

THE PUNISHER

Frank Castle

Hot New Body

**Same
Bad Attitude.**



A DART IN THE NECK. A KICK
IN THE CHEST. AS HE
PLUNGED OFF THE ROOF, THE
WIND WHISTLING IN HIS
EARS, FRANK CASTLE KNEW
HE MIGHT DIE.



WHAT HE DIDN'T KNOW OR EVEN SUSPECT,
WAS THAT HE WOULD BE REBORN.

And indeed there will be time
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes



**BONES SHATTERED, INTERNAL
ORGANS RUPTURED. YES, FRANK
WOULD HAVE DIED WITHIN MINUTES,
BUT NANOBOOTS WENT TO WORK.**

FRANK FELT LIKE HIS BLOOD HAD
STARTED TO FIZZ. HE COULD FEEL HIS
FLESH BEING PUSHED AROUND,
RE-ARRANGED.



HE FELT HIS PANTS GROW
TIGHT AS HIS ASS SWELLED.



HE COULDN'T IMAGINE, NEVER EVEN
CONSIDERED HOW MUCH THAT
SWELLING WOULD CHANGE HIS
LIFE.

There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet
There will be time to murder and create,



HE FELT HIS NIPPLES TINGLE, HIS CHEST
ACHE. THE THOUGHT HE WOULD SOON
POP OUT HIS OWN PAIR OF BREASTS
NEVER OCCURRED TO HIM.

THEN, HE FELT HIS CHEST SWELL, FELT HIS NIPPLES SEEM TO RISE AND FLOAT AWAY FROM HIS RIBCAGE.



HE DIDN'T KNOW, NEVER THOUGHT TO IMAGINE, HOW MUCH HIS LIFE WOULD CHANGE NOW THAT HE HAD BREASTS JUST LIKE A GIRL, LIKE A WOMAN.

And time for all the works and days of hands
That lift and drop a question on your plate
Time for you and time for me,



AS THE SOFT FLESH OF HIS CHEST PRESSED
AGAINST THE PAVEMENT, HE STARTED TO WAKE, TO
WONDER, TO PROCESS THAT EVERYTHING FELT
WRONG.

And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
And for a hundred visions and revisions,



EVEN AS HE CONFRONTED HIS SOFT NEW CURVES,
HE COULDN'T KNOW HE NOW HAD A PRETTY FACE.
HE HAD NO IDEA HOW DIFFERENT LIFE WOULD BE
FOR HIM WITH THAT PRETTY FACE. HE DOESN'T
KNOW HE'S PRETTY. HE **DOES** KNOW HE IS VERY
CONCERNED ABOUT WHAT FEELS LIKE AN EMPTY
SPACE BETWEEN HIS LEGS.



SHIT.

HE SOUNDS LIKE A LITTLE GIRL, AND HE HATES THAT SOUND, BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW YET JUST HOW MUCH HIS LITTLE GIRL VOICE IS GOING TO CHANGE THE WAY HE'S TREATED.



MY VOICE?

HE REALIZES ON SOME LEVEL THAT HE NOW HAS A WOMAN'S BODY. PART OF HIM STARTS TO PANIC, BUT YEARS OF TRAINING KICK IN AND HE FOCUSES ON THE MISSION. YES. HE WAS ON A MISSION WHEN THE SURPRISE ATTACK OCCURED. THE MISSION WAS ALL, AND HE MUST COMPLETE HIS MISSION. HE TRIES TO STAND UP.



HIS LEGS WOBBLE LIKE A FAWN TRYING TO TAKE ITS FIRST STEPS. HE STRUGGLES TO STAND-- HE'S TOP HEAVY, UNUSED TO THE NEW WEIGHT ON HIS CHEST, HIS LONG LEGS, HIS WIDE HIPS. HIS MIND STRUGGLES TO PROCESS THIS NEW BODY, TO FIND BALANCE. HE TRIES TO TAKE A STEP AND STUMBLES. HE FEELS HELPLESS, HIS BODY AND IDENTITY STRIPPED AWAY AND STARTS TO PANIC, BUT THEN HE IS THE PUNISHER.

HE PAUSES AND TAKES DEEP BREATHS, FEELING THE WEIGHT OF HIS BREASTS RISING AND FALL.



THE BREATHING WORKS. HIS MIND CALMS. HE TUNES OUT THE CONFUSION OF THIS STRANGE, NEW BODY.

HE WALKS OFF, AND IT'S HIS WALK. A MAN'S WALK. HIS BODY, WITH THAT BIG, BOUNCY BUTT AND THE JUTTING OF HIS CHEST, FIGHTS HIM, WANTS TO PUT A LITTLW WIGGLE IN HIS WALK. BUT HE'S FRANK CASTLE. HIS MIND HAS ALWAYS BEEN STRONGER THAN HIS BODY.



DID THEY THINK THIS WOULD STOP HIM? THAT ONCE THEY TURNED HIM INTO A GIRL HE WOULD RUN OFF AND HIDE? HA-

THEY SHOULD KNOW
BETTER. THEY SHOULD
KNOW NOT TO MESS
WITH...

THE
PUNISHER. I'M
STILL THE
PUNISHER.



FRANK CASTLE KNOWS
BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW.
HE KNOWS HE'S A
WOMAN NOW, BUT HE
DOESN'T KNOW WHAT
THAT MEANS. NOT YET.

NOTHING'S
CHANGED.



BY THE TIME THIS STORY IS
OVER, HE'S GONNA FIND OUT.

AND INDEED THERE WILL BE TIME
TO WONDER, "DO I DARE?" AND, "DO I DARE?"
TIME TO TURN BACK AND DESCEND THE STAIR,

