



Fury

Garth Ennis , Darick Robertson

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Forced into retirement at the closing of the Cold War, government-trained freedom-fighter Nick Fury re-enters the fray when the Agency requests his help in battling the takeover of a third-world island.

Fury Details

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Author : Garth Ennis , Darick Robertson

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From Reader Review Fury for online ebook

Nate says

Kinda disappointing, really. As written by Ennis, Fury doesn't seem a whole lot different from the author's Punisher. I even found myself occasionally forgetting that this was not a Punisher comic, which is horrible. Because it's written by Ennis it's consistently over the top in violence, sex, language and black humor and that always guarantees an at least entertaining read but I don't know that this series needed to exist.

Tony says

If Tarantino wrote and directed a Nick Fury movie starring Clint Eastwood it would be a lot like this comic.

Stephen says

Man, you can get sick of Darick Robertson's art real fast. This must be a new record, right up there behind Rob Liefeld.

Simone says

Se volete leggere la mia recensione, cliccate qui! <http://ascwblog.blogspot.it/2017/04/f...>

Ill D says

Fury Max is a story of a country of no country for old men. The very blood-soaked ways that built the super-powered Nation-States of the 20th century have wilted away. What was once muscular and fearsome is now emasculated in our latest era of apathy and tolerance (Aristotle's dying society?)

Enter Nick Fury, part relic, part curmudgeon, 100% reactionary to the nth degree. His violent ways would be over-top but, this is a Garth Ennis story - we (all) know what's up. Boundless butchery is laced with an injection of testosterone that borders on an overdose with all the DudeBro themes it would entail.

This throwback to an era back to when you could still advertise cigarettes to children (remember Joe Camel?) and when Marlboro Man was THE man's man - is uncomfortably at odds with the modern era. Atavism is strongly contrasted with a shifted ground of a more dopey era. Internalized existential crisis gives way to an externalized discussion with a previous enemy - setting stage for story.

Don't change, it seems to (over)-state. Don't give into that dark night. Don't give an inch. Rather bring back the very world that birthed you.

Solid art works captures this recalcitrant essence as it does the brutalized environs that ensconce it. As a study of contrasts, brightness is well opposed by an equal helping of jet black darkness. Bone shattering violence and the rivers of blood they entail are equally contradicted with lushly depicted virile insertions of rainforests and beaches.

P.S. The covers are awesome!

Grifonus says

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Robert says

Far inferior to Ennis' other Fury books - unnecessarily foul, graphic, and sexualized, with a bizarre comic relief nephew as well.

Sam Quixote says

I knew this was going to be good from the first page:

“Colonel Fury?”
“Kill them all.”

Garth Ennis. Darick Robertson. Nick Fury. MAX. So this is a Marvel comic that's definitely not for the kids!

It's also fan-fucking-tastic!

Nick (classic Fury, ie. the white dude not Sam Jackson) is bored. SHIELD is staffed by pencil pushers, his puny surrogate nephew Wendel is making him suicidal out of sheer embarrassment, and he's not allowed to smoke indoors; where's an old dinosaur like him meant to fit into the modern world? Nick Fury needs a war. Luckily an old Cold War enemy is going to deliver one.

If you're not sure what the MAX part of the title is, it means this is an adult Marvel comic - swearing/sex/drugs/extreme violence are all on the table for these books. Ennis takes full advantage right off the bat having guys screaming "FUCK!" as Fury storms a South American drug cartel shooting guys in the head left and right.

Ennis writes a brilliant Nick Fury – the best in my mind. A grizzled older guy, the consummate man's man, the ultimate soldier - seeing this character deal with the modern world in an unimpressed, increasingly hostile way, is a joy. There are also typical Ennis characters like Wendel, a cartoonish nerd who is so over the top wimpy, he's hysterical. Fury and Wendel's relationship is like Arseface and his dad all over again. And speaking of Preacher, there's a character in this called Fuckface with another character referencing him with Arseface indirectly. Fury MAX couldn't be more of a Garth Ennis comic!

It goes from being funny watching Fury deal with SHIELD's bureaucracy to really exciting once the war on the Pacific island kicks off. Ennis is THE writer for war comics though the action here is completely over-the-top Hollywood-ized violence that suits the Marvel universe and this kind of story rather than his more realistic war comics. Artist Darick Robertson also looks to be having a blast drawing insanely gory imagery, really pushing the limits of the MAX title to bring to life the horrors of war - such terrific artwork from a master.

I also loved those last couple of pages which indicates the direction Ennis takes the character in his later Fury MAX series, *My War Gone By*. I recommend checking that out as well as another Ennis/Robertson collaboration, *Fury: Peacemaker*, for more terrific Marvel war comics.

Fury MAX is enormously good fun. Nick Fury, like Frank Castle, is the perfect type of character for Garth Ennis to write for Marvel and he does so beautifully. If you're an Ennis fan who likes his Punisher, Preacher or The Boys comics, you'll get a lot out of this one. Furiously entertaining to the MAX!

Vittorio Rainone says

Fury, ovvero l'outsider di lusso, quello che non riesce più a sentirsi comodo nello SHIELD attuale, l'uomo che gioca con la guerra. L'idea di questa saga è metterlo di fronte a un suo vecchio avversario, deciso a farlo giocare in una nuova partita mortale. Un antagonista completamente amorale, quindi, per uno scontro sopra le righe, come Ennis sa fare, ma al contempo intelligente e profondo. Un bellissimo racconto su Fury, sulla guerra e sul mondo. Esempio di come Ennis sa strafare, ma al contempo tenere salde le briglie della storia.

Malapata says

Ennis se inventa un Nick Fury que ha dejado atrás su mejor época, apartado dentro en una SHIELD burocratizada. Esto, que podría servir para interiorizar en el personaje, lo utiliza Ennis como una excusa para hacer lo que más le gusta: llenar páginas y páginas de sangre y violencia. Y algún chiste. Basado en una escena violenta, por supuesto.

Y es una pena, porque la idea original podría haber dado bastante más de sí.

Aaron Wiener says

If you loved Punisher MAX, (and I did,) then this is right up your ally.

It's got that perfect Ennis blend of humor, action, badassery, violence, sex and grime. The story is simple and to the point. There are no twists and turns... it's just a quick, exciting, and most of all, FUN, Nick Fury story.

The art is great. Loaded with great facial expressions, some hot chicks, and a bloodbath of gore. It's perfect. I loved Punisher MAX with all my heart, and this is a perfect way to scratch that itch. This is the Nick Fury we love kicking as the way Nick Fury does!! ????

Sarah says

This anti-war story has Fury in his 70ies (ish) being pushed out of shieæd and longing for simpler times and maybe a war to make him valid...what's the measure of Fury and how far will he go to again be deemed relevant?

Ennis without Dillon just seems off to me and this is not among Ennis' greatest borrowing heavily from both punisher and preacher but not a patch on either

Alberto Garcia says

Over the top but much fun to be had

Jedhua says

Book Info: This collection contains *Fury* issues #1-6.

ABSOLUTE RATING: {3+/5 stars}

STANDARDIZED RATING: <3/5 stars>

"What happened to this country? When did the assholes start running things? How did they get away with the pissant little rules they make us live by? Why do they use ten words to hint at what just one would say? I feel like I blinked and someone turned the place into the United States of pussies..."

– Nick Fury

Fury MAX is a very darkly comic take on Marvel's classic super spy as he looks back on all the fun and glory he's had as an agent of S.H.I.E.L.D., while lamenting how far both his organization and his life have sunk into the ground. Suddenly finding himself in the midst of a massive reconstruction of S.H.I.E.L.D. operational function, and after having inherited legal responsibility for the aggravating son of a fallen soldier, Nick Fury is slowly smothered by a profound sense of helplessness and boredom. But just when he thinks he's reached his limit, Rudi Gagarin (i.e. an old rival and ex-Hydra agent) resurfaces and sets in motion a heated conflict between the United States and a strategically-situated island nation near Hawaii, goading Fury to come after him. And just like that, Fury once again resumes his bloody chess match with Gagarin, while the threat of World War III looms over the globe.

Never thought I'd see the day, but I'm now sure what I felt after reading this must have been exactly where critics of *Preacher* are coming from; on the surface, Ennis seems to have a natural proclivity to write some really macho, gratuitously violent, and shockingly absurd shit. But at the same time, it can be both emotional, profound, and most importantly, it almost always – judging from what I've read so far – leads somewhere worthwhile. The problem with *Fury MAX* is that it just took everything that made books like *Crossed* and *Punisher MAX* so poignant and suspenseful, replacing it with superficial, testosterone-laden posturing and crudely tedious humor. So chances are, if you really liked *Punisher Presents: Barracuda*, this book would surely be for you (and vice versa).

But unlike *Barracuda*, *Fury MAX* seems to be trying to make a statement of some kind, but it's so heavily diluted by frantic vulgarity that it becomes difficult to appreciate or fully decipher that message. And any hope one may have had that they will walk away with a satisfying or meaningful impression is quashed by the finale. By then, it becomes abundantly clear that – beyond the shallow desire to conjure up a whirlwind of superfluous brutality – there was absolutely no point to the war between Fury and Gagarin, which trivializes the whole affair. Furthermore, the ending seems to try to come off as clever, haunting, and/or amusing, but fails to capture any of those effects, nor does it convey anything that I hadn't already gleaned long before. Consider this yet another instance in which the attempt to impart a message or moral – which is quite often a laudable pursuit – fails so spectacularly that it ends up doing a lot more harm than good.

For me, I'd have to say that the first half of the book was stronger than the second. Aside from the fact that the humor was more palatable and sedate, it was here that Ennis most clearly showcases his ability to produce sharp dialogue and remarkably efficient pacing. There was virtually no point during the first three issues where I felt the writer was wasting time, and pretty much every panel on every page seemed to serve a purpose and keep me entertained. Somehow, Ennis was able to very briskly progress from scene to scene, lingering *just* long enough to get his point across, and provide several laughs in-between plot highlights. And if you're like me, you might be surprised just how smoothly the man balances the dead-serious (though relatively sparse) commentary he makes against political structures, and the whimsical jabs he takes at political correctness and bureaucracy.

Darick Robertson is an artist best known for his work on *Transmetropolitan* and *The Boys*, both of which earned him Eisner Award nominations. I haven't yet gotten around to reading the latter, but I enjoyed immensely the artwork in *Transmet* for as long as I stuck with the series. Strangely, as gifted an illustrator as Robertson has proven himself to be, the art for this book largely looks like pretty standard stuff. Although decent, it's certainly not indicative of the best this guy can offer, and it seems pretty clear his heart wasn't fully in it; the illustrations are noticeably simpler and the pencils do not display the same level of detail or indicate a level of care consistent with his strongest work. Still, at the end of the day, I guess Robertson's good enough to get away with settling for a mere fraction of his full potential, since the book doesn't really suffer for it.

Because it's Ennis, there was a lot of stuff for me to love here, but without much substance at its core, *Fury MAX* was never likely to impress me. It's kinda like a demonstration of Ennis unchained, and that's something I suspect I'd like little further contact with moving forward. That said, I refuse to believe this serves as any good indication of what I can expect from his 2012 *Fury MAX* run. Judging from what he's done with *Punisher MAX*, I think I should at least give it a shot. He's mostly done right by me, so I feel like the man's owed that much, at least.

Postscript:

To further elaborate on the point I was making about the ending of the book, click the spoiler tag below:

(view spoiler)

Chompa says

This was a disappointing book for me. Ennis is one of my favorite writers and Nick Fury is one of my favorite characters, so maybe I expected too much.

I felt the whole device with a wimpy nephew was cartoonish (yes, I know it's a comic book) and campy.

Fury was very two dimensional and shallow. Yes, he cussed very well but that alone does not a Garth Ennis story make.
