



M2K Special Edition Cyberback

Collecting The Punisher #1-4 by Jon Hernandez



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#1

Written by Jon Hernandez

Boom. Boom. Boom.

Just like that. A man just like you and me lost his family to a bunch of punks with guns. Frank Castle was his name. His perfect life was now a wreck. Well, time to move on Frank, right? Wrong. You see, Frank Castle isn't your average guy. He doesn't tolerate things like that. Whoever wants to pull a stunt like that is in trouble now, because Frank Castle is a nice, good hearted man, who can be sick and twisted at the same time. He's both a saint and a sinner. Anyone who wants to pull a stunt like what the punks who took away his family did, better watch out. Because Frank Castle is an enforcer of justice, and a murderer, at the same time. Frank Castle is, the Punisher.

Your average night in the city, dark, dreary, loud, dirty. But up on that roof, if you look closely, there seems to be a dark figure. It's Frank Castle, and he's not enjoying the view. Dressed in a dark outfit, with a large skull on the front of his shirt, he is completely still. Except for his arm, guiding around the large rifle he's holding. His eye, looking downward through the small scope at the top of the rifle. His lips as he breaks the silence, muttering what sounds like "Damn sonnuva...." And his finger, as it pulls the rifle's trigger.

"Yo! Hand over yer goods or yo' gonna get beaten down, bitch!"

Three men in trenchcoats, with handguns surround a helpless woman in an ally not too far away. Tears are streaming down her face, as she thinks about her kids and her husband, her family that she loves more than anything. She drops her large pocketbook on the floor, and the goons laugh. They laugh at the fact they are threatening and scaring a helpless woman. After a couple minutes one of the sickos calms down and speaks up.

"You t'ink wees be stupid, huh? We know ya'll gonna get the cops on us, and we can't let ya do dat." He raised his gun with a sick smile across his face "Sorry girl, but we gotta---UGH!". He arches his back, and falls to the ground silently.

"YO WHAT HAPPENED TO JOHNNY?"

"I DUN KNOW! DERE'S A BIG HOLE IN HIS BACK! HE'S ALL BLOODY MAN! WHAT DA HELL IS G---"

He sure shut up quickly, but that tends to happen when you felt what he just felt. The cold, hard, metal front of a pistol was just jammed against the back of his head, and a dark, low voice is behind him too.

"That's a rifle bullet in him, that's what the hell is going on"

The dark low voice is, of course, coming from the Punisher. Now you know what happens when he is on a rooftop with a sniper rifle. But what happens when he's got two pistols, one jammed in a thug's head and the other one on alert?

"YO FOO! YOU'D BEST PUT BIG MO DOWN RIGHT NOW!"

The last target. He's more scared than ever, his "homie" just got "capped" and his other "bro" has a gun pointed at his head. He fumbles his gun, trying to look threatening, and tough. But the Punisher sees past his false expression, and stares, silently, expressionless.

"YO, I'M SERIOUS MAN! I'LL HAVE TO CAP YO IF YOU DO---"

"SHUT THE FUCK UP!"

Bang.

"....."

A bullet from Franks pistol just silenced this thug, he coughs, and falls to the ground with a sickening thud as his head bounces off the pavement. Frank just got annoyed, now you know what happens when he gets annoyed. But Frank was also just occupied. Allowing the man he's holding a gun to, to reach for his pants. But this is a veteran he's dealing with, and when Frank sees a gun sticking out of this guy's pocket, of course he stays smooth. He lifts his foot and kicks the gun away, and just for fun, puts a lot of strength behind this kick hoping to do some unnecessary damage to the punk's hand. He decides to get friendly with this guy, and break the silence.

"Stupid rookie. Shaking in your boots. And what's that smell?" He took two large sniffs. "Some bad-ass gangster you are. You don't look to bad-ass right now. It's a lot easier to be tough in front of a little old lady, than it is with a guy like me, don't you think?"

He paused, and calmed down. Finally, with a little emotion, he takes a deep breath and continues...

"I can't believe I've lost so much to punks like you"

"Whatchoo talkin bout man? Who are you?"

"Some call me the Punisher, and you my friend, are about to find out why"

Frank is motionless once again. Except for his finger, as it pulls the trigger.

Boom. Boom. Boom.

Simple as that three jackasses have lost their lives to a murderer, and an enforcer of justice.

The woman looks into his eyes, squinting as tears roll down her cheeks. She's a mess, and she's scared half to death. Frank puts his gun into their holsters, and nods to her, with his normal expressionless face as he begins to walk away. Behind him, the helpless woman is struggling to pick up her things and stand up, and as he exits the alley he hears her say in her shaky, nervous voice...

"...th--...thank....you...."

He leaves. He's done what he's considered to be "his job", and that's a day in the life of Frank Castle, The Punisher, sinner and saint, at the same time.



#2

Written by Jon Hernandez

"SHUT THE HELL UP! Don't speak, just give us some merchandise, NOW!"

Well, it's another normal night in New York City, and that means armed robbery. It's 8:49 PM on a Tuesday night. "Rob's Jewelry" hasn't been too popular, and normally wouldn't be tonight, but Rob has some special visitors on this night. They're not too friendly though, and there's quite a few of them, maybe around 7 or 8.

"{sob} What do you want? Take it all!"

Two small girls stand up in front, the rest of Rob's "Guests" watch behind them. Why is Rob cowering in fear at the girls' demands you ask? Oh, I forgot to mention..the girls brought their 9MMs and they are currently holding them about 2 feet from Rob's face.

"This was easier than I thought, quick, gather the loot and we'll get out of here"

"CRINK! tink tink tink" the sound of glass shattering. Probably from the large glass window in the front of the store. Everyone turns to see what it is, except of course, Rob who runs for his life out the back entrance. A man in a black trenchcoat and dark pants comes crashing through the window.

"Wha? Looks like we got ourselves a challenger"

"Who is this s'posed t' be?"

He lands with hundreds of shards of glass following, into a foward roll down onto a knee. The momentum of this mysterious man's jump carries his jacket to the side a bit, revealing a black T-shirt, and on this black t-shirt, is a large, painted on white skull....

The Punisher has just entered the scene, and is now staring down 8 people with guns.

"Someone get that fatass before he calls the cops, we'll take care of dis punk"

One of the women by the counter and a large man rush through the back door, the rest of the gang steps up foward. The sound of guns reloading fills the room, and The Punisher can't help but let a little grin come up on the corner of his mouth. Both his arms cross on his chest, each reaching into a different side on the inside of his jacket. Within a second his arms spring out

holding two large pistol machine guns as with what could be the final moment of his life he looks over his opposers, and then, the bullets start flying.

What seems like thousands of bullets fly mere inches from his body as the Punisher runs to the side towards the corner of the room, firing rapid bullets randomly forward at the large mob. Three fall. Frank decides to crouch in the corner and take his chances for a sec. Smoothly he bends his knees and in a split second is able to aim and get an easy shot at one of the the gang members. Quickly standing up a bullet grazes the side of his foot. He hops up a bit muttering a low "Dammit!" as he moves behind a display of necklaces. Wisely, he waits till he thinks the one man left shooting at him has to reload, He then quickly pops out and holds down the trigger with perfect aim, putting numerous bullets inside thug's stomach. Punisher stands up, breathing heavily and brushing himself off, as the thug falls to his knees, then flat on his face. He looks over the dead bodies, nodding followed by a small grin. His job isn't done yet though, and he begins to move towards the back exit but only takes a step before he notices the back of one of the fallen thugs' jacket. It has a large red bulldog face inside of a circle and above it says "Red Dogs". He smirks to himself "So much for the 'Red Dogs' ". Back to the back entrance, but then he freezes again, as a faint shuffling sound can be heard. Pointing his gun straight forward ready for anything, he snaps his body around to see who or what is causing this noise. He searches the room. Nothing. He draws one of his pistol-machine guns again, after just putting them back seconds ago, and walks towards the back entrance, slowly and precautiously. He heads behind the counter, and there he finds the last gang member in the room, barely two feet away from him, with a gun....

She's buried her head in chair though, down in her knees, shaking with her back turned to him though. Just like anyone else, Punisher finds this kind of odd, and approaches her. Still, no reaction, just silently shaking. He grabs her shoulder with his large gloved hand, and spins her around, in the process taking her off the chair, throwing her down to the ground, from there she falls back onto her elbows and looks up to the Punisher, dropping her gun. But Frank doesn't even lift his gun...he just freezes there in shock.

Frank is looking down at a young girl. Looks like she's around the age of 15. Her eyes are swollen, red and soaked, she was obviously crying....hysterically. All Frank can do right now is raise an eyebrow...

"What the hell....?"

"Please don't shoot me...please....". Punisher eyes go into a concerned look, he raises his gun to her, and her crying becomes even harder. He soon lowers the gun to his waist though, because for the first time in his life, Frank Castle can't find it in himself to shoot a criminal. He roughly grabs her arm and brings her to her feet.

"Get the hell up and c'mon, I might need you"

Outside from the large front window of the store, two more thugs with "Red Dog" jackets look on watching Punisher's short conversation with the young girl. But they have no idea what the two are saying, but they think they know what the young girl and the man who killed a big chunk of their group-mates are saying to each other, and this cannot be a good thing for either one of them

"See? Damn man I told ya she was no good fo' us, not only is the kid a pansy, but she's a traitor! Look at dat man!"

His the man standing next to him nods, rubbing his chin

"Shoulda' never listened to Sarah...damn that bitch, now we got a punk on our tails, and no gold for out efforts"

"We better tell da rest of the boys!"

His partner nods again and they run from the scene

Still holding onto her he yanks her along with him and kicks the back door open, he searches the area around him with his gun, and sees nothing, he then continues, but only for a few short steps, he freezes for the second time in under a minute.

Facedown on the pavement, it's Rob. In his back there's a small hole, surrounded by a verey large bloodstain. The girl steps back and gasps, turning pale in the face. But the Punisher's seen worse, and it's normally his doing. His response is just out of the fact and innocent man his just been offed, and right now the only thing that can be seen on the Punisher's face is pure hate, anger and rage, and that's not about to change after the next thing that happens to him. Two guns, one jammed in his neck, the other in his back come up out of nowhere behind him.

"Looks like we caught us a big one, huh Mike?"

The other man behind him, "Mike" only answers with a sinister laugh

The young girl takes a couple steps back, she's calmed down a bit, but is still trembling with fear. One of the men holding Punisher at gun point turns to her and grins

"Ooooh, Sarah's little friend. Janey the big toughy. Ya don't look too damn tough t' me kid! Don't worry, you'll get yours as soon as we're done with this punk"

The look on her face is a mix of confusion and pure terror. "Traitor?" She thinks to herself for a moment. She is scared half to death and does the only thing she can do---run.

"DAMMIT! Mike, you take care of this guy, I'll get the girl!"

One of the men run off...all through this the Punisher still has the furious expression controlling his face, and now he's alone, with a thug holding a gun to his neck.

"Well, do ya got any last words tough guy?"

"Yeah, as a matter of fact I do---

“KISS MY ASS!”

As hard as he possibly can he elbows the thug in the stomach, causing him to drop his gun and bend over in pain. Immediately, the Punisher spins around and holds his gun up right under the thug's chin.

"Ya damn shitbag"

He holds down the trigger, a loud bang is heard and blood, along with small chips of the thug's skull fly up in the air, some gets on Frank's shirt, but part of his glove is dripping with blood. The body falls to the ground not far from Rob's. His head is a gory mess, blood still leaking from it. Punisher looks down at the two corpses, then runs up towards the end of the alley where one of the "Red Dogs" chased after the young girl that he called "Janey". He reaches the end of the the alley and peeks out the side. 3 men are on the young girl, one holding a gun from behind, the others watching on standing in front of her. He goes back behind the wall, and arms two large handguns, he takes a deep breath and pops out, quickly putting a bullet in the man behind her's leg. He falls to the ground yelling out in pain. The two men left reach into their coats to grab their guns as quick as they can, but they're way too late, as within a second their chests are loaded with lead. The girl, "Janey" is frozen, she's not hysterical crying anymore, even after all the crap she's been through in the past couple minutes, she's pale, eyes wide, and shaking...

"I.....I.....he....thanks..."

Punisher nods, then looks down at the dead bodies, then looks to the girl, then the bodies, then suddenly everything hits him. He remembers that the girl, "Janey" is wearing a "Red Dog" jacket too. Punisher has just risked his life to save a criminal, and he has no clue why. He looks at her again, with a stern expression.

"TINK!!! TINK!!! TINK!!!"

Three bullets fly around the two from above, it's showtime again. He pushes her out of the line of fire and keeps moving, after a moment or two he spots a few more Red Dogs on the roof of what used to be an apartment building, and is now an abandoned, run down building. He raises his guns and begins to fire, but there's one more thing he has to take care of...

"GO HOME!"

"But....they....I can--"

"GET OUT OF HERE, NOW!"

He waves her away, and once again, she does the only thing she can do, run

Punisher continues holding down the trigger, moving backwards quickly while he does this, soon moving behind a car parked on the side of the road. Bullets crash through the windows, sending glass chips everywhere, and ping on the the roof and front of the car. Although he doesn't know if he's hit them, they have gone out of sight. Immediately, Frank knows what they're planning, he goes up on the roof just to meet a horde of thugs who will immediately outnumber him. Oh well, he's faced worse hasn't he? The Punisher is going onto that roof, and nothing's gonna stop him, except maybe his common sense, but he lost that a while ago.

He makes his way slowly up the fire escape stairway, closer and closer to the roof, higher and higher, until, he's right under the edge of the roof. He's on the fire escape of the top floor, and now it's time to dance. He slowly steps on the windowsill, then, with a deep breath, boosts himself up to the rooftop...

It's showtime!



#3

Written by Jon Hernandez

Frank Castle is what you would call a psycho. The Punisher had just taken out a couple dozen of a large crime gang called the "Red Dogs," he stopped a store robbery...although the store's owner kinda is dead with a big hole in his head...and he's saved a young teenage girl's life.* Now, two guys had just missed a wide open shot with plenty of time to aim on the rooftop of a building behind him. Punisher knew there was something fishy going on, he knew he was being lured into a trap on the roof and he still decided to rush up the fire escape stairway to go to that rooftop and show these people why you don't fuck with Frank Castle....because he's a psycho.

[*See issues 1-2 for more info--Dino]

He reached the top of the fire escape and hopped up onto the windowsill closest to him. He grabbed onto the ledge of the roof, took a deep breath and hopped up onto the roof to see the one thing he wasn't prepared for...

Nothing.

No...not a thing. Where'd the two guys who shot at him go? Needless to say, this made Punisher pretty angry as he walked across the rooftop to the other side looking around.

clank clank clank

The sound of footsteps coming up the same fire escape he came up.

"Aw crap...fell for it..."

A barrage of men in the "Red Dog" leather jackets he despises so much began climbing up onto the roof...so Punisher did the thing he's best at...he shot them.

Holding both pistol-machine guns forward in a fit of rage he just held down the trigger, blasting them as they climbed up. Occasionally one of the gang members would get a shot or two off, but nothing came close to Frank's body.

Shit.....these fuckers must be duplicating, they never stop coming up that goddamn fire escape, he thought, as he continued firing on the Red Dogs.

Finally, the unthinkable and inevitable happened...

click click click

He ran out of ammo.

"Fuck."

Only one Red Dog was left standing in front of Punisher, aiming his handgun at the anti-hero's head.

"I'm going to enjoy this....a lot---UNGH--"

He fell to the ground, a bullet from behind Punisher caught him in the ribs. He spun around to see the woman and large man who escaped to get the jewelry store owner. Both of them armed. They came up the other fire escape. The large man looked Punisher straight in the eyes...

"I wouldn't give a newbie like him the pleasure of taking out the Punisher."

Frank's eyes narrowed with anger, as he quietly growled, watching the man walk closer to him, with an evil grin on his face.

"Boss is gonna love my ass for this one---"

"AIIIEEGHH"

The large man's lady partner shrieked and fell to the ground, revealing the young girl Frank saved only moments ago*....."Janey," holding a 9mm in her right hand. She came back to save the Punisher. The large man spins around, startled. But when he sees the girl, there's fire in his eyes.

[*See last ish for more on Janey--Dino]

"YOU LITTLE FUCKER"

He charged at her, as she dropped her gun in fright. Punisher took advantage and quickly pulled out a shotgun, hidden behind him by his jacket. Cocked it, aimed and fired.

At the last second before the large Red Dog was going to reach Janey, a loud "BANG" rang through the air....and the gang member collapsed, his head looking like a large, hairy, bloody, blob.

Punisher simply walked past the corpses, past the young girl and began to walk down the fire escape. The young girl, pale in the face after seeing what Punisher did to the large male Red Dog, looked down at Punisher, and began following him down, until they both reached the ground and Punisher began to get into his van. She soon broke the silence...

"Hey! Aren't you gonna thank me?"

"I told you to go home, you pretty much attempted to kill yourself by going back, lucky for you I was there blow that guys fuckin' head off and save your ass."

"I saved YOUR ass!!!"

Punisher turned around to her, with an angry expression, saying nothing

The young girl looked up at him....and smiled, letting out a chuckle

"Ooooh....intimidating, so tough guy....can I get a ride home?"

I have a shotgun and I'm giving her a pissed-off look, yet she can still laugh? he thinks to himself.

"Come on, you can take out a whole gang but you can't drive a poor little girl home?"

She smiled before flashing him a sad puppy dog look jokingly, and Punisher did something he hasn't done for a loooong time, he smiled, and he laughed. He opened the door to his van and motioned for her to get in the passenger's seat, he then drove her home.

War Journal Entry #876

Long time no see.

I took out a whole gang last week, called the "Red Dogs." Crappy name, yeah, but they almost killed me. They had a young girl, 15 years old with them. Janey Mills. I got her away from the gang. Took out criminals and fixed up a young girl's life, a double whammy I guess. I'm feelin' really good about myself right now, it's been a pretty calm week. I finally get to relax. I worry about the girl sometimes though, the Red Dogs might still be after her. Or what's left of them. But they know whenever they come out of the shadows, I'll get blow all their asses away....again. But Janey's a good kid, bright too, a little bit of a smart-ass though, ha. Well, that's all for now

-Frank

A dark room....in what most in town see as a wrecked old warehouse. A shadowy figure sits at a desk, as the door in front of him creaks open and a man wearing a leather jacket and a mask walks in.

"You're late."

"Don't worry 'bout it, just hurry up."

"We have a little proposition for you...you probably know of a gang called 'The Red Dogs.' They are respected, and have been around for quite a while, which you probably have realized from their....I guess you can say, corny name? Well last week a man who seems to be known as 'The Punisher' stopped a very large number of them while they attempted to rob a jewelry store. I invested a lot in these men, expecting a lot back. I can not afford to have this....'Punisher'....keep getting in their way an----"

"So you want me to take the Punisher out?"

"Yes.....I do."

"And I get....."

A large suitcase is placed on the table, when opened the man in front of the desk's eyes widen.

"Ben Franklin never looked so good! I'll do it, oh yeah boss, one more thing boss, call me....."

He turns around, into the dim light coming from the window, revealing his black mask, on the forehead is a large white....

"Bullseye!"

NEXT ISSUE: It's Bullseye vs the Punisher!! 'Nuff said!!



#4

Written by Jon Hernandez

Jane Mills' phone rings at 4 PM on a Saturday ... she picks it up.

"Hello?"

When she hears the voice of the caller ... she smiles. A deep raspy voice replies.

"Hey It's me Frank Have you had any problems with the gang?"

"Nah ... I haven't heard a thing from them."

"Okay ... look, remember to call me IMMEDIATELY if you hear anything. I gave you my number, you still got it?"

"Yeah ... I'll call if I hear anything, 'kay?"

"I'm dead serious, if ANYTH--"

"OKAY OKAY, I got ya ... dad..."

She laughs ... and Frank, The Punisher, smirks.

"Gotta run."

"Okay, b--"

{click}

Punisher didn't really HAVE to go. The truth is, he won't let himself get close to someone, because he doesn't exactly live an ideal life. Janey is a good kid, and he does NOT want to endanger her in any way, and bringing her into his life does just that. He just needs to make sure she doesn't get killed ... and use her to find out more about the Red Dogs.

People screaming

Frank jumped out of his recliner. He had dozed off, and it was now night. The freaks come out at night. Except, this had to be a pretty damn good freak, because as he looked out his window there was a huge fire in the middle of the street, and 2 overturned trucks. That's when he heard a familiar laugh ... and saw a familiar man wearing a blue costume.

Bullseye.

Frank quickly ran to the closet, pulling off his shirt and replacing it with kevlar and the familiar ragged black Punisher skull shirt. He then grabbed his belt, strapped it on, and ran out -- grabbing his trench coat off the rack as he did so. It was game time.

Bullseye laughed a twisted laugh as he randomly fired shots into the street.

"Damn it ... where's Punisher?! The Red Dogs' boss hired me to kill him, and the guy's sure taking his time. Doesn't he protect the innocent or somethin'?" He thought, "Time to get his attention."

Running further into the street he spotted a nice target. A mother with her son. He grabbed the mother's arm, pulling her forward and holding a handgun not too far from her head.

"Sorry miss, nothing personal. Just business, you know ... don't you?"

She was helpless, speechless with fright, and her son was screaming at the top of his lungs. When suddenly, a Saint struck...

A small spurt of blood shot up from Bullseye's hand following a loud gunshot sound. Bullseye dropped his gun, holding his hand to his side in pain.

"Fuck."

"GET THE HELL AWAY! NOW!"

The Punisher had finally arrived ... okay, not exactly a Saint, but you take what you get. She scooped up her son and ran, but Bullseye still had his twisted grin on his face as he looked up from his hunched over position holding his hand.

"Sure took your time ... Heh heh..."

Bullseye swiped his supposedly hurt hand forward, releasing 8 small razor blades at Punisher's head and chest area. Punisher held his dual hand guns up in front of his face, crossing his arms up high trying to block them. He did so .. save for one that succeeded in slitting his cheek.

"Ow ... you mother fu--"

Bullseye was gone ... but his footsteps could be heard running down the closest alley. Punisher followed as quickly as possible, ignoring the throbbing pain in his cheek. It got darker and darker as he ran deeper into the alley. One of the few light sources for the damp place was the gunfire the Punisher was at the helm of as he sprinted after his enemy. Then, as he reached an opening, he found it hard to see. Fog. Heavy fog doesn't come out of nowhere ... Bullseye had obviously dropped a smoke bomb.

"Bullseye has an advantage in blind combat," He thought

Punisher pulled a grenade out of his belt, pulling the pin and placing it on the ground quickly. Then he silently ran back down and out of the alley. Reaching the end, he grinned.

"That was easier then I thought..."

He chuckled, as he heard the large explosion from his grenade. Shortly after, he dusted himself off. A job well done.

"Ow ... that hurt. A lot..."

Punisher spun around, and gritted his teeth, frustrated as he saw Bullseye. He was limping a wee bit, some of his left arm and chest were burnt. His costume was charred and burnt off in those areas.

"You're not dead yet?"

"Apparently not."

Punisher held both hand guns forward, and fired. Bullseye, however, simply and calmly raised his arms ... and the bullets bounced off two thick metal wrist bands.

"Adamantium. Pretty nifty, eh?"

Bullseye then flicked his wrist making 4 playing cards fall down out of one of his gloves and into his other hand. Punisher just gave him an odd look ... until one of the cards gleamed in the small bit of light. Bullseye threw all four at him, with perfect accuracy. Punisher, caught off guard, tried to bend down low and dodge ... but to no avail

"UGH..!!"

His shoulder was hit by the two lowest cards. He fell back, pulling one card that hit good out of his shoulder. He quickly got up....

....Bullseye was gone.

Punisher knew there was only one thing he could do. Run. Therefore, he did so. Just as he expected, he narrowly dodged a barrage of machine gun bullets fired from a large window of a

closed down hotel lobby. He quickly held out the hand guns and fired his own onslaught of bullets at the shattered window. The firing stops.

Silence.

Punisher looked at the window holding his guns forward. Did he kill Bullseye? Or was Bullseye just pulling one of his tricks? It was time to find out.

He slowly approached the window, putting one gun back in it's holster, still holding the other one forward. Instead of going through the door, he jumped in through the large broken window to find...

Darkness.

Pitch blackness, in fact. He looked around pointing the gun around in the room.

"ACK!"

A steel ball smashed into his right hand, knocking his gun to the floor

"Boo!"

The lights flashed on, and there was Bullseye, with the usual sick grin on his face. He immediately threw a dagger with pinpoint accuracy ... but he threw it too slow.

Punisher had whipped out a hunting knife, knocking the blade to the side.

"Mother fucker..."

He dashed towards Bullseye, angry as ever, but Bullseye was ready -- whipping out a Sai. Punisher's attempt to stab him in the head is caught in the sai, as Bullseye is still just grinning.

"That wasn't a very nice thing to say, Punny."

Punisher punched him in the stomach with all his might, but Bullseye quickly came back with a backhand, smashing Punisher's face with his Adamantium wristbands. Frank fell back into the wall. Punisher shook his head, against the wall, as blood leaked down his face from his nose. Then he saw Bullseye, another sai in his hand. Before he could move, Bullseye threw his weapon ... but

.....No pain. The sai missed!

"Nice throw, shithead!"

Punisher once again ran towards Bullseye, but then he stopped. He couldn't run any further. He looked down, the sai had stuck his trench coat to the wall.

"HA HA HA Thank you!" Was all Bullseye said, before running around the corner and up the stairs.

Punisher quickly took off his coat and threw it to the ground.

CLANK

was the sound the jacket made as it hit the ground. He quickly reached down into the jacket on the ground, pulling out his shotgun, now with a sick grin similar to Bullseye's. He dashed up the stairs after his adversary.

Up the stairs, higher and higher, following Bullseye who continued running up the stairs not too far ahead of him.

Finally they stopped. Sixth floor. Punisher slowly walked down the dimly lit hall. So many doors, it must have been Bullseye's plan all along to get him into this hotel. It's complete silence, except for Punishers footsteps, the howl of the wind, and the sound of loose floorboards.

"AAAAAHHHH!!!!!"

A flashlight shone out of one of the hotel rooms as Bullseye pulled the door open yelling. Punisher quickly turned, startled, as Bullseye went back to his normal, eerie expression.

"Scared ya, didn't I?"

He stabbed another dagger forward, but Punisher moved to the side. It still slit deeply across the cheek. Blood spurt out, so far it had only hit the wall behind him. He quickly smashed the butt of the shotgun into Bullseye's face, knocking him backwards. Back into the darkness, as the flashlight hit the floor and broke. Punisher walked into the hotel room, into the darkness. The wind from outside was louder, there was an open door to the outside. The door to the balcony. He knew what was coming and moved to the side. He was right.

A gunshot.

A bullet planted itself in Punisher's shoulder, and he ignored the pain. It was time to end this. He aimed the shotgun where the spark from the gun came from, and fired.

A small grunt could be heard, and a rustling sound. Then scream that got lower and lower until it was gone. It was obvious the force of the shotgun shell knocked Bullseye off of the balcony. There was no sound showing Bullseye hit the ground ... but Frank didn't care, as he dropped to his knees in pain. The blood from his wounds was dripping onto the ragged carpet. The violent fight was over, and it seemed enough like he had won...

10 PM Saturday Night, Frank Castle's apartment

The phone rings, over and over again. Soon, the answering machine message plays. At the beep, the message begins. The familiar voice of a young girl, sobbing hysterically.

"FRANK! IT' S JANE! HELP!! COME HERE AND HELP ME! HELP ME ... please help me Please...."

{Click}

END