER

In this book, you are Daredevil. In your private life, you are Matt Murdock, a blind lawyer who works in Manhattan. But as the costumed super hero Daredevil, you dedicate your life to stopping crime wherever you find it in the nighttime streets of New York.

You have been blind since you were a teenager, but your remaining four senses (hearing, taste, touch, and smell), have been heightened to incredible levels. Your sense of smell allows you to track a criminal trail up to an hour old, your touch permits you to read the raised printing of ink, and your hearing can detect the heartbeat of a single person in a crowd. You use this ability as a makeshift lie detector. You can usually detect lies with amazing ability, barring forces such as body control, pathological lying, or pacemakers, all of which keep the heartbeat steady. All these senses are reduced, however, if you are overloaded with sensory information (such as in a subway or crowded room).

In addition to your powerful senses, you also have an additional sense that operates as primitive radar. You can "see" three-dimensional ob-

jects, but not in great detail. It is sufficient, however, to reveal attackers and nearby building features.

Your plain white cane can be transformed into a fighting baton (or billy club) of incredible strength, and which you quite often use in combat. The lower part of the club fires a grappling hook and cable many yards, so you also use it to travel throughout the city.

## PLAYING THE GAME

This book is divided into numbered sections. Read section 1, then select the next section you'll read from the choices offered there. By making choices, you guide the story to its conclusion. Naturally, your objective is to bring about the best possible ending to your adventure. There are many endings, and you can play again and again until you find them all!

The Marvel Super Heroes portrayed in this series of books have certain powerful abilities far beyond those of the average human being. As Daredevil, your special abilities, which allow you to attempt feats a normal person wouldn't even consider, are listed on the removable **MARVEL SUPER HEROES Stats Card** located at the front of this book. The Stats Card lists everything you need to keep track of in order to play the game in this book. At the same time, it doubles as a handy bookmark.

## SCORING

Playing the game requires that you keep track of three things—**Health points**, **Karma points**, and **Ability points**—on the Marvel Super Heroes Stats Card located at the front of this book. An explanation of each of these follows.

### HEALTH POINTS

**Health points** represent your general health or life strength. If you are injured or become ill, you lose some of these points. If you lose all your Health points, you will fall unconscious and possibly even die. In other words, if your Health points drop to zero or less, your adventure is over. If you are hurt or sick, you may regain some or all of your Health points by spending Karma, which is explained in the following section. Always remember, however, that it's impossible to increase your Health points beyond your beginning total.

Daredevil begins this adventure with a total of 30 Health points.

### KARMA POINTS

**Karma points** represent the effects your actions will have on your future. You can earn Karma by doing heroic deeds, by making the right decisions, and in general by being a good person. Conversely, if you do things you shouldn't, you may lose Karma. There is no limit to the number of Karma points you can earn, but you will do better to "spend" your Karma rather than to hoard it.

You may spend Karma on any die roll you make to increase your chance of success. Rolling high numbers on the die is the way to succeed, and the Karma points you spend on a die roll increase the number rolled on a one-for-one basis. Here's how it works:

You must make your decision to spend Karma before you roll the die.

Once you commit yourself to spending Karma on a die roll, you must spend at least 2 Karma points. (This will increase the number rolled by 2.) You may add as many more Karma points as you need to make your die roll successful, providing you have enough Karma to spend. If you decide to spend Karma on your roll, but fail the roll because you didn't have enough Karma points to spend, or because you chose not to spend that much Karma, you still lose the original 2 Karma points.

Karma may also be spent to regain lost Health points whenever you reach a choice point in the story. For every Karma point you decide to spend in this manner, increase your total Health score by 1 point. Be sure to subtract the same number from your Karma total. The reverse is not true, however—Health points may *not* be converted to Karma points.

Daredevil begins this adventure with 8 Karma points.

### ABILITY POINTS

**Ability points** determine how easy or difficult it is for you to perform certain actions, called **FEATS**. Whenever you are asked to attempt a particular type of FEAT, consult the ability called for on your Stats Card, roll one die, and add the

result of the die roll to your Ability Score. The text will indicate what you should do next, according to the total.

The abilities used in this gamebook are described below.

**FIGHTING** determines how good you are in armed and unarmed combat. Your quickness alone makes you a formidable opponent, and your tactics are very subtle.

**AGILITY** is a measure of your coordination. You are remarkably agile and quick on your feet, with reflexes that would embarrass the gifted gymnasts.

**STRENGTH** determines how much damage you inflict when you hit something. It also tells how much weight you can lift. You are stronger than most people you meet.

**ENDURANCE** measures how long you can exert yourself physically without resting or when injured. It also determines how well you can stand up to punishment. Your training in martial arts allows you to take more punishment than average, and your general fitness is also exceptional.

**REASON** reflects how well you can solve problems with your mind. Your intelligence was unaffected by the radioactive waste that changed your body, and you are one of the best criminal lawyers in New York.

**INTUITION** gauges how well you observe with your senses and are able to act on that knowledge. Given your heightened senses, your Intuition is far above average.

**PSYCHE** is based on your willpower and inner strength. Your martial arts training also helps you here. Your Psyche is above average for human beings.



**AGILITY WITH BATON** determines the ease with which you use your baton/billy club while fighting or traveling. While not necessary for most fights you encounter, your club tips the balance in your favor.

**ENHANCED SENSES/RADAR** reflect your ability to "see" objects, or events as they occur. Though you cannot detect things in great detail, you more often than not "see" the big picture.

**ACROBATICS** measures your ability to jump, spin, kick and perform other maneuvers. You are an Olympic-class athlete with the skill and balance of a superior gymnast.

## PLAYING WITHOUT DICE

Should you ever wish to play the adventure when dice are unavailable, there is a simple substitute that requires only pencil and paper. Simply write the numbers 1 through 6 on separate slips of paper and mix them up in a container. When a FEAT roll is called for, draw one of the slips, note the number, place the slip back in the container, mix the numbers up again, and draw once more. Each draw represents one roll of a die.

You, as the Daredevil, are now ready to try to overcome your GUILT BY ASSOCIATION. Go to page 13 to begin your adventure. Good luck and good choices.

You take off your dark glasses and rub **1** your eyes. It's funny, how something that you can't use anymore can make you tired, almost pained. It feels so good to rest your head in your hands, and rub away the fatigue.

Your office door bursts open, and you can feel the heat of a man's anger before he says a word.

"Mister Murdock, this is a subpoena and injunction. A show-cause order. You'll have to explain why this drop-in center shouldn't be shut down for giving legal advice unlawfully."

*That's a laugh, you think.* Everyday, people struggle to work up enough nerve to come in with their stories of high rent, filthy apartments, no hot water, and kids in trouble with the law, and you are their only friend in a system that seems ready to eat them alive.

Your hand closes around the subpoena paper. Ever since you were disbarred, the legal community has pursued you.

You stand up, your muscles tense. *Is it true what Karen says? Am I growing to accept—no—like the violence that follows me?*

You hear Karen at the door, can smell her perfume, and sense her confusion.

"I tried to tell him you were busy, Matt," she says.

"No need to apologize, Miss Page. I would

have served Mister Murdock sooner or later."

The man pauses. *He's grinning*, you think, as you crumple the subpoena in your fist. "If you have Miss Page read the subpoena for you, Mister Murdock, you'll see it's for next Monday. Until then—" He turns, and pushes past Karen.

"I'm sorry," Karen says quietly. "He just—"

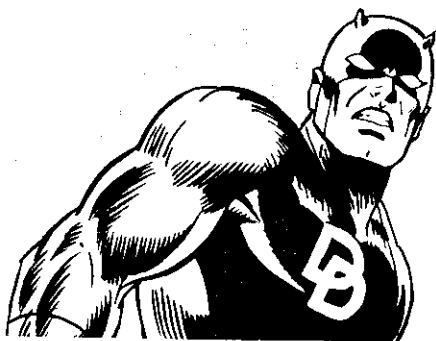
"It's okay. It's just not the greatest way to end the day."

"There's one more person to see you—a Miss Whitby from Staten Island." You sigh, eager to get back to your apartment, change into your costume, and begin your patrol.

"Send her in."

A woman enters the room quickly. She's old, but powerful. Her voice cuts through the hot, late afternoon air.

"Mister Murdock, I've come to you because, well, I've read of your work here at the



center. With the homeless, and drug addicts and all. Well, I'm afraid I've got a problem, too."

"Have a seat and tell me about it."

"There's an abandoned factory, right near the Elmwood Nature Preserve on Staten Island. They tore most of the factory down, but then trucks were pulling in there all of a sudden at all hours, day and night. It was about three weeks ago when I noticed the first dead animals."

"Animals?"

"Yes," she says bitterly. "Birds. Fish. A raccoon. My husband and I are ornithologists. We started finding a lot of dead birds—vireos, swifts, even an egret. All lying on the ground as if something just knocked them out of the air."

"I'm not sure I'm following you."

The woman leans close to your desk. "They're dumping something at the old factory. Something that's killing the birds somehow. But we haven't been able to get any proof, any evidence to take to the authorities." She pauses, and you can sense that, looking at you now, a blind lawyer—not even a lawyer anymore—her confidence in you isn't very high. "We were hoping that maybe . . . we thought that you might help."

"I don't know," you say. "It's a bit different from what I normally—"



You hear Karen at the door again, listening. Judging you.

Make an Intuition FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 14 or less, turn to 8. If the result is 15 or more, turn to 15.

**2** Three to one. Not bad odds. But when two of them pull out snub-nosed revolvers, things look a little less rosy.

Your club is up and ready, but you don't know whether to rush them with it, or try to use it to knock at least one of the guns out of commission.

If you rush the thugs, turn to 14. If you try to knock one of the guns away, turn to 6.



**3** You send your left fist crashing into the jaw of one thug, while bringing your club down on the gun of another. The third, unfortunately, gets off a shot.

For a moment, you don't feel anything, but then you notice the thin trickle of warmth from your shoulder. It was only a grazing shot, but

you know you can't afford another one.

Subtract 2 Health points, then turn to 21.

You jerk quickly to the left, but it's not fast **4** enough as the bullet creases your shoulder. You pick up your club and leap up to face the thugs.

Subtract 2 Health points from your total, then turn to 21.

Sometimes, the city's waterfront can be a **5** soothing place, with the gentle wakes of the tugs slapping against the docks. And lately, it's gone from being a long-neglected area to one of revived interest, almost popularity, with condos, concerts, and other attractions to lure hot city dwellers down to the harbor.

But the West Side docks are still dark in places. While they receive their fair share of scrutiny from the police, their old and shadowy terminals are a no-man's land where few questions are asked about late-night steamships from strange ports.

But you like it. It's dark, and while its tangy odor can sometimes be overwhelming with its hints of runaway pollution, it is someplace you feel at home.

There's little chance of your standing out down here. The few ships are quiet, empty of

cargo, and you hear only occasional voices talking to each other as they pass the time on evening watch.

Make an Enhanced Senses/Radar FEAT roll. If the result is 16 or less, turn to 9. If it is 17 or more, turn to 13.

**6** You throw your club at the most distant target and, turning away, you hear a gun clatter to the ground.

Then you charge the two men nearest you, even as one of them begins blasting away at you.

Make an Agility FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 11 or less, turn to 4. If it is 12 or more, turn to 16.

**7** You're just getting your balance when the fist crashes into your midsection. Without a moment to get ready, it knocks the wind out of you, and you stagger backward.

"Where is he?" one of the tough guys barks at their victim. "Where!"

"I . . . I—"

You leap to your feet, ready to get down to business with the professional muggers.

Subtract 2 Health points from your total, then turn to 2.



*It's all a result of publicity, you think. People see "toxic doom" everywhere. They're just scared that the plant is becoming a massive garbage dump.*

And they just might be right.

It wouldn't hurt to check out the abandoned factory.

Add 1 Karma point to your total, then turn to 18.

You hear the truck coming from blocks **9** away, barreling down the West Side Highway Underpass. You know it has to be just running lights. But that's not your worry. It's only when its high-pitched whine begins screaming at you that you figure that, for some reason, the truck is making tracks for the pier you happen to be on.

You dart quickly to the side, and gradually



pick up a clear image of the vehicle. The back's empty, but three people sit inside . . . and you sense fear.

The truck stops, and the men jump out and scramble up the gangplank of a nearby ship.

To follow them up to the ship, turn to **25**. To take a look at their truck, turn to **24**.

The scream. With every step you take, it **10** seems louder, more shrill, even as the people you pass look at you, staring in wonder—

"Where's the fire, man?" one person asks.

*Faster*, you tell yourself, gulping in the air, and darting into traffic. A car comes barreling toward you, but you leapfrog over a nearby cab, and fly into the air.

The scream still grows, and finally, you can sense where it's coming from. The dark warehouse ahead is sending thin plumes of smoke out into the summer night air. You know the fire department would be here in four or five minutes. Plenty of time to save the nearby buildings. But not nearly enough time to save whoever is screaming.

You sense that the ground-level opening has a thick metal door. But there's also a rickety fire escape leading up to the top, where the screams are coming from.

To open the door, turn to **31**. To climb the fire escape, turn to **43**.

**11** You hear a scuffling sound from a nearby courtyard, and you decide to check it out. It will probably be the first of a long night of petty squabbles and back-alley muggings, but as you jump down to the courtyard, a strange landscape of broken glass and garbage, you sense that there's more going on here than you realized.

Three guys, gorillas dressed in suits, are working over a young kid who's collapsed to the ground.

They turn on you with the careful precision of professionals. A meaty fist flies at your midsection just as you land to the ground.

Turn to 7.

**12** Even as you leap down from the rooftop, using the fire escape to swing down to the courtyard, you can sense where they all are . . . and who they are.

There are three heavy-duty torpedoes, real thugs. They're working over some young guy, their shark-skin suits rustling as they punch him. *Nice odds*, you think. *Nice bunch of fellows*.

You flip off to the left, well away from the happy trio.

Your landing is perfect.

"Where is he?" one of the thugs barks at the kid. "Where?"

"I . . . I," the boy stammers.

"Daredevil!" one of the thugs calls out. But you pick up no fear from these tough cookies.

"Is this a private party," you ask, "or can anyone join in?"

One of them—the biggest—starts coming toward you, and, though Karen would disapprove, you're going to enjoy the next few moments.

Turn to 2.



The truck's engine screams as it's **13** pushed to go faster. It's not long before you sense that it's coming right toward the pier. It screeches past you just as you jump to the side and crouch in the shadows. Then it stops

and three people get out.

You almost miss the sound, a faint whirring noise, lost in the rumble of cars passing overhead and the sound of the men running. They're carrying a bomb right onto a nearby ship.

You leave the shadows, and raise your billy club. They're halfway up the gangplank, ready to deposit their gift on the ship's main deck. You run to the edge of the pier and scramble up behind them.

Then one of the thugs turns and sees you. He smiles, ready to try his luck at stopping you.

Make a Fighting FEAT roll. If the result is 10 or less, turn to **28**. If the result is 11 or more, turn to **41**.

**14** You leap toward them, and all of a sudden they find their target vanished, almost over their heads.

Make a Fighting FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 13 or less, turn to **3**. If it's 14 or more, turn to **21**.

**15** This woman is no shrinking violet, and you doubt very much that she's given to wild imaginings.

It is possible that someone is using the fac-

tory as a quick dump site. A good chunk of land would be poisoned if something toxic were leaching down into the water table beneath the nature preserve.

Also, looking into this would keep your mind off other things, like the crumpled piece of paper on your desk.

Add 2 Karma points to your total, then turn to **18**.



You feel the bullet pass by, nearly digging into your shoulder. Another inch, and you'd have a nasty wound. You perform a few twists and turns, recovering your billy club in the process, and leap up, ready to finish with the three of them as quickly as possible.

Turn to **21**.

You pick them out. Their heartbeats are **17** more steady than the crew members' because they knew the explosion was coming. And they walk too calmly, too. No panic here.

You raise your club and move in front of

them.

"You can stop now, my friends."

A big one to your left tries to dart past you but you grab him and push him back. Another one tries to reach into his pocket. A quick tap with your club punishes his straying hand.

You herd the men back to the truck and after digging up some rope from the back, tie them up.

"Now we'll just find—"

Your statement is broken by a scream—a terrible trapped sound that chills you. It's blocks away, but feels as if it could be right next to you.

Quickly checking that the three hoodlums are tied to the truck, you dart away, hating the way the scream grows with every step you take.

Turn to 10.

**18** "I'll do what I can. At least we can find where these trucks are coming from, and if there's anything toxic in them."

She leans across the desk and closes her hand around yours. "Oh, thank you, Mister Murdock. You're the first person who's cared enough to even try to help."

You smile, tired (but eager to be out of here, prowling West Broadway, where problems

have simple, more direct solutions).

Miss Whitby leaves, guided out the front door by Karen, who returns with a satisfied smile on her face.

"That was noble of you."

"Let's go," you say. "If there's no one else waiting."

"There's no one—"

You walk past her, and you know she senses your eagerness. You walk ahead, hearing the front door bolt click into place behind you. The street outside fills your enhanced senses with a wild, swirling collage of impressions, smells, almost overpowering in their intensity.

You sense despair in the shuffling bodies, and hunger. But there's also laughter and joy. The city teams with life, and, legal or not, you know that your work here is more than important. It's essential.



"Matt . . . wait." Karen takes your arm and holds you tight, denying the distance that both of you have felt lately. When you're in

costume, standing before her ready to patrol the city streets, she almost turns away.

"I'm glad you're helping that woman," she says. You nod.

"Are you . . . working tonight?" You smile. Such a strange expression for the work you're doing.

"Yes. The neighborhood has been a bit active lately. I think everybody's hoping I'll take a vacation."

"So do I," Karen says flatly.

You put your arm around her. "Maybe next year," you say, laughing.

The subway ride uptown is its usual cacophonous assault on your senses, the screeching roar of the train, the press of bodies. But already you're getting ready for the night to come.

Your apartment is just off Broadway, and as you climb out of the subway, you sense the sun about to sink below the Palisades. You hurry up the stairs and Karen follows. You take the steps two and three at a time, open the apartment door and run to your closet.

"Don't let me hold you back," Karen says.

"Sorry," you say, pulling off your street clothes, and taking out your costume. "I guess I'm feeling a bit itchy tonight." You pull on your skin-tight outfit, smoothing it out against your well-conditioned muscles, you pull on the mask, and grab your billy club.

You then leap to the bar that dangles from the loftlike ceiling. You swing back and forth, loosening up the muscles, kicking your legs out, and swing around the bar. You let go and spin in the air before landing perfectly on your feet, barely realizing that you hold your billy club out in front of you.

"It's a part of you, isn't it?" Karen says drily. You lower the club and attach it to the side of your costume.

"Perhaps . . . perhaps it is," you reply. Then you turn and head for the back window of your loft.

To begin your patrol at the waterfront, turn to 5. To begin at Eighth Avenue, turn to 20.

You land smoothly, ignoring the crushed **19** glass beneath your feet. One of the thugs turns toward you.

"Daredevil . . . this is private business," he says in a voice with all the delicacy of a buzz saw. He punctuates his statement by sending one of the largest fists you've ever seen right at your midsection.

But it's a noisy, clumsy thing plowing through the air. You move slightly left, and the thug punches empty air and tumbles forward to the ground.

Now, it's your turn.

Turn to 2.



**20** It's almost night now, the sky a dark, almost purplish blue. You lope along the rooftops, taking care to keep out of sight of anyone catching a faint breeze from the Hudson. Once you pass a small boy sucking on a turquoise-colored ice pop that gives his lips and tongue a strange, almost alien color.

"Hi, Daredevil."

"Hi, son," you say, thinking, *At least he's not scared of me.*

It grows darker, but the city's heat lingers as you leap from building to building.

Make an Enhanced Senses/Radar FEAT roll. If the result is 16 or less, turn to 11. If it is 17-18, turn to 22. If it is 19 or more, turn to 12.

They're big and tough, but slow—like dinosaurs. Your club must look like a blur to them as you easily smash the guns out of their hands and knock them to the ground. You have enough time to give the third thug a quick uppercut, which sends him flying backward. You walk over to the boy they were working over and help him up.

"Thanks . . ." he sputters.

Then the thugs turn and start running. And you chase them, two steps for every one of theirs. *This is too easy. They're so slow, they're—*

Then you smell it. Slight, almost lost in the stench of the city. Smoke. And you hear, fainter still, a scream. How many blocks away? Six? Seven? If you can pick it up from this far away, it's got to be big.

You look at the thugs running away.

"I'll be back," you say, turning to the boy. Then you start climbing hand over hand up a nearby fire escape to the roof. And as you move, the scream grows louder.

Add 2 Karma points to your total, then turn to 10.

As you leap down, you sense four bodies, **22** and three of them powerful, punching a fourth kneeling in the center of the courtyard.



Make an Agility FEAT roll. If the result is 12 or less, turn to 7. If the result is 13 or more, turn to 19.

**23** The explosion catches you crawling up the rope like a rat trying to board the ship. And though your hands are wrapped tightly around the rope, the enormous chunk of hull flying at you makes you think twice about your destination. You curl up your body, trying to reduce the size of the target you're offering the exploding ship. But the metal, with its nasty jagged edges, so many slivery swords, comes right at you.

You let go and plummet into the oil-slicked water of the Hudson River.

Subtract 1 Karma point and 1 Health point from your totals, then turn to 40.



You quickly check the back of the truck, **24** but it's empty, except for some moldy tarps and a worn metal dolly strapped to the inside wall. You move quickly to the front cab to find that it, too, is empty, except for a map of Brooklyn. You pick it up to feel if it's marked—when a tremendous explosion roars from the ship.

You look up to see an enormous chunk of the hull go flying over your head, then crashing into the West Side Highway structure behind you. You leap and run to the side of the pier. Already the ship is taking on water with disastrous speed and its few crew members stumble down the gangplank.

Apparently, this late-night demolition squad from the truck has just carried out a nasty bit of sabotage. But which of the people stumbling down the gangplank are the bombers, and which are legitimate crew members?

Make a Psyche FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 11 or less, turn to 33. If the result is 12 or more, turn to 17.

They seem to be in an awful hurry, and, **25** though they're doing nothing wrong, you decide to follow them.

One stops at the top of the gangplank and waits. You find one of the ship's mooring



lines, and start climbing up it toward the main deck.

An explosion from just ahead of you blows an enormous hole in the ship's hull, and sends a piece of metal the size of a kitchen table spinning your way.

Make an Agility FEAT roll. If the result is 13 or less, turn to 23. If it's 14 or more, turn to 37.

The flames are everywhere—a smoky **26** gasoline fire that could only be the work of arsonists. And you detect where the voice is coming from. A loudspeaker sits on the floor (surrounded, no doubt, by asbestos). You sense a light blinking on a cabinet.

The voice, so pitiful in its fear, changes.

"Well done, Daredevil. Now let's see if you can get out of this inferno in time. Your days as the West Side vigilante are over. And, should you get away, perhaps you'd like to try your luck tomorrow at Coney Island. I'll be there in person. Waiting for you."

The light goes off, and the speaker explodes. Suddenly, a heavy beam crashes down toward you, a flaming spike ready to pin you to the floor.

Make an Agility FEAT roll. If the result is 12 or less, turn to 30. If the result is 13 or more, turn to 29.

**27** You can't seem to feel the bar that keeps the door locked. In the distance you hear the first wails of the fire engines.

"Help!" the voice calls above you. "Someone please, please help me!"

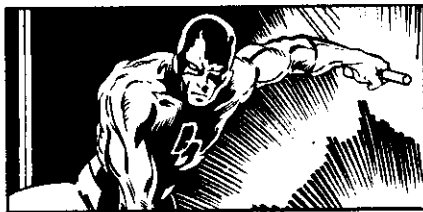
Subtract 1 Karma point from your total. To try the fire escape, turn to **43**. To try the door again, turn to **35**.

**28** He's quick, an experienced street brawler from the look of things, and you're moving so fast up the gangplank that you don't have time to parry his kick. He sends a heavy foot into your midsection, knocking the wind out of you.

*Careless, you think. Another case where haste makes waste.*

Then he grabs you, so easily that even you are impressed, and before you can recover, tosses you into the murky water of the Hudson River.

Subtract 1 Karma point and 1 Health point from your totals, then turn to **40**.



You move slowly at first, your senses **29** dulled by the smoke and confused by the fire, but you manage to move just in time. The flaming beam crashes to the floor just behind you, causing the building to shudder as it smashes down.

Turn to **38**.

Maybe it's the smoke that's making it **30** hard for you to sense where things are, with flames leaping up and confusing you. Feeling dizzy and needing air, you move to the side, but the beam comes crashing down on the back of your leg and sends you to the floor.

It burns into you, and you call out.

Outside, the firefighters quickly ready their hoses. But they'll never hear you, not until it's too late.

You, The Man Without Fear, moan, and try to pull your leg free.

Make a Strength FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 9 or less, subtract 1 Health point from your total and roll again. If the result is 10 or more, turn to **44**. Continue rolling until you get 10 or more. If your Strength total reaches zero, your adventure is over.

**31** You go to one of the doors and pull on the handle, feeling the dull resistance of the steel bar holding it tight. You smash down on the handle, as time ticks away. The handle flies off, and you wedge your club in the socket and feel around for the bar.

Make an Agility with Baton FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 11 or less, turn to **27**. If the result is 12 or more, turn to **35**.

**32** You curl up and roll into the top floor of the warehouse, but it's hard to avoid the shards of glass that litter the floor. You feel a stinging pain in your side.

You get up, knowing that every second is precious.

Subtract 1 Health point from your total, then turn to **26**.

It's too hard—the fear, the excitement, **33** the panic makes it impossible to focus on any single people leaving the ship. And you're almost sure that none of the saboteurs would be foolish enough to go near the truck.

You shake your head, annoyed that your famed abilities have failed you. Then you hear a scream. A terrible, trapped sound that chills you. It sounds blocks away, but feels as if it could be coming from right next to you.

You dart toward the sound, hating the way the scream grows with every step you take.

Turn to **10**.

You have no idea what time it is when **34** you return to the apartment. Your muscles ache and all you can think of is collapsing in bed, leaving your costume on.

You waken sometime the next day to the clatter of garbage trucks and cans being tossed cavalierly on the sidewalk. The apartment is empty, and you guess that it's nearly noon.

It's not for the first time you've missed the morning. You smell coffee in the kitchen, made fresh hours ago. After a quick shower, where you discover a few scrapes that you didn't know you had, you get dressed. You toss your spare costume into your attache case—it may be a while before you get back



into the apartment.

By the time you make your way to the drop-in center, Karen is already having lunch. To your surprise, Foggy Nelson is with her.

"Nice to see you up at last," Karen says.

"Hi, Matt," Foggy adds, his voice tentative. Once you were best friends—partners. But Foggy made it clear which side he stood on concerning your current legal status.

"Good to see you, Foggy," you say, walking over to your desk.

"Matt, Foggy says that the subpoena—" You hold up your hand.

"I don't want any lectures about the injunction. Not today. Not—"

"Matt," Foggy says, "this is something that you can't ignore. They'll drag you into court, cite you for contempt—"

You stand up. "Don't quote the law to me, Foggy. The law is one thing. This," you snap, picking up the crumpled subpoena from where it sat the day before, "is harassment. And here's where it belongs." You toss it into the corner, and it bounces to the floor.

You sense Foggy turn to Karen. *They're closer now, you think, closer than every before.* They both think you are out of control.

"I tried, Karen," he says, and walks out the door with Karen following. She returns, exasperated.

"That was clever. Why don't you alienate everyone who's trying to help you."

"I suppose you'd like me to give up, too? Walk right out of here? Spend years trying to clear my name—"

She walks over to the VCR and the small portable television near her desk.

"You'd better listen to this. I taped it this morning."

"Why? What is . . . ?"

"This city cannot—must not—become a breeding ground for vigilante groups of any stripe, costumed or not—"

*Alex Wiley, you think, a young, rich candidate for mayor. Running on a platform that includes shipping every costumed crime fighter in town to Lower Slobovia. And doing well with the voters, real well.*

"—streets to be safe, under the able protection of a properly trained and armed law enforcement department."

"Doesn't he know we work with them, for Pete's sake? What's—"

"Wait," Karen says. "It gets worse."

His speech over, Wiley takes questions from reporters.

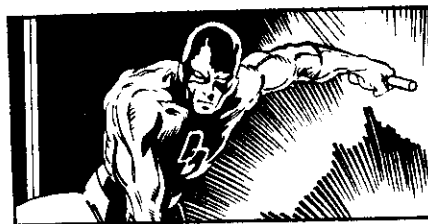
"Mister Wiley, what about last night's report that Daredevil was seen fleeing a burning building? There are rumors of an extortion attempt to get 'special protection.' "

You almost feel Wiley gloating.

"Precisely my point. Is Daredevil working for the side of law and order, or is he just another freelance hoodlum, open to the highest bidder? I think my campaign will find out the truth!" Karen clicks off the VCR.

"That lousy—"

"Matt, you're going to have to be careful. This Wiley is down on you. He's got money. He's powerful."



You start to explain to Karen about the building, about the trap— But you hold your tongue. There'll be time for talking later, when you know what's really going on.

"Right," you say. "Now, how about a trip to Staten Island. Can Martin hold down the fort?"

Martin, your all-purpose file clerk, secretary, and hotshot researcher, is already dealing with a crowd of people out front.

"Sure. He'll moan and groan, but love it."

"You can drive," you say smiling. "I could use another forty winks."

Turn to 42.

**35** You can just wedge your club into the hole, and then you feel the slab of metal holding the door shut. *Great, you think. Now all I have to do is jiggle it away from the door latch.* Easier said than done, but you keep banging away at it, feeling it move just a bit. You keep jiggling your baton, moving the bar away from its latch bit by bit. You feel it slide away, free, and you open the door.



The smoke engulfs you, a choking poisonous cloud that almost knocks you to the ground.

But you can make out a flight of stairs ahead, leading up. You try to keep the burning smoke from entering your lungs, and then you run ahead.

Subtract 1 Health point from your total, then turn to **26**.

Above the roar of the truck, you sense **36** three people, their heartbeats, the rhythm of their breathing. One of them is, yes, familiar. It's quite clear, in fact, that you met him last night—and that time he got away from you.

*That won't happen again, you think.*

Turn to **56**.

You can sense the heavy chunk of metal **37** flying at you, enough to know that if you wait a moment longer it will make diced Daredevil of you.

You swing around, letting go of the rope then drop into the Hudson River, preferring the risk of hepatitis to an oversized piece of tin foil.

Turn to **40**.

*Got to move, you think. Just got to get* **38** *out of this oven—quickly.* The stairs are masked by a wall of fire, so you back toward the fire escape, stumbling, your lungs burning, begging for fresh air.

Thankful, you reach the fire escape. There's noise from below, people milling about, talking, while the firefighters hurry to train their hoses on the building. In minutes, this building will be gone. The only thing they can do is try to save the nearby buildings.

You inch down slowly, weakly, concentrating on every step you take. Like a frail, ancient man, you crawl downward. No fancy spins in the air now, you'll be lucky just to get to the ground. You reach the last rung of the ladder and lower yourself to the ground.



There is a sudden flash in front of your face. Then another. A TV crew and other reporters are there. You hear one reporter quietly saying, "As reported by an unnamed source, Daredevil was indeed in the building. According to the source, he was seen entering the building early this evening. Now it is in flames. We'll try to . . ."

The camera is on you now, catching your face as you still struggle to breathe.

Then, through the smoky cotton of your mind, it all fits together. You've just been

framed. The voice in the warehouse. You knew you'd heard it before. If this town weren't down on costumed vigilantes before, it sure will be now.

You decide that you have to get away quickly. Before the reporters ask more questions, before the police arrive, before you collapse to the ground.

You rush away, pushing back people who grab at you, and you hurry back to the dark alleys and rooftops that give you safety. All the while, you wonder, *Who's doing this to me? More importantly, why?*

Turn to 34.

You curl up and roll into the room, trying **39** to sense any shards of glass. You land on your shoulder, and quickly spring to your feet before reaching a sliver of glass sticking up at a nasty angle.

Turn to 26.

You splash into the water, sliding into it, **40** glad that your costume keeps most of your body covered. The moments under the water are the worst, but you pop up quickly and sense a gaping hole in the ship, now almost half-submerged. The ship has only minutes before it will rest on the murky bottom.





You quickly haul yourself out of the water, a slimy film sticking to you.

The truck is gone. And the crew members stand around, talking a language you don't understand, and pointing at you. As if . . . as if they think you had something to do with the explosion.

"The truck," you stammer, "have you seen a truck?" They shake their heads and you listen for the truck's familiar whine.

Instead, you hear a scream. It's coming from blocks away, but even at this distance, its horrible sound shakes you.

Without a word, you start running.

Turn to 10.

The guy closest to you, a beefy fellow, **41** you belatedly notice, barrels toward you. You lower your billy club, step to the side and knock him in the stomach. You hear the breath rush out of him, and he tumbles backward, sending his two compatriots, like human dominoes, falling backward.

"Just stay where you are," you snarl. "Unless you'd like to take a walking tour of the ship with me."

But the ship, you can sense, is a lost cause. It's taking water at an incredible rate, and you'd be surprised if it weren't completely submerged in less than a half-hour. You hear voices—the few remaining crew members—speaking excitedly and trying to make their way off the doomed vessel.

"All right, my three stooges. On your feet."

Then you hear a scream. Not nearby, but blocks away. A trapped scream.

Suddenly, the three saboteurs aren't that important.

"C'mon," you yell, "move it!" You guide them down the gangplank, grab some rope from the back of the truck, and tie them up, ignoring their complaints.

Then you dart away, leaving the crew members mumbling your name. Daredevil, The Man Without Fear.

*They should only know, you think.*

Turn to 10.

**42** The ride is quiet, almost serene, and you're glad when you reach the nature preserve.

"So peaceful," you say, stepping out of the car. "Barely a breeze. I can pick up the gull sounds from the shore. Smells pretty nice, too."

Karen takes your hand. "The factory is over there, over that hill."

You turn, straining to pick up anything unusual.



"Seems empty. Shall we go closer?" you ask.

"Sure, let's drive . . ."

"No." You give her hand a squeeze. "Let's walk. There's a path ahead, some kind of opening."

"Yes, but—"

"I don't want to announce our arrival." You pull her along, leaving behind the gently wooded area of the nature preserve, following a makeshift trail up a scruffy hill.

"God," Karen says. "What a mess!"

You can make out the rough outline of the buildings, some gutted, some intact, a few completely gone, leaving only empty, gaping foundations.

"Must be an ugly sight," you say. Then you smell it. Something foul, noxious. It seems to sear your nostrils and burn as it enters your lungs. "There's something wrong here."

Then you hear the sound of a truck entering the property from the distance.

"Someone's coming," Karen says.

Make an Enhanced Senses/Radar FEAT roll. If the result is 17 or less, turn to **48**. If the result is 18 or more, turn to **36**.

You jump up to grab the fire escape and **43** with practiced skill, your hands close around the metal bar. You swing around, throwing your body up and finally onto the ladder. Ignoring the rattling and the odd creaking sound the rusty fire escape makes, you clamber up the rungs.

In the distance you can hear the wail of the fire engines. You can sense the late-night swirl of traffic on the streets that sprawl below you.

Above all, you hear the voice, just ahead now. The yelling has become more frantic—"Help me. Please, please help me!"

You reach the top of the building, and find

that the large window next to the fire escape is locked. You try to pry it open, but it won't budge.

"Help me," the voice behind the smokey glass pleads. You hurl your body into the window, shattering the glass.

Make an Acrobatics FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 11 or less, turn to 32. If the result is 12 or more, turn to 39.

**44** You pull hard, trying to grab at the wooden floor and inch yourself forward. You cough, and your muscles ache, but you know you have to keep moving. It's that or die. *An easy choice*, you think, and you crawl forward, feeling your burned legs slip free of the flaming beam.



You quickly pull yourself to your feet. Subtract 2 Health points from your total, then turn to 38.

The back of the building abuts the river. **45** You hear the water moving back and forth, splashing onto the rocks.

"Do you hear anything?" Karen asks.

"Yeah. Lots. There are voices, and machinery, and—"

"There's a window, Matt. Hoist me up?"

"My pleasure." You reach down and pick up Karen, quickly raising her to look inside.

"A bit higher."

"I don't fly, Karen."

"Good, I can . . . oh, Matt. This is terrible. This is . . ."

"What's the big piece of machinery, Karen? It seems to be growing louder."

"It's digging into the ground, and there are stacks of barrels ready to be rolled into the hole. She was right, Matt, she—"

You turn, picking up the faintest footfall coming around the corner of the building. You lower Karen and try to get ready.

"Matt, what the—"

But behind you there's another sound, and you find yourself between two thugs.

To try to get away, turn to 61. To try to fight, turn to 53.

**46** There's not enough time. The two thugs coming at you both hold heavy pipes and, while you dodge the first guy's swing, the second smashes painfully into your side. Your knees buckle, and Karen screams as she runs to you.

One of the men grabs her and with an almost effortless movement, tosses her into the river. Karen screams and they start running, even as you struggle to your feet.

Karen's head bobs above the water. You sense her sputtering and her legs kicking at the water.

"I'm okay," she yells. "Go after them."

You hesitate, then she yells out again, "Go!"

You start running.

Subtract 1 Karma point and 1 Health point from your totals, then turn to 60.

**47** Your left hand catches one of the attackers in the chin and sends him flying backward. But the other one dodges, and sends a powerful fist into your midsection, a second too soon for you to brace for the blow. You feel your knees buckle, and you back up against the building.

Then there's a high-pitched noise—some kind of siren blaring from the front of the building—and the two attackers turn and

run, as if being summoned.

"I've got to follow them," you say to Karen, gulping for breath.

"But your costume, Matt . . . they'll see you."

*Right*, you think, running away, your arms pumping. But unless you're wrong, there is a truck about to ferry them away.

Subtract 1 Health point from your total, then turn to 60.

There are two, no three people inside the **48** truck, which barrels forward, its engine roaring. It's hard to make anything out.

Turn to 56.

The Aquarium, at the north end of Co- **49** ney Island, is a series of squat buildings filled with sounds that you find for the moment more than disconcerting. High-pitched squeals that are almost oppressive, and gruff grunts that sound like a convention of disgruntled bankers assault your ears. Before you get to the buildings, you know what they are. Whales, which seem to send off more than just high-pitched noises, and penguins, flapping around the water chattering to each other.

"Excuse me, sir."

You turn quickly, your hand going straight to your club.

"Uh, I'm afraid we're closing the aquarium now." The guard is a young college student assigned to keep the riffraff from trashing the beautiful grounds. Your hiding spot behind the bushes must not have hidden you as well as you thought.

"Okay," you say, smiling, your hands out (you don't know what anyone believes about you these days). "Just checking on things, son."

The guard seems to grow more official, probably not appreciating your calling him 'son.'



"You'll have to leave the grounds, Daredevil, there are no exceptions."

*Even if someone's planning to bomb your nice place? you want to ask. Someone willing to send a shark snapping into the still-warm corridors?*

"Quiet," you say, raising a hand and straining to hear sound, anything out of the ordinary from the Aquarium.

"Daredevil, I'll have to—"

"One minute!" you order. *What's the matter kid? you think. Don't you read the papers? I'm a vigilante.*

You strain your senses, filtering out the sea and the strange noises from the animals. But you hear nothing else, save the guard's heart-beat as he gets closer to pulling his gun.

"Okay, I'm," you say, flipping over the bushes, "gone."

Subtract 1 Karma point from your total. You have been investigating this area of the park for one hour. (Mark this on your character stats card.)

If you would like to search the Bumper Cars, turn to 71. If the Wonder Wheel, turn to 83. If the Hurricane Coaster, turn to 77.

You spring up, wishing the sand gave **50** you better footing for making a leap. The truck is already a few yards past you.

Make an Acrobatics FEAT roll. If the result is 17 or less, turn to 54. If the result is 18 or more, turn to 65.

**51** The truck lurches to the left—the driver doesn't seem concerned about what he's driving over. His two accomplices are jostled by the bump, and you move quickly to grab both of them, placing them in simple but effective headlocks. You squeeze just enough to let them know you might be more powerful than they imagine.

"Ow," one of them yelps over the sound of the truck's engine.

"Where's this heap headed?" you yell. "C'mon, guys, let's make this easy."

A small window leading to the cabin opens, and a pudgy man with pinholes for eyes looks back at you.

Then, suddenly, the entire floor of the truck flips upward, like some kind of garbage truck. *That's what it is, you think. Hauling toxic garbage and dumping it where no one can see. No, no one would ever know about it until it's too late.*

The three of you start sliding backward. You let go of the thugs, but not in time to grab on and stop your fall out of the truck. You land on your feet, while the two henchmen tumble awkwardly into the sand. When



they stand up, you grab them by their collars.

"I hate to get unfriendly again. Now, tell me where that truck is going."

They look at each other, then one of them begins jabbering away, "It's heading—" But he doesn't finish his sentence. He screams and the other one joins in, both of them reaching for the backs of their heads, before crumpling onto the sand.

You kneel, trying to sense their heartbeats, their breathing, but get nothing.

Karen runs over to you. "Are they . . ."  
"Dead."

"But how? You didn't do anything."

You feel behind one of the men's necks, find a small protrusion, and pull it out.

"Here it is," you say, handing the small device to Karen. "Radio operated, I guess. Guar-

anteed to keep everyone in the gang in line. Nasty. Very nasty."

"But who'd use such a device?"

"Someone big, powerful, and, unless I'm wrong, brand new to this town."

"Well, I've got the license plate number. We'll call the police and—"

You put your hand on Karen's shoulder. "You'll call the police. Later. After you've taken me to Brooklyn."

Turn to 64.



**52** It is dark. Your favorite time, a time when your advantage becomes unstoppable.

You feel the night and the cool salty breeze off the ocean, and the shadows that keep you out of sight. In minutes, you can begin moving, climbing to the top of the decrepit buildings, leaping from one to the other, crouching, listening, waiting. To meet whoever is out to destroy your reputation.

Already, you hear the growing sound of voices, some streaming from the beach, all sandy and burnt red, others spilling out of

the subway for some fun among the amusement rides, arcades, and . . . and for others, other pleasures.

The night belongs to them. And you.

To go to the Aquarium, turn to 49. To go to the center of the amusement park, near the Bumper Cars, turn to 71. To go to the Wonder Wheel, turn to 83. To go to the Hurricane Coaster, turn to 77.

You might be out of costume, but you're **53** not about to let that slow you down. With a speed that startles the two goons, you send your hands out, using precision moves that are made possible only by your enhanced senses.

Make a Fighting FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 10 or less, turn to 47. If the result is 11 or more, turn to 62.

You push against the sand, throwing **54** yourself into the air, arms out, ready to catch the tailgate of the truck. But despite your best efforts, your hand comes inches short of reaching the truck. You hear the engine kick into higher gear as you plop into the sand.

Karen runs over to you, adding insult to injury.

"Are you okay?"

"Great. I love the taste of sand. Did you get the license plate number?"

"Sure did. I'll call it in as soon as we get to a phone."

"As soon as you get to a phone," you say. "I'm afraid you'll have to take me for a little ride—to Brooklyn."

Turn to 64.

**55** *An amusement area is supposed to offer thrills, right? you think. Thrills and chills, all supposedly safe.*

But you know all about that. Honest mistakes, deadly mistakes, can happen. And Coney Island's days as a fashionable amusement area are gone, replaced by the slow decay of carousels and noisy arcades.

What if someone wanted a major disaster? Where would he start? The Aquarium? Possibly. But that is a pretty low-key, well-kept attraction run by the city and staff.

The Bumper Cars, smack in the center of Fun World? Lots of electricity, for sure, and people ramming into each other. But it is a pretty open and exposed place.

The Wonder Wheel and the Hurricane Coaster, once nationally-known attractions? These old rides have enough wood on them to make a fire visible all the way from Manhattan.

But then maybe your thinking is all wrong. Maybe you should look for the unexpected. Turn to 52.

"Can you see where they're headed?" **56** you ask Karen.

"To one of the buildings, one that looks fairly intact."

"Then that's where we're headed."

Karen grabs your arm. "Matt, shouldn't we call the police and let—"

"Let them what? We're trespassing as it is, Karen. The only evidence we've got is a little old lady and my radioactive nostrils. If you want to help change the situation, then we have to see what's going on."

She nods, and you sense her trust, her faith in you, lapsing. *Just another battle I'll have to fight, you think. To win back her confidence—her love.*

To go around to the back of the building, near the edge of the river, turn to 45. To get to the front without being seen, turn to 63.





**57** The two goons hold standard-issue lead pipes, favored weapons of young hoods everywhere.

The first one swings, and the sound of the pipe passing your arm tells you that it could have been a nasty blow. The second aims higher, but your reflexes and enhanced senses allow you to duck it easily. The pipe thuds into the side of the building.

Then a siren howls. The men turn and start running, as if being beckoned.

"Go get them, Matt. If they get away, we may never know who's been using this toxic dump . . . or where else they plan to pollute."

You're already moving, running full-out to catch them, and hopefully whoever is summoning them.

Turn to **60**.

**58** There are a lot of places to scare people here, places where a good-natured thrill could give way to horrible disaster.

The Wonder Wheel is a monstrous ferris wheel overlooking the ocean, and with its room-sized cabins, it holds a lot of people. It could be a horrible thing if something caused a cabin to slip loose, crashing to the ground.

But, there could be something more dramatic. The Hurricane Coaster is primed for a

tragedy. Once the most ferocious coaster in the world, it's now old and dangerous enough without anyone helping it along.

*Boy, is it easy to picture the coaster careening off its track, its passengers screaming.* This time, though, it could be in earnest.

Turn to **52**.

You push off the man who seems to want **59** to throttle you. When you spring up, the other one charges at you, sending you flying backward. You neatly cantilever over the back of the truck and land in the sand.

But by the time you get up, the truck is in high gear, and is long gone.

"What happened?" Karen asks.

"Getting sloppy in my old age."

"I've got the license plate number. We can call it in and—"

"You can call it in . . . later," you say. "First, I'd like you to take me for a little ride . . . to Brooklyn."

Subtract 1 Karma point from your total, then turn to **64**.

The sandy ground offers little support **60** for your feet, especially when you're wearing your clod-hopper city shoes. If only there were time to change into your costume.



The truck is already moving down the road and the two guys who attacked you climb into the back as it pulls away. You run as fast as you can, ignoring the growing oxygen debt in your body, until it seems as if a successful leap might send you onto the back of the truck.

Make an Acrobatics FEAT roll. If the result is 19 or less, turn to 54. If the result is 20 or more, turn to 65.



Make an Agility FEAT roll, adding **61** Karma if you wish. If the result is 13 or less, turn to 46. If it is 14 or more, turn to 57.

**62** Perfect shot—if smashing another human could ever be described that way.

Lately, you wonder whether Karen is right, thinking that you like the violence . . . need it.

You catch the goon at your left on the chin, and he flies backward, cartoon-style. With time to spare, you cuff the other on the side of his face. Not hard enough to knock him out, but with plenty of force to send him tumbling to the ground.

*Now, to find out just who these lovelies are working for, you think.*

The air is suddenly filled with a high-pitched siren.

"What is it?" Karen asks.

Then you sense the two guards scrambling to their feet, running away.

"I've got to catch up to them," you say.

Karen holds you back, trying to keep you from the danger that she fears you now live for.

You pull away, turn and begin running.

Turn to 60.

**63** "I don't need to go any closer."

Karen grabs your arm. "What is it?"

You're at the front of the building, outside the large double doors used by the trucks to make their deliveries. Despite the noise inside, the clanging of heavy machinery, the

sound of earth being dug up and dumped to the side, you can tell what's going on.

"Heavy-duty stuff, I'm afraid. A couple of giant earth movers, and one of those monster rotary digging machines. It's a regular hole-digging factory."

"Anything else?"

"Oh, yes," you say. "The back wall is filled with barrel-sized canisters, sealed tight."

"For now."

"Right, for now. Look, why don't you get back to the car, get to a phone. I'll stay—"

Your calm, methodical plan is suddenly trashed as the large doors open and you hear a truck engine start up.



"We've been seen," you announce flatly. The truck comes barreling out toward you and Karen.

*Bullfighting time, you think.* You're pretty sure you can dodge the truck, but it could be dicey for Karen.

"There's a depression just past that hummock to the left. You can't see it, but it's

there. Run as fast as you can and lie low."

The truck picks up speed. There are three people in it, obviously displeased that you are here.

"Stay there until . . ." But Karen is already running, and you tear off in the opposite direction, hoping to draw the truck after you.

Your plan works, but the truck is almost on top of you, its tires digging into the sandy road, ready to plow over you.

You wait a few seconds more, trying to get the truck as close as possible. Then, just as it reaches your coattails, you leap to the side. The truck passes like an enraged bull charging by you. You then run as fast as you can toward the open back of the truck. *Timing, you think ruefully, is going to be mighty important in pulling off this next part.*

Turn to 50.

**64** *The car must be halfway across the Verazano Bridge, you figure. You can feel engines rumbling with the stream of traffic.*

"I don't like it," you say, "Not a bit." You sit in the back of the car, having exchanged your clothes for your red costume while Karen drives. Your mask is in your lap, and your club is sitting next to you.

"In the building last night," you say, trying to defend yourself, "someone wanted me to

go to Coney Island. If it's a trap, it's best that I try to spring it. If someone wants me at Coney Island, I'll be glad to oblige, but only on my terms. And I'm not about to announce my arrival."

"But what about that dump?" Karen asks.

"It will take a while for the police to track down that license plate. In the meantime, that mayoral candidate Wiley is having a field day trashing my reputation. Maybe I can get to the bottom of it all at the amusement park."



"Or make it worse, Matt."

"I'll call tonight. Late," you say, ignoring her comment. "I may not come home for a while. Not until I find out what's happening."

Karen drives on in silence, out to the Belt Parkway. The open window brings the smells of a Brooklyn by the ocean to your nostrils. The salty-sweet smell of the water and the smell of freshly caught fish reaches you.

Then you hear the whirling, frenetic sounds of Coney Island—the clatter of the

roller coaster as it starts to climb its wood-strut hill, the carousel's calliope keeping time for its horses, and the nearby ocean, with people squealing as each wave crashes in.

It's late afternoon. You'll have to stay out of sight until dusk—not a difficult task in the seedy back streets and alleys of the now-depressed area.

"Stop here," you say, picking up a clear image of rows of buildings and streets, all quiet now. "Thanks for the ride."

You open the door and Karen reaches back to touch your shoulder, trying to close the emotional gap between you.

"Matt . . . be careful. Please."

You wait, but her, "I love you," doesn't come.

"Yeah. As careful as I can be," you reply. Then you're gone, and the long night begins.

Make an Intuition FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 16 or less, turn to 55. If the result is 17 or more, turn to 58.



Despite the inelegance of your leap, **65** you're amazed to find that your hands close around the back panel of the truck. With one kick, you climb over.

"Hi, boys. Can anyone join this joy ride?" The two thugs seem a bit disturbed by your appearance.

"What's with the dark glasses—are you a blind man?"

Why, are you looking for an added advantage?" you reply.

You hear them separate, slowly moving to the front of the truck. Then they come at you. You crouch, ready to dispose of them quickly, when the truck suddenly barrels over a curb, sending you crashing into the side wall.

Then they're on you, eager to take advantage of their lucky break. One of them closes his hand firmly around your windpipe, while the other digs into his back pocket for something.

*No time for fooling around, you think.*

Make a Fighting FEAT roll. If the result is 10 or less, turn to 59. If the result is 11 or more, turn to 51.

This old, monstrous ferris wheel is filled **66** with wonderful handholds. Girders and bars crisscross at crazy angles, all perforated with handy fleur-de-lis patterns that make it easy

to climb. Except for the fact that it's moving.

When you finally latch on to one of the girders, you suddenly find yourself pressed away from the center, and as it spins around you, you feel up and down constantly being reversed on you. The cabins hang freely, though, swinging back and forth, nice and level above the glowing lights of the park.

The cabin you want is just below you. The scene inside is clear to you now—somebody is giving some people a very bad time.

You inch along one of the girders, digging your feet into holes while your hands pull you along. You move carefully until you are right next to the roof of the cabin. *Now what?* you think, trying to get a sense of the best way in.

You press against the roof of the cabin. It's a good solid piece of metal. You trail your hand along one of the edges, feeling where the wire mesh joins the top. That, too, feels strong. *This baby was built back when a piece of metal was a piece of metal*, you think. You doubt that you could break into the cabin from here, and by the time you did, whoever was inside might have sprayed the top with bullet holes.

That leaves the front door, unfortunately, as the only way in. You sense the opening, and the heavy metal latch that keeps it shut. Your only chance will be to swing around

quickly, hang out by the front, wedge your club into a crevice, and hope for the best.

You take three deep breaths. "Here goes nothing," you whisper to yourself.

Make an Acrobatics FEAT roll. If the result is 17 or less, turn to 78. If the result is 18 or more, turn to 82.

For a moment, you don't think anything's going to happen. Except that the guy inside may blow a hole through you. But then with a suddenness that startles both you and the gunman, you fling the door open and flip inside the cabin.



The riders cower on a bench, and you wonder what sick games the gunman has been playing with them.

"Okay, friend, the ride's over. Give me the gun," you say.

He hesitates, as if thinking it over—perhaps still shocked to see you standing there. You extend a hand, palm up, to take the gun, while your other hand holds your club by your side.

You listen carefully, waiting for a clue, to reveal what this maniac might do. *Is he going to shoot? Maybe take potshots at his hostages?*

He lets the gun drop to the floor, and you dive in front of him to prevent it from going off by accident.

He runs past you, toward the open door, jabbering to himself. You feel pity for him. *What's his story, you wonder. What brought him to the Wonder Wheel to hurt people?*

You can sense the Barnigate Light in the slow moving dots at sea. "No!" you scream, spinning around and stretching to grab him. He reaches the door and begins his death scream, just as your hand closes on the back of his T-shirt. *Let it hold, you beg, just let it hold.*

It does, and you haul the blubbering fellow back into the cabin, where he crawls around like a small child.

The cabin comes back down to Earth.

"Stop it!" you order. "Stop the ride!" You jump from the cabin, say, "Thank you," to the operator, and then are gone, dashing through the noisy crowd.

If there's a trap for you in this park—a disaster to be tripped—this wasn't it. The real trap must be elsewhere.

Add 2 Karma points to your total. You have investigated this area of the park for one hour. (Mark this on your character stats card.)

If you would like to search the Aquarium, turn to 49. If the Bumper Cars, turn to 71. If the Hurricane Coaster, turn to 77.

You arch your body out and away, but **68** the gun-toting maniac reacts surprisingly quickly and blasts away, grazing you. You sense the drops of your blood falling off your body, and think, *I can't afford another mistake like that.*

Subtract 2 Health points from your total, then return to 76.

The interesting thing about Boomerang **69** is that you never know what he might toss your way. Maybe some small explosives, or a tricky rang that will open up, exposing a glis-

tening razor. *Yep, he's a real interesting fellow*, you tell yourself. And as a former major league baseball pitcher, old Fred's aim is darn near perfect.

This time, you feel the rang coming at you, no problem, but your perch is too precarious for any but the most elementary maneuvers.

Unfortunately, Fred has anticipated those moves. The rang seems to curve around your body, moving in a tighter and tighter circle—once, twice, and you wait for something to happen. Then you feel it—it's like being sat on by an elephant. Your body grows unbelievably heavy, your fingers being torn off the wooden beam you're clutching. It's his famous gravity rang.

"Looks like you're gaining weight, Daredevil," Boomerang shrieks. "Sorry I can't wait for your fall, but I'm afraid I have some unfinished business to attend to." You sense Boomerang reach the top of the coaster just as your fingers slip and you plummet.

You hit one beam with a bone-crushing pain, slapping it with your back. Then another, and you reach out to stop your fall. But it's hopeless. You're only glad that you weren't at the top of the coaster. That would probably have been fatal. This will be close enough as it is.

Subtract 2 Health points from your total, then turn to 87.

As you approach the Wonder Wheel, **70** people begin clustering around you, some of them wondering aloud if you might not be somebody hired to dress up as Daredevil, like a clown in the circus.

Someone makes a wisecrack about a burning building, and you're almost tempted to turn around and let him have it. But the Wonder Wheel is in front of you, spinning with a noisy clank of gears and wheels. A roly-poly fellow pads up to you, sweat rolling down his brow. He grabs at your arm.



"Daredevil. You are—I mean, you really are Daredevil?" You nod.

"Oh, thank heaven. You must help us. There's a nut, a real nut up in one of the cabins. He's terrorizing some people. A real nut case."



"Why don't you stop the wheel and get him out?"

"He has a gun! He's threatening his hostages with it if I don't just let the ride go around. I'm afraid he'll shoot somebody."

"Which cabin?" you ask.

"There," the man says, pointing, unaware of your inability to sense his finger.

"No," you order, "tell me when the cabin reaches twelve o'clock." You could, of course, find it yourself, but it is quicker if you know where your target is.

"There . . . there, now," he announces, turning to you.

But you're gone, moving to climb up the Wonder Wheel.

Turn to 66.

**71** It's crowded here, challenging to your ability to blend in with your red suit. And the roar is almost deafening, the whizzes and explosions from the arcade, the screeching motors of the rides, and the squeals of delighted patrons. It's hard for you to make out anything specific, so you filter some of it out.

The Bumper Cars are just ahead, though from your vantage point behind a dumpster, you wonder if you'll be able to get any more information. Reluctantly, you stand up and

begin walking. If there's anything wrong here, you'll soon pick it up.

There's plenty wrong. You can tell from the quickened heartbeats as you pass, and the smell of sweat. Not everyone is here for an innocent, good time.

"Hey, guys, check the dude out, The Man Without Fear, old 'bash'em in the head Daredevil."



The kid is right in front of you. He's having trouble finding his way to manhood from the looks of things, and is trying to show his pals how tough he is. You step away, moving toward the Bumper Cars.

"Hey, what's up Daredevil? Afraid to push me around with a crowd watching?"

You keep walking, hoping this nuisance will go away, when suddenly he grabs you.



"Maybe you're just a clown, yeah, some guy they hired to walk around pretending he was—"

You reach around quickly, and grab his wrist, giving it a slight twist. He moans in pain, pleading. No real damage is done, except to his overwrought ego. Then you leap to the left, spinning crazily to the side before landing on your feet, ready to face the kid's friends.

"How about moving along, guys. I'm a bit busy tonight."

They walk over to their friend and help him to his feet.

All the while the sound of bumper cars fills your whole body. Electricity leaps from the cars. You hear the "oomph" of people being rammed, and the odd sound of the cars' electric motors. But there's nothing else here, not now.

Subtract 1 Karma point from your total.

You have investigated this area of the park for one hour. (Mark this on your character stats card.)

If you would like to search the Aquarium, turn to **49**. If the Wonder Wheel, turn to **83**. If the Hurricane Coaster, turn to **77**.

So strong, you marvel. The metal latch **72** holds your full weight. You pull your club out to try a different location. Then you notice the animal inside ready to raise his gun, and remove your unwanted presence.

Turn to **67**.

You climb onto the boardwalk, causing a **73** few people to suddenly scatter. You move quickly, not wanting to be out in the open any longer than necessary.

But you pause a moment to check for anything peculiar.

You hear the steady *click-clack* sound of a roller coaster car beginning to climb. But after each *click-clack*, there's a small, almost unnoticeable creak, as if something were slipping with each foot of the car's ascent.

To check the Hurricane Coaster, turn to **77**. To continue checking the Wonder Wheel, turn to **66**.

You waste no time on pleasantries, and **74** stick your billy club between the door and

the body of the cabin, forcing it in.

"I'm gonna blast a hole in you, whoever you are!" the gunman inside yells.

Boy, you think, *This guy doesn't even know who I am. Maybe I need a publicist.*

The club is wedged in—but just barely, and the man levels his gun at you.

*It's now or never*, you think. And you wonder why you have to live a life filled with moments like this. Is there a part of you that has malfunctioned, so that you need to feel in danger all the time? And just when is your luck going to run out?

You press against the club, using all the strength you can muster.

Make a Strength FEAT roll. If the result is 11 or less, turn to 72. If the result is 12 or more, turn to 67.

**75** You hear the sound of the coaster cars crawling up the Hurricane's heights. But you also sense someone climbing down from those heights. You grab the top of a seven-foot wooden fence, and throw yourself over, landing on the other side. Just above you is one of the lowest dips of the coaster's track.

You know you've got to hurry, because, unless you're wrong, something sinister is about to happen.

You leap up, catching the underside of the

track, and start climbing, ready to meet whoever is coming down.

Then you sense who it is. The movement and shape of the person are clues, but the arsenal hanging off him makes it even more clear. It's Boomerang, apparently making for the eastern end of the park and the safety of the dark beach.

You keep climbing, leaping from one part of the track to another, grabbing at wooden beams, all the while the cars ascending and the structure whining out in protest.

*Just what has Boomerang done?* you wonder. Then you grab at a piece of wood and it snaps in two.



"Oh, ho," you hear a voice call out. "It's about time you showed up, Daredevil. I was beginning to think I had put in all this effort for nothing." He hurls a tethered ring at a distant beam, then swings away.

*Click-clack.* The cars are still climbing. There's good reason to call this man "The Killer That Keeps Coming Back." Fred Myers, alias Boomerang, is a certified psycho, a maniac for hire. But who has hired him now?

*Click-clack.* In a minute, the cars will begin their fall down the scariest slope on the coaster. And two dozen people may die.

Boomerang, perhaps the only link to whoever is out to ruin you, is moving quickly. You could catch him, or maybe try to stop the coaster. But not both.

To take off after Boomerang, turn to **99**. To try to stop the cars, turn to **90**.

**76** You try to dodge the bullet heading your way.

Make an Agility FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 12 or less, turn to **68**. If the result is 13 or more, turn to **80**.

**77** The Hurricane Coaster. A legend. Nearly anyone who's spent time in New York knows of this old coaster. It was once the highest,

fastest coaster in the world, with parts of its run hurtling cars at nearly ninety miles per hour. Fortunately for you, it is located away from the more tame amusements of Coney Island. Its foundation is shrouded in darkness, the only lights being at the top and at its entrance.

You crawl around the bottom, hearing the coaster's whine and the riders' screams echo around the massive structure.

It feels all wrong. You can't put your finger on it. Sure it's old, decrepit, and needs to be torn down. But there's something else.

Then you hear it. The gentle, almost imperceptible groan. As if the whole structure were shifting—just a little—with every ride made around the coaster.

In maybe three or four places, the lattice of wood and metal is loose. *But how loose*, you wonder?

You pick up something else then. At first, you think it's just some kind of sonic echo discharged as the coaster's cars roar around. But it's moving too quickly, too purposefully. Someone is climbing around on the structure itself. If you're right, it may be too late already.

If you have investigated the park for one or two hours already, turn to **79**. If you have investigated three hours, turn to **75**. Otherwise, turn to **84**.

**78** You swing around the cabin, hoping that the wheel's momentum doesn't throw your judgment off too much. Your hands close on the front of the cabin with an ease that surprises you.

But then the motion of the wheel sends your body flying out into space and you hang by your fingertips. Before you can get your bearings, and pull yourself back against the mesh, you hear a gunshot.

Whoever is shooting at you must be operating at a disadvantage, because he just missed you at almost point-blank range. But you may not be as lucky next time. You straighten your body and pull out your club.

"Who the heck—" you hear your gun-toting friend sputtering inside the cabin. He raises the gun and steadies himself as best he can for another shot at you.

Turn to 76.

**79** Something is wrong here. It's not the clanking gears and wheels hauling the cars up, but something else. A strange creaking noise that you hear faintly, as the roller coaster climbs the hill. It sounds like the entire structure is shifting slightly in the wind.

Then you pick up something else, someone standing at the top of the structure, as if waiting for the cars to come by.

You grab a tall, wooden fence and fling yourself over, landing smoothly on the other side. You sense above you the lowest dip of the coaster's track. You can hear the cars nearing the end of their climb. *Hurry*, you think, leaping up and pulling yourself onto the track, because now you know who's waiting at the top. You recognize the shape, the nervous breathing, and most of all, the arsenal hanging off his body. Boomerang, also known as Fred Myers, "The Killer That Keeps Coming Back," standing, waiting at the top. Maybe waiting for you.



You start climbing, leaping up, grabbing at the wooden beams, taking care to move quietly so he won't notice you. Then one of the beams you reach for splits in two, and he turns and looks down.

"Well, Daredevil, good to see you again. Unfortunately for you, I'm all done here."

You sense him reach to his side for a rang with some line attached. He raises it over his head and twirls it around. You must try to get to him before he can swing to the ground.

Make an Acrobatics FEAT roll. If the result is 19 or less, turn to 101. If the result is 20 or more, turn to 106.

**80** The gunman puts his gun up to the mesh, but you arch your body away just as he pulls the trigger. Another inch, and his shot would have taken a good chunk out of you, and probably sent you flying to the park below.

Now, you move quickly, not giving the befuddled man another chance.

Turn to 74.

**81** *It's too noisy, you think, standing there, letting the people on the boardwalk study you for a moment. With the hundreds of sounds mixed together, it's just too much.*

Then, just as you dart away, you pick up a scream coming from the Wonder Wheel. It is faint, almost blending with the other yells and squeals in the park. But this one is different. You run to the machine and begin climbing.

Add 1 Karma point to your total, then turn to 66.

You execute your swing perfectly. **82**

"What the heck—" someone says from inside, and you barely notice the gun, waving back and forth, as though trying to decide what to shoot next.

Turn to 74.

You decide to stay on the beach, making **83** your way down to the Wonder Wheel. Of course, you stumble over more than a few unsuspecting souls seeking peace and quiet under the boardwalk, but they'll get over the disturbance. But if your instinct is right, tonight you'll have bigger fish to catch.

You hear the ferris wheel just ahead, groaning heavily as it spins around. It's certainly no thrill ride as it makes leisurely circles, of-



fering a breathtaking view of the Atlantic Ocean.

Its size is the amazing part. It's the second tallest thing in Coney Island. And instead of small seats holding two or three people, it has small cabins, with a thick wire mesh around them that's been painted countless times. It is old, creaky, and probably in need of an overhaul. It could be the scene of a terrible accident.

You arrive just beneath the machine.

Make an Enhanced Senses/Radar FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 15 or less, turn to 70. If the result is 16-19, turn to 81. If the result is 20 or more, turn to 73.

**84** Of course it would be here, one of Brooklyn's landmarks, The Hurricane Coaster. Even as you hear the sound of the cars beginning their climb up the hill, you sense something else. Someone else, climbing the dark lattice of beams and girders, scrambling to the top, to an old siding that holds used, beaten coaster cars.

You even know who it is. From the nervous breathing, the wiry body and the arsenal dangling from his body, you can tell it's the Boomerang—Fred Myers, the self-advertised "Killer Who Keeps Coming Back." He's a

madman for hire, who doesn't care who he kills as long as someone meets his price.

You hear the happy squeals of people on the coaster. You hear them, and you think, *they don't know it, but they're just pawns in a strange game.* Even you are a pawn, until you find out who's waging war on you.

You creep up behind him, climbing hand over hand from one beam to another, then grabbing at the grease-filled track, and clambering up behind the unsuspecting killer.

Suddenly, a beam gives way and you tumble toward the ground. A quick grab at a nearby beam saves your skin, but Boomerang turns and looks into the darkness.

"Daredevil? Daredevil! Of course. You're early, my friend, too early. But I'll try to accommodate you as best I can." His weird laugh echoes strangely through the structure.

Turn to 100.





The car's curve around toward you, and **85** you jump into the front one, ignoring the yells of a young couple behind you.

"Daredevil!" they yell out, their panic coming to life, clutching each other tightly.

You raise your baton into the air, like Saint George slaying the dragon, then bring it down in front of the first car's wheels, jamming it in as hard as you can against the track. The club vibrates painfully in your hand, shaking your torso. It's almost impossible to hold onto.

But with your two hands wrapped around it, and your feet digging under the seats of the car, it begins to brake the vehicle, imperceptibly at first. Then you feel the cars slowing, slowing . . . but still moving.

"Come on," you hiss. "Stop!"

You sense the abyss ahead, not more than fifteen feet away. Ten feet, and the line of cars are still moving, the front wheel chewing your club to a point. You press harder.

Five feet, and you're barely moving. But if the car hits the end of the track, it will fall instantly, dragging the rest of the cars behind it. One foot, and, though it creeps ahead another inch or two, it finally stops. For a moment, you don't dare move.

The people in the cars are now crying, screaming.

"Don't move!" you order. "If you move, it





could start rolling again." Not surprisingly, half of the riders scramble out, ignoring your warning. Luckily, it doesn't move.

You sense a broken beam ahead and wedge the front car in place with it. Then you start sticking other pieces of wood under the other wheels until the entire coaster seems locked in place.

A girl grabs at your arm. "But why'd you blow it up?" she moans through her tears. "Why?"

*So that's it*, you think. Once again, you're the only one around when a disaster strikes.

You stand up and back away. "I didn't," you say quietly. "I—"

You then remember Boomerang. You stop, trying to sense where he went, but get nothing but the excitement of these people and sirens from below.

Then your radar sense picks him up. Running on the beach, making his way toward the jetty, where he no doubt has a boat waiting.

*He's the key to this mystery*, you think. Without him, you're in a whole lot of trouble.

You turn and make your way down to the beach.

Add 1 Karma point to your total, then turn to 130.

*Just what, you wonder, is Boomerang 86 about to flip my way? Some explosives, a flying buzz saw, or something even more deadly?*

You keep still, letting the path of the rang become clear to your radar sense. Above you, Boomerang cackles, picturing your demise.

You wait, checking the graceful arc of the rang. Then you move, swinging to a nearby beam, as the rang cuts through the space you formerly occupied. You throw yourself upward, swinging like a monkey-turned-gymnast, because you know Boomerang won't wait a moment before getting another rang off at you. You're too fast for him, though, flying up to his perch with an almost graceful ease. Only the club in your hands indicates that this isn't just an entertaining physical exhibition.

"Don't move, Fred. Don't even think about another toy."

*Click-clack.* The cars of the coaster are almost at the peak. *Has he done anything yet, you wonder. Is there something I'm missing?*

He laughs. "No, I wouldn't dream of doing anything." But then he moves. He meant it to be quick and startling, but he telegraphed it to your brain with every nervous tremor in his body.

A rang is in his hands now, smooth, shiny, and razor-sharp, you imagine.

You swing your club at his hand.

Make a Fighting FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 10 or less, turn to **97**. If the result is 11 or more, turn to **102**.

**87** Finally, the incredible effect of the gravity rang wears off, and you struggle to your feet to see Boomerang waiting at the top for the cars to come screaming by. Maybe waiting for you.

Turn to **98**.

**88** *I'm a fugitive now, you think. Not much different from thousands of other drifting outsiders. Drifting—and dangerous.*

The night offers you a perfect shroud. Anyone who sees you climbing rooftops or crawl-

ing through alleyways at 3:00 a.m. will probably think twice before calling the police. And by then, you'd be gone.

You move steadily away from Coney Island, away from the sirens and the sound of police cars rushing to investigate the tragedy. Within an hour, they'll be searching for you. So you know you've got to remain free, to confront Kingpin.

One more night. That's all you need. At least you hope that's all you need.

Turn to **94**.

You catch the rang, wondering with an **89** almost absurd fatalism when the thing will go off.

Turn to **116**.

You start for the cars, looking for some **90** kind of brake mechanism, then realize that the coaster has no brake, not up here, anyway. And the cars are picking up speed.

Then an explosion rips through the air, tearing the girders and beams apart a mere twenty feet from you. The concussive roar sends you flying against the track, but you waste no time getting to your feet. The cars, unable to change their route, come right toward you.

Ahead now, where the first big plunge used to be, is a yawning abyss. The tracks lead into nothing but air.

The riders begin screaming, now. They see the emptiness, they see their deaths, and they see you.

Subtract 1 Health point from your total, then turn to 85.

**91** "I'll call later to find out what you've learned."

"Matt . . . be careful. You're out there on your own and I don't know what's going on."

"Neither do I, Karen. Neither do I. As for being alone, well, it's not the first time."

"Take care."

"Sure," you say. You hang up quickly, eager for the night to begin.

Turn to 120.



You leap to the beam, grabbing at the most tentative handholds. Then you hear the rang whiz close by you before circling back to Boomerang.

He's at the top of the coaster now. You sense him waiting there, as the cars come roaring toward him. Maybe waiting for you.

Turn to 98.

She's holding something back, something that for some reason she doesn't want to tell you. **93**

"Karen, is something wrong?"

"No, Matt, just be careful."

*Right, you think, careful, of everyone.*

Add 1 point to any Intuition and Reason FEAT rolls you make on the rest of your adventure.

Turn to 120.

Morning arrives, and you sense the light—the growing heat signaling another hot day in late summer. You hear children pouring out of the high-rise city apartments, savoring the freedom that their endless summer brings, hearing their voices swirl around you, making you remember your own childhood. **94**

It was late afternoon. You had spent the day



with your best friend, a quiet, strong-willed kid named Eddie. You spent the day shooting baskets—he was always much better than you—and biking around his neighborhood, talking about movies, “The Twilight Zone,” and other weighty topics.

But you forgot to watch the clock that day, letting the hours slip by. Finally, Eddie’s mother, getting dinner ready, suggested that your mom might be calling you.

Like the rabbit from *Alice in Wonderland*, you popped up in your chair, not wanting to be grounded for missing yet another dinner.

The only way to get home in time was a short cut through Hempstead Park, past the playing fields and swings, and into the narrow trails that cut through the woods. It was fast, direct, . . . and forbidden. Bad things had happened there. Some you knew about, like

the kid at school who had his bike stolen. Other things your parents talked quietly to themselves about.

You biked as hard as you could that day, into the park, seeing ten minutes disappear from your traveling time.

At first, you were surrounded by people. A men’s softball game, with overgrown kids. A bunch of moms with their toddlers at the swings. But when you cut into the woods, climbing the trail toward your neighborhood, you found yourself alone.

You heard voices ahead, in plenty of time to turn back. But you kept on biking, figuring you’d just bike past whoever it was, with no problem.

Then you could see them, maybe eight big kids standing around smoking cigarettes. They looked at you with an eagerness that chilled your whole body. One kid reached out and grabbed your handlebars, stopping your bike so abruptly that you nearly went flying over the front of it.

“Take a wrong turn, kid?” the one holding your bike said.

“Nice bike,” said another, and then you were lifted off and tossed to the side, while one of them climbed onto your bike.

“Get off!” you yelled. “That’s my bike so get away, you big, fat—”

They stopped and looked at you. Then one

of them came real close.

"Hey, I know who you are. You're the Murdock kid." He gave you a push. "A real namby-pamby."

"Yeah," said another. They pushed you again, only this time someone crouched behind you and you tumbled backward while they collapsed in laughter. Over and over you stood up to protect yourself while they laughed hysterically, pushing you back down. You saw your bike being rammed into trees.

"Beg for it," one of them said, holding out your bike. You stood there, your face a blotchy mess, your pants torn, alone and afraid.



"C'mon," one of them finally said. "Give him back his bike and let him get out of here."

You took your bike, now suddenly not the same beloved thing that it was just a while ago. You got back onto the trail as the gang of punks watched you go.

It was a dark place, that fear, that loneliness, a dark place you never forgot. You've ached to pay back those bullies ever since that day.

Now, your body racked with odd pains from the night, you feel alone again.

Your radar tells you there is a phone ahead—open, and exposed. Maybe there is someone you need to talk to—if she'll believe you, trust you.

You go to the phone and dial the number collect.

She's there . . .

"Karen—" you say, surprised at how tired your voice sounds.

Turn to 108.

His throw is sloppy. Old Fred is more inter- **95**  
ested in getting his body out of here than actually hitting you. You wait until the rang's trajectory is clear to you, then you dive to the left, hearing it pass over you. It circles the spot where you were just standing, spraying the air

with some form of gas. *Probably deadly stuff*, you think, leaping to your feet. You're gaining on Boomerang now. When he's only a few feet away, you bring him down with a flying tackle. And waste no time on niceties.

"Who're you working for Boomerang?" you bellow. "Tell me!"

"I . . . I . . ." he blubbers. You clamp his cheeks between your fingers, and squeeze.

"Tell me, Myers, or so help me—"

It's an interesting thing about "guns for hire"; they're loyal only as long as they're paid, or until they start feeling some pain. In fact, most of them just can't stomach pain.

" . . . Kingpin," he mumbles.

Kingpin, alias Wilson Fisk. He's one of Alex Wiley's biggest mayoral supporters, and one of the city's most respected criminals. He's covered his tracks well. But, although there is no love lost between you and he, you haven't the foggiest idea why he's trying to trap and ruin you.

"What's the gig, Fred? Why all this effort to mess up my life?"

"I don't know!" he cries.

You give his cheeks another squeeze. "Ow! I told you, I don't know. He just said that he'd like your name trashed before—"

"Before what?"

"Before his new theater opens."

Yes, now you remember. The new Fisk The-

ater, a state-of-the-art theater on Forty-eighth Street, able to stage gargantuan performances with almost any special effect. Tomorrow night it opens, and Kingpin will be there.

"But you still haven't—" you continue.

"Daredevil!" voices from behind you shout. Official voices—police. "Daredevil! Stand up, please. We have some questions for you about the coaster."

*Great. Now the police are on my back, you think.*

"Please do it now."

"Okay," you say loudly. "I'm getting up." You get off Boomerang slowly. "See, I'm—"

Then Boomerang scrambles away, and runs down the beach. You turn to follow him but you hear, "Freeze, Daredevil." They obviously can no longer make out Boomerang.

But if you let yourself be taken in, you may find yourself locked up for arson, extortion, and who knows what else. You roll quickly to the side, spinning, careening over the sand, a dark red blur to the officers' eyes. You hear a gunshot, and you leap again hoping it's as dark on the beach as you imagine.



You hear more shots, but you're running now. You hear them trying to follow, their heavy shoes digging into the sand.

Boomerang is gone. Perhaps to his boat, perhaps to some dark hole under the boardwalk.

But you're free, too. On your own. An outlaw. A wanted man.

*It's time for Kingpin and I to have a little talk, you think.*

Turn to 88.

**96** You wake up feeling the water lap at your body. You feel the faint rays of a morning sun, dawn. Soon the beach will be filled with people, and won't you make a pretty sight. Daredevil. Arsonist. Maniac. *My new image*, you think, your head pounding as you rise out of the salty water, tasting it on your lips.

You have to call Karen. Someone who, maybe, will believe you.

Turn to 108.

**97** Boomerang suddenly jumps to the side, and your club only swats the air.

"Losing your touch, Daredevil? Here, catch!" A rang that could slice through steel pipe flies at you.

Your only hope is to leap from the beam

you're on to one eight feet below you.

Make an Agility FEAT roll. If the result is 12 or less, turn to 105. If the result is 13 or more, turn to 92.

You start climbing again, leaping and, **98** grabbing at the wooden beams, trying to move carefully. You have no interest in tumbling to the ground again.

"Back so soon, Daredevil? You're a glutton for punishment."

He reaches to his side, but doesn't pull a weapon to toss at you.

"I'm all done here, Daredevil. Perhaps we'll meet again," he says, raising a tethered rang over his head and twirling it. He's going to swing away, leaving behind the disaster he's set up.

You've got to move fast, to get him before he can reach the ground. You sway back and forth, ready to throw yourself at him.

Make an Acrobatics FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 21 or less, turn to 101. If the result is 22 or more, turn to 106.

You race after Boomerang, desperate to **99** catch him and find out what is going on, and just who is trying to ruin you.

Then an explosion rips the night air, tearing apart some of the beams and girders of the roller coaster, and leaving a gaping hole where the tracks make their most frightening plunge.

You sense the riders' excitement turn to horror, and you hear them scream, calling out your name, moments before the cars leap into space.

There's nothing you can do, except stand below and listen.

The first car hits the twisted and torn sections of track, holding for a moment to the convoluted pathway, then flying horribly into space.



"No!" you yell.

Over and over, a hundred times a second, your mind repeats, *I could have saved them . . . I could have stopped them.*

First two, then three cars snake their way into space, out of control. Then something miraculous happens.

The first car careens into a twisted mess of beams and girders, lodging there, wedged tightly. The rest of the cars trail after it, losing momentum, but the last car stops jerkily on the last section of track. People are screaming. You sense their pain and their fear. "Daredevil!" they call, over and over, pointing at you.

Sirens start screaming also, below you. The fire department has arrived, with massive ladder trucks.

For a moment, you're frozen there, unable to move. "I—I didn't—" you say, too quietly for anyone but yourself to hear.

Ladders are raised to the sagging line of cars. To some, it must surely seem that you caused this calamity. Your only way out, your only alibi, lies with Boomerang.

You cock your head left and right, straining to pick up some sign of him with your radar sense. Then you hear the soft, rhythmic padding of feet on sand. He's on the beach, making his way to the jetty. To a boat, perhaps, and escape.





You turn from the people on the roller coaster, and climb down to the beach.

Subtract 2 Karma points from your total, then turn to **130**.

You regain your balance, ready to leap **100** up and grab at him. But your senses pick up his movements, sliding a rang off his belt. Before you know it, he has tossed it your way.

"Enjoy this, Daredevil. I picked it out especially for you."

The rang comes right at you.

Make an Agility FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 13 or less, turn to **69**. If the result is 14 or more, turn to **86**.

Your leap into the air brings you close **101** to Boomerang, but he moves too quickly, his wild laughter filling the night air.

*Click-clack.* The coaster finishes its climb, and Boomerang moves to the ground.

*I should go after him, stop him, you think.*



*But he's probably done something to the roller coaster.*

To stop Boomerang, turn to **99**. To stop the coaster, turn to **90**.

**102** Your club smashes down on his hand, and Boomerang lets out a yelp as a rang goes clattering and spiraling to the bottom of the coaster.

"Don't try that again, friend. I'd hate to see you have an accident up here."

You sense Boomerang turn in the direction of the coaster cars, now at the top of their ride, about to begin their trip down. His heartbeat begins to race.

*Has he done anything? you wonder. Have I been able to stop him in time?*

Then, as if answering your question, he dives to his left, stepping onto a crisscross of beams, digging a boomerang out of his belt. You leap for him, but not before he gets the rang up, ready to be thrown.

You grab his arms, and squeeze him as hard as you can. The coaster is on its way down the hill now, all its riders wearing mock-terrified grins and ready to scream.

"No," Boomerang bellows, still holding onto the rang. "It's explosive . . . it will destroy us all." Then it slips from his hand, and you dive to catch it.

Make an Agility FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 11 or less, turn to **112**. If the result is 12 or more, turn to **89**.

You start by telling Black Widow about **103** the evening of the fire two days ago, the obvious trap, the sudden media coverage. Then the fiasco at Coney Island—another trap you blundered into, turning your reputation into mud.

"The track led from Boomerang to here, and Kingpin—though I can't imagine what he's doing. It's just not his usual, sneaky, behind-the-scenes style."

"So, you came here to force it out of him?"

"Yes—but I also felt that there might be another trap—right here. I started to feel like a mouse following a trail of cheese right into the cat's mouth."

She reaches out and touches you. "Poor Daredevil. Just another misunderstood costumed hero." She starts undoing the complicated layers of knots.

"You believe me?"

"Yes, I believe you."

You shake loose the coils. *Too much time has gone by already—too much*, you think.

"Can I help?" she asks.

"I was hoping you would say that. I'm afraid Kingpin might make an early depar-

ture from the theater. Could you just watch the front, and if he leaves, slip up to the box seats and let me know."

"No problem."

You kiss her cheek. "I'd love to stay and talk, but I'm running late." You turn and dash down the corridor.

Add 1 Karma point to your total, then turn to 155.



**104** You jump up from the sand, and quickly scramble back to your feet. But not quickly enough. The rang loops around you, spraying a gas at you. You try to push past it, but the gas makes you sneeze, then choke, and you fall to your knees. Boomerang has stopped, and looks at you.

"I'd stay, Daredevil, but I'm afraid the police may show up." You fight to keep alert.

"Kingpin sends his regards, Daredevil. He suggests that, with your new reputation, you might want to move out of town."

You hear him laugh, a shrill, ugly sound, then you collapse onto the sand.

Subtract 1 Health point and 1 Karma point from your totals, then turn to 96.

You leap to the beam, but your hand- **105**  
hold is just too flimsy, and you slip away, crashing into another beam twenty feet below you. You look up and sense Boomerang at the top, the roller coaster's cars about to come screaming close to him.

He's waiting for them, and maybe for you.

Subtract 1 Health point from your total, then turn to 98.

You swing perfectly, exercising a neat **106**  
somersault and tuck that puts you next to a rather startled Boomerang.

"Well, Fred, we meet again. What creep are you working for these days?" You sense his panic—not for you, but for something else. You turn your head, listening . . . and hear them. Timed explosives.

Boomerang tries to turn and run, but you grab him. The roller coaster begins its gentle glide to the first hill.

"Not so fast, Fred. Where'd you plant the charges?"

"There," he yells, pointing to a wooden beam below the track. "On that beam. Now let me go!"

You release him and reach down for the explosives (which are attached to a rang, naturally).

Turn to 116.



**107** It seems like the rear of the theater is nice and quiet, almost peaceful, when you pick up some motion against the walls. A *stagehand*, you suppose, or *maybe someone checking scenery*. But you pause, suddenly aware that there's something familiar about the movement.

Then you know what it is. Someone is climbing the rear wall. Nice trick. In fact, you have quite a few friends who can do it. But this one is a special friend—Black Widow.

You start toward the rear of the building, wondering, *What in the world is she doing here?*

Add 1 point to any Fighting or Reason FEAT rolls you make while in the theater.

Turn to 109.

"Matt! Where are you?"

**108**

"Beautiful downtown Brooklyn, Karen. I need you to—"

"The papers have photos of the Hurricane Coaster all torn apart. Matt, they're saying you—"

"Karen, c'mon. You know better than to believe that."

"The owner says he was threatened, that if he didn't make payoffs, he'd lose the coaster. The police have asked that you turn yourself in. Matt—"

You hear it in her voice. She's going to ask you to turn yourself in. That's nice, neat and safe, except that you'd likely find yourself locked up while whoever wanted you out of the West Side could move in for the kill.

"Karen—listen, that's not the answer. This is part of a plan, and I need your help." You sense hesitation. *Please, Karen, you think. Don't give up on me now.*

"What is it, Matt? What do you need?"

"Atta girl. Boomerang was at the coaster—with the explosives."

"Myers? What on Earth for?"

"He was working for Kingpin, though I

don't have the foggiest idea why. Tonight that new Fisk Theater is scheduled to open, right? Kingpin's legitimate showcase, funded, of course, by his assorted rackets. I'm going to confront him there, and get him to talk."

"Oh, Matt, I don't know. Everyone will be there. All the mayoral candidates, the papers—"

"I don't have a lot of time. Here's what I need you to do. Get a look at the plans for the theater. I need a back entrance that I can sneak into. And find out where Fisk will be seated. I'm sure he'll be in a box seat of some kind. Find out where, okay?"

You hear another pause. "Yes . . . I'll see what I can do."

"Great. And just make sure you don't believe anything you're reading about me."

"Sure."



Make an Intuition FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 15 or less, turn to 91. If the result is 16 or more, turn to 93.

The door opens, amazingly enough, **109** and you find yourself face-to-face with the security guard. As you knew you would.

"Daredevil!" he says, going for his gun. *How quickly they accept the big lie*, you think.

"Sorry, friend," you say, throwing an effortless blow that sends the guard crashing against the main stage entrance.

Fortunately, your restrained blow knocks him out, at least long enough for you to carry on.

You turn from the stage and auditorium entrance to a small staircase leading to the basement of the theater. It spirals down for three levels—below all the fancy stage machinery that can make complete sets disappear and the orchestra rise to the sky. Finally, you're at the bottom level, the business end of the theater. You find three heavy-duty boilers (cool and quiet now) and a battery of noisy, groaning compressors that feed cool air to the entire theater. There are also pipes leading under the seats to the front of the house, then up to the mezzanine, the balcony, and the box seats.

You run, hearing the muffled vibrations of the orchestra playing a warm-up number. It sounds very bassy down here, but nonetheless wonderful.

You run now, annoyed at the sheer size of the theater—the biggest on Broadway. Built by dozens of shady deals, and money laundered by way of Columbia and Miami. Then you hear someone behind you, running just as fast. You turn, and before she says a word, you know who it is.

Turn to 136.



**110** You put a not-quite-protective arm around Turk.

"That's what the papers are saying, Turk. Now, why don't you take a deep breath, and tell me what you think is happening. Be creative," you say, giving his shoulder a reassuring squeeze. "Tell me what you think might be happening."

He looks around, his fear obvious, the sweat, the fidgeting—but it's not fear of you.

"I . . . I don't know, Dare—"

"Talk, Turk." Then it comes.

"It's big. That's all I really know. Real big. Someone's doing moves in New York that have never been done, big moves. I don't know who's involved, Daredevil, honest. All I know is that they're new and they want you out of the West Side, away from the docks. First you, then the others."

"No vigilantes," you smile. "Just the crooks and an overwhelmed police department. Thanks, Turk. I know it was hard for you to say." You leap to the fire escape.

"If I'm lucky, I won't have to bother you again. But just in case, keep your ears open." You climb away from the hoodlum.

Add 1 Karma point to your total, then turn to 117.

*Fatigue is taking its toll, you think, **111** and you almost let her drape the thin-but-powerful line around you. She tightens it with practiced ease.*

You stand squirming, trying to wriggle free, but Natasha is already crisscrossing the sticky line, tying you until you can barely breathe.

*Perhaps, you think, it's time to try a less physical method of persuasion.*

Turn to 125.

**112** You think you have it, but the rang takes a funny turn and glides past you, heading for the tracks. It explodes, and the criss-crossed beams and girders split and collapse.

The cars plunge down the slope. But the bottom isn't there anymore. The track has snapped in two and now points into space.

You climb up, grabbing at anything that can support you. The people in the front cars—kids, really, on dates—are still unaware that anything is wrong, but are about to lose their lives. You move faster, knowing that there's only one way to stop the cars.

Turn to 85.

**113** The key is patience. A bit of rushing, and you can muck up the whole procedure. The ropes can even grow tighter, your muscles weaker, joints can swell, and you can become even more hopelessly entangled. So you force yourself to go slowly, savoring each little victory of an inch or so, alternately pushing and pulling, squeezing against the ropes, making pockets of looseness. After a while, your lower arm is free, flapping to regain circulation. You take a breath, then start to work on the other arm.

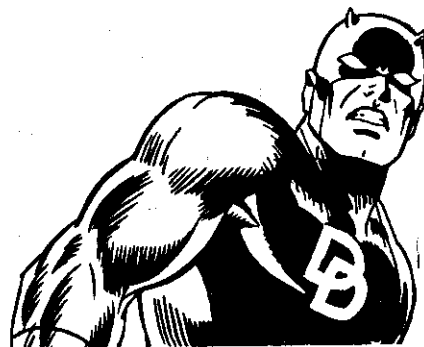
After what seems like an eternity, you have your other arm free, and work with both hands, pulling at the rope, sliding it to the

side. By the time Black Widow gets back, all she'll find is a pile of rope.

You start down the corridor, wondering, *Is there enough time? Is the show still going on? And is Kingpin still in the theater?*

You turn toward the theater entrance, and the shaft leading up to the box seats.

Turn to 155.



You perform a quick backward somersault, slapping your feet against the ceiling. But the maneuver gets you away from the pellets. You raise your club, waiting for the gas to clear.

"I don't know why you're doing this, Black Widow, but two can play at that game."

Make a Fighting FEAT roll. If the result is 13 or less, turn to 145. If the result is 14 or more, turn to 119.

**115** You come to with a pain at the back of your head that throbs in time to the high-pitched ringing in your ears. You try to bring your hand around to rub your head but it doesn't move. Nor do your feet, for that matter. It appears that you are tied up, lying in a subterranean corridor of the theater.

You sense Black Widow standing nearby.

"How long have I been out?"

"Twenty, maybe thirty minutes. I don't wear a watch."

You try to squirm to a sitting position. "I would have thought that you would have called the police to haul me away, considering how dangerous I am and all . . ."

"I don't know that you're dangerous. I just know that you're in trouble, and I don't want you to do something you'll regret. Tell me your side of the story before doing anything else."

"I appreciate the opportunity, but I would prefer some trust in lieu of this rope."

"I'm ready to listen . . ."

Turn to 125.

**116** You look for a safe place to toss it.

The roller coaster comes right at you, while you toss the rang into the air. It explodes with a concussive roar that hurls you backward. The riders scream as they fly down the hill.

You sense that another page has been written in the myth of Daredevil-turned-rogue.

The roar of the plunging coaster continues—the screech of wheels, and the truly scared screams make it impossible for you to locate Boomerang. Then you sense him on the beach, running west toward the jetty—probably to a waiting boat.

You saved the people on the roller coaster, but they'll never know that. All they saw was you standing there, like a mad bomber.

Boomerang is just a hired gun. You have to catch him, to find out who is really behind this. You start climbing down to the ground, as the night air once again rings with silence.

Add 2 Karma points to your total, then turn to 130.



It seems to take forever for night to arrive. Your call to Karen was brief but helpful. Whether or not she believes you, she came up with just the information you needed. A reporter helped her look at the plans of the Fisk Theater. She also picked up a list of who

**117**



is going to attend (though you probably won't need that), and even where Kingpin's private box is located.

The premier is scheduled to be a glittering event in the political campaign, with each of the five mayoral candidates attending. As will you, in your own kind of way.

For a while, you hover around Eighth Avenue, stumbling upon other refugees from society that are awaiting darkness.

Your radar sense picks up the line of cars pulling up to the theater—heavy stretch limos and taut little Mercedes, with a few lesser-autos thrown in from the press corps.

Fisk arrives nearly at 8:00 p.m., ready to make his entrance. You pick him out easily, lumbering out of his car. Though big, Kingpin is no sluggish fatty. He is a powerful, brutal man, with just enough distance between his dirty dealings and himself to stay in the good graces of the law.

Then the cars disappear. You move in. Make an Enhanced Senses/Radar FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 17 or less, turn to **121**. If the result is 18-20, turn to **126**. If the result is 21 or more, turn to **107**.

**118** You have to try to get out of your bonds. And there's only one way that will

happen—the same way Houdini did it. Sheer sweat and pain, alternately flexing and relaxing your muscles, moving the extremities of your body by fractions of inches. If you're lucky, you'll be free in an hour.

Make a Strength FEAT roll. If the result is 14 or less, turn to **133**. If the result is 15 or more, turn to **113**.

You pull your punch.

**119**

She may be a former KGB agent, but she's been a good and loyal friend, too. You can sense that she almost didn't expect the blow, and her reflexes aren't quite enough to avoid it. It sends her flying backward, fumbling at her bracelet (perhaps ready to let you have a taste of something more lethal). You waste no time pinning her arms to the ground.

She struggles hard, but you're too much dead weight. "Get off, you big—"

"Easy," you say. "I'm just trying to protect myself."

"And I'm trying to protect you! If you can still be protected. Half the people in the city think you're an outlaw."

"They're wrong."

"A lot of good that does. Will you get off me now?"

"Not until I'm sure you won't hand me over to the, ahem, proper authorities."

She sighs. "I promise."

You stand up, waiting for the ever-so-quick Widow to try to lay you low again.

"There," she says. "No tricks. Now, tell me what's going on."

"Easier said than done, but here it goes . . ."

Turn to 138.



**120** You sense the rumpled man turn down Seventeenth Street, a bag of groceries in his hand, shuffling along, whistling. Not aware that you're about to call in your debts. You swing down from a nearby rooftop, and land close to him.

"Daredevil!" he says with genuine awe. "I thought—" But you close your hand over his mouth and pull him into a nearby alley.

"Talk quietly, Turk." And feeling his head nod, you remove your hand.

"I thought you had gone, high-tailed it out of New York. Jeez, you should hear what they're saying about you."

"Yeah, I can imagine." It's odd that at a time like this, you search out Turk Barret, a petty hood, nickel-and-diming his way through life. But he also keeps his ears cocked to the deeper rumblings of the underworld—a talent that has kept him, as far as you're concerned, out on the street.

"What do you hear, Turk?"

"That you've turned, that you're shaking down people. Story is, you've turned bitter, DD, bitter and out for revenge."

*So that's what you're hearing?* you think.

Make a Psyche FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 11 or less, turn to 127. If the result is 12 or more, turn to 110.

You strain to pick up anything that **121** could spoil your little surprise for Kingpin. Even if he's expecting you, he won't be expecting you to enter in quite the way you've got planned.

Once, you think you hear something, a movement at the back of the theater.

*Probably a stagehand,* you think.

You dash across Eighth Avenue, ignoring the onlookers, to the rear door of the theater.

Turn to 109.

**122** One thing is pretty clear. Whatever Alex Wiley and The Association have planned for you, it won't be good. And the way he's edged to the back of the box seats would indicate that your time for coming up with a plan is almost up.

Add 1 point to any Fighting FEAT rolls you make during the rest of the adventure. Add 1 Karma point to your total, then turn to 153.

**123** You're sealed in, in plain sight of anyone who cares to look at the bridge. Your red suit is like a flag. And whoever is controlling the ship isn't even on board.

Add 1 point to any Intuition FEAT rolls you make on the rest of your adventure. Turn to 172.

**124** "Alex Wiley," you say.

"I'm pleased you know me. Mister Daredevil. There's nothing like media saturation to make a political candidate visible," he says.

"So you're Kingpin's man?" Wiley laughs, and there's something chilling about what he says.

"Wilson's man? Hardly. Though the dear fellow's talents are estimable, indeed, I'm afraid this little assignment was just contract

work for him. In fact," you hear him gesture, and Kingpin trudges away. *For that much subservience, Wiley must be paying a bundle*, you think. Wiley seems to wait until Kingpin is completely down the corridor before he gently raises his gun and continues.

"Yes, Kingpin only knows part of the story. But I would like to share the rest with you in the next few minutes we have together."

"Just another crooked politician on the take," you say. "What's the story?"

"Ah, but you're wrong. True, we did need to make an example of you to clear the docks. Once you're gone it'll be easier to move drugs, toxic garbage, and other difficult contraband in and out of the city."

You remember where you were a few days ago—the nature preserve and the abandoned factory . . .

"Staten Island," you say quietly.

"Oh yes, that's ours. We have other sights under 'development.' But, you see, Daredevil, our group has plans far beyond New York. Even as we speak, other major cities in the country are being set up for important elections."

"They each have their own Alex Wileys, huh?"

"Oh, yes. But let's not confuse things. I'm not Alex Wiley. He died four years ago. I just assumed his vita, his image. There's no tell-

ing how far old Alex and I can go, politically speaking. And after our group is fully established in the U.S., we will, of course, branch out."

"Your group?"

"The Association, we call ourselves. But that's enough chatter for now. Time is wasting."

The gun is aimed right at you. If you try anything, the odds are that he'll hit you. On the other hand, you know that nothing short of a miracle will save your life, anyhow.

To try to get the gun from Wiley, turn to 151. Otherwise, turn to 169.



**125** Make a Reason FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 8 or less, turn to 132. If the result is 9 or more, turn to 103.

You're about to quit. Either you're too tired, or there's nothing happening. Your radar sense picks up nothing. Then there is something—someone, moving quickly at the rear of the theater. *He could be a stagehand, you think, or maybe even an actor going off to a corner to practice his lines.*

But the speed reveals someone nervously scrambling ahead.

You're ready to go inside. But your guard is up. Add 1 point to any Fighting FEAT rolls you make while in the theater.

Turn to 109.



"Those are just the newspapers talking, Turk. Now tell me what you know." He starts shaking his head, letting his voice rise—he's a very scared man.

"No, honest, Daredevil, all I've heard is

that no one can figure out what you're up to. Yeah, some people say you've kinda, you know, snapped. I . . . I don't know nothing."

Sure, you think, giving his arm a squeeze. *Then why are you shaking like a sapling in a high wind?*

"Okay, for now, Turk. But if I run into a brick wall, I'll be back. Bet on it, Turk, and keep your ears open."

"Yeah . . . sure." He's talking to the air as you climb up and away, still in the dark about what's going on.

*In the dark, you think. How appropriate. How absurdly appropriate.*

Turn to 117.



You leap up, hoping to perform a backward somersault. But instead, your knees crash painfully into the shallow ceiling, and you collapse to the floor. You try to get up, but the gas pellets from her bracelets pop open into your face.

"Sorry, Daredevil . . . I'm sorry."

Subtract 1 Health point and 1 Karma point from your totals, then turn to 115.

You wait until Kingpin is almost on top of you. Then you neatly press yourself against the brushed velvet wall while delicately tripping him. He falls to the floor with a crash.

"Okay, big guy, on your feet." Then you feel the cold, unmistakable gun barrel neatly lodged at the base of your spine.

"You can turn around, Mister Daredevil. But slowly, if you don't mind."

Turn to 144.

You quickly work your way down to the beach, crawling through the dark understructure of the Hurricane Coaster, leaving all the mayhem behind. You leap over a fence, and land on the boardwalk. You hurry to the beach, hoping you'll have time to catch up to Boomerang.



The sand offers poor footing—it seems that the harder you dig into it, the more it gives way. You move down to the water's edge, hoping that the wet, surf-pounded sand will make for better traction.

You hear him running just ahead. You also sense the jetty and something moored in the water.

Suddenly, Boomerang stops, and pulls a rang from his side. He sends it flying at you.

Make an Agility FEAT roll. If the result is 12 or less, turn to 104. If the result is 13 or more, turn to 95.

Black Widow is fast, and probably **131** fresher than you by at least one night's sleep. But she's not half as desperate, and that's incentive enough for you. You duck her line, and quickly pull yourself against her. She's surprised by your sudden movement, and begins groping at her bracelet.

"No—no," you say, looping her own line around her tighter and tighter. "I'm afraid I can't allow any more fun and games."

"Let me go, you red baboon!" she says. She always did have a nice temper.

"Hey, look who's calling whom red. If I remember correctly, dear, you did a stint with the KGB."

"Daredevil, please, I'm just trying to help

you . . . to keep you from getting in trouble."

"So am I."

"Untie me. Then, we'll talk . . . and I promise no tricks."

"Promise?" It wouldn't take much for her to whip around and start shooting something from her bracelet again. But then, what's life without a little trust. You start to loosen the coils.

"Now tell me what's going on," she says, rubbing the spot where the line dug into her skin.

"Easier said than done, but, here it goes . . ."

Turn to 138.



**132** You tell her the story as best you can, the improbable trap in the burning building, the battle with Boomerang on top of the Hurricane Coaster, and Kingpin's reported involvement. It becomes clear to you that Black

Widow isn't buying it. Probably too many years as a KGB operative, looking for secret motives everywhere.

"I'm sorry, Daredevil. Perhaps it all is as you say, but I think it best that the authorities handle it. I only offered to try to get you to turn yourself in."

She steps back, triggers her bracelet, and sends coils of sticky fiber at you. You feel the third, perhaps the most ironic, trap close around you. Black Widow stands in the corridor—you can feel her looking at you—before she turns and darts away.

Turn to 118.

You struggle with the line, but unfortunately Black Widow knows what she's doing. Combined with fatigue, that makes you realize that you're not going anywhere. You lie there, waiting, almost eagerly, for Black Widow to return. Anything would be better than lying here on concrete. **133**

Then there are footsteps. Big, heavy, plodding steps that come toward you. *That's not Black Widow, you think. That's too heavy by a good three hundred pounds.*

You realize that it's none other than Wilson Fisk, Kingpin himself.

Turn to 157.

**134** You lie on the ground for a moment, wondering whether you're tired and pain-racked body can handle the gymnastic demands you're about to place on it.

Make an Acrobatics FEAT roll. If the result is 18 or less, turn to 148. If the result is 19 or more, turn to 162.

**135** The laser slices the air where you were standing. It sings the still-new carpet. The now-enclosed box gives off a foul odor (like that illegal dump on Staten Island).

"I'll take that," you say, reaching out to grab Kingpin's walking stick.

Make a Strength FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 15 or less, turn to 142. If the result is 16 or more, turn to 159.

**136** "Black Widow. I didn't expect to surprise you." She steps closer to you. "Are you here to help?" you ask.

"In a way, Matt. I think . . . I think you need help."

"Welcome to the club." More steps, and you face each other in the narrow chamber, separated by about five feet.

Black Widow, Natasha Romanov. An enemy at one time, a love at another, and now supposedly an ally.



"How'd you know I was here?" She doesn't answer, but you do for her. "Karen. Did she contact—"

"No," she says, reaching out and touching your arm. "I called her. Cornered her." You let your hand press against hers.

"Why, Natasha?"

She pulls away. "To catch you. To talk to you. Matt . . . I still care for you enough to try to keep you from doing something you'll regret. You have to turn yourself in . . . answer some—"

"Like heck I do!" You step back. "Black Widow. You can help me or leave me alone, it's your choice. But you're not getting me out of here until I've done what I came to do."

She shakes her head. "I'm sorry you feel that way, Matt. Very sorry." She raises her bracelet suddenly, catching you off your guard. Twin jets of gas spew out at your face.

Make an Agility FEAT roll. If the result is 13 or less, turn to 128. If the result is 14 or more, turn to 114.



**137** You hear footsteps, and you throw a chokehold around Kingpin.

"Okay, Mister Fisk. I think it's time we had a little chat."

But the massive head doesn't move—it feels like a dead weight in your hands. *Is he dead?* you wonder. You hear two guns being slid out of shoulder holsters. It's time to change your tactics.

Make a Fighting FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 11 or less, turn to **143**. If the result is 12 or more, turn to **170**.

**138** You move close to Black Widow, remembering how much you once cared for her. And you try to make your story sound convincing.

"The fire was real enough," you say, speaking about the warehouse two nights ago, "but the voice I heard came from a loud-speaker."

"But why?"

"A trap, and a plot to discredit me. The media were there, waiting for me when I made my 'suspicious' departure."

"And the coaster?"

"I guess you'll have to trust me on that one," you laugh. "But Boomerang was there. He set off the explosives. He also directed me here—to Kingpin. I don't mind a fair fight—

but there's something about this that's way over my head. If Kingpin has some of the answers, I want to talk to him."

Black Widow stands there quietly debating whether or not to believe you. Perhaps figuring a good way to get you under lock and key or turn you in. Then, quietly, she says, "What can I do to help?"

"Bless you. Even I was losing faith in my one-man campaign. Here's what I need."

You hold her—it's so wonderful to have someone else to lean on—and ask her to watch the front of the theater.

"In case Kingpin tries to step out before I get to him."

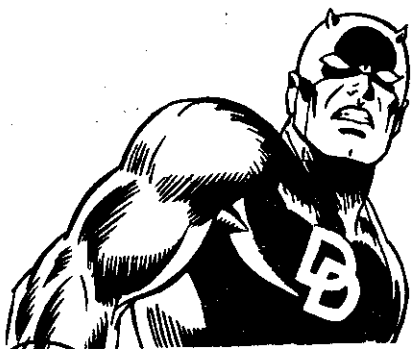
"Fine," she says.

"If you see him sneak away, just get me. Now, I'd like to stay and talk but I'm already late for my entrance."

You turn from Black Widow and dash down the corridor, beneath the massive hall, to the shafts leading up to the box seats—and to Kingpin.

Turn to **155**





**139** There he is! In one of the boxes just behind a heavy door. You can pick out the bulky figure resting heavily on a custom-designed seat. He's in his own compartment, shielded from anyone to his left or right. Two goons are near the back. As if Kingpin couldn't take care of himself!

*It's time to pay the big man a visit, you think.*

You put your hand onto the mesh. But then you sense something else—or the lack of something. Kingpin has no heartbeat, no breathing. He's either dead . . . or he's a dummy. A decoy for Daredevil.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," you say. At least you know it's a trap. You smile to yourself.

Add 1 point to any Fighting FEAT rolls you make while in the theater. Turn to 160.

"I hope you don't intend to do anything rash, Daredevil," he says with an ugly little laugh. "I'm afraid that the silenced gunshots may distract some nearby theatergoers. But if we must—"

"Kingpin. You know, they should have called this place Meathead Theater. I mean, if they wanted to name it after you—"

You sense a slight increase in his pulse rate. You always were able to get the big guy's goat. Now if you can get him to lose his cool, you might be able to—

Someone walks to the door right next to Kingpin.

"Mister Daredevil, don't go spoiling our nice surprise by being rude. We have so many fun things planned for you. So many . . ." For a moment, you can't place the voice. Then you remember where you heard it—and who it is.

Turn to 144.

You follow Wiley out, ready to look for a good moment to remove his weapon and trash his plan for world domination. He leaves the box seats, and walks to the emergency exit. "Oh," he says casually, "I almost forgot." He turns, a small pen-shaped object in his hand. "Almost." He squirts a thin stream of gas at your face.

"What—" you mutter, your nostrils inhaling the powerful stench. You try to reach for Wiley, but you're already collapsing to the floor.

Turn to 180.

**142** Yeah, you think. *All I have to do is pull Kingpin's walking stick out of his hand before he has a chance to turn on its hidden laser and begin selectively roasting parts of my anatomy. No problem.*

Kingpin's arm, however, is like a tree trunk, and he flips your ineffectual grasp away. You fly backward, stumbling over one



of the chairs in the box, and tumbling onto the plush red carpet. Then there's someone else there, next to Kingpin. You sense the gun in his hand, leveled right at you.

"At last we meet, Mister Daredevil. But alas, I'm afraid we shall have a very short time together."

Turn to 144.

You bring your club up and swing **143** quickly, cutting the air in the small space of the box. You rap one of the gunman's hands and his gun clatters to the carpeted floor. The other gunman, though, moves to the side, dodging your second blow. Then his gun is up, nice and steady, leveled right at you. You're asking yourself whether you feel lucky or not, when you hear a voice from the back. Wilson Fisk. Kingpin.

"I wouldn't," he says.

You hear a whining sound behind you, and sense the box being enclosed in clear acrylic, and Kingpin aims his walking stick at you.



*It's harmless enough, you suppose, if you ignore the laser built into it.*

The box is completely enclosed. Anything could happen in here and the rest of the audience would be totally oblivious to it.

"Such an easy mark," Kingpin says, and you hear the laser's high-pitched whine as he brings it down, aimed right at your chest.

Try an Agility FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 12 or less, turn to 161. If the result is 13 or more, turn to 135.

**144** Alex Wiley, mayoral candidate, and the hater of all costumed crime fighters. But especially you.

"I guess you don't care too much about your candidacy," you say. "I mean, hanging around with old Tubby Bad Guy here.

Kingpin's temper flares, and he swipes you across the face with the knob end of his walking stick.

You begin to reach for him when Wiley cautions, "Tisk, tisk, Daredevil."

You sense two accomplices on each side of him, with their weapons trained on you. "Such rude behavior. And I'm afraid you have it all wrong, my friend. I'm not hanging around with him. He's assisting me . . . for a price. Wilson's community spirit ends with his pocketbook." He drapes his arm around

Kingpin. "Although I'm sure he'd support me for mayor anyhow."

"Yeah, all the rats and—"

Kingpin raises a fist to you, but Wiley touches his arm. "No, Wilson. Allow Daredevil his final few moments of bantering."

Your ears perk up at the mention of the word 'final.' It has the kind of terminal ring to it that makes you feel cold in the increasingly hot and stuffy theater.

"So why trash my reputation, Wiley?"

"Ah, wonderful," he smiles. "You still think I'm Wiley. And if I can fool you, then—"

You're confused. *Of course it's Wiley*, you think. Your senses wouldn't trick you, not that way. The voice, the way he carries himself—all of it indicates Wiley.

"Ah, I sense your confusion. The real Alex Wiley suffered a . . . mysterious accident some years ago. I just took his place."

"You killed him?"

"Please, Daredevil. I never kill anyone. Not directly. But I was there to take his place. The best bio-engineering in the world has



made me an almost perfect duplicate of Wiley. I took over his distinguished background—Harvard, prestigious law firm, and so on—and moved his political career in a slightly different direction. All according to plan.”

Kingpin turns to Wiley. “Do you think you should be telling him so much?”

“Why not. It’s over, Wilson, and you did your job well. In fact, you can leave us. There are still certain things not even for your ears.”

Kingpin storms out of the box and down the corridor. You wonder whether you could take the three of them now—Wiley and his two henchmen. But then you sense that their



fingers are pressed against the triggers, a few millimeters away from blasting at you.

*Okay, so I’m a captive audience, you think.*

The rock and roll band finishes one number and quickly segues into a second, even louder.

“You see, Daredevil, we had to discredit you, to turn people against all costumed vigilantes. With my platform, such hate would be easy to manipulate into a victory.

“You control the West Side. So what. But not the rest of New York.” He smiles, as if your comment had come from a child.

“Yes, the West Side, and all the docks. Absolutely crucial to our purposes. But we wouldn’t ignore other costumed gadflies. It would just take time. In the meantime, our representatives would be in place. “Oh, yes, didn’t I tell you? It’s not just New York, my

friend, though it had to be, of necessity, the first. Each city will have its own tailor-made plan, tied to an upcoming election. When we have a foothold in each of the big cities, then we can really get to work."

"We? Just who is this 'we?' "

"Ah, even Kingpin doesn't know this, Daredevil. He just thinks I'm trying to get you out, become mayor, and use the docks for drugs, and moving radioactive garbage to inexpensive dumps."

Now you remember how all this started. "Staten Island," you say quietly.

"Yes. I heard we had an unwanted visitor. That was you, eh? Well, it's just a sideline to generate a positive cash flow."

He steps back, toward the door, and you get the uncomfortable feeling that your audience is about to come to an abrupt end.

"Yes, you see, getting the cities is only the beginning. Important and necessary, but only a beginning. The Association wants nothing less than to control the whole country—though we have plans for later . . . expansion. And it all starts with you, Daredevil." He begins laughing wildly, a hysterical, maniacal laugh. *Another crackles case out for world domination, you think.* But something tells you that this guy—whoever he is—and his Association are no laughing matter.

Make an Intuition FEAT roll. If the result is 14 or less, turn to 153. If the result is 15-17, turn to 146. If the result is 18 or more, turn to 122.

Once she was an enemy, working for **145** the KGB. And it might have been easier then to fight back, full-out, without pulling punches. But that was before. Now you can only think about the other times you've had, happy times.

You don't use your club against her, and she easily ducks the fist you send her way—as you telegraph its direction well in advance.

"Why? Why can't you let me be?"

"Come on, Matt. I just want to protect you. Talk to the police. You've got to clear your name . . . for all of us."





You shake your head. "No way. That would be playing into their hands. I—"

She spins to the side, and realizing that she'll have to get physical with you to change your mind, sends volleys of roundhouse kicks at you.

Totally unexpected, her blows knock the wind out of you. You double up, and catch a glimpse of her removing a spool of line from her side. In a second, she'll have it wrapped around you, and you'll be tied up, for this evening at least.

Make an Agility FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 13 or less, turn to 111. If the result is 14 or more, turn to 131.



There must be more planned for you— **146** otherwise Wiley would have just removed you, nice and simple. The question is whether you should try to derail his plans right now, or play along, in the hopes of learning more about him and his fun-loving group, The Association.

Turn to **153**.

**147** He's big, a human juggernaut, and, remarkably enough, he's also mighty fast. Despite your best efforts to make like a fly, his fist (the size of a bowling ball) catches you and sends you flying to the floor.

*No matter, you think. I'll just have to get up and chop this human tree down.* But then you hear footsteps, and someone is standing there beside Kingpin, a gun in his hand, pointed in your direction.

"At last we meet, Mister Daredevil. I'm so very pleased . . ."

Subtract 1 Health point from your total, then turn to **144**.

**148** You roll forward, attempting a fancy maneuver to send your legs kicking up and out. Unfortunately, you overestimate your body's ability to handle the abuse it's been getting lately. You barely get into the air before pathetically collapsing to the ground.

Kingpin places his walking stick on your back.

"Just rest there a moment, Daredevil. There's a special guest coming."

You hear footsteps echoing down the corridor. He stands there, as cool as a cucumber, next to Kingpin.

"Well, we meet at last, Mister Daredevil. I've looked forward to this for a long time."

You've heard that voice before, but you can't place it. Then you remember.

Subtract 1 Health point from your total, then turn to **124**.



You get up, rubbing the spots where **149** the line bit into your skin, pinching you through the costume.

"I'm surprised you're not upstairs enjoying the show, Kingpin. This is your theater, after all. He sighs.

"My client wants all loose ends tied up . . . before moving on."

"Client? Since when does the great Kingpin take—" You hear more footsteps. Then a voice. For a moment, you can't place it, but after a few disconcerting seconds, you finally recognize it.

Turn to **124**.



**150** He comes toward you, a human steam-roller ready to flatten you.

In the narrow confines of the box seat, it will take some artful maneuvering to avoid his 450 pounds of firmly-packed flesh.

Make an Agility FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 14 or less, turn to 147. If the result is 15 or more, turn to 129.

**151** Make an Acrobatics FEAT roll. If the result is 18 or less, turn to 154. If the result is 19 or more, turn to 163.

**152** There he is! The old boy himself. Just ahead, behind one of the doors leading to the exclusive box seats.

You also sense two guys standing behind him, watching over their boss. *As if he needed protection*, you think.

You grip the mesh and get ready to give Kingpin a visit.

Turn to 160.

**153** He backs up another step.

"My associates will accompany you outside, Daredevil. I suggest you come along quietly. These guns are silenced, and my friends are more than willing to use them."

You bet they are.

To follow Wiley out, and perhaps learn more, turn to 141. To derail his plans right now, turn to 156.

You duck down low, then leap into the **154** air, ready to fly over Wiley. But he's fast, with reflexes that would seem to match yours.

You're in midair, when the first bullet hits you.

"Silly thing to do, Daredevil. Silly."

You're now bleeding, but it's only a surface wound. You reach for your club, ready to have it out with the madman who's been tormenting you.

"So silly . . ." And he puts a small pen-shaped object up to your face and shoots a thin stream of gas at you.

"Wha—" you say, in a garbled, almost babylike sound. Then you collapse onto the stone floor.

Subtract 2 Health points from your total, then turn to 180.

The corridor narrows, then opens into **155** a small room with larger shafts leading up. Ducts appear to carry hot and cold air to the rear of the auditorium.

There's a schematic drawing posted above



one of the shafts, showing where each leads. One exits right behind the box seats, probably ending in a small grid facing the seats. Not so small, you hope, that you won't be able to squeeze through.

You sense another shaft feeding into the ones leading to the rest of the house. There's an oversized valve to one side. You close it—hoping the patrons won't mind their next ten minutes or so of stuffiness. Because you hope that ten minutes is all it will take you. Then you pop open the metal flap leading to the seats. You stick your head in, hoping your radar sense will guide you up safely.

Up you climb, pressing your feet and your back against the metal walls of the shaft. Outside you hear the sound of rock music—you can't place the song or the group—keeping up with rock and roll has not been a priority.



But it's good and loud—guaranteed to help mask your activity.

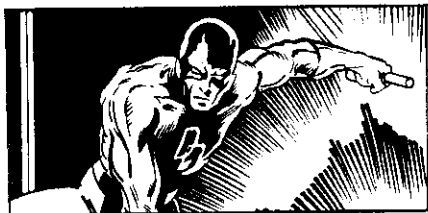
Then your radar sense picks up a curve ahead, and worse, a slight narrowing. The shaft curls around and becomes half as large.

You use your arms to pull yourself along, all the time thinking that if it gets any smaller, you'll be stuck like a cork in a bottle.

But then you see the grid. It's small, but unless your senses are off, large enough to squeeze through.

You wait, letting your breathing ease up. You concentrate on finding just where your favorite tough guy, Kingpin, might be.

Make an Enhanced Senses/Radar FEAT roll. If the result is 16 or less, turn to **152**. If the result is 17 or more, turn to **139**.



**156** It seems pretty clear. If you follow Wiley, pretty soon you'll be history. And Wiley will waltz into the mayor's office.

You could take a chance, and try to lose your escort. Timing, of course, is of the essence.

Make a Fighting FEAT roll. If the result is 13 or less, turn to **168**. If the result is 14 or more, turn to **164**.

"Well, Daredevil, I see you're continuing your streak of bad luck. No fear, though, I'll have you untied in a moment." **157**

He holds his walking stick in his hand, raised just a bit off the ground, ready to aim its compact laser at you. You hear more footsteps, and some of Kingpin's goons undo your bonds.

"I wouldn't recommend anything fancy, Daredevil. My cane, as you know, can serve many purposes."

You're almost free.

To stand up and talk to Kingpin, trying to learn what he's up to, turn to **149**. To jump up, ready to extricate yourself from your current situation, turn to **134**.



He uses his walking stick with the graceful speed of a swordsman. His laser cuts **158**

into your leg, and you scream out at the intense, burning pain. You roll to the floor.

"Oh, come, come, Daredevil. I barely had the power on."

You rub the spot where the laser hit. It's burned through the layer of your costume. You hear footsteps coming from behind you.

"Ah, our guest has arrived."

The stranger walks up next to you.

"Mister Daredevil, I do hope you're okay. Mister Fisk can sometimes get carried away. I'd hate to have anything spoil our first—and final—meeting."

You recognize the voice. Now you know who's behind all your recent troubles.

Turn to 124.



**159** You reach out and grab at Kingpin's deadly walking stick (a compact industrial la-

ser that Kingpin uses with the dexterity of an accomplished swordsman). Kingpin's arm is like a unyielding tree limb. But you twist his stick left and right, giving it a sudden flip, and his fingers lose their hold. It takes you but a second to toss it to the side.

"There," you say. "Now, we can talk like two civilized people."

Add 1 Karma point to your total, then turn to 150.



The grating gives way with only the **160** slightest sound. Fortunately, the rock music continues at ear-splitting levels, masking what noise you make.



The lobby area is empty, and you sense a door ahead, leading to Kingpin's box. You walk to it quickly, almost matter-of-factly. It opens, and you hear the music at full volume. You sense the great bulk of Kingpin just ahead.

Unfortunately, you also sense two of his burly thugs flanking him.

*No matter, you think. I can get to him before they can stop me.*

Turn to 137.

"I wouldn't," he repeats.

**161**

*Silly thing*, you think in that split second before Kingpin's laser reaches you, it was a dummy sitting in the chair. A big stuffed Kingpin. A decoy for Daredevil.

You're moving, leaping to the side—but



there's not enough time and the laser hits you, burning through your costume, the pain buckling your knees, and you fall to the floor of the box.

All you hear is the sound of Kingpin's laughter.

Subtract 1 Health point from your total, then turn to **140**.

**162** You move forward on your hands, and throw yourself into the air. Each foot kicks neatly to the side, punching the air out of Kingpin's gun-toting heavies. He brings up his walking stick to fire the laser.

Make an Agility FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 12 or less, turn to **158**. If the result is 13 or more, turn to **167**.

**163** You move gracefully into a crouch. Then, just as Wiley lowers his gun, you kick up, into the air, and fly over his head, landing behind him. You reach over his shoulder and snap the gun out of his hand.

"We won't be needing this anymore, will we?"

Then Wiley surprises you. His elbow kicks back with startling force, into your gut, and you find yourself gasping for breath. He turns, as if considering going one-on-one

with you, but then dashes down the corridor toward the rear of the building. You start after him, taking giant steps, your club now in front of you.

*Drop the gun, you think. It's not my style.*

Wiley cuts left, toward the spiral staircase. You hit the corner, and Wiley hits you. He sprays some gas from a pen-shaped contraption. You reach out for him, trying to clear your head before finally collapsing onto the cement floor.

Turn to **180**.

It's a cramped space, this narrow pass- **164** ageway leading to the main lobby. There may be just enough space for a sweeping leg kick, taking on all three of them in one blow. At least that's your game plan.





You catch Wiley's two associates squarely, just behind the knees, sending them rather precipitously to the floor. Wiley moves with surprising quickness, stepping to the side, and you've barely hit one leg. It's enough, though, to send him stumbling forward.

Best of all, his gun has tumbled out of his hand.

You leap toward him, sensing him remove a small pen-shaped object from his pocket.

If you could stop your movement, you would. But your downward arc moves you right on top of him.

"Fool," he hisses, letting you know that at least you've got his goat.

Then you feel a thin stream of gas hitting you in the face.

You land on top of him, then roll off coughing, gasping for air. All your senses start to fade, until you think of Karen, and Black Widow, until you're lost in the strange world of dreams.

Add 1 Karma point to your total, then turn to 180.



You bang on the glass with your fist, **165** but your hand bounces off harmlessly. You doubt that even your billy club, if you had it, could do any good.

Then you hear another rumble, not from the ship, but out there past the glass. And your ship seems to be turning slowly toward it.

"Oh, no," you moan. "Not this." The freighter seems to kick into a higher speed, bearing down on what you sense to be a giant ocean liner. Everyone on deck, kids, lovers, retired people back from dream trips, are probably watching Daredevil steer the

freighter right at them.

The ocean liner is now less than a half-mile away. It lets out a long warning howl. Someone, somewhere is sending the freighter you're on right at them.

Then you hear another sound, faint. A small motor, another boat.

Finally, you hear the sound of someone coming on board your ship. Footsteps, padding on the main deck, heading toward you. There's a heartbeat—and a voice.

"Daredevil, stand back from the glass. I'm going to blow it."

It's Black Widow. How she got here, you'll never know.



You wait for the explosion—a specialty of hers—and then you feel the chunks of glass go flying.

Black Widow climbs onto the bridge. Only a few thousand feet separates you and the liner.

"Go!" she screams. "Find out where the controls are. Before it's too late. Go!"

You step outside, and listen to the freighter, hoping to find the sounds of a hidden control box.

Turn to 171.



To search below, turn to 176. To **166** search the main deck, turn to 178.



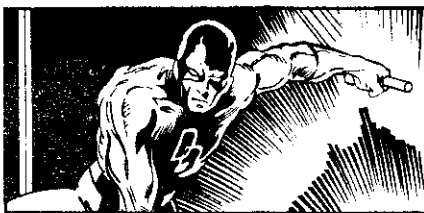
**167** He quickly brings his stick into position to bore a hole right through you, but you leap to the side. You can hear behind you the sizzling sound as he burns a hole in the wall.

"My go," you say to him, bringing your club around, aimed at his firm, well-packed body. The hit makes a dull thudding noise but seems to give the human tank more than a moment's pause. You're about to deliver the *coup de grace* when you sense someone behind you. Not one of your average gunmen, but someone else, his weapon held steadily, aimed right at your back.

"I wouldn't move, Mister Daredevil. I'm afraid it would force my hand. And I'd hate to lose you now."

You know that voice from somewhere, but you can't place it. Then it's clear. A familiar voice from someone you have never met.

Subtract 1 Health point from your total, then turn to 124.



**168** You pause a moment, then send your legs flying out in a sweeping kick that

quickly dispatches Wiley's two associates. The politico, though, moves with remarkable speed, stepping back and turning toward you.

You're readying another kick when he pulls a small pen-shaped object from his pocket. He squirts a thin, potent stream of gas into your face.

"Wish you hadn't done that, old boy. You're going to be one heavy load of dead weight." As you crumble to the floor, you feel all your senses shutting down, your impressions growing increasingly faint, and fading to nothing. All the time, you wonder just how "dead" Wiley meant.

Turn to 180.

"Move down the corridor, Daredevil . . . **169** to the rear exit." The gun he's placed at the base of your spine is extremely persuasive.

You walk ahead, figuring that you can look for a good moment to disarm him, and end his little plan for world domination.

"Oh, Daredevil," he says casually.

"Yes," you say, turning back to him.

"Just this," he says, squirting a thin stream of gas into your face from a pen-shaped device. You try to turn around, to stop. But all you can do is collapse to the floor.

Turn to 180.



"Sorry," you say, releasing Kingpin's **170** head, which lolls forward, "but I'm afraid no firearms are allowed in the theater." You quickly club each of the thugs' gun hands, and the silenced Colt 45s clatter to the floor. You reach out and grab each of the hoods by their sharkskin lapels. "Now, let's see what you two know."

"I'm afraid they can't help you," says a voice. It's Kingpin, standing at the rear of the box. You hear a whining sound behind you, and the box is enclosed in a special clear acrylic. You let his two hoods go.

"Fine, I'll go directly to the big man himself." But he catches you off guard. Your radar picks up Kingpin raising his walking stick over his head. *Harmless enough, you suppose, if you ignore the laser he has built into it.*



The box is completely enclosed. Anything could happen in here and the rest of the audience would be oblivious to it. "Such an easy mark," Kingpin laughs, and you hear the high-pitched whine of the laser as he brings it down, aimed right at your chest.

Make an Agility FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 12 or less, turn to 161. If the result is 13 or more, turn to 135.

**171** Make an Intuition FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 16 or less, make an Enhanced Senses/Radar FEAT roll. If the result of this roll is 19 or more, turn to 175. If the result is 18 or less, turn to 166. Otherwise, if the result of your Intuition roll is 17 or more, turn to 177.



**172** Sealed in on the bridge, with no controls and no way out. From the sounds surrounding the ship, you guess you're still in New York Harbor. But what are you doing here?

Make an Intuition FEAT roll, adding Karma if you wish. If the result is 17 or less, turn to 165. If the result is 18 or more, turn to 174.

There's another sound, out there be- **173**  
yond the glass. A ship—a big ship. An ocean liner. And this freighter is headed right for it.

Add 1 point to any Intuition FEAT rolls you make for the rest of your adventure. Turn to 172.

*There's only one answer, you think. A **174**  
final disgrace committed by Daredevil, you reason, some horrible disaster perpetrated in full view of the harbor. It will have to end, of course, in your death. But what a wonderful way to crown Wiley's campaign to make the streets safer for criminals again.*

Turn to 165.



This time, you get lucky, zeroing in on **175**  
the small control unit hidden aft.

"I've got it," you yell to Black Widow, as you run over to it. You rip open the small box, noting the maze of wires inside. You first disengage two strands of wire leading to explosives—you obviously were not meant to survive the crash.

*C'mon, you hurry yourself, which one controls the rudder? That's all that's important.* You can hear the ocean liner, close now. So close that you can hear people on deck, screaming, pointing at you.

"C'mon!" Then you have it. One wire, then another, and the freighter's throaty engines go dead.

Still, the ship drifts forward. But slowly, as the liner passes. Halfway, and the liner's almost clear. Then the bow of the freighter nudges the ship before it sails on.

The people on the liner are knocked about, but they safely float by.

"You did it!" Black Widow exclaims.

"You did it, if anyone did," you say to her, throwing your arms around her and squeezing her tight.

A police launch chugs its way toward you. Turn to 181.

**176** There is nothing. Just the endless roar of the engines.

"Where is it?" you yell. "Where—"

With a horrible tear of metal, the freighter crashes into the liner, its bow cutting into the hull of the luxury ship. It's all too late.

Black Widow stands behind you.

"I found the box . . . too late. But I disconnected wires leading to explosives."

"I guess you weren't supposed to survive. C'mon, let's go, we can at least help the people on the other ship."

You hear them screaming. In relatively shallow, calm New York Harbor, they weren't in any real danger. Still, it is one of the worst maritime accidents in many years.

And you'll be blamed for it, explosives or no explosives.

"C'mon," she says. "It's all over here . . ."

Maybe she's right. Maybe it is all over.

Turn to 179.



**177** The mechanism must be on the main deck—there'd be too much danger of radio interference if it were down below. You decide to search above.

Add 1 point to any Enhanced Senses/Radar FEAT rolls you make on the rest of your adventure. Return to 178.

**178** You look all over, but find nothing.

To search below, turn to 176. To continue searching here, turn to 175.



**179** "So where did Wiley disappear to?" Karen asks, walking next to you, close, com-

fortable with you. Two days after the accident, you just can't believe two things: that nobody got hurt (the liner was able to limp back into port), and that with the help of Black Widow, and the salvaged remote control box, you are finally cleared of all wrongdoing. In most people's eyes, at least, you're innocent.

"As soon as Wiley—or whoever that guy was—realized the freighter didn't blow, he knew he was in trouble and dropped out of sight. Even Kingpin has vanished, and as usual, the cops say it will be difficult to pin anything on him."

"And Black Widow?" Karen asks, taking your hand. "An old flame to the rescue, renewed passion and all that?"

"Heh, she just decided to keep an eye on both the front and back of the theater. She had me under surveillance all the time. I owe her a lot."

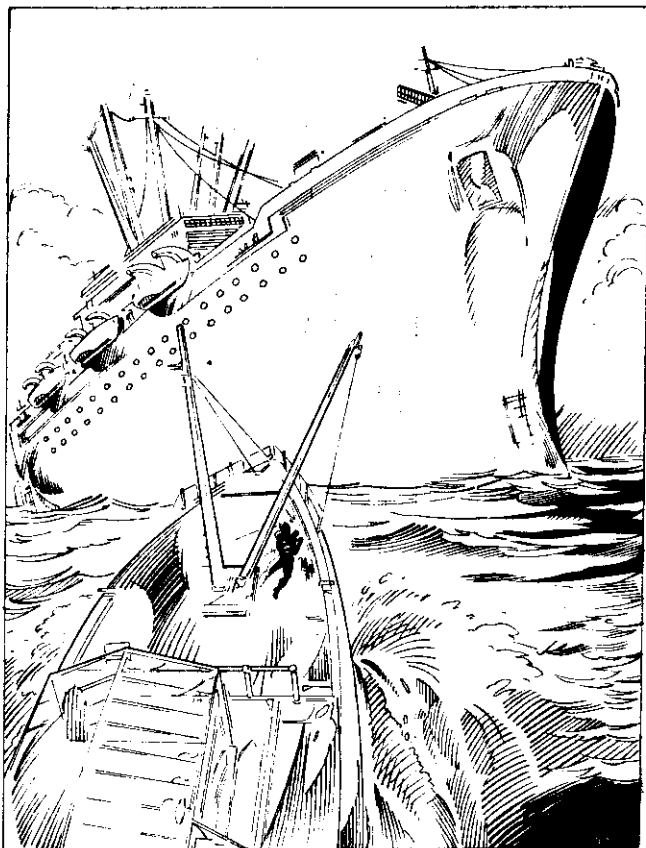
"I bet you do," Karen says archly, peering at your face.

"The past is the past," you say. "And now is—"

"Cut it out," she says, laughing, "you're sounding more and more—"

"I know. Guilty."

She takes your hand and squeezes it, and the two of you continue down the sidewalk, smiles finally on your faces.



Oh, your aching head! *Is it still there?* **180**  
you wonder, rubbing at it, trying to find the source of the throbbing pain. Slowly, you remember. There was a gas. You can still taste it on your lips, like insect repellent.

You feel the floor. Smooth, flat . . . and moving.

It vibrates under you, and rolls left and right, as if—you're on a boat!

At least you're intact, you're glad to feel, stretching your arms and legs. You stand up, hoping your radar sense will give you a better picture of just what your current status is.

You're not quite prepared for what you pick up. There's no one else on board, and this is no pleasure boat. It is a good-sized freighter, moving at a brisk clip. All around you is glass . . . this must be the bridge. There is a door just to the side. And you'd bet your life sav-



ings that it's locked. You walk over to it slowly, painfully, to test it. The doorknob won't even move, almost as if it were welded to the door.

"Great," you say. "This has just been a great week for me."

You concentrate harder, desperate for any information about what's going on here . . . what's happening.

Make an Enhanced Senses/Radar FEAT roll. If the result is 15 or less, turn to **172**. If the result is 16-18, turn to **123**. If the result is 19 or more, turn to **173**.



**181** "So how'd Black Widow know to follow you?" Karen asks, as, two days later, all charges against you having been dropped, the two of you walk together through Central Park.

"She didn't—not at first. But when she decided to come back and check on me, and I wasn't there she got worried. Looking at the rear exit, she found Wiley leaving with me all tied up."

"And where did Wiley go?"

"Back to his pals in The Association, whoever they are. Black Widow and I have notified the FBI and other cities' police forces, but the information is so nebulous that I don't know what they'll do."

Karen pauses, then asks, "And was it interesting meeting Black Widow again?"

"Interesting? Surprising, maybe and helpful. But—"

"No sparks?"

"No," you say.

It's just a small lie. Not much to feel guilty about. You take Karen's hand and walk toward the sounds of children and music coming from the Central Park carousel. Finally, a smile comes to your face.