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COMICS

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# SPIDER-MAN

PART 2 OF 2

'THE  
**GHOST RIDER**  
WANTS  
THE **HOBGOBLIN**  
AND SPIDEY'S CAUGHT  
IN THE MIDDLE!'

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EVIL!

IT'S BEACON  
IS STATIONED  
HERE!

LUCIFER!  
THE SPIDER-DEVIL  
HAS SENT FOR  
LUCIFER  
HIMSELF!

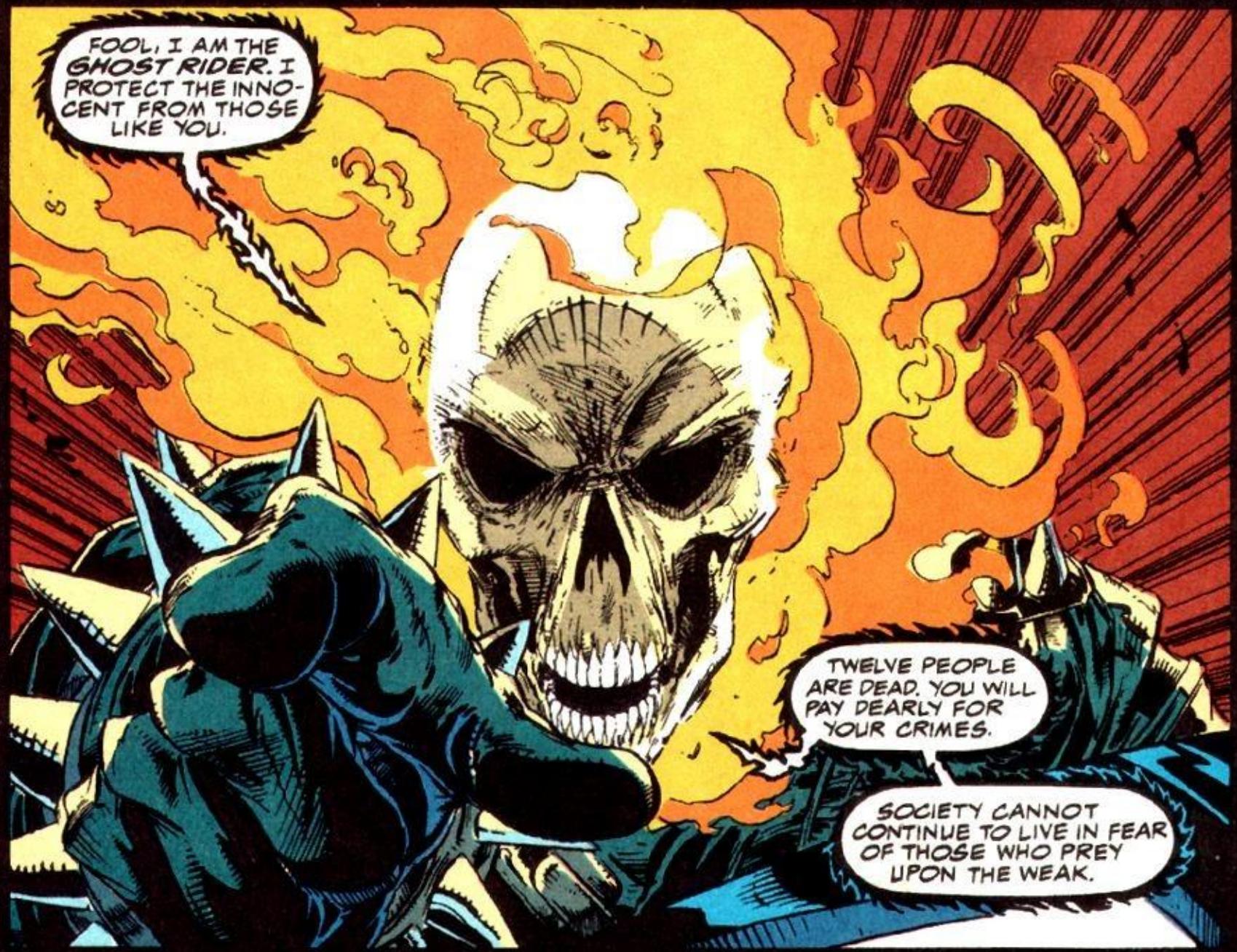
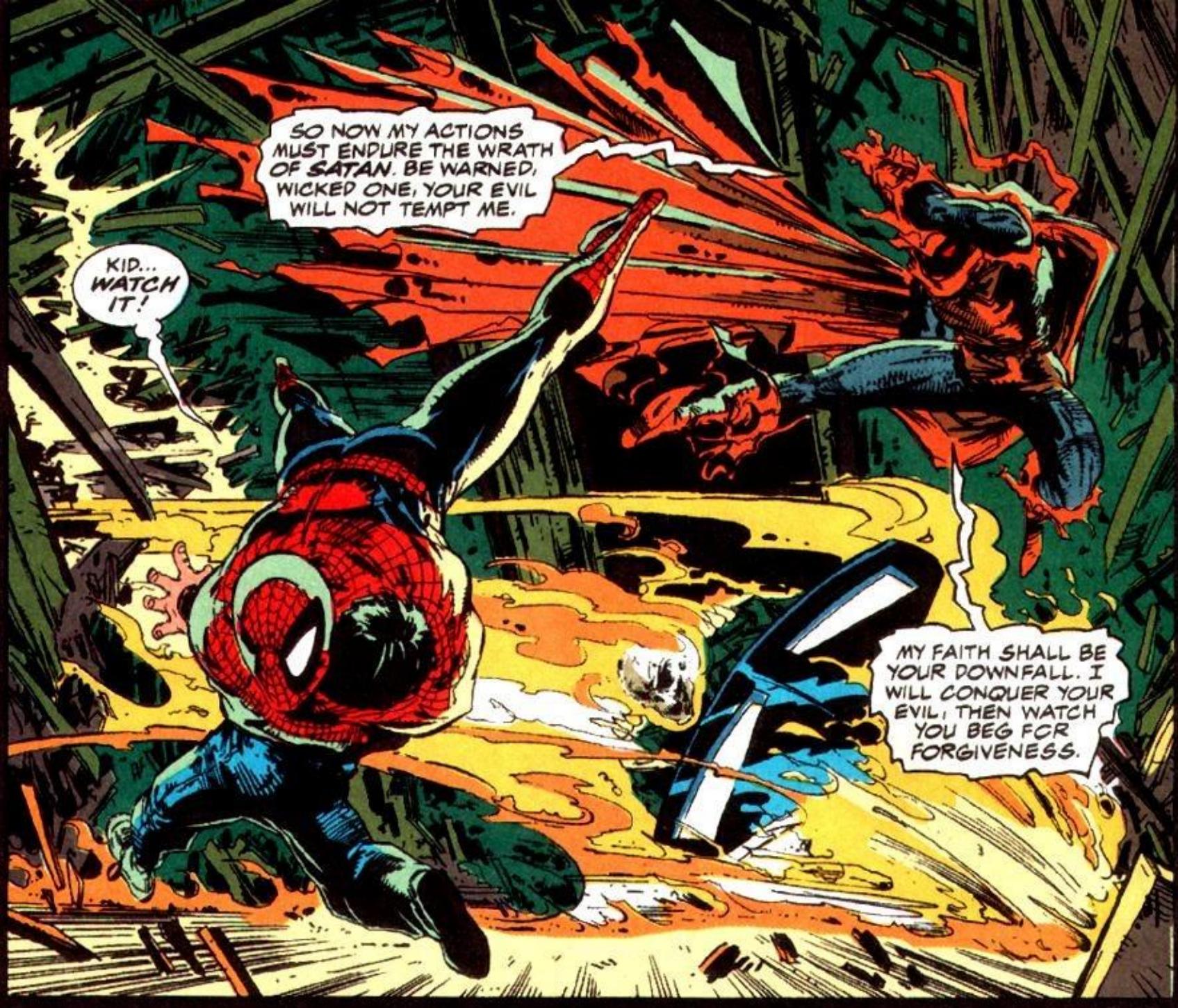
WHA...?!

IS THE WHOLE  
WORLD GOING  
NUTS!?

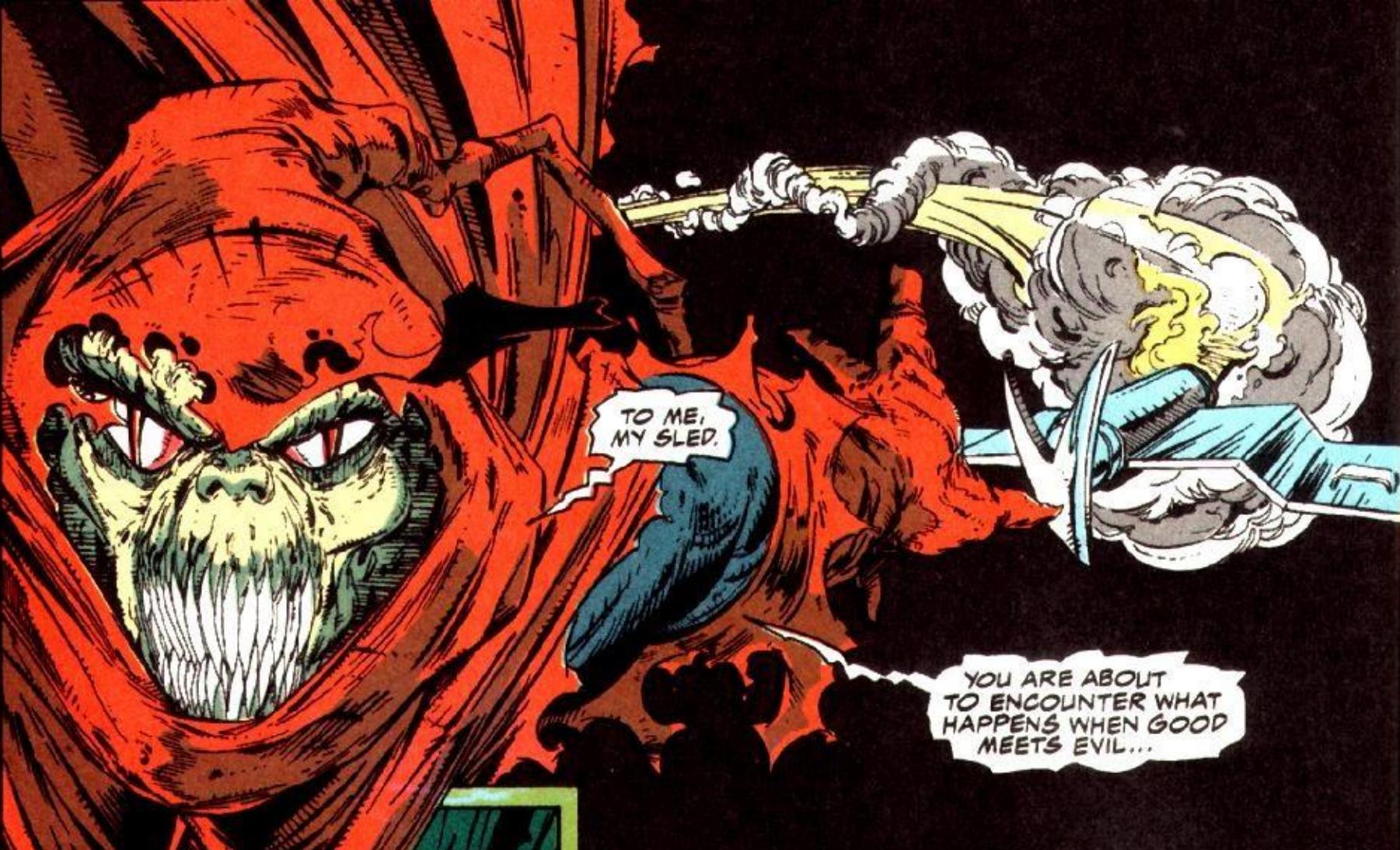
NOT ALL OF IT, BUT  
SOMEONE MUST HELP  
BRING ORDER TO THE  
ABSURD.

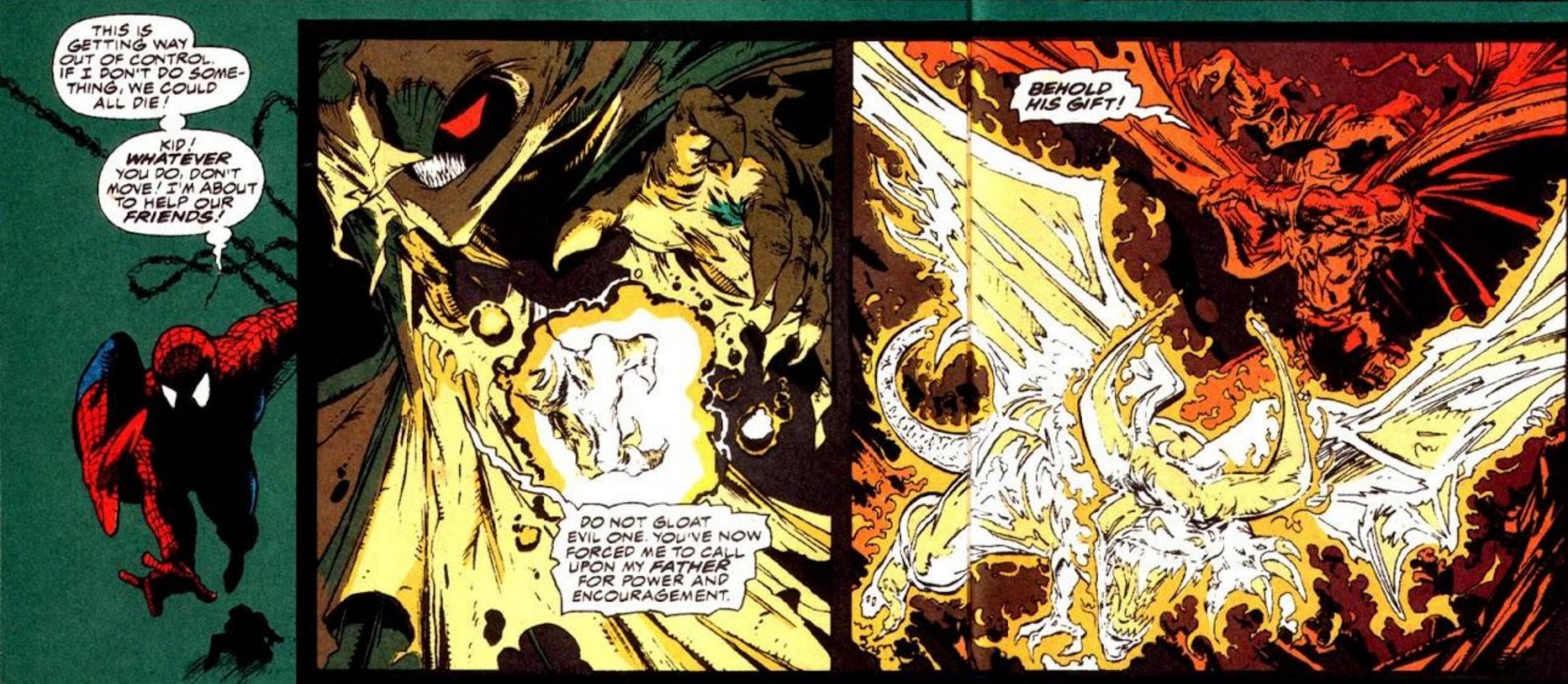
TONIGHT, THE SPIRIT  
OF VENGEANCE HAS  
A MISSION.

# MASQUE JES PART 2









IF HOBGOBLIN  
EVER MANAGES TO  
CONTROL HIS NEW  
POWERS, WE'RE  
ALL GONNA BE  
TOAST!

UUNGH!!

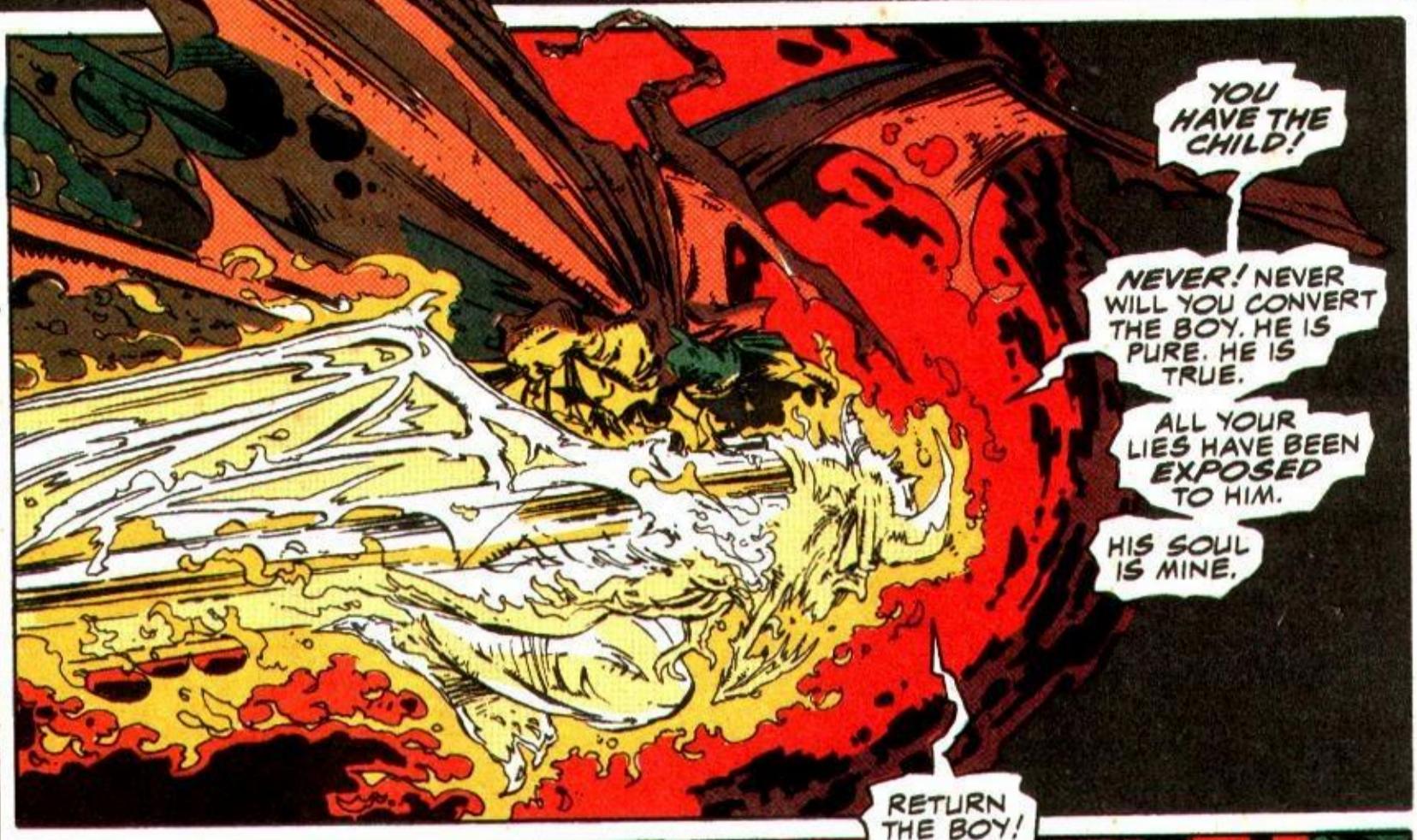
STAND  
ASIDE  
HERO...

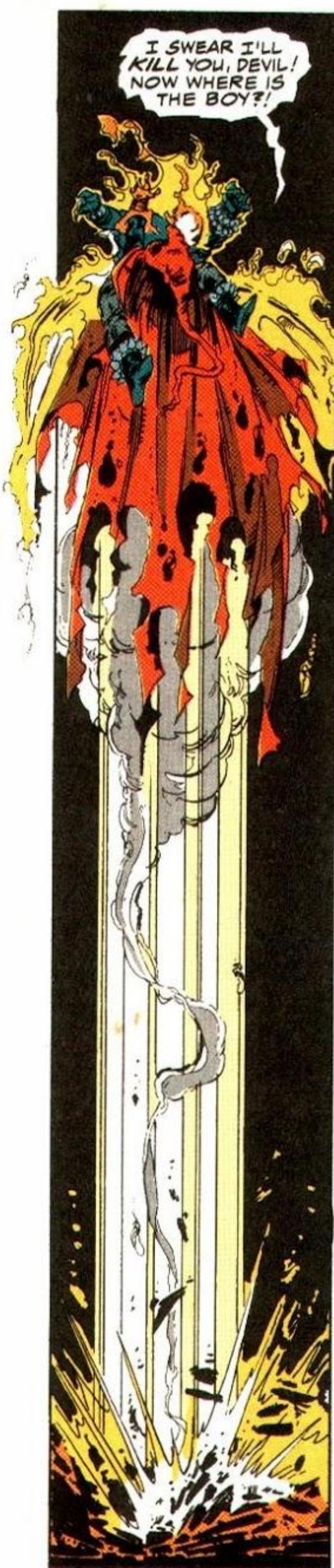
IT'S TIME  
TO TEACH THIS  
WORM THAT HE  
CAN'T HARM THE  
INNOCENT...

...WITHOUT  
BEING  
PUNISHED!

HEY!  
WHAT'RE YOU,  
DOING, YA  
FLAMIN'  
IDIOT?!

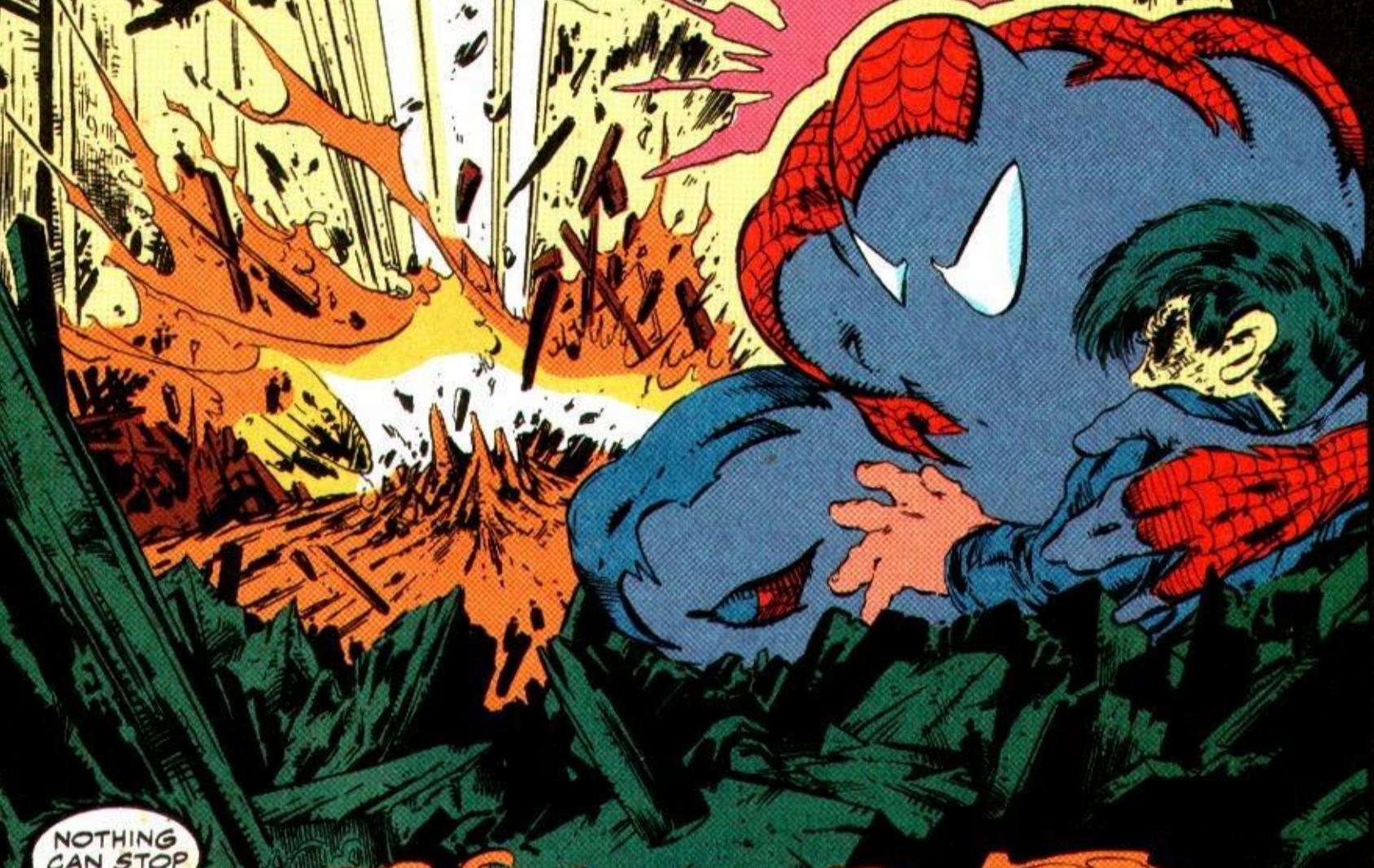






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SPIDER-SENSE  
TINGLING--NOW  
WHAT!?



I'M HERE  
TO PROTECT THE  
INNOCENT.

GHOST RIDER! THE  
BOY AND I ARE LEAVING.  
YOU WANT THE GOBLIN SO  
BAD, HE'S YOURS. JUST  
LET ME GET THIS  
INNOCENT KID  
OUTTA HERE.

EXCUSE  
ME IF I'M NOT  
STUNNED AT  
YOUR RESULTS  
SO FAR.



PREPARE YOURSELVES,  
DEMONS!! YOU HAVE  
PUSHED ME TO THE LIMITS,  
SENT YOUR HORDES TO  
TAUNT AND RIDICULE MY  
LOOKS. BUT I'VE ELIMI-  
NATED THEM ONE  
BY ONE.

NO LONGER WILL  
THEY SPEAK THEIR LIES  
THAT I HAVE THE MARK  
OF THE DEVIL. THEIR EVIL  
WAYS ARE NO MORE. STILL,  
YOU SEEK TO CORRUPT  
THE CHILD. HE AND I WILL  
DIE FOR OUR CAUSE,  
BEFORE THE LIKES OF  
YOU POSSESS US.

I GIVE YOU  
ONE LAST CHANCE.  
**REPENT!**  
**REPENT!**

HE IS  
TRULY MAD.

BUD, YOU DON'T  
KNOW THE HALF  
OF IT. HE'S GONE  
NUTS NOT  
ACCEPTING HIS  
CHANGE INTO  
A REAL  
GOBLIN.

MR. GOBLIN!  
DOWN HERE!  
PLEASE  
HELP US!



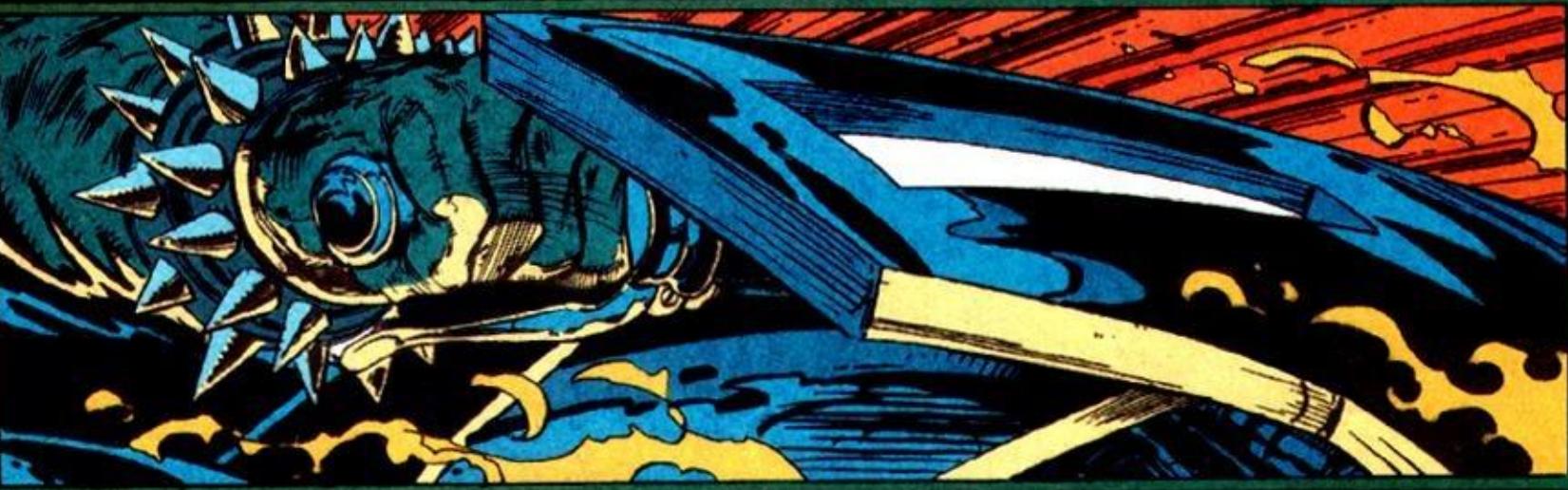
FATHER,  
FORGIVE THEM!  
THEY KNOW NOT  
THEIR EVIL  
DEEDS!

IT IS TIME TO  
TAKE THE BOY,  
MY DISCIPLE,  
AND LEAVE  
THIS HOUSE OF  
HORRORS.

VICTORY  
WILL BE OURS  
ANOTHER  
TIME.

FORGET  
WHAT I SAID,  
ADAM! RUN!  
RUN!

MR. GOBLIN,  
PLEASE STOP.



ADAM!  
OF COURSE.

THANK YOU,  
FATHER. YOUR  
RIGHTEOUS  
WAYS AGAIN  
HUMBLE ME.

COME, ADAM, LET'S GO  
MAKE A NEW GARDEN.  
WHERE ALL THINGS GOOD  
SHALL DWELL AND PEOPLE  
WILL LIVE FOREVER.

NO. NO.

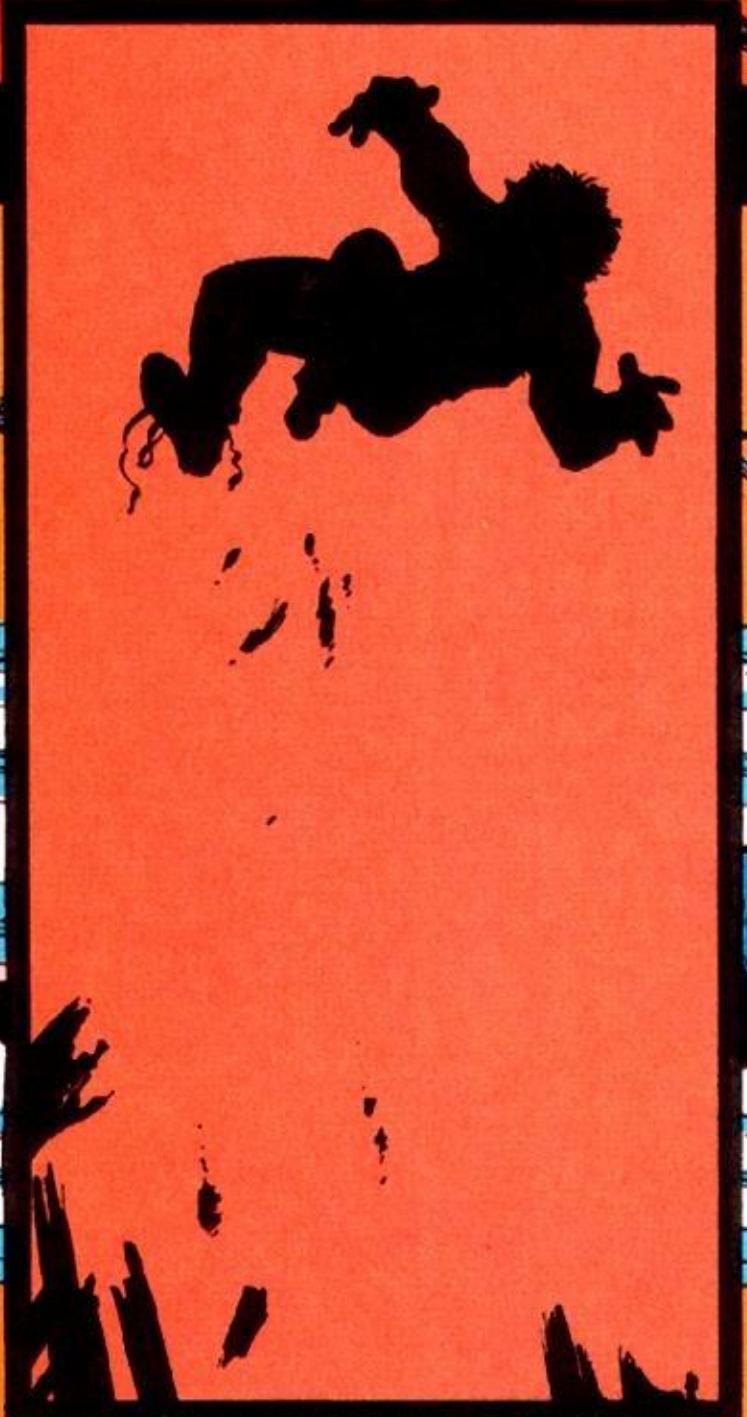
GHOST RIDER!  
HE HAS THE BOY!  
SLOW DOWN! YOU'RE  
GOING TO KILL 'EM!  
CAN'T YOU SEE HE  
HAS THE BOY?!

THAT'S  
WHERE YOU SENT  
MY MOMMY,  
RIGHT?

YOUR MOTHER  
WAS NOT ONE OF  
US, DEAR CHILD.

LET US PRAY.

THE  
BOY.



MARVEL  
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# BULLPEN BULLETINS

MARVEL  
COMICS

## STAN'S SOAPBOX

Hi, Heroes! Even though Christmas is behind us, big-hearted Marvel still has plenty of goodies in store for you! And here's where your old faithful Soapbox Santa clues you in to two new titles going on sale right now!

You've seen the ads! You've heard the name uttered in whispers! But now it's time to meet the newest, most exotically exciting superstar in the mighty Marvel firmament—the only super hero based on a real-life, flesh-and-blood human being—dazzling, dangerous, deadly—a smoldering, sizzling stick of human dynamite—the one and only NIGHT CAT!

Of course, the cat's manager, Dapper Don Kessler, and I have a somewhat selfish motive for pushing Night Cat's first issue since sneaky artist Denys Cowan actually drew us in as part of the story. Yours truly wrote the script, too, which could possibly change the complexion of the comic book industry for all time to

come! But don't let that discourage you—you can always just look at the pictures!

But hey, that's only half the excitement! Our whole blusin' Bullpen is turned on to



Troma Films' wild and wacky world-famous movie idol, TOXIC AVENGER, the super hero who makes Spider-Man seem like a well-adjusted average guy! In fact, we dig it so much that we made a deal with Lovable Lloyd Kaufman and the Magnanimous Michael Herz, The big-time movie producers who so unselfishly unleashed ol' Toxie on a defenseless public, a deal to publish his sensational screwy adventures in our maniacal style!

Be forewarned! Toxie is not your usual hero! In fact, he's not your usual anything. But this you can count on—NIGHT CAT and THE TOXIC AVENGER may turn out to be the most unexpected hits of '91, and, thanks to my legendary generosity, you're the first to hear of them!

Now, till next ish, wherever you go, whatever you do, think Marv! (Instead of cluttering your mind with non-essentials!) Excelsior!

**I**t was a rainy day in New York. The kind of day when you could get wet just by walking outside. The man on the corner was selling umbrellas for five dollars each. I could usually talk him down to three. When I got home, I would throw it on the pile with the 300 other umbrellas I've managed to leave at home every time it rains. It seems to rain a lot in New York. Perhaps it's God's way of trying to give the city an acid bath. Perhaps not. That's not for me to say. Me, I'm just another private eye. They call me Dodge Deadline... Comic Book Detective.

It was a slow day at the office: I was just about to seriously consider calling up that guy on TV who makes the pitch for Apex Technical School. Then he walked in—Tom DeFalco, head honcho over at Marvel Comics. He had a problem, and he needed my help. Last month's Bullpen Bulletins Page had disappeared before it had ever seen print. He wanted me to find it. I took the case. Tom took the six-pack.

I headed uptown to the offices of Marvel Comics. If I was going to learn anything about the missing Bullpen Page, this was the place to do it. My first stop was the office of PUNISHER editor Don Daley.

Don told me he was exhausted—he was still resting up from the New York Runners Club's Midnight Run. That's a run that's held every year, beginning at exactly twelve midnight on New Year's Day. Don also entered the New York Marathon last year for the first time. It seemed like he'd been doing a lot of running lately. Just what exactly was he running from, anyway? I listed Don as a suspect, and moved on.

I stopped by Ralph Macchio's office, and found Ralph's assistant, Mike Heisler, still missing after a mysterious three-month absence. Heisler allegedly is taking some time off to do some freelance lettering; something about owing a debt to his uncle. Funny, I didn't know Heisler's uncle was named "Sam". Another potential suspect.

I stopped in to see Jim Salicrup, but he was so deliriously happy, he couldn't even

talk to me, *Dodge Deadline*. It seemed one of Jim's freelancers, Fred Hembeck, recently had a baby with his lovely wife Lynn. The child was born on August 25th, and named Julie Elizabeth Moss Hembeck. That's a lot of names for a little kid. In his present state, there was no talking to Salicrup, so I made a mental note to track him down later.

I noticed my mental pen was getting low on mental ink, so I made another mental note to stop by a mental store later and pick up some more.

I headed over to see Craig Anderson, Marvel's resident vidiot. Craig gave me the lowdown on the new Silver Surfer home video game from Nintendo, and the Spider-Man home game from Sega-Genesis. Craig added that the Spider-Man hand-held game from Gameboy is also a big, big hit. Craig talked about a potential Spider-Man arcade game, but he seemed to be dodging the real issue. Did Craig know something about the missing Bullpen Page—something he wasn't telling me, *Dodge Deadline*?

Craig threw me a few names—Jim Starlin, George Perez. I caught them. He said they were working on a project which just might blow the lid off this whole case. But Starlin and Perez were nowhere to be found. Apparently they'd gone into hiding to work on this hush-hush project. All I found about this mystery project was that it involved a dangerous customer by the name of Thanos...as well as almost everybody in the Marvel Universe. Clearly I was on to something big...but that wasn't the case I was working on. I'd have to come back to that some other day; I still hadn't found that Bullpen Page.

Assistant Editor Chris Cooper walked by me, *Dodge Deadline*, in the hall. I overheard him tell fellow assistant, Len Kaminsky he's never been mentioned in the Bullpen Page before. Len said that made two of them. Hmm—that gives them both motives, but very flimsy ones.

I started snooping around Bob Budiansky's office. But Bob wasn't talking. Neither was his assistant, Tom Brevoort.

All I could get out of them was that they're doing a newsstand reprint of the four-issue DEATHLOK Limited Series, and working on the 1991 Marvel trading cards.

That was all well and good, but it didn't solve my case. I paid a visit to Epic Editor Marcus McLaurin, who was happy as a clamshell about the fourth anniversary of the Comic Illustrators Guild at the Pratt School of Art and Design. It seems Marcus formed the club while in his senior year at the school, to pave the way for future generations of artists to get away with drawing comics in class.

He's one sharp cucumber, that Marcus, but no Bullpen Page-napper. Next I noticed his assistant, Marie Javins. Marie's wall is decorated with drawings of cows by some of the biggest names in comics. But Marie threatened to take down her Wall of Bountiful Bovines if she received no new submissions soon. Would Marie's wall come tumbling down? Unfortunately, I couldn't stick around to find out.

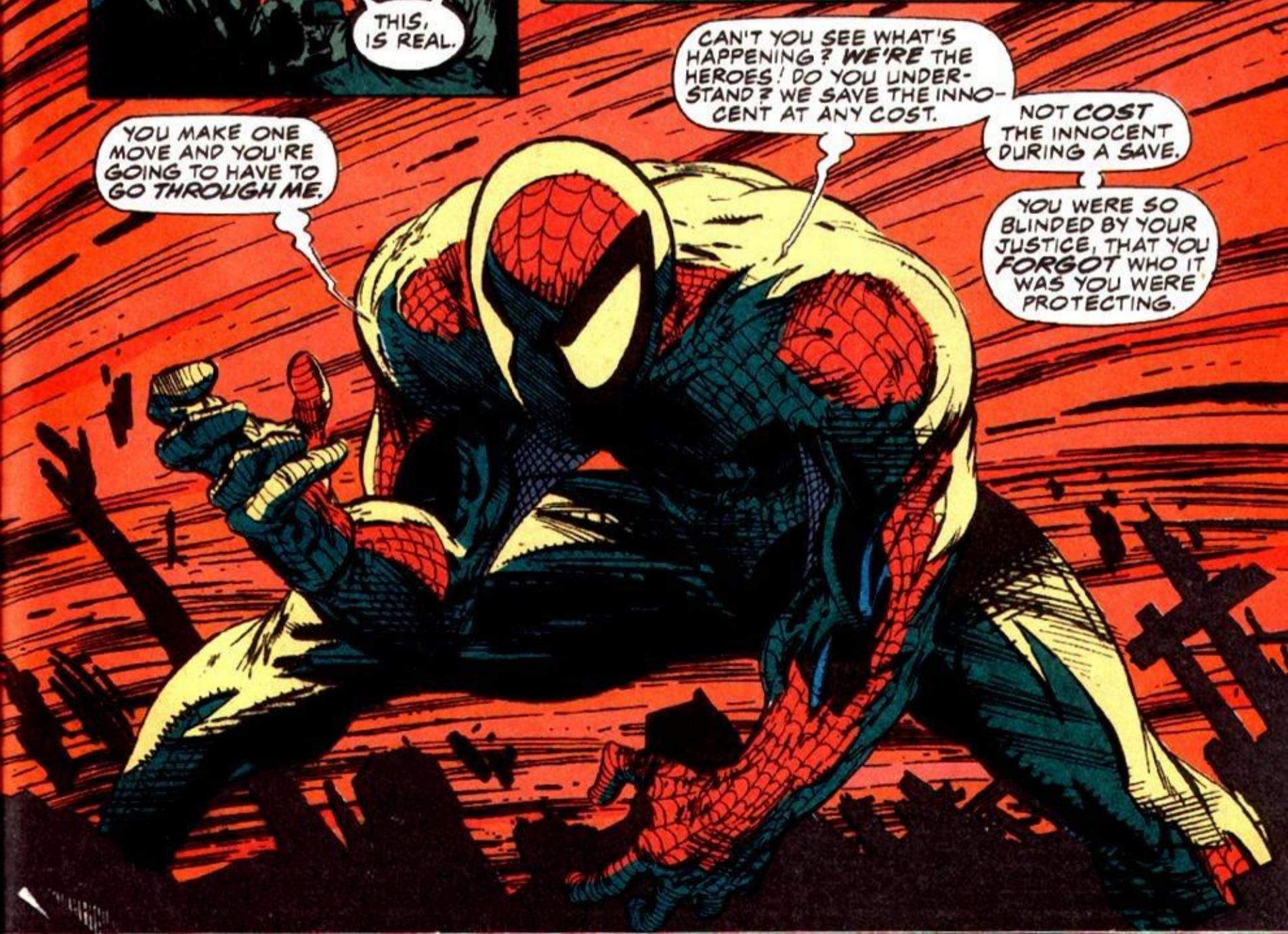
I could've pumped people at Marvel for answers all day, but I was cruising in the fast lane to nowhere. Everyone was a potential suspect. I decided I would switch tactics.

I charmed my way into Marvel's master computer file. If there was any trace left of the Bullpen Page, I knew I would find it here. I punched up the file, and there it was—the December Bullpen Page. It was just full of all kinds of incriminating evidence about the Marvel staff. If this thing ever saw print, it would destroy several careers, a couple marriages, and the noon trade at Slappy Sam's Eat 'n' Run. No wonder someone tried to suppress it. This thing was hotter than a jalapeno pepper in a sauna.

I decided to take the disc to DeFalco. If anyone knew I had this disc, I could start etching my own epitaph. Just then, I felt the cold steel of the barrel of a .45 press against the back of my neck...

IS THIS THE END OF DODGE DEADLINE?  
YOU WISH.





YOU'RE GOOD, 'RIDER, BUT  
NOT THAT GOOD. YOU STILL  
NEED TO LEARN THE RESPON-  
SIBILITIES THAT HAVE BEEN  
GIVEN YOU.

YEAH, IT'S OUR  
JOB TO STOP  
CREEPS LIKE THE  
GOBLIN, BUT OUR  
MAIN GOAL--

--OUR MAIN  
CONCERN, IS TO  
PROTECT--

--THE ADAMS OF  
THIS WORLD.

HE'S GOING  
TO NEED  
MEDICAL  
HELP.

THEN  
FIND IT.

BUT SOME DAY  
THE HOBGOBLIN  
WON'T HAVE YOU  
THERE TO SAVE  
HIM.

THEN I'LL HAVE  
MY VENGEANCE.

GOOD-BYE--

--HERO.

HE DOESN'T  
GET IT.

PLAYING SUPER HERO  
ISN'T A GAME. IT'S FATE.  
WE CHOOSE TO DO  
GOOD. CHOOSE  
TO DO BAD.

WE HAD A  
CHOICE.

BUT YOU DIDN'T, DID  
YOU, ADAM? YOUR  
MOM IS GONE. I HOPE  
WE CAN FIND YOUR DAD,  
PUT YOUR LIFE BACK  
TOGETHER.

NOW YOU MUST  
CHOOSE. LET THIS  
RUIN YOUR LIFE OR  
USE IT FOR SOME  
POSITIVE PURPOSE.  
THE DECISION WILL  
PROVE JUST  
WHO IS--

"--THE  
REAL  
HERO."

WOLVERINE!