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DeFALCO
FRENZ
BUSCEMA
the AMAZING SPIDER-GIRL
STUNNING 1st ISSUE!
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DIRECT EDITION
$2.99 US $3.75 CAN

SUDDENLY...
SKEEEEESHHH!
SPIDER-GIRL!
HELLO, BOYS.
THE DESTRUCTOR RAY HAS EXCEEDED OUR HIGHEST EXPECTATIONS, CLAIMING MORE THAN A HUNDRED MILLION CASUALTIES!
DO YOU TRULY BELIEVE ONE LONE FEMALE CAN HALT THE TOTAL ANNIHILATION OF PLANET EARTH?
YES.
MATTER OF FACT I DO.
LET'S DANCE.
BY THE WAY, YOU DESTRUCTOIDS AREN'T THE ONLY ONES WITH THE LATEST TECH--
THWIPPP
THWIPPP
THWIPPP
--BUT DON'T GO TO PIECES OVER IT!
WE-BOOOM!

WELL DONE, MY DAUGHTER! YOU HAVE SAVED THE *EARTH* AND EARNED THE RIGHT TO RETURN TO *PLANET SPIDERA*--

--WHERE YOU SHALL RULE OVER ALL THE OTHER *SPIDER-PEOPLE.*

THOUGH I WILL MISS MY LIFE AS POLICEWOMAN/SUPER-MODEL *JENNIFER JUSTICE*, I AM A TRUE *PRINCESS BORN...*

...AND MY DESTINY LIES ON *SPIDERA!*

SO--?

What'cha think?

Pretty cool, *huh?*

It's my new *Spider-Girl* comic book. I wrote it, and *Wes* is the artist.

I...I really don't know how to answer, Jimmy. What is this nonsense?

Planet Spidera? A hundred million casualties? Let's dance? And that Barbie doll figure?!

Jimmy, you *know* Spider-Girl-- she's *nothing* like this!

Y-you just don't understand comics, Mayday.

We had to make some *creative choices* to appeal to the fans.

KO Told you! FF

I wish you boys the best of luck.

You're going to need it. You can make all the changes you want.

I doubt *anyone* will ever buy a comic book about *Spider-Girl!*

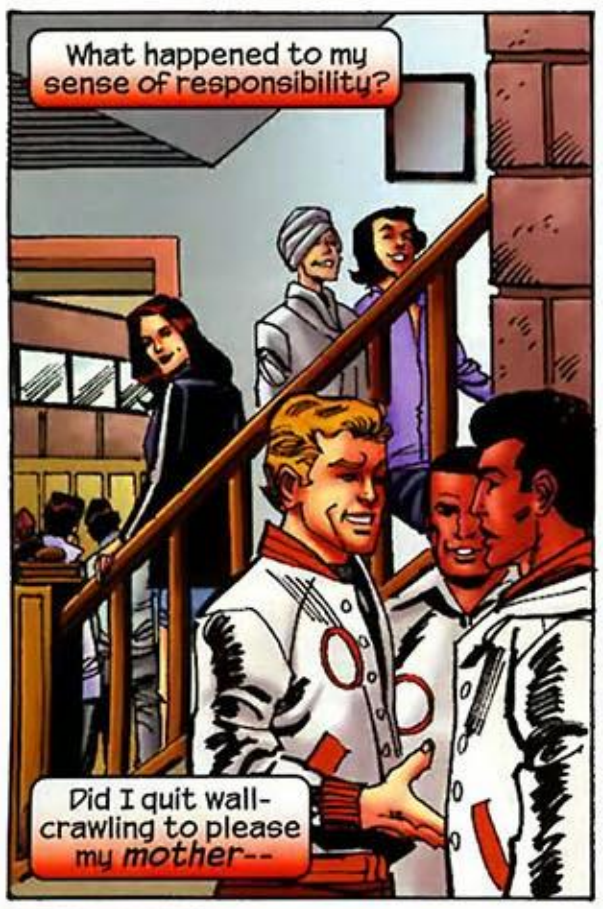
Whatever happened to the daughter of Spider-Man?

PART 1

Tom DeFalco & Ron Frenz
Plot, Script & Pencils

Sal Buscema Finished Art
Gotham Colorist
Dave Sharpe Letterer
Molly Lazer Editor Joe Quesada Editor In Chief Dan Buckley Publisher

It's amazing how much I've accomplished since I stopped spinning webs.
MIDTOWN HIGH SCHOOL
My grades are on the rise--
--I have time to hang with friends--
--and I'm more involved in school.
Yeah, life is pretty sweet.
And *yet*...
...I do feel *guilty* at times.
I can understand why *Jimmy Yama* wrote that goofy comic strip.
Where *is* the daughter of *Spider-Man*?



He recently moved in with his dad (my old basketball coach) and transferred to *Midtown*.
We ran into each other over the summer and--*Hoo-HA!*
Sorry we have to spoil the moment, Mayday, but you should check this out.
Can't say I'm feeling the new campaign slogan, ladies.
This isn't funny, Thompson.
Davida and I found it across from the gym.
PARKER
QUITTER!
This is *annoying*...but not totally *surprising*.
When your name's *Parker*, the past has a nasty habit of haunting you.

I used to be a star player on the girl's basketball team, but quit because my spider-powers gave me an unfair edge--

--and saving lives seemed way more important than scoring hoops.

I guess we've lost one basketball fan's vote.

Such modesty is positively *endearing*, Maypole.

I'm sure your lack of commitment will be remembered by *hundreds* of disappointed students on Election Day.

Simone DeSantos!

Are you making an *accusation*, Miss Duran?

You're lucky I'm in a forgiving mood.

Your timely arrival is a bit too *coincidental* to be a *coincidence*.

I understand the stress you're under, you poor thing.

I know I would be simply devastated if *my* boyfriend moved all the way to New Jersey just to get away from *me*.

Ohhh-kaaaaay!

That was pretty *low*, Simone--*even for you!*

Don't you have some kittens to boil?

I can see my sympathy *isn't* appreciated here.

Neither are *you!*

Come, Lindsey.

We mustn't be seen talking to the *wrong* people.

Yes, Simone.

As much as I hate her--

--defacing posters is way too lame for a poser like Simone.

So we're back to the irate fan theory?

Tell me when you C.S.I. him. I'm off to class.

I know you and Courtney have your volunteer thing after school. Meet me at the coffee shop later?

Uhhhh... sure!

Whatever!

How many people at *Midtown* could possibly have a grudge against me?

Even if I count all my teachers and the cafeteria lady, there's *isn't* much of a list.

As I join *Courtney* for our "*volunteer thing*," I finally spot a likely suspect.

Hey, Felicity.

Hufffft

Felicity Hardy is Gene's sister, but she lives with the Coach's ex and uses her mom's maiden name.

Based on the warm greeting, I doubt she approves of my dating her brother.

And she isn't the *only* one!

Soooo...how's it going with Thompson?

Okay, I guess.

He can be a bit full of himself, but he makes me laugh.

Felicity also knows my secret identity and often lobbied to be my partner.

Could she be angry because I quit the spider scene?

Angry enough to try to sabotage my run for student council?

What's happened to my priorities?

A few months ago I was helping to defend the Earth--

--and now I'm worried about student council?!?

IN MEMORY

You haven't mentioned Moose in a couple of days. How's he doing?

I wouldn't know.

When he first moved to New Jersey, he called me every day and visited on weekends.

The visits stopped last month, and I haven't heard from him in weeks.

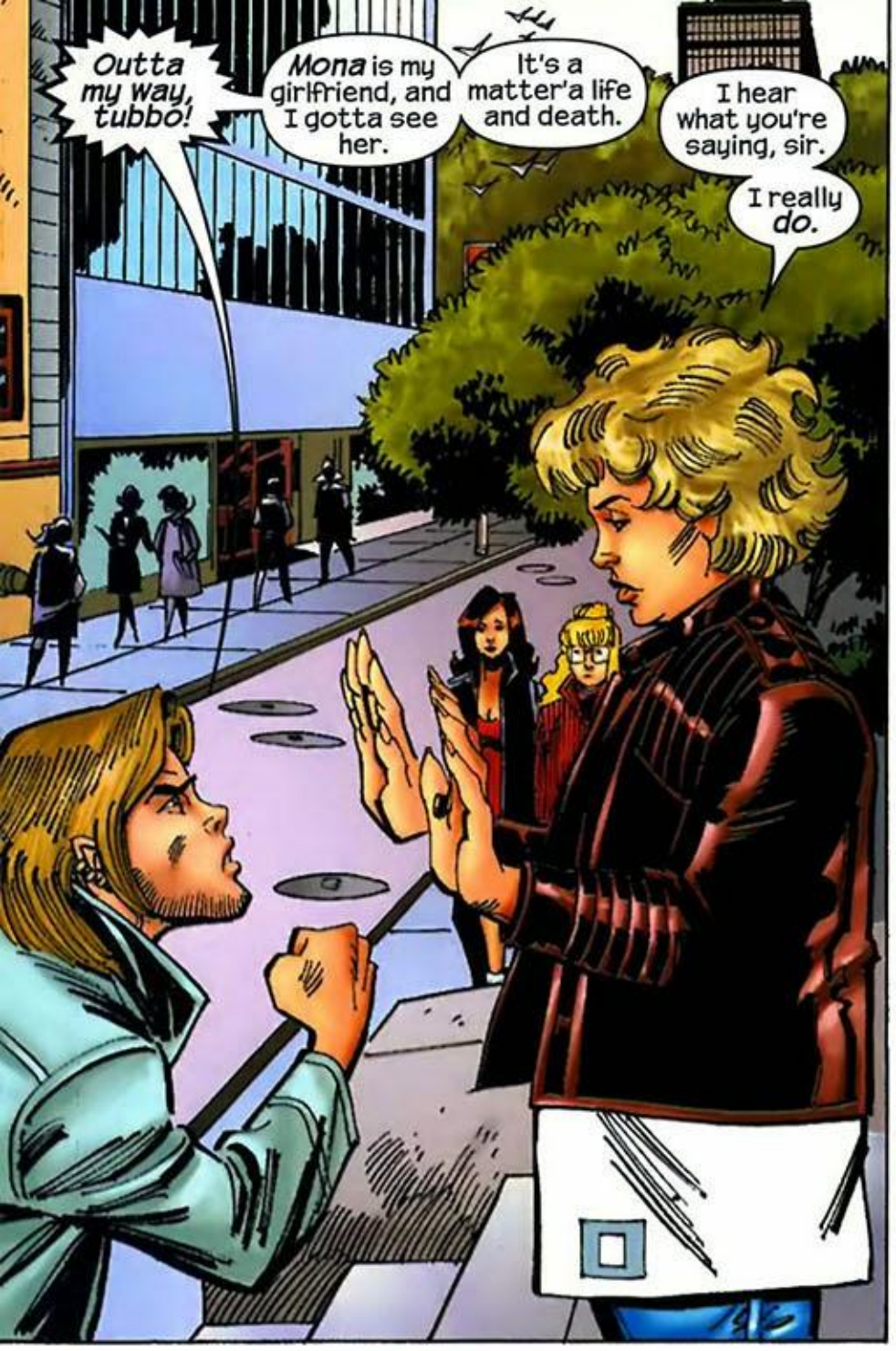
Out of sight.

Out of mind.

Tell me about it.

Aside from Jimmy Yama, it's like no one has even noticed that *Spider-Girl* has retired.

Everyone seems to be getting along just fine without--*uh-oh!*


Outta my way, tubbo!
Mona is my girlfriend, and I gotta see her.
It's a matter'a life and death.
I hear what you're saying, sir.
I really do.

Now you hear ME--take a HIKE!
St. Andrews is a sanctuary for victims of abuse.
I have the police on speed dial--
--and they'll happily haul your sorry butt to jail.

This isn't OVER!
You ain't seen the last'a me!

You okay, Caitlan?
Sure.
Just another Monday.
Y-you're kidding, right?
I wish.

A-are you saying--
--he'll be back?!

Forget that creep, girls!
We have bathrooms to clean and meals to cook.
Happy happy! Joy joy!

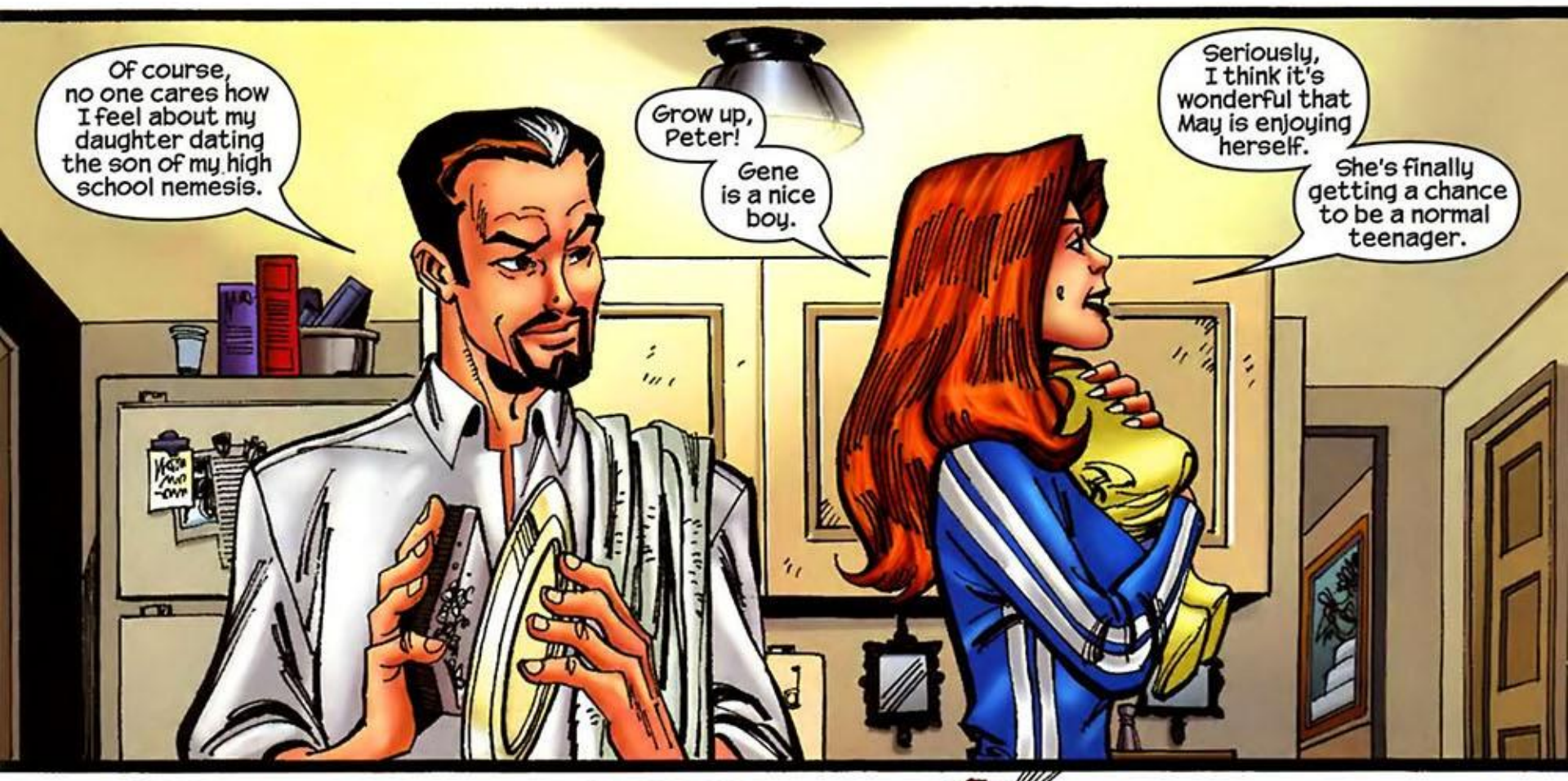
I'm so sorry for all the commotion, Miss Leiber.
I knew my Charlie would be a problem.
He won't bother you if I leave.

That isn't necessary, Mona.
He isn't the *first* angry male who has come to our door--
--and he won't be the *last*.

You're free to stay as long as you like.

Let's see what Caitlan's assigned us today...*Oh, great!*
Toilet patrol?
Toilet patrol.
There goes my spider-sense again.
Something feels *off* about Mona.
There may be *more* to that woman than meets the eye.

Armed with a gallon of Soft Scrub, rubber gloves and a pair of brushes, Courtney and I do our "volunteer thing" for the next two hours, and then...
You going out tonight?
Yeah. I'm meeting Davida at the park for a little one-on-one--
--and then we'll join the gang at Café Indigo.
Will Gene be there?
Uhhhh...
Maybe...
...probably...
...yeah.
Please don't make this into a thing, Mom.
It's not like we're exclusive or anything.
I'm not saying a word.
This is me not talking.


Of course, no one cares how I feel about my daughter dating the son of my high school nemesis.
Grow up, Peter!
Gene is a nice boy.
Seriously, I think it's wonderful that May is enjoying herself.
She's finally getting a chance to be a normal teenager.

Seriously, I agree.
It's just that I quit being *Spider-Man* more times than I can count.
It never really took until the decision was made for me.
I wonder how long May can hold out--

"--before her sense of responsibility forces her back into costume."
UNCLEAN THOTS
Ahhhhhh, spandex!
Almost feels like home.

Mom! Dad! I'm outta here.

And Kirby is DEEEE-NIIIED!
Still got the moves, girl.

Always did.
Always will.
Ever think about rejoining the team?
Only when I'm with you--
--'cause you always bring it up!
Am I too pushy?
Or just pushy enough?
Either way, it ain't happening.

I suppose I'll just have to be content with the knowledge that I'm still--
--mistress of the STEAL!
Very sneaky.
Caught me napping.

C'mon, you know you can't fight fate--
--and I was always destined to win!

I assume you've heard about Moose and Courtney.
It's a shame, but she should dust herself off and get back into the dating pool.
Kind of like you and the MAXIM Man.
I thought you liked Gene.

What's not to like? The guy's a hottie...but not a keeper.
Like you'll ever keep any guy.
It's all about options, girl.
You studying tonight or heading to Indigo?
Indigo, but I need to swing by St. Andrews first.
I wish I had your dedication, but ugggh I can barely stomach my own bathroom.

You should come around sometime.
You might surprise yourself.
Places like St. Andrews remind us that anyone can be a hero.

I'm still a few blocks away from *St. Andrews* when my *spider-sense* begins to tingle. Instead of doing the smart thing and walking away from it, I try to find the source of the *danger*...

Where you been hiding, pal? You were supposed to deliver the *item* a few days ago.

Where is it?

I...I don't have it with me...but I can get it.

M-my girlfriend's holding it for me.

Where do we find her?

S-she's staying at some women's shelter--a place called *St. Andrews.*

--but we never discussed *Red Hoodie Girl!*

LET'S DANCE!

Ohmigosh! Did I really say that?!

Jimmy Yama, I *hate* you.

TWAMM!

If I'm going to be stuck with corny dialogue like that--

--I should stay *retired.*

W-who the heck was that?

I...I dunno.

B-but she was dressed in red like Darkdevil.

Like *that* means anything!

Half the costumed idiots in this city wear red.

It's like they use primary colors to bolster their egos.

Uhhhh... yeah... sure.

B-but what're we gonna tell the boss about the *item?*

For a long moment, I'm torn between catching up with Charlie--
--or following the thugs.

I finally go with *dumb* and *dumber* because I'm curious about the so-called *item*--

--and their mysterious *boss*.
I've read enough psychology to know that most of these costumed heroes have poor self-images.
Really--?!

Why do you think they wear masks?

So that guys like us can't recognize 'em?
That's what they *want* you to think.
An ice cream parlor?
These geniuses operate out of an ice cream parlor?

What's the *item*-- a new take on *Rocky Road*?
Whatever it is, I'm sure it can wait until tomorrow.
I should head right down the fire escape and beat feet to *Café Indigo*.

Yeah, I that's exactly what I *should* do...

HOO-HA!

It's good to cut loose--

--and I'm not reallllly betraying my parents' trust.

A) I'm not being Spider-Girl.

B) I'm not in any danger.

I'm just *commuting* in my own unique manner.

Yeah, *riiiiiiight!*

Talk about a lame justification!

What's wrong with me?

I never used to be this way.

What's happened to the daughter of Spider-Man?

Indigo is just a few blocks north of St. Andrews.
Since I'm going to pass the shelter anyway, I might as well look in on Caitlan and--

Oh, no!
NO!

MONA--!
I know you're in there and I want my property back!
Come out NOW--
--or I'll BURN you out!

Arrrgh! I never should have left home without my web-shooters--!

I'm only going to get one shot at this--
--and there's absolutely no margin for error!

KWAKK!
M-my WRIST--!
I...I think you broke it!
You're lucky I didn't target your *head*.
I DID it!

SCREEEEECH!
What the--?!
PWOOOM!

W-why did you stop, Robert? We have to get away from those flames.
I...I'm *trying*, Doris!
The darned thing's *stalled*, and it *won't* turn over.
Hit the GAS!

Someone call the *fire department!*
HURRY!
We need to help those people and that girl--!

That girl--!
T-there's something *familiar* about her.

I...I thought you were on *my* side, lady.
You helped me earlier.
TWUD!
We both made bad mistakes tonight--

--but I can make up for mine.
Everybody OUT!!!

GO!
GO!
GO!

KWABWOOOOM!

Mona, I think that's your Charlie down there.
With a little luck, the police will lock him up for the rest of his life.
The police--?!

I can't let them find me.

Not while I'm carrying this--!

What a night! I haven't felt this jazzed in months.

The police took Charlie into custody--

--but this isn't over.

Those two thugs still want their mysterious "item"--

--and Mona seems to have vanished.

Oh, well...

I can worry about that tomorrow.

Over here, May!

Jimmy was just showing us his Spider-Girl comic book.

I've seen it.

'Nuff said!

What's Gene doing at Simone's table?

Trust me: I was just trying to smooth things over.
Uh-huh.
You guys may be running against each other, but you don't have to be enemies.
Aren't you the diplomat!

What other reason could I possibly have?
A rich and beautiful blonde--?!
Can't think of a single one.
You're underestimating yourself again.

You know I only have eyes for you, May.
What do you say we take our relationship to the next level?
Gene, I... I'm not sure I'm ready...

Think about it!

Things seem to be going well with Gene.
I guess...
But I think he likes me *more* than I like him.
Ahhhh, what is it your father says?
With great power, *something...something...* great responsibility.
"There *must also* come."

Whatever!
You're only in high school, May.
Mr. Right could be years away.
It's okay for you to date *Mr. Right-Now.*

I just want you to be happy, May.

I know the past few months have been hard.
I can't imagine how much you miss being *Spider-Girl.*

I'm so very proud of the way you've adjusted.

--for a list of your teenage volunteers.

Based on recent events, I think one of them may be the daughter of an old friend.

TO BE CONTINUED--!