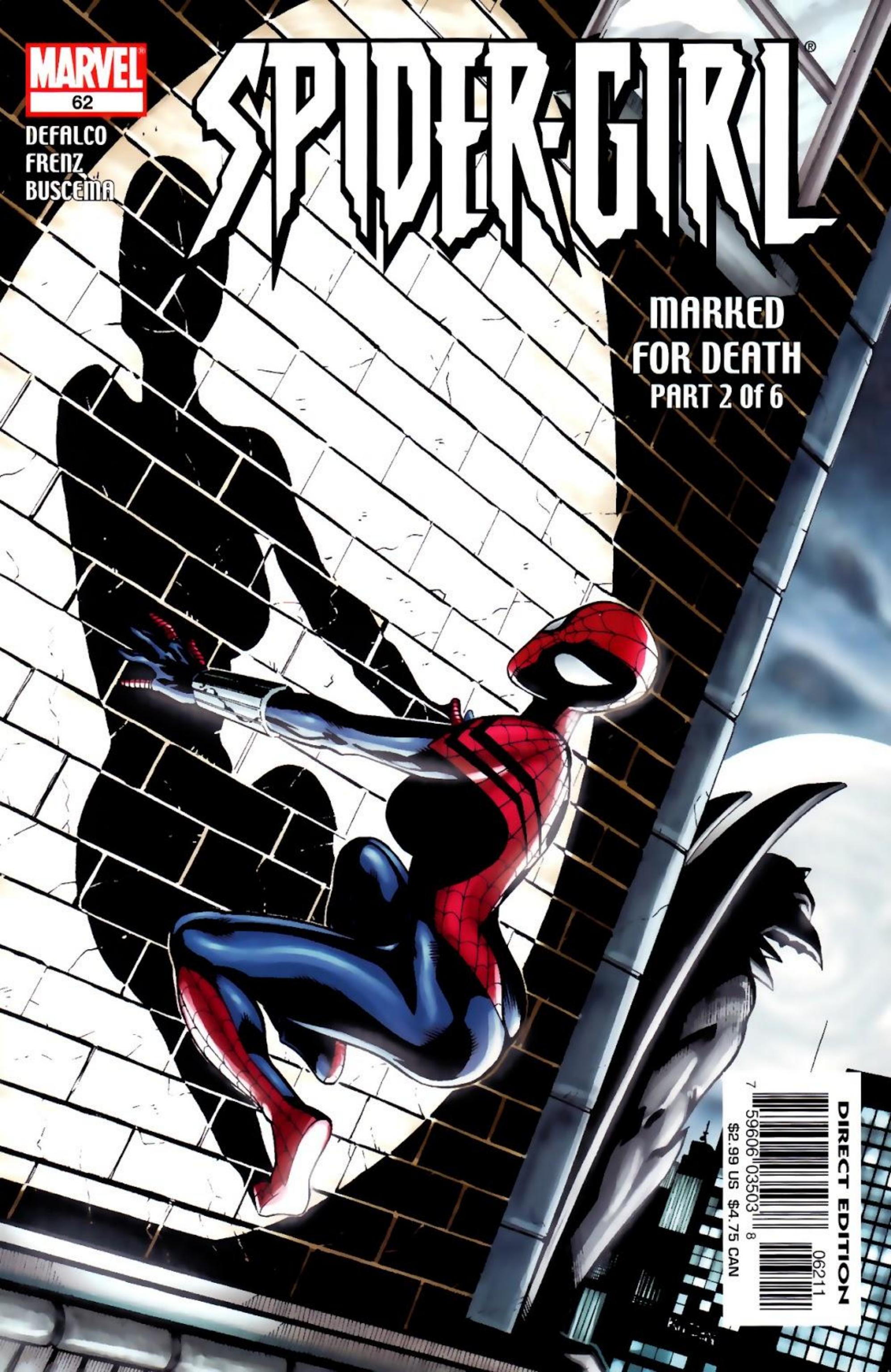


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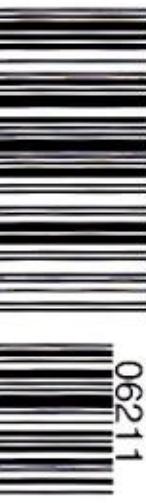
SPIDER-GIRL

MARKED
FOR DEATH
PART 2 OF 6



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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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Forsaking her previous life of crime, *Normie Osborn*'s girlfriend *Brenda "Raptor" Drago* surrenders to the authorities and is sentenced to *Ryker's Island Prison*, where she receives a unique chance to make amends for her past misdeeds.



Meanwhile, someone is killing the great *crime lords* of New York City!

After saving the life of the gang leader known as *Canis*, *Spider-Girl* learns that *Darkdevil*, a costumed vigilante who has often come to her aid is suspected of planting a firebomb that leaves *Wilson Fisk*, the reigning *Kingpin* of crime, in critical condition.



Spider-Girl's personal life becomes even more complicated when her *spider-sense* warns her that someone is stalking her in the halls of *Midtown High*--

--and *Nancy Lu*, a closet mutant with telekinetic powers, replaces Mayday's best friend *Davida Kirby* on the school basketball team.



Later, while consulting with her close friend *Normie Osborn* at their usual meeting place, *Spider-Girl* suddenly senses danger--

--and barely manages to escape the exploding building!

Your name is May "Mayday" Parker. You are the daughter of the amazing Spider-Man--

--and you stand transfixed with horror, eyes bulging beneath your mask, as the **Web Site** burns.

The **Web Site**--you remember wincing when Normie Osborn first christened it.

He bought and outfitted this former church for you to use as a base of operations--

--a secret hideaway where you always felt safe and secure--

--until now!

You okay, May?

I--oh, God!

Normie, the person who planted this **firebomb** could be the one who was following me in school.

That means he already knows my *secret identity*--

--and may be planning an attack on my parents and baby brother!

**EVERY HAND
AGAINST HER**

What are you waiting for, girl? *Go!* You get home. I'll deal with the cops and firemen.

You really think that's necessary?

Do me a favor, Normie--call the *Green Goblin* and ask him to keep you company.

I need to know you're protected.

Okay! Okay! Get going!

Even as you swing toward *Forest Hills*, you debate the wisdom of using your own cell to alert your parents.

You don't want to alarm them if it isn't necessary, but...but...

Calm down! Your dad won't let anything happen to your mom or little Benji.

His spider-sense will warn him of any--

--DANGER! And it's coming from behind you!

Acting on pure instinct, you somersault backward--

--immediately reversing your direction to confront your attacker.

You are surprised when your *spider-sense* stops tingling--

--as the danger suddenly seems to vanish.

B-But that's impossible...

...nobody can disappear like that!

Nobody except...



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Sorry,
David.

I...
uhhhh...I guess
I'm a little
distracted.

Of course, there's also
Mr. Nobody--a hired
gunman who used to work
for the **Kingpin**!

Either your stalker's a
super-speedster--

--or he has the
ability to teleport
like *Darkdevil*.

Oh! I'm not distracting
you, am I?

Well,
excuuuuuse me for
having a *personal
crisis*.

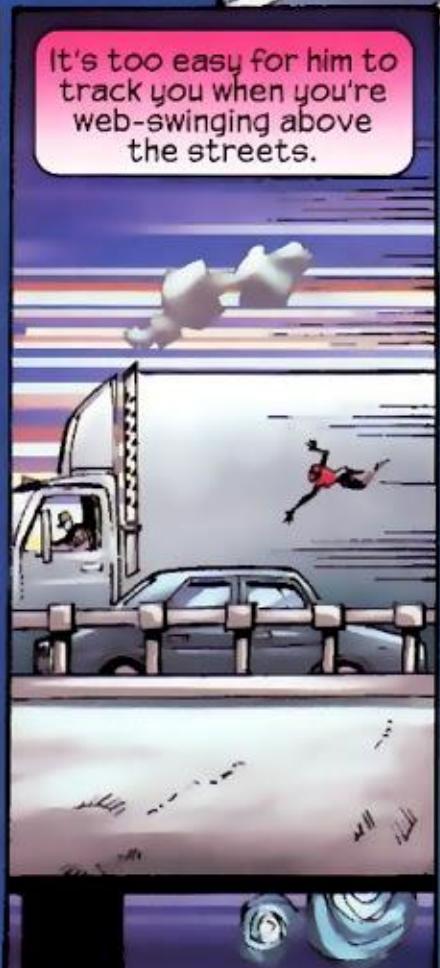
Hoo-boy! Sounds like David's
tossing a major hissy, but you
really can't worry about that now.

You've got a
stalker to lose.

It's too easy for him to
track you when you're
web-swinging above
the streets.

You've got to make
life a little bit more
complicated for him.

Yeah!



No! No! NO! I don't believe this is really happening.

My building gets firebombed and the police are treating **me** like a suspect.

Don't take it personally, Normie! It's standard procedure to look at the owner in any arson case.

Yeah... especially when your last name is Osborn.

My father and granddad sure did wonders for the family's rep.

Although I did get a laugh when you showed up, Goblin.

Did you catch the look on that lieutenant's face? **Wham!** Like he was hit by a two-by-four.

He obviously thought that I was the new *Green Goblin*.

I wonder how many others make the same mistake.

More than a few would be my guess.

Might even be the cause of this attack.

Hate to bring up another touchy subject--you hear anything from *Darkdevil*?

No, he seems to have vanished off the face of the earth.

I suppose it's possible that he's behind these bombings--

--but I'm afraid there's an even better chance that the bomber has claimed another victim.

Yeah...



Ironic, isn't it? You started home in this mad rush--

--then switched to a more scenic and surreptitious route that added almost an hour to your trip.

Even though you don't sense any danger, your paranoia insists that you circle your house and a three-block radius around it.



When that fails to turn up even the slightest spidery tingle, you finally enter your home.

Now comes the hard part--you still need to warn your parents without alarming them!



You are still trying to figure out how to explain the situation to them when you suddenly hear someone tiptoeing past your door.

OH!

Hey, Dad! What are you doing up? Is there a problem or--

Shhhh! We can talk downstairs.



We just got your brother down for the night. Your mom's exhausted and went right out after him.

I'm going to be taking the rest of the week off to help around the house and with the late night feedings.

I am soooo glad to hear that.
Dad, there's something you need to know...



You tell him everything--starting with the attempted hit on Canis and ending with your trip home from the Web Site--and it all goes about as well as you expected...

Let me get this straight--my super hero daughter has been secretly sharing a Bat Cave with the grandson of my greatest enemy? Since when does a web-swinging need a Bat Cave?! I never had a Bat Cave!

Dad...Dad...
I need you to focus here. We have to try to get a line on Mr. Nobody. He was in Ryker's Prison the last I heard.

Sure,
I'll get right on that...

Just as soon as you tell me what an aneurysm feels like.



COON

REMEMBER
Everyone
Diapers!
Diapers!
Diapers!

I called one of my police contacts at Ryker's. According to prison records, Mr. Nobody is currently in solitary confinement within a highly secure cellblock.

I guess that makes Darkdevil your chief suspect.

No, I just don't buy it.

Why not? The man's a vicious vigilante and I never trusted him.

But I do and he would never hurt me. I know he wouldn't.

Besides, I kind of know what he feels like. It definitely wasn't him tonight--

--and it couldn't have been him at school.

Are you saying that your spider-sense can actually differentiate one potential threat from another?

I always assumed that yours was more sensitive than mine, but WOW!

Look, I'm not convinced the family's in any real jeopardy so let's keep your mother out of this for now.

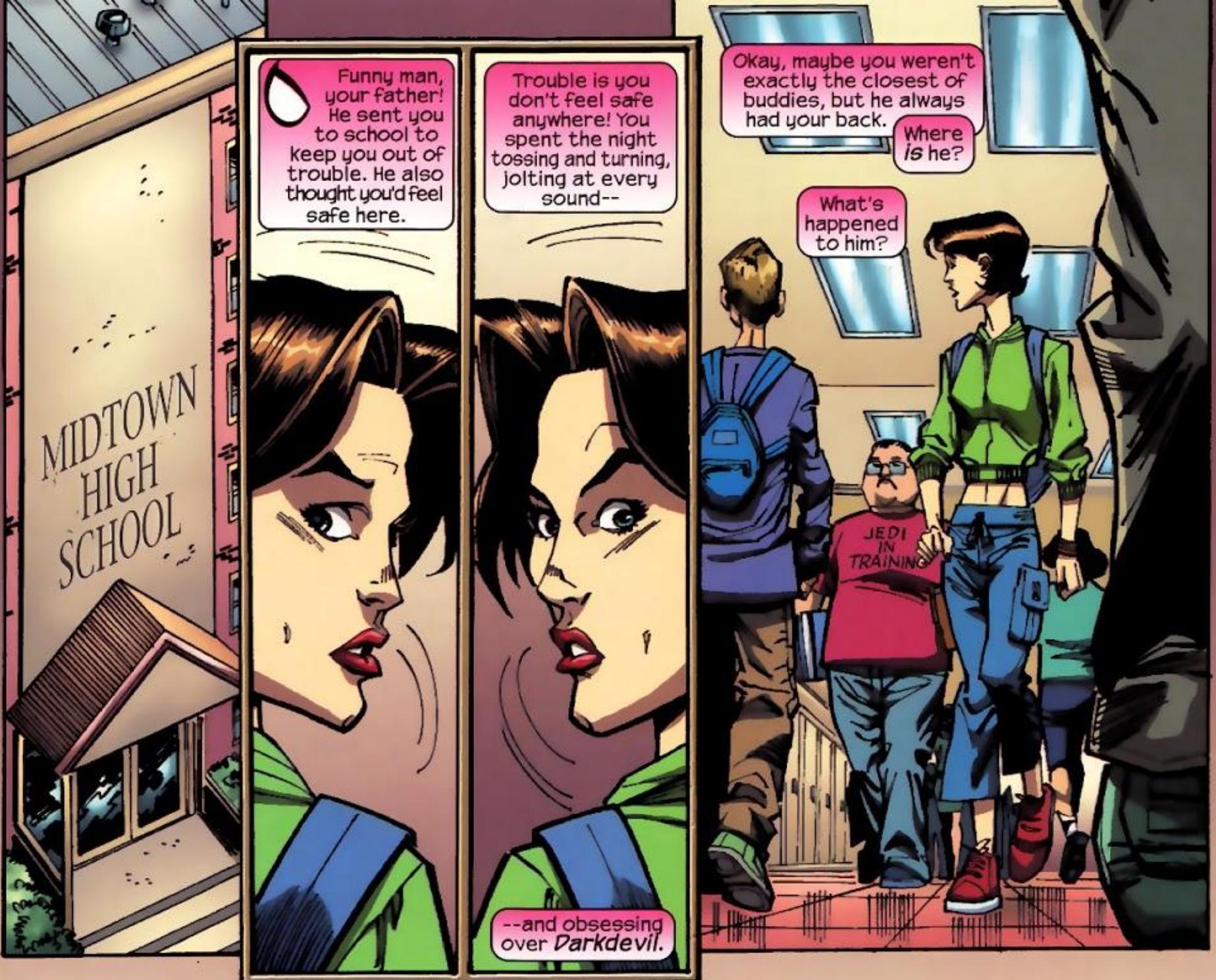
She has enough on her mind.

I'll keep a close eye on her and Ben for the time being.

Hmm, I think I know the perfect place for you to go tomorrow...

Sounds like a plan!
What should I do?

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--and you keep zoning out on me!

Huh?

Could there be more than one stalker?

Forget it, May!

I'm through wasting my breath.

Awwww, Davida--why put off the inevitable?

You know we'll eventually make up. Let's just get past this, okay?

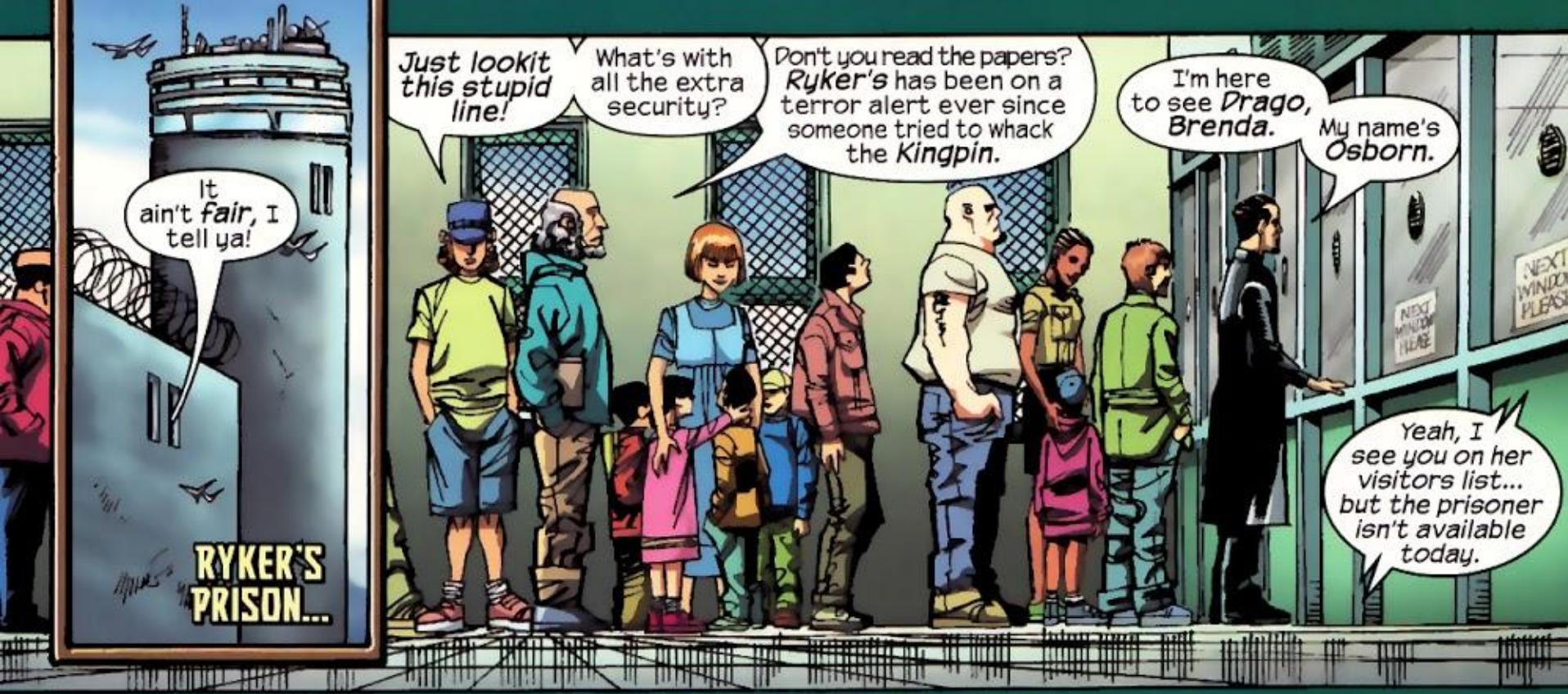
I don't know, May. There's something different about you.

You're always running off by yourself and never seem to hang with me anymore.

It's like you only want to be friends at your convenience.

We used to talk about everything--

--but it's real obvious that there's something you can't--or won't--share with me.







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DARKDEVIL?

Why ask me about Darkdevil?

I'm grasping at straws, Canis.

Someone is slaughtering crime lords and I'm thinking Darkdevil is somehow mixed up in it.

Since you happen to be one of these aforementioned crime lords, I figured you might be able to point me in the right direction.



Now that you mention it, I have heard some vague rumblings about a South American with designs on the Kingpin's empire.

That's it?! That's all you've got for me?

What did you expect--a stack of notarized documents and a signed confession?!



According to Canis, the *South American* is a criminal heavyweight who wants to expand into the States--

--and has been trying to knock off the *Kingpin* for years.

Okay, even if that part is true-- why target you?

It makes a certain amount of sense to go after *Darkdevil*...but you?

The local gang leaders are barely aware of you-- why would an international crime-master give you a second thought?

ARRRGH! No wonder you hate mysteries! They make your head hurt.

Anyway, Canis pointed you to the guy who handles the cocaine business for the *Kingpin's* empire.

His name's *Zodoro* and he operates a fancy art gallery as a front.

Play it cool, girl! You're only going to get one chance to interrogate this clown and-- Oh, no!

Not again!

KWA-PLOOM!

Oh, God! Even if Zodoro somehow survived the explosion, he won't last long in that inferno.

The guy may be a major drug lord--

--and the world might be a better place when he's gone--

--but you became a web-slinger to *save* lives.

All lives!

Your spider-sense is directing you through the smoke and flaming debris when it suddenly goes ballistic--

--and you instinctively dive for cover!

Nice move, girlfriend! I don't know what you're doing here or how you managed to dodge my attack--

--but you're an unexpected bonus.

I've dreamed of kicking your butt ever since our last encounter.

I-It's Quickwire--a hyped-up super-tumbler who was still in jail the last time you checked!

And he brought a friend!

Stay focused, Quickwire!

I know you have a grudge against Spider-Girl, but we have a mission to complete.

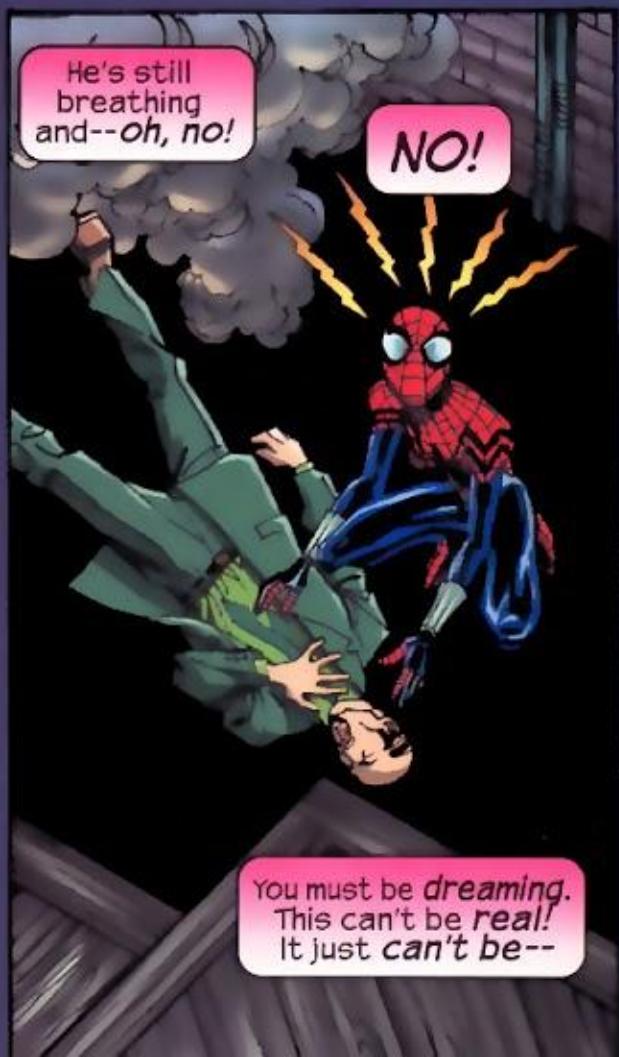
This guy calls himself Big Man and you can't argue with his logic.

He once fought the new Avengers--

--but you heard somewhere that he renounced his criminal ways.

What the heck's going on here?





--RAPTOR--!

What are you doing here?

I could ask you the same question.

You shouldn't be here, Spider-Girl.

You could ruin everything.

What are you talking about--

--and why are you attacking me?

You're supposed to be in Ryker's!

I know what I'm doing, Spider-Girl.

You have to trust me.

T-The gas-- it's somehow clinging to my costume!

C-Can't escape!

N-No way to outrun it.

H-How could you do this to me, Brenda?

I thought we were--

--friends.

When did you escape?

How did you escape?

Talk to me, Brenda! Let me help you...for Normie's sake!

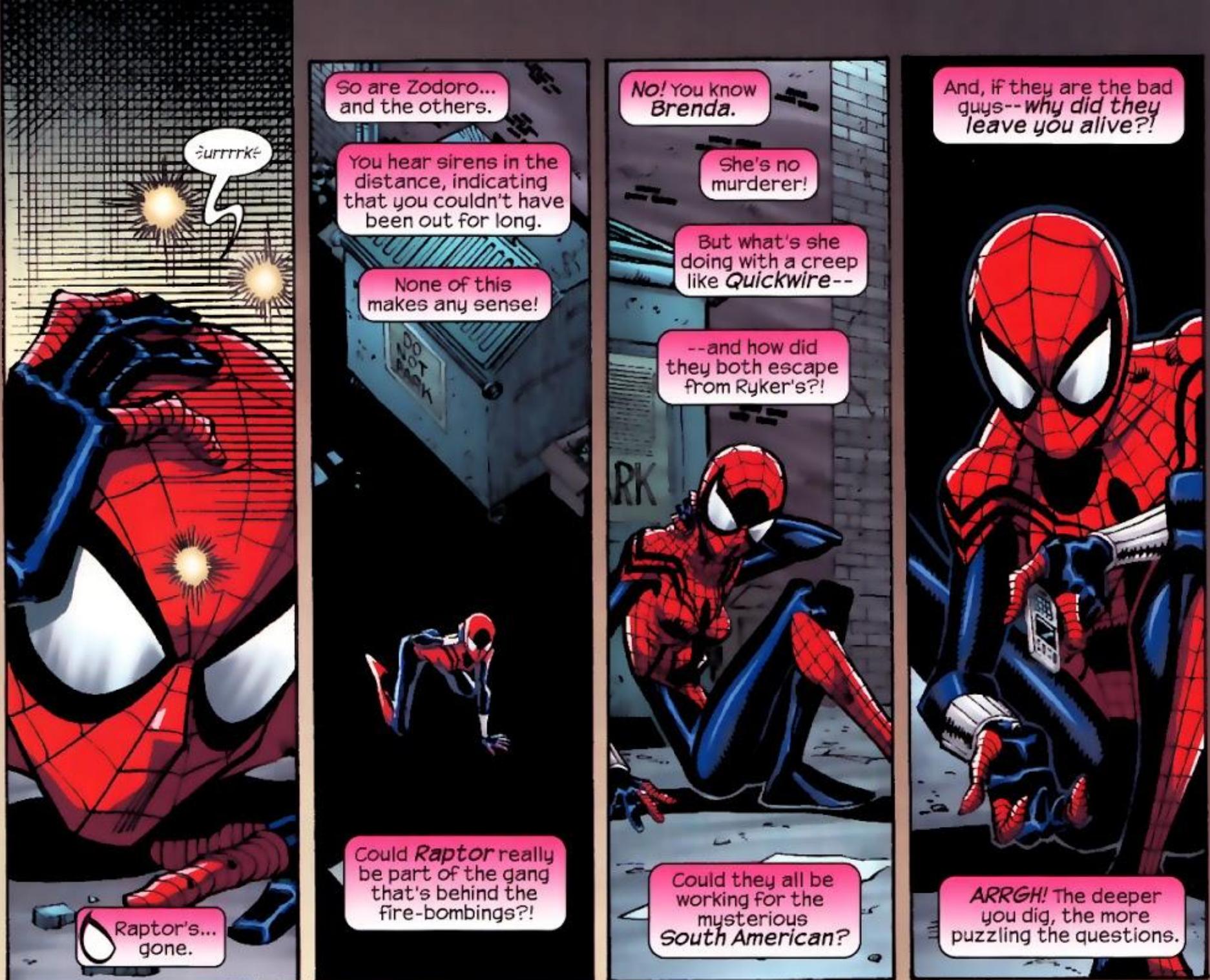
He's in LOVE with you!

That's all I can say. I have my orders.

Who are you working for, Brenda? Why can't you--
ARRGHH!

PWOOOM







THE THING



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