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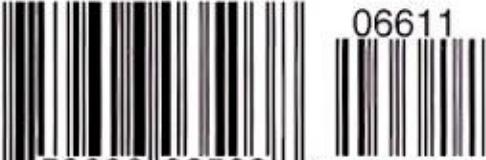
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6 of 6

SPIDER-GIRL



DIRECT EDITION



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\$2.99 US \$4.75 CAN



The daughter of the original Spider-Man, May "Mayday" Parker has inherited her father's amazing powers. Possessing the proportionate strength, speed, and agility of a spider, as well as the ability to cling to walls, she now follows in his web-lines! Stan Lee presents...

SPIDER-GIRL

PREVIOUSLY

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While *Mary Jane Parker* plans a surprise birthday party for her daughter, *Davida Kirby* accidentally "outs" *Nancy Lu*, a closet mutant with telekinetic powers.



May also learns that *Sandra Healy* may be the victim of domestic abuse and is eventually forced into a confrontation with *Howard Kavanagh*, the girl's boyfriend.



Meanwhile, after saving the life of the gang leader named *Canis*, *Spider-Girl* discovers that someone is killing the great crime lords of New York City--

--and has also kidnapped *Darkdevil* and critically wounded her friend *Normie Osborn*.



Working closely with *Canis*, *Spider-Girl* eventually learns that the killer may be her old enemy *Mr. Nobody* under the orders of an international crime figure known only as the *Black Tarantula*.



After briefly meeting the *Tarantula* at the funeral for *Wilson Fisk*, *Spider-Girl* captures *Mr. Nobody* and rescues *Darkdevil*--but she still believes there's a lot more to this mystery!



IF THIS BE VICTORY!



Other teenagers wake up in the morning and get ready for school; you don a costume and meet government agents.

Your name is May "Mayday" Parker and you are the daughter of Spider-Man.

You could have slept in, *Spider-Girl*. Mr. Nobody has been exercising his right to remain silent ever since you nabbed him.

I can see that your people haven't gotten very far, *Agent Weadon*. They haven't even unmasked him yet.

Why bother? This guy must have his plastic surgeon on speed dial. He changes his face like the rest of us change underwear.

No one knows his real name or what he really looks like.

The only records of his fingerprints date to his previous arrests-- all under the name of John Doe!

But that doesn't really matter now.

We found this cell phone in his possession.

My tech guys are already on it and will soon know every call he ever made or received on it.

We'll have all the proof we need to tie him to the *Black Tarantula*.

Special Agent Arthur Weadon heads a top secret government task force that employs former super-villains--

--and he's set his sights on this so-called international crime lord.

Unfortunately, you're still not convinced that the *Tarantula* is behind the recent rash of gangland slayings.

My strike team will pick up the Tarantula as soon as we get Nobody's phone log.

I thought the Tarantula was already in police custody.

Didn't the FBI arrest him at the Kingpin's funeral?

They ~~summm~~ didn't have anything to hold him on--

--and had to release him.

Really? You mean there's actually a chance he's *innocent*?

He may be many things, but innocent *isn't* one of them.

Now, if you'll excuse us...

Are you trying to ditch me?

I can't allow a civilian on such a dangerous mission.

B-But you wouldn't even have a mission without *this* civilian.

Please don't argue with him, Spider-Girl.

You've already done more than enough.

I...I will never be able to truly thank you... for capturing the man who shot Normie.

You don't know how to respond to Raptor... so you hold your tongue.

You're still holding it a few minutes later when you take to your webs--

--and exit the abandoned amusement park that masks Weadon's secret headquarters.

What could you say to her, anyway?

Raptor thinks you're her friend.

Yeah, a friend who covets *her* boyfriend.



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Courtney's right! You need to reassess your priorities. These are your teen years. You should be enjoying them.

Now that Mr. Nobody is finally behind bars, you can just kick back and...and...

I'll catch you later, May.

May!

Earth to Parker!

Yeah, Brad... later!

According to Weadon, the Black Tarantula runs a worldwide criminal organization.

If that's true, why didn't he use his own people to knock off Fisk and those other crime bosses?

There you are, Parker!

I've been looking all over for you.

Hi, Sandra. What's new?

He said he was minding his own business--
--and you attacked him for no reason.

What's the big idea?

Are you CRAZY?

Whoa! WHOA! Did your boyfriend happen to mention that he was stalking me?

--and that I was only defending myself?!

He said you'd probably lie to protect yourself.

I'm telling the truth, Sandra!

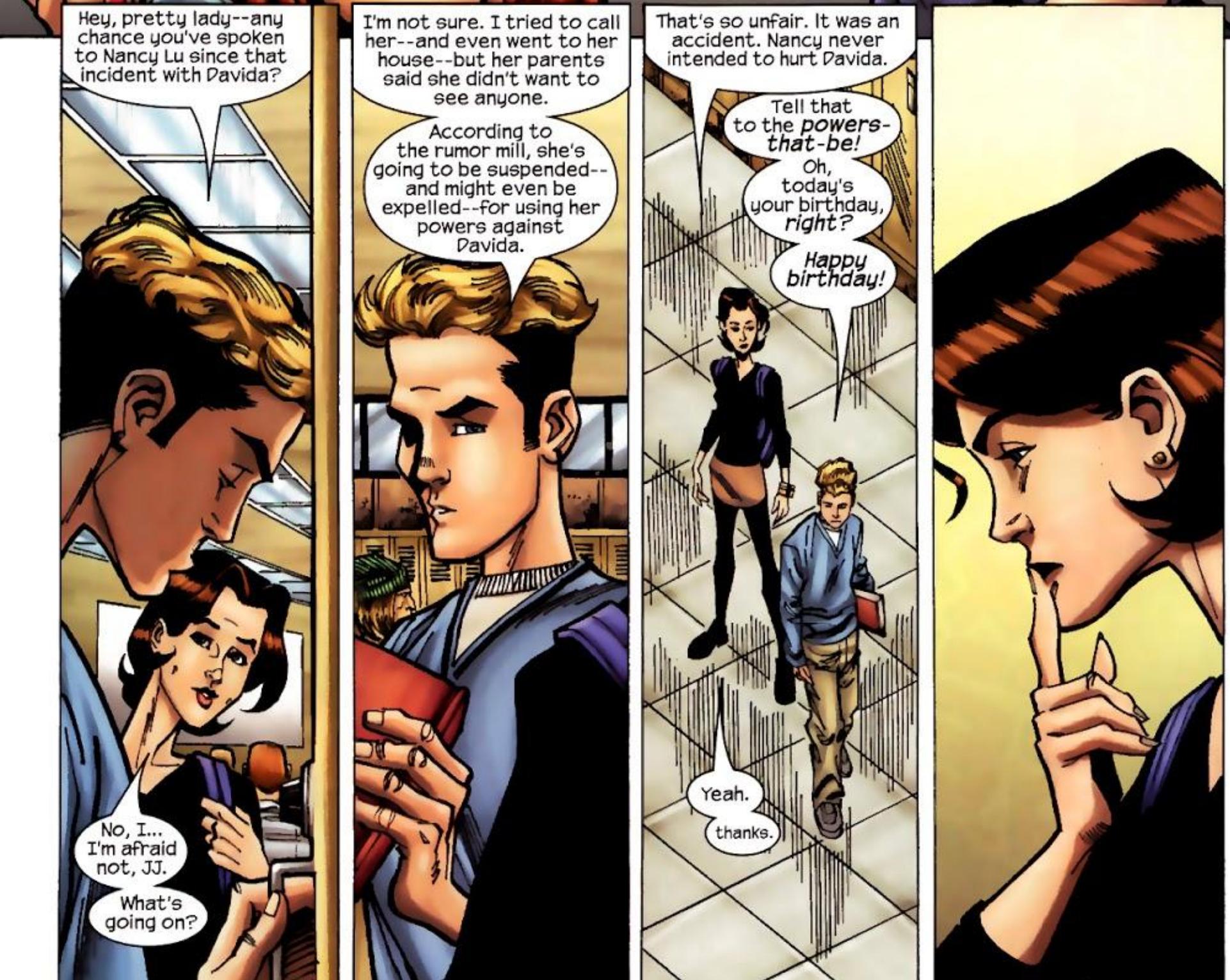
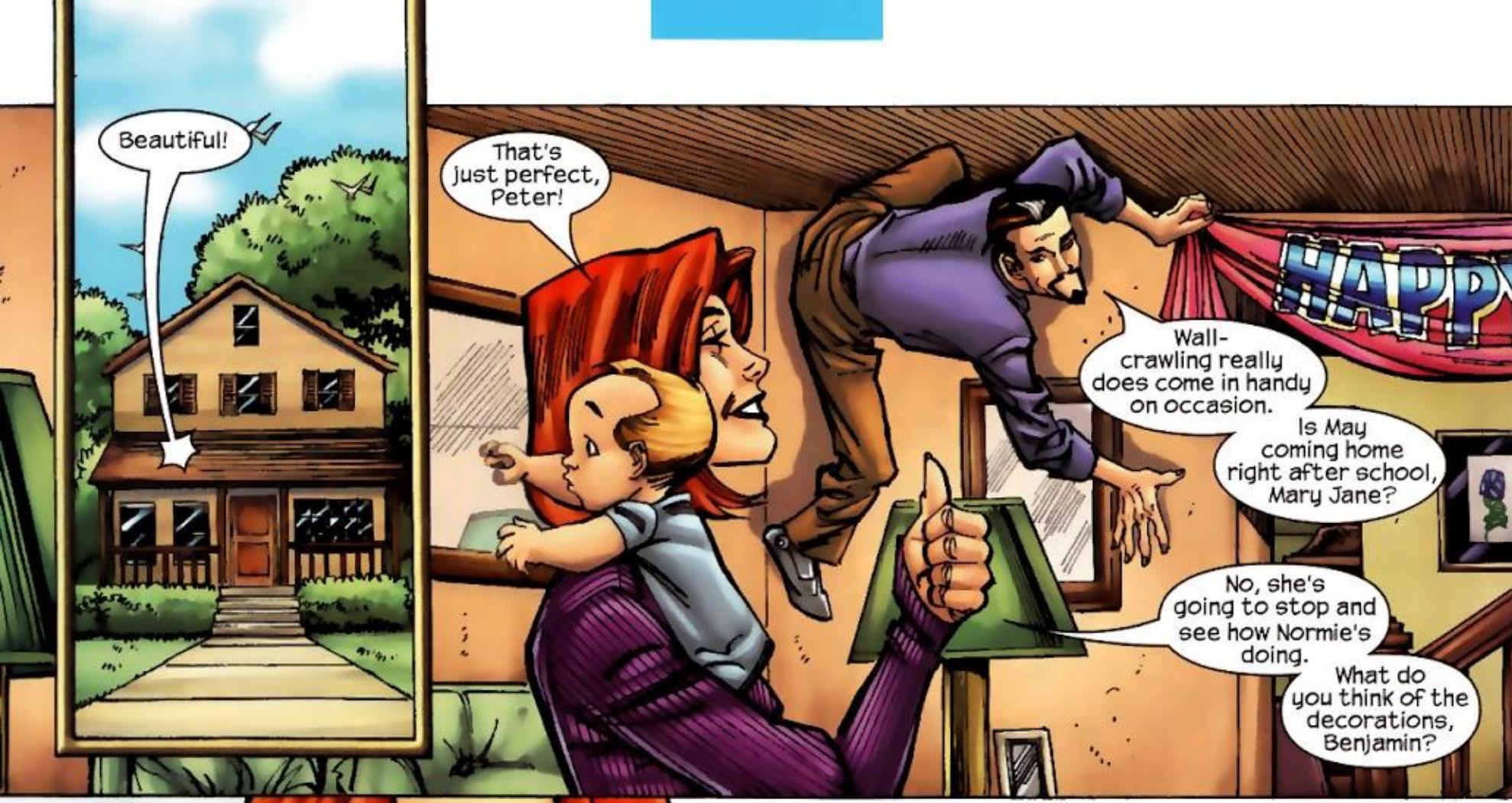
Why should I believe you? Howard is my boyfriend, Parker.

You think he's some kind of monster, but he loves me.

He LOVES me!

"You're the REAL MONSTER!"





Why are you coming to me, Parker?

What makes you think I know what the school intends to do with Lu?

Don't play me, Coach! She's a member of your team. The principal wouldn't do anything without consulting you.

All right! All right! But this is just between us.

The school's going to land hard on her for attacking Kirby.

"Attacking?!"
Davida started the fight by throwing a basketball at Nancy.

Nancy was only defending herself when she instinctively deflected the ball.

That ain't the way I heard it.

Bottom line-- Kirby ended up with a lump on her head and her parents are threatening to sue the school!

Look, I like Lu...but this is out of my hands.

The league's even talking about suspending me--

--and making us forfeit the season.

They're saying I should have realized that one of my players had super-powers--

--and an unfair advantage over the other kids.



You spend the rest
of the day in a daze,
thinking of Nancy--

--Davida--

--Sandra--

--Howard--

--Raptor--

--Normie--

--and even the
Black Tarantula.

You try to call Agent Weadon a
half dozen times for an update
on that phone log.

He, of course,
doesn't answer.

Why
should he?

He's made it
abundantly clear
that he doesn't
want your help.

And that's when it
suddenly hits you.

--and all the pieces
of the puzzle suddenly
tumble into place.

You remember seeing
a cell phone numerous
times during the course
of this case--

So you reach for your
own cell phone and--





Canis' laughter is still ringing in your ears as you weigh your options.

Aside from running to your dad or Uncle Phil, they aren't many.

So you try Weadon once more.

This time he answers...



Tell me about it.

The Tarantula neutralized my strike team.

No fatalities, but he did break a few bones.

I've already put in a call for reinforcements.

I suggest you find a secure location. You don't want to run into him without major backup.



Darkdevil is still recuperating from his injuries and this case is too lowbrow for the Avengers or the Fantastic Five.

We have a problem.

Lhhh, about that... Any chance you could rush some over to that little park on the East River?

I don't know its name, but it's a few blocks north of the 59th Street Bridge and overlooks Roosevelt Island.



No, he isn't after me...



The Black Tarantula will tear him apart.

Unless...

No, this isn't your fight!

Canis is a murderer who played you for a patsy.

Seems like Canis isn't as smart as he thinks.



CANIS!

You have brought disgrace to my name.

Dishonor to my reputation.

You used me as a stalking horse in your petty games of murder and deceit.

Indeed.

I can admire the skill with which you maneuvered yourself into a position to replace Wilson Fisk.

But why drag me into your schemes?

Oh... it's you.

I was hoping you'd just pack up and return to South America.

My games may have been petty...but even you must envy my prize.

Mr. Nobody suggested it.

He knew a government agent who was obsessed with you.

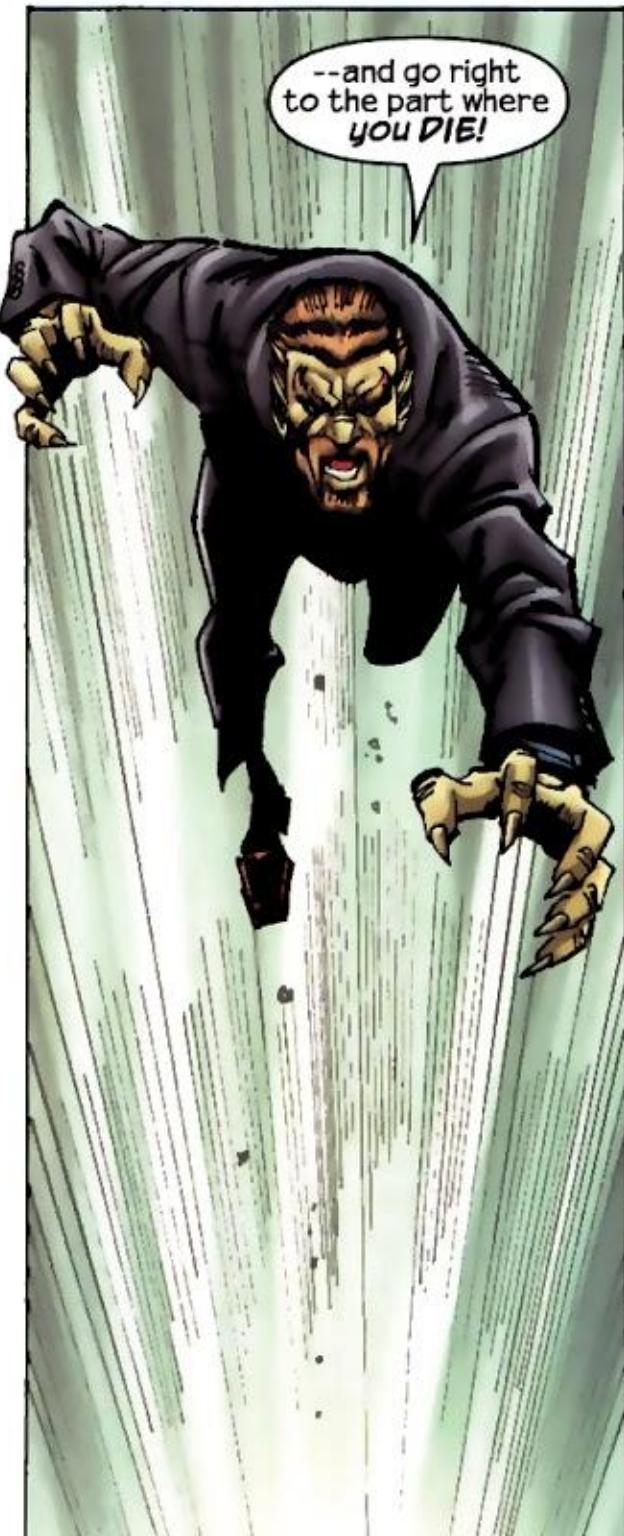
You were only meant to be a distraction.

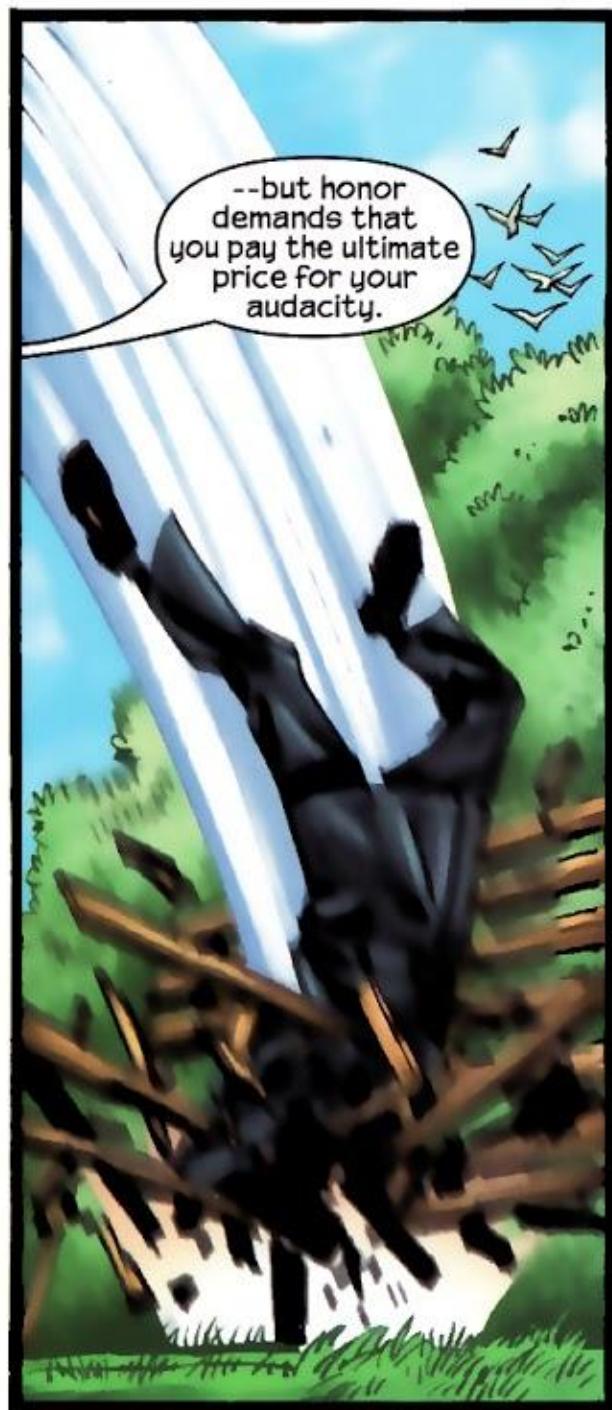
It never occurred to me that you would actually come to this country.

I don't suppose you will accept my sincerest apologies for any inconvenience I've caused.

NO!

Well, then, I guess we'll just have to settle our differences the old-fashioned way!







If life is so precious to you--

--do not squander yours on a lost cause!

I'm sorry...

I thought you could see the costume I'm wearing.

Lost causes come with the webs.

I won't give up, mister.

I'll just keep coming at you until I find a way to beat you or...

Nahhhh, there is no "or."

I will FIND a way!

You could save us both a world of pain by just--y'know-- going away.

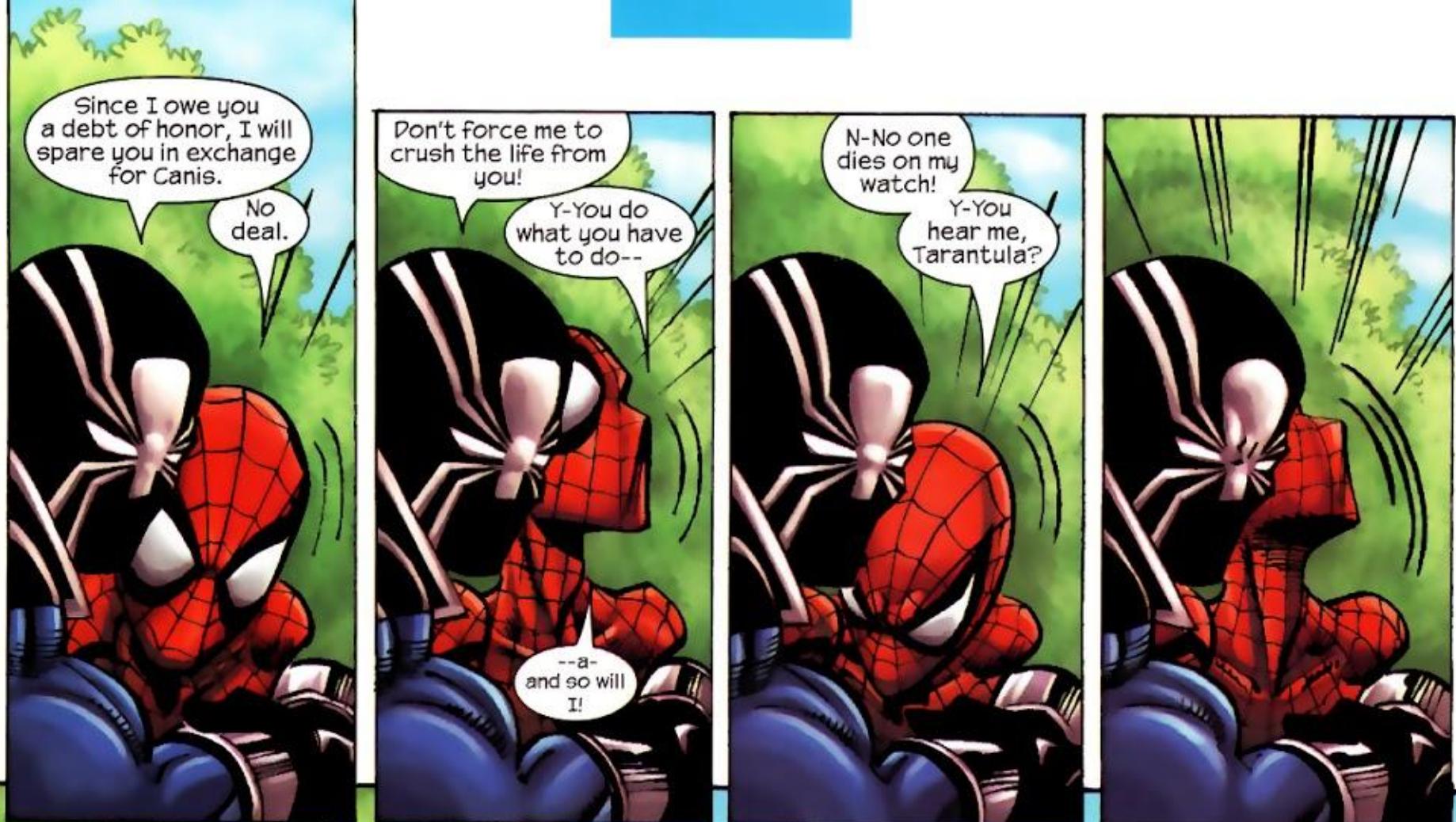
I wish I could indulge you, my dear.

Unfortunately, I am also hardwired for victory.

It has taken me a while, but I finally recognize you from the way you move.

You are the young lady who battled the masked assassin at the Fisk funeral.

You may have even saved my life.





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