



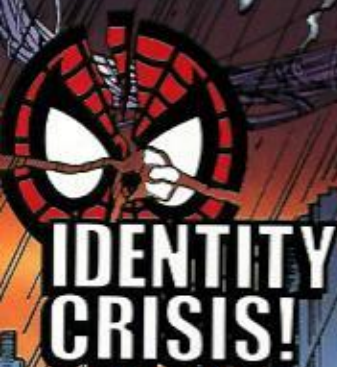
**MAY  
#91**



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**MACKIE  
ROMITA JR  
HANNA**

# PETER PARKER SPIDER-MAN



**DIRECT EDITION**

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PETER PARKER

# DUSK

MAY  
#1



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MACKIE  
ROMITA JR  
HANNA

DUSK  
FALLS OVER  
MANHATTAN





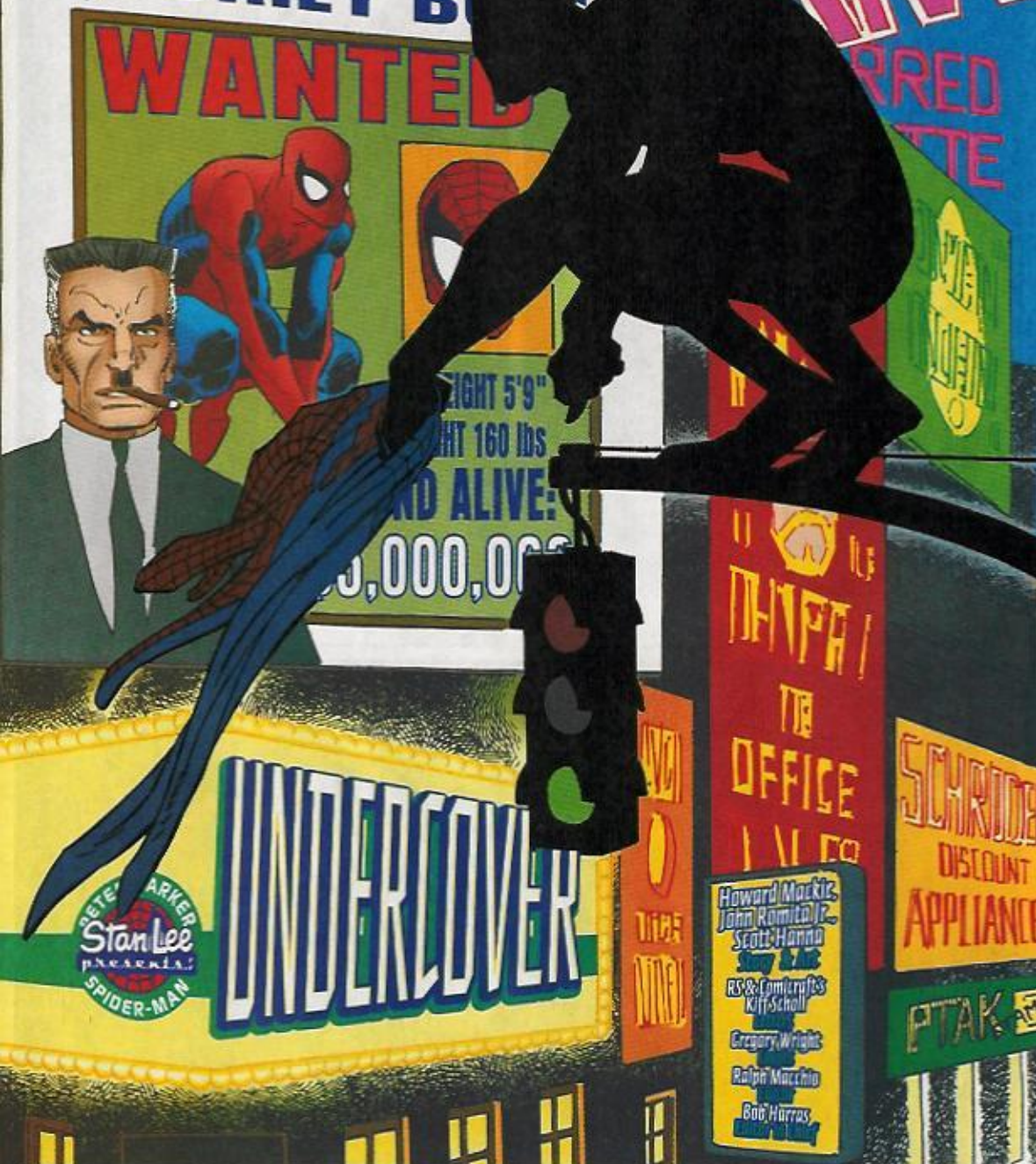
HE WAS  
SPIDER-MAN...

...AND TODAY  
HE IS DUSK.

BUT NO MATTER WHAT  
NORMAN OSBORN,  
J. JONAH JAMESON OR  
LIFE THROWS AT HIM...

...HE WILL BE  
SPIDER-MAN  
AGAIN!

# THE CONTINUING MENACE OF SPIDER-MAN IN THE DAILY BUGLE



STAN LEE  
MARVEL  
SPIDER-MAN

## UNDERCOVER

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PTAK

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AS A FOG ROLLS  
ACROSS NEW YORK CITY...



...OUR STORY BEGINS.









NO...  
NOT THERE...  
IN THE  
BACK.

COME ON!  
I'M SUPPOSED  
TO MEET ARTHUR  
STACY IN FIVE  
MINUTES!



I  
THINK IT'S  
A SNAP.



SORRY,  
BUT I TOLD  
YOU TO HOLD  
STILL.



FINE!

DO IT  
YOURSELF.



YOU  
ASKED!



I'M  
LATE!







WHAT WAS I THINKING?

FOUR IDENTITIES!

THIS IS RIDICULOUS! I DON'T KNOW WHAT MADE ME THINK THIS WOULD EVER WORK.



I'M GOING OUT AS SPIDER-MAN! IT'S WHO I AM!

COME ON, PETER...  
...I WAS JUST KIDDING.

**HAA HAA HAA!**  
NO... REALLY!  
YOU LOOK TERRIFIC, PETER!  
LIKE A GENUINE SUPER HERO!







A SHORT TIME LATER  
AT CYPRUS HILLS  
CEMETERY...

CYPRUS HILLS

ARTHUR STACY, WORLD  
RENOWNED PRIVATE  
INVESTIGATOR, PRACTICES  
THE SINGLE MOST  
IMPORTANT SKILL OF  
HIS PROFESSION.

PATIENCE.

NASTY HABIT,  
ARTHUR. AND  
BESIDES...

TINAD

...IT MAKES ME  
SNEEZE.

AND YOU  
DON'T EVEN  
WANT TO THINK  
ABOUT WHAT IT'S  
LIKE TO SNEEZE  
WITH A MASK  
ON.

WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING IN  
THIS COSTUME?  
I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE GOING TO  
ASSUME SOME  
OTHER  
GUISE.

DON'T  
YOU START ON  
ME TOO! I'VE BEEN  
GETTING A LOT OF THE  
"YOU'RE A WALKING  
LOTTERY TICKET"  
STUFF.

IT'S  
TRUE.

NOT TO MENTION THE ENTIRE  
NYPD WOULD LIKE TO BRING  
YOU DOWN... JUST FOR  
THE HECK OF IT.

DETECTIVE  
SNIPE. I'M GLAD  
YOU COULD MAKE  
IT.

ONLY  
OUT OF  
RESPECT FOR  
YOU AND YOUR  
BROTHER,  
SIR.

I'M  
UNCOMFORTABLE  
WITH THIS SITUATION.  
SO I'M GOING TO  
MAKE THIS QUICK.

THE  
LAB BOYS  
CONFIRM YOUR  
CLAIM, SPIDER-MAN.  
THE WEBBING YOU SUPPLIED  
ME WITH IS OF A DISTINCTLY  
DIFFERENT CHEMICAL  
COMPOSITION THAN  
THAT USED TO  
SUFFOCATE  
JOEY Z.

SOMEONE IS  
GOING THROUGH  
AN AWFUL LOT OF  
TROUBLE TO FRAME  
YOU. I KNOW IT, THE LAB  
KNOWS IT, AND THE  
MAYOR AND THE  
D.A. DON'T  
CARE.

THEY  
WANT YOUR  
HEAD. THEY'RE  
GETTING PLENTY OF  
PRESSURE FROM THE  
PRIVATE SECTOR.





OSBORN.

I CAN THINK OF ONLY ONE PERSON QUALIFIED TO MAKE AN ADHESIVE WHICH WOULD APPROXIMATE THE QUALITIES OF MY WEBBING... THE TRAPSTER.

YEAH, MR. STACY MENTIONED YOU HAD YOUR SUSPICIONS. SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD ONE, BUT YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER PROBLEM.

SOMEONE HAS PUT A CONTRACT OUT ON THE TRAPSTER. NOTHING COMPARED TO YOURS, BUT ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM SWEAT IT.

WHOEVER SET HIM UP TO SET YOU UP... WANTS NO WITNESSES. HE DIES... AND ANY CHANCE OF YOU CLEARING YOUR NAME IS GONE.



I KNOW YOU DIDN'T DO IT. THERE IS A PRICE ON YOUR HEAD... I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO. THE NEXT TIME I SEE YOU, MAN... I'M TAKING YOU IN.



GOODBYE, MR. STACY. YOUR BROTHER, CAPTAIN STACY, HE WAS ONE OF THE FINEST COMMANDERS I'VE EVER HAD THE PLEASURE OF SERVING WITH.



I'LL FIND THE TRAPSTER AND I'LL MAKE HIM TALK! I'LL --

AND DO WHAT, SON? THINK. HAVE YOU BENEFITED FROM ANY OF THE DIRECT CONFRONTATIONS YOU'VE HAD OF LATE?



THE ONE YOU HAD WITH OSBORN STARTED THIS WHOLE REWARD MESS.

GREAT! SO THE ONE GUY I NEED TO CLEAR MY NAME MAY SHOW UP DEAD.

YES... IT IS GREAT. HE'S VULNERABLE, MAYBE EVEN A LITTLE SCARED... RIGHT NOW HE NEEDS A FRIEND TO HELP KEEP HIM ALIVE. A FRIEND HE CAN TALK TO, OPEN UP TO.



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HE'D NEVER TALK TO ME.

NO, BUT MAYBE TO SOMEONE WEARING A DIFFERENT MASK?

YOU'RE REALLY NOT GIVING ME MUCH OF A CHOICE, ARTHUR.



IT'S OSBORN WHO STEALS CHOICES.



LATER THAT EVENING,  
AT THE EMPIRE STATE  
UNIVERSITY LIBRARY...

...WHILE PETER WORKS  
FEVERISHLY ON A MUCH  
NEGLECTED RESEARCH  
PROJECT, MARY JANE AND  
JILL STACY CRAM FOR  
UPCOMING MID TERMS.

ER...  
MARY  
JANE?

Uh-  
Huh.

CAN WE  
TALK?

WHATEVER.

I THINK  
I NEED TO HIT  
THE REFERENCE  
STACKS FOR...  
Er... SOME...  
REFERENCE!

THINGS  
HAPPEN.  
ESPECIALLY  
TO US.

COME ON, M.J. STOP GIVING ME THE COLD  
SHOULDER. THIS ISN'T LIKE US. WE'VE  
ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO TALK.

WOULD YOU  
ACCEPT A HEART-  
FELT APOLOGY IF I  
ALLOWED YOU TO  
SAY...I TOLD  
YOU SO?

PETER, I  
DON'T HAVE  
TIME FOR THIS  
CONVERSATION  
RIGHT NOW.

YOU MAY BE  
THE BOY GENIUS, WHO  
CAN MANAGE TO SAVE  
THE WORLD IN HIS SPARE  
TIME, BUT I'VE STILL GOT TO  
STRUGGLE TO PASS EXAMS.

I  
DON'T KNOW  
IF I'D SAY  
GENIUS --

I'M **NOT** KIDDING,  
PETER. WE BOTH KNOW  
THAT YOU'RE GOING TO  
DO WHATEVER YOU  
WANT TO DO  
ANYWAY.

SAVING THE WORLD;  
GETTING REVENGE ON  
A LIFE LONG ENEMY,  
TRAVELING TO ALIEN  
DIMENSIONS...I KNOW  
ALL THESE THINGS ARE  
IMPORTANT, BUT...  
WE'VE ALSO GOT  
REAL LIVES.

AND I'VE GOT AN  
ABNORMAL PSYCH  
CLASS EXAM TO  
PASS. AS A MATTER  
OF FACT...MAYBE  
**YOU'D** LIKE TO  
BE THE SUBJECT  
OF MY TERM  
PAPER?

OUCH!  
I THINK  
THAT'S MORE  
THAN ENOUGH  
TALK FOR  
NOW.



A SHORT TIME LATER...

YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO CATCH A RIDE WITH US, MJ?

RIGHT AFTER MY DAD AND I MEET FOR DINNER, WE'RE HEADING BACK TO QUEENS.

THANKS, JILL, BUT I'M GOING TO HANG AROUND FOR A LITTLE WHILE AND SEE IF PETER SHOWS UP. HE SAID HE WAS JUST GOING OUT FOR COFFEE.

OKAY. SEE YA TOMORROW.

YEAH...I'LL WAIT FOR PETER.

DAY AFTER DAY.  
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT.

WAIT WHILE YOU GO OFF TO FIGHT THE LATEST COSTUMED VILLAIN. WAIT WHILE THE FOG ROLLS IN. WAIT UNTIL I'M OLD AND --

-- NOT!

I'M OUT OF HERE --  
*Ooph!*

GOTCHA!

I REALLY AM SORRY.

Mmmph...

PETER!  
I --





FORGIVE ME?  
PLEASE?

OF  
COURSE  
I DO.

IT'S  
JUST...IT'S  
ALL STARTING  
TO GET TO  
ME.

IT'S  
SCHOOL, THE  
BOUNTY ON YOUR  
HEAD, NORMAN...  
EVERYTHING.

AND  
THIS COSTUME  
IN PARTICULAR  
IS STRESSING  
ME OUT.



I KEEP  
REMEMBERING  
THE **LAST** TIME YOU  
BOUGHT AN **ALIEN**  
COSTUME BACK FROM  
ANOTHER DIMENSION!  
DOES THE NAME  
**VENOM** RING  
A BELL?

I -- Er, **HI!**  
JUST PRACTICING  
FOR A SCHOOL PLAY!  
SEE YOU AROUND!



WILL  
YOU TURN  
OFF THE INVISIBLE  
BUTTON OR SOME-  
THING, PETER? YOU  
KEEP FADING IN AND  
OUT OF THE FOG -- AND  
PEOPLE ARE LOOKING!



COOL...  
Huh?

YEAH... SURE... IT  
MUST BE A GUY  
THING.

SOMETIMES I THINK IT  
WOULD JUST BE BETTER IF I  
DIDN'T KNOW... ABOUT THE SECRET  
IDENTITIES, THE CRIME FIGHTING...  
IT WOULD ALL JUST BE SIMPLER.



DON'T WORRY, M.J, I'VE  
GOT IT UNDER CONTROL.  
I THINK THIS MIGHT  
WORK OUT.

NORMAN  
OSBORN IS  
**NOT** GOING  
TO WIN THIS  
TIME.

SO  
YOU'RE  
TELLING ME  
I HAVE NO  
CHOICE?

NOT  
REALLY.



THEN, PETER,  
NORMAN OSBORN  
HAS ALREADY  
**WON!**



AT THAT MOMENT,  
AS THE FOG ROLLS  
ACROSS TIMES  
SQUARE...

...PETER PETRUSKI  
CONTEMPLATES HIS LIFE.

EARLY ON HE SHOWED  
PROMISE AS A RESEARCH  
SCIENTIST FOR A  
MAJOR CORPORATION.

THE PATENT ON THE  
MULTI-POLYMER  
ADHESIVE HE  
FORMULATED COULD  
HAVE PROVEN QUITE  
PROFITABLE AND  
ROCKETED HIM TO THE  
HEAD OF HIS CHOSEN  
PROFESSION.

INSTEAD, PETRUSKI  
CHOSE A DIFFERENT  
CAREER TRACK.

FIRST AS PASTE POT  
PETE, AND LATER AS  
THE TRAPSTER...

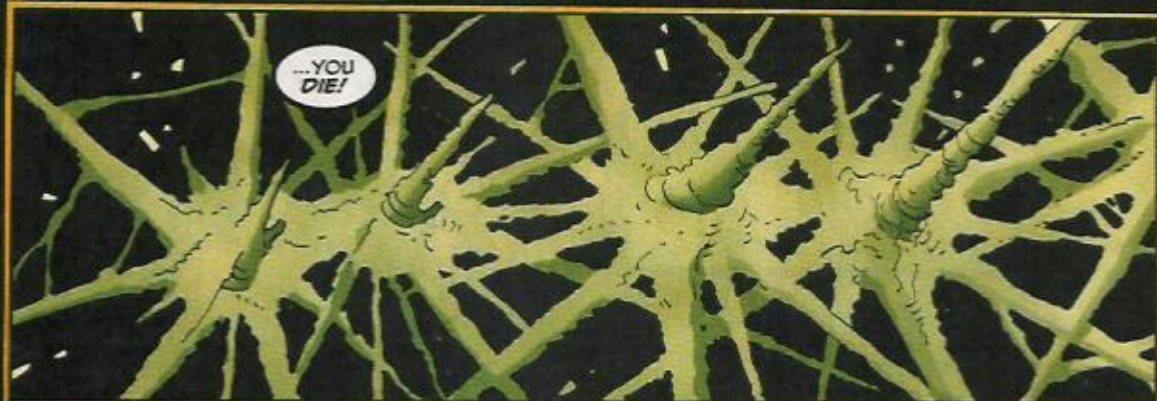
...HE SOON FOUND  
HIMSELF TRAPPED  
WITHIN A YOUNG MAN'S  
DELUSIONS OF WHAT  
THE LIFE OF A SUPER-  
VILLAIN WOULD BE.

TRAPPED UNTIL  
THIS VERY DAY.













YOU?  
YOU'RE WORKING FOR HIM NOW?



THAT'S RIGHT, PAL, ME... **THE SHOCKER...** IN THE FLESH!

AND YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE.

LOOK AT THE REST OF THEM DOWN THERE. THEY KNOW ENOUGH TO GET LOST WHEN I SHOW UP.

THEY'VE LEARNED NOT TO LAUGH AT ME ANYMORE.



BUT I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING...

... YOU GOT ONE THING WRONG. I'M WORKING FOR NO ONE BUT MYSELF ON THIS ONE.

THERE'S AN OPEN CONTRACT ON YOU THAT, NOW THAT SPIDER-MAN HAS PULLED A DISAPPEARING ACT, MAKES YOU THE NUMBER ONE LOTTERY TICKET IN TOWN.



GUESS YOU PULLED ONE JOB TOO MANY RECENTLY. WHOEVER YOU WERE WORKING FOR WANTS TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING IS NICE AND CLEAN.

AND, AS YOU KNOW, I'LL DO ANYTHING FOR A BUCK!

GOOD-BYE, LOSER--





THIS  
FROM A MAN  
WHO DRESSES  
IN A QUILT?

OOOOPH!



WHOA!

FRAKOOOM



WHO  
ARE YOU?



ACTUALLY...  
I DON'T  
CARE!

FOR  
THAT ONE  
I'M GOING TO  
KILL YOU FOR  
NOTHING.

AND  
NEVER BOTHER  
ASKING YOUR  
NAME.



ACTUALLY...  
...IT'S  
DUSK.

YOU  
JUST SAVED  
MY LIFE.





NOW I OWE  
YOU ONE.

I HATE  
THAT. SORRY.

SHUT  
UP.

I'M  
TRYING TO  
SAVE BOTH  
OUR TAILS  
NOW.

THEN,  
AFTER WE'RE  
EVEN, I MIGHT  
KILL YOU  
MYSELF.



NICE  
WALL CRAWLING.  
HOW DO YOU DO  
THAT?



WITH SMALL AMOUNTS OF ADHESIVE  
AND SOLVENT RELEASED FROM MY  
GLOVES AND BOOTS SO  
THAT --

-- SHUT  
UP...



...AND  
**RUN!**







THIS IS THE BEST  
YOU'VE GOT TO  
THROW AT  
ME?

LIKE I COULDN'T  
TAKE CARE OF  
THIS!

SHOOT/  
USED UP  
ALL MY GLUE  
RESERVES.

DUSK/  
IF YOU WANT  
TO GIVE ME A  
HAND...

...I  
WOULDN'T  
MIND OWING  
YOU ONE  
MORE.

DUSK?

LOOKS LIKE YOUR  
BUDDY WISED UP  
AND TOOK  
OFF.

TOO  
BAD FOR  
YOU.  
YOU  
KNOW --

SAVE  
THE SPEECH  
AND JUST GET IT  
OVER WITH, WILL  
YA?

COME  
ON, PETE,  
WHY SO  
GLUM?

OOPH!

YOU  
GOT TO LOVE  
THE GUYS WHO GO IN  
FOR THE BIG OLD  
SPEECHES.

IT  
GIVES YOU  
TIME TO DO  
THIS!







YOU  
ARE A DEAD  
MAN.

WHEN  
I'M DONE WITH  
YOU, THEY'RE GOING  
TO BE ABLE TO PACK  
WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR  
BODY IN A MILK  
CONTAINER.

STOP!

YOU'RE  
SCARING  
ME!



