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"PERCEPTIONS" PART 2 OF 5

# SPIDER-MAN®

GUEST-STARRING  
**WOLVERINE®**

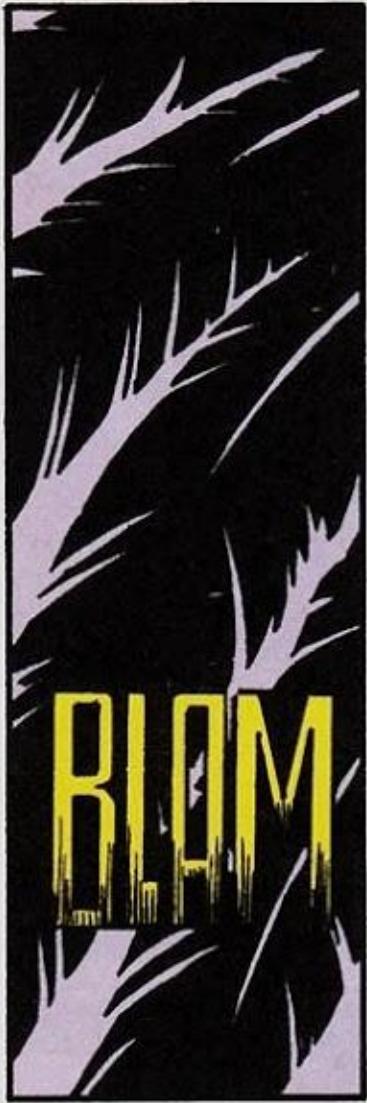
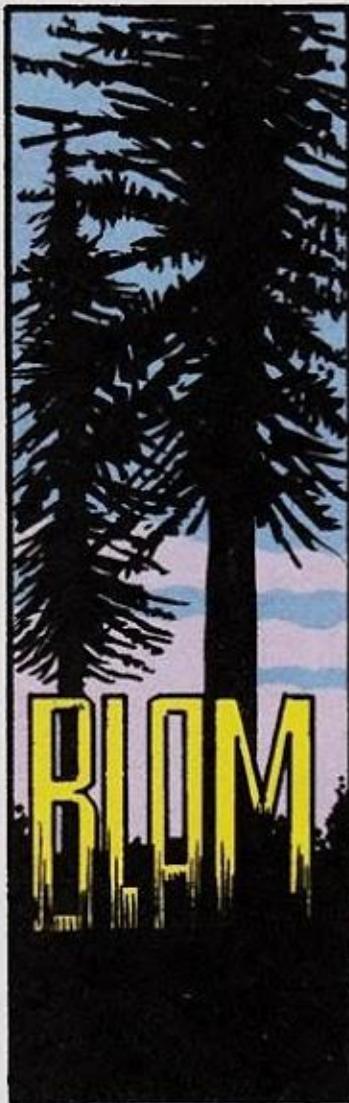


DEEP IN THE WOODS LURKS...  
**WENDIGO!**

OF  
CAPTAIN AMERICA  
1941 - 1991

TODD McFARLANE PENCILS & INKS & STORY  
GREGORY WRIGHT COLORS JIM SALICRUP EDITOR  
RICK PARKER LETTERS  
TOM DE FALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF

STAN  
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PRESENTS



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THESE CANADIANS KEEP SAYING HOW CIVILIZED THEIR GUN LAWS ARE. HOW AMERICANS SHOOT ANYTHING THAT MOVES.

THING IS, THEY HAVEN'T HAD A REASON--TILL NOW.

THE ANIMALS WERE HARMLESS. NOW THEY'RE DEAD. I'VE COUNTED FIVE DOZEN.

AMATEURS--LOOKING TO BECOME HEROES. WANT TO BE THE ONE TO BAG "BIGFOOT." TO BAG THE BABY-KILLER.

THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND, NO ANIMAL WOULD STICK AROUND IN THIS KIND OF WAR ZONE. IDIOTS ARE SHOOTING AT GHOSTS.

AND SHADOWS.

AND  
ANIMALS.

SAY YOUR PRAYERS, BUB.  
IT'S TIME YOU MET YOUR  
MAKER.

IF HE'LL  
TAKE  
YOU.

Please-- no--  
I beg you  
don't---

I BEG  
YOU--

THAT'S IT? YOU  
BEG ME AND NOW  
I'M SUPPOSED TO  
CHANGE MY MIND  
AND FEEL  
REMORSE.

WHY?  
BECAUSE I  
CAN UNDER-  
STAND YOUR  
PLEAS. SEE IN  
YOUR EYES  
THAT YOU  
DON'T WANT  
TO DIE.

IT'S UNFAIR THAT YOU'RE  
DEFENSELESS AND MEAN ME  
NO HARM, YET I HAVE THE  
POWER TO BLOW YOUR  
HEAD OFF.

NOW YOU  
KNOW HOW  
THEY FEEL.

THOSE ANIMALS THAT YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE SLAUGHTERING WANT TO LIVE JUST AS MUCH AS YOU.

DIFFERENCE IS, THEY CAN'T BEG!

NATURE'S BEEN TAKING CARE OF THEM FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS. SURVIVAL IS THEIR GOAL. THAT AND KEEPIN' THE SPECIES ALIVE.

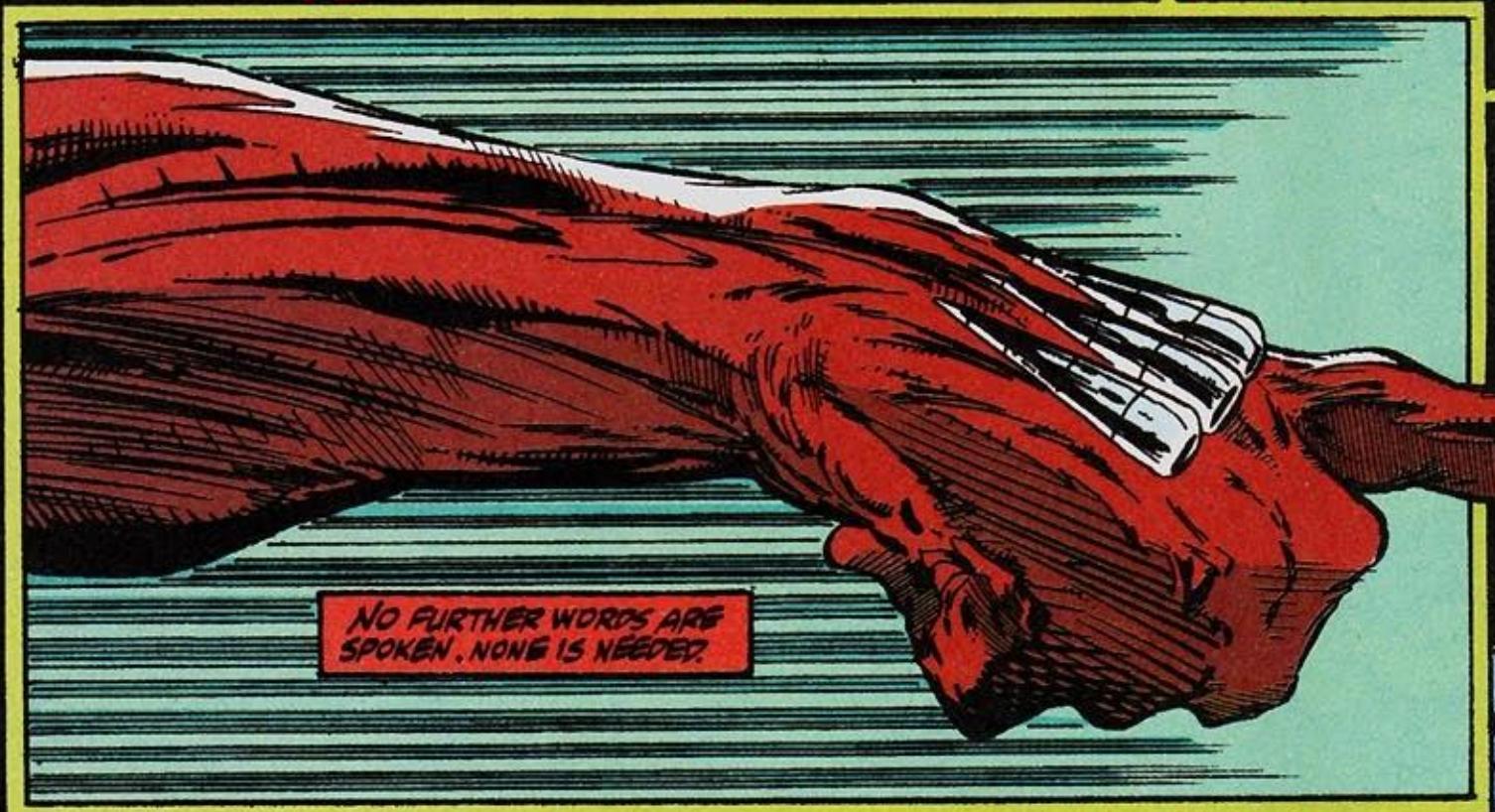
A SIMPLE FORMULA UNTIL MAN BECOMES A FACTOR.

OUR CONSCiences WOULDN'T LET US.

BUT THEY DON'T AND NATURE WASN'T KIND ENOUGH TO GIVE 'EM A TRIGGER FINGER.

SO THE KILLING CONTINUES.

YOU KNOW, IF THEY COULD SPEAK AND SAY "PLEASE DON'T SHOOT, I BEG YOU," I DON'T THINK WE WOULD.





BUT SEEING AS MOST OF  
HIS KIND ARE USUALLY  
QUITE SIMPLE --



-- AND A BIT  
FORGETFUL --

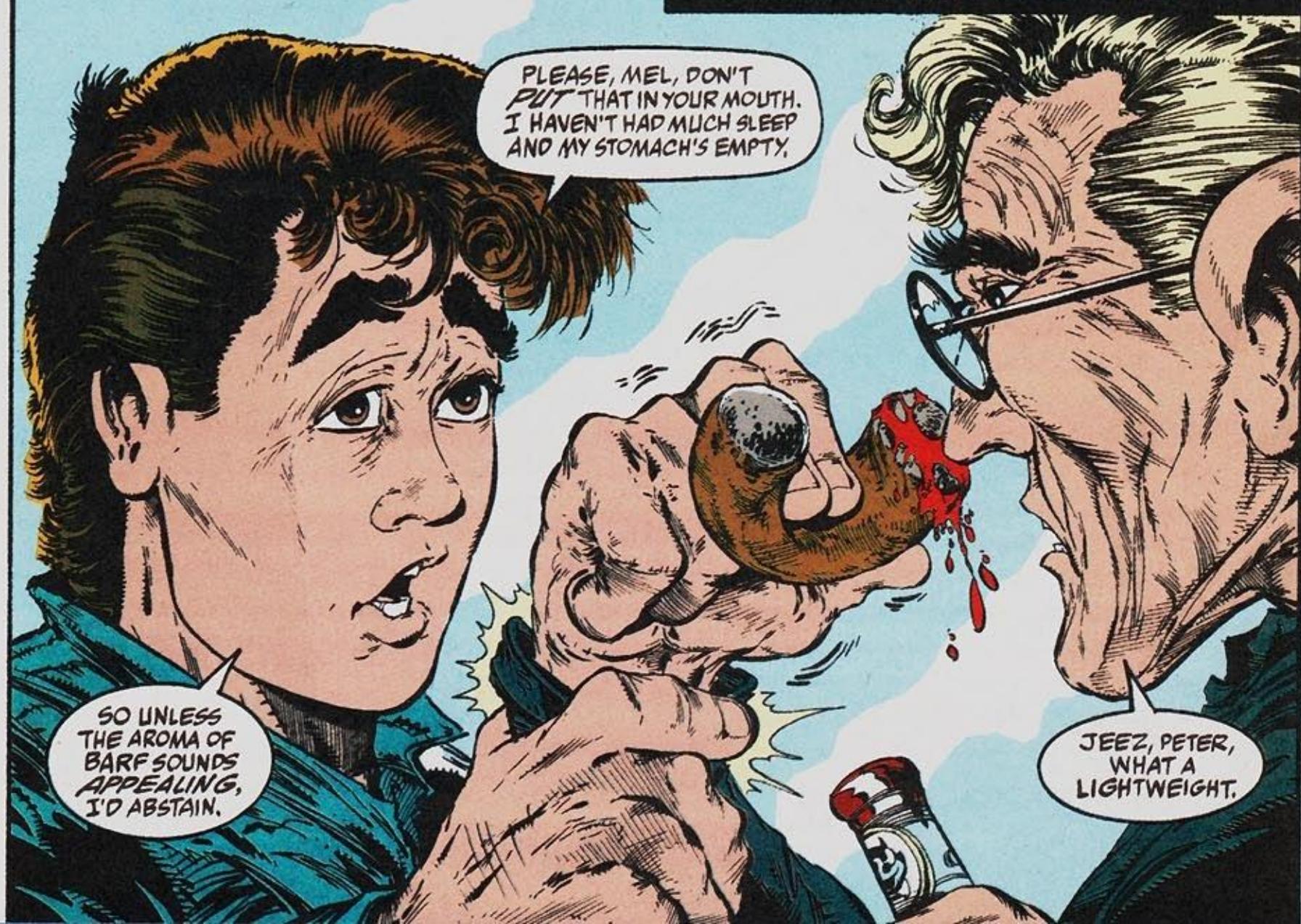


-- HE MIGHT JUST  
NEED A LITTLE  
REMINDER.



HUNTER'S SMART  
ENOUGH TO TELL  
FOLKS THAT KIDS  
VANDALIZED IT.

I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU MEAN, PETER, ALL THIS KILLING AND HYSTERIA. MAKES YOU SICK, DOESN'T IT?







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NIGHTFALL.

DITCHED MELVIN. NOW I CAN DO MY OWN INVESTIGATING. ANYTHING TO SPEED UP THIS MESS SO I CAN GET BACK TO MARY JANE.

WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THIS ASSIGNMENT IF I'D KNOWN IT'D DRAG ON THIS LONG.

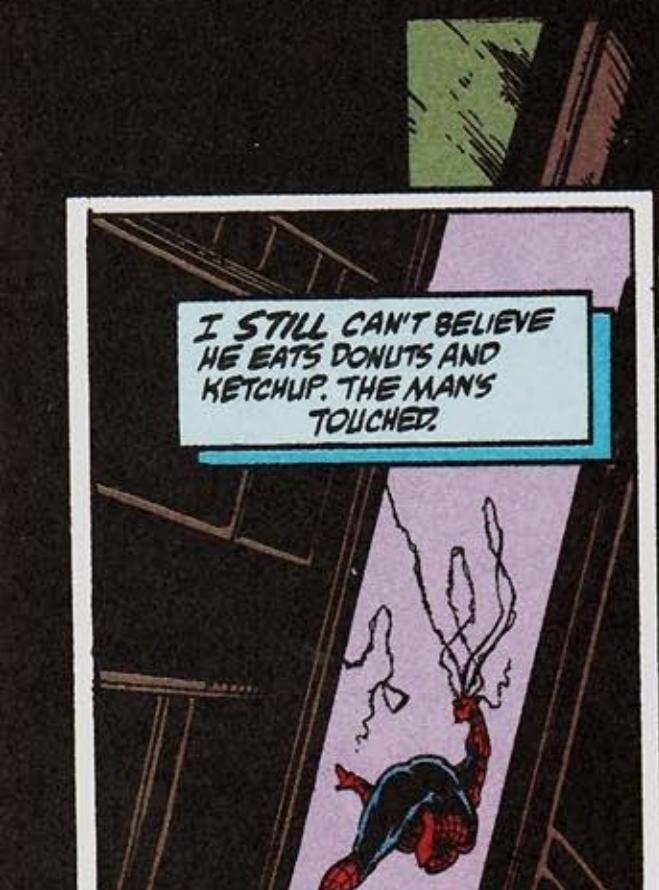
UNFORTUNATELY, I'VE GOT TO STAY IN THE SHADOWS WHILE I'M HERE. IT'D BE TOO EASY TO FIGURE OUT THAT THE PETER PARKER IN NEW YORK OF "WEBS" FAME IS ALSO IN HOPE, B.C. WITH SPIDEY.

I DON'T NEED COMPLICATIONS. I NEED ANSWERS.

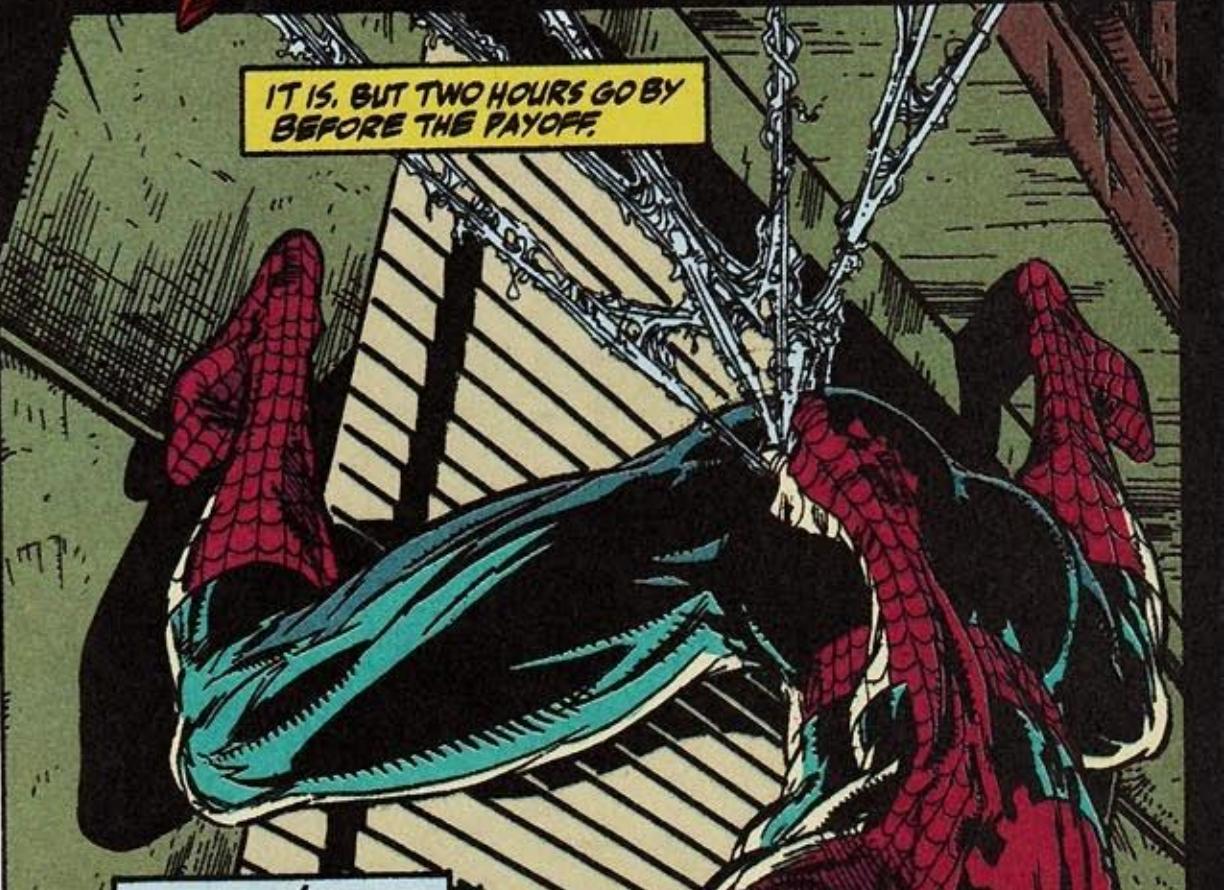


BIGGEST MISTAKE  
I'VE MADE SO FAR IS  
NOT BRINGING THE  
THERMAL UNDERWEAR.

MELVIN THINKS THERE  
MIGHT BE ANSWERS AT  
THE TOP.



I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE  
HE EATS DONUTS AND  
KETCHUP. THE MAN'S  
TOUCHED.



HOPE THE R.C.M.P.  
BUILDING IS THIS WAY.

IT IS, BUT TWO HOURS GO BY  
BEFORE THE PAYOFF.

FINALLY! I'M  
JUST ABOUT FROZEN  
TO DEATH.

YOU'D THINK THEY'D  
HAVE THE COURTESY  
TO SHOW UP WHEN  
I DID.

THAT'S HOW IT WORKS  
IN THE COMICS.

LISTEN HERE,  
LADY, YOU GOT SOME-  
THING TO SAY, THEN  
SAY IT.

OTHERWISE, I'VE GOT PROBLEMS TO DEAL WITH. THERE'S 400 REPORTERS, ENVIRONMENTALISTS, AND ROOKIE HUNTERS I'M TRYING TO HANDLE. AS WELL AS KEEPING THIS TOWN IN SOME SORT OF ORDER WHILE THE MEDIA MAKES A CIRCUS OF IT.

IF I GIVE ANY INFORMATION, I'M CAUSING HYSTERIA. I GIVE NONE IT'S A COVER-UP. YOU GOT ANY SUGGESTIONS I'M ALL EARS.

YOUR JOB DOESN'T INCLUDE CAUSING A RIOT. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO STOP THEM.

POOR YOU.

PEOPLE TELL ME YOU LEAKED THE BODY COUNT OF THE ANIMALS TO THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

YOU'RE CREATING YOUR OWN PROBLEMS.

IF NOT, THEN LET ME DO MY JOB.

JUST BECAUSE YOU BROKE THE STORY, MS. BROOKS, DOESN'T GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO SLANDER.

"SO WHY DON'T YOU GO WRITE YOUR NEXT STORY ABOUT FLESH-EATING MONSTERS AND SELL AN EXTRA TEN THOUSAND COPIES."

SPIDEY, MY BOY, THINGS ARE DEFINITELY STARTING TO HEAT UP.

SO THAT'S THE VANCOUVER REPORTER WHO RAN INTO OUR SO-CALLED BIGFOOT.

TIME TO CATCH A FLY, SPIDEY.

TOO BAD I CAN'T SCARE HER.

BUT THERE ARE OTHER WAYS TO EXTRACT INFO. NAMELY, THE FAMOUS, BUT OFTEN UNDER-US

PARKER-PERSUASION.

OR, AS THE OLD MAN SAID, WENDIGO.

IT'S NOT FOR NOTHING THAT THE BABES SWOON OVER ME.

BETTY. GWEN. FELICIA. MARY JANE. AH, THE LIST IS ENDLESS.

AH, WHERE YOU KIDDING, PETEY. THE REAL REASON YOU WANT ANSWERS IS TO GET HOME TO YOUR WIFE SOONER.

AND IN THE MEANTIME TRY TO RID THIS PLACE OF SOME GOD-FORSAKEN MONSTROSITY.

I HOPE THE BOYS, AT LEAST, DIED QUICKLY.

KEAHN HERE. SOMEONE  
BRING LUKE THORPE.  
I DON'T CARE WHAT IT  
TAKES. IT'S TIME WE  
TOOK THE OFFENSE.

IF ANYONE CAN  
TRACK THIS CREATURE,  
THORPE'S OUR MAN.

YEAH, YEAH,  
I KNOW. THEN  
SOBER HIM UP IF  
YOU HAVE TO.

ALSO, HAVE TEN MEN  
STANDING BY. WE'RE  
GONNA HAVE THORPE  
LEAD US TO IT--

--AND WE'RE  
GONNA GET RID  
OF THIS HEADACHE  
ONCE AND FOR  
ALL.

WHAT? YOU  
TELL THEM TO  
SHOVE THEIR  
POLICIES.

BETTER MAKE  
THIS QUICK. DON'T  
WANT TO LOSE  
HER.

THERE SHE IS.  
WELL, PETER, TIME  
TO GO TO WORK.

EXCUSE ME,  
MISS. THOUGHT  
YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW  
THAT THIS CREATURE  
YOU'RE CHASING IS  
CALLED WENDIGO.

FROM THE  
INDIAN  
MYTHS?

IT'S A  
FLESH EATER  
AND HAS WHITE  
FUR. SOUND  
FAMILIAR?

YOU WANT  
TO GET A  
COFFEE?

BINGO.

MOMENTS LATER.

THAT'S PRETTY IMPRESSIVE RESEARCH YOU'VE DONE. DIDN'T KNOW THE WENDIGO WAS AS POPULAR AS BIGFOOT. BUT THE BIT ABOUT IT ACTUALLY BEING A PERSON CURSED WITH A CREATURE'S SPIRIT AND BODY, IS A BIT MUCH.

STILL, IF A GUY LIKE THOR CAN EXIST, THEN ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE.

WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS WHY, WHEN THEY HAVE AN EXPERT CORONER FROM CALGARY, THE R.C.M.P. INSIST ON SHIPPING RESULTS TO VANCOUVER FOR ANOTHER OPINION.

SEEMS LIKE RED TAPE IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN COMFORTING THE DEAD BOY'S PARENTS.

CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT THEY MUST BE GOING THROUGH?

I GUESS IN A SMALL WAY I CAN. LOST A GIRLFRIEND ONCE. THOUGHT THE WORLD OF HER. WAS THE FIRST TIME I WAS TRULY IN LOVE.

WE EVEN THOUGHT WE MIGHT GET MARRIED.

BUT I COULDN'T PROTECT HER. COULDN'T HELP.

NOW I'M HAPPILY MARRIED TO A WOMAN WHO GIVES MY LIFE MORE MEANING THAN I THOUGHT POSSIBLE. STILL, I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER HOW THINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

THEN THE GUILT SETS IN FOR EVEN THINKING ABOUT IT. BUT I CAN'T FORGET. THAT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT, EITHER.

I'M SORRY FOR YOUR PAIN, PETER. I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU, YOU SURE BREAK THE TYPICAL NEW YORKER STEREOTYPE ALL TO PIECES.



"UNFORTUNATELY, I'VE GOT AN EDITOR BACK IN VANCOUVER WHO EXPECTS MY COLUMN EVERY DAY."

"AND TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, PETER, I COULD USE THE BOOST THAT THIS STORY HAS GIVEN MY CAREER."

"NOT TO MENTION THE EXTRA MONEY."

"MY JOB IS TO WRITE SOMETHING THAT SELLS PAPERS, EVEN IF I DON'T HAVE ALL THE FACTS."



# The Vancouver Sun

## SAVAGE KILLER STILL LOOSE



50 CENTS

Daniel Rabinovitz, the East Village driver accused of murdering and dismembering a woman, served a soup containing human tissue.

The centerpiece of the legal strategy used to force the city out of welfare has stood unchanged yesterday.

In an unexpected move, the state attorney general stepped into Manhattan Supreme Court yesterday and argued that New York City is not obliged to place homeless families in welfare ho-

NIGHTFALL,  
FINALLY.

TIME TO CHECK OUT  
WHERE THE FIRST  
BOY WAS FOUND.

REPORTER  
SAID  
CREATURE  
LAID BOY  
OUT ON  
ROAD.

THIS IS IT.

NO BLOOD, JUST  
SOME MOSS AND  
DIRT LEFT  
BEHIND.

STENCH OF RUBBER  
STILL STRONG FROM  
THE REPORTER'S  
CAR.

AND MY SUSPICIONS  
ARE CORRECT.

DIDN'T WANT TO  
BELIEVE IT WAS  
BACK.

BUT NOW I'VE  
GOT A TRAIL.

THEN  
WHY'D  
YOU  
COME?

YOUR INSTINCTS  
ALWAYS RIGHT.

# MARVEL® 1990 Happy New Year! BULLPEN BULLETINS Happy New Year! MARVEL 1991

## **STAN'S SOAPBOX**

Hi, Heroes! Well, another year has rolled around and Dr. Doom still hasn't conquered the world, Wolverine hasn't gotten any gentler and Irving Forbush is still a klutz! In other words, all is well among the majestic minions of Marveldom!

Still, we can't let this fateful date come and go without zeroing in on some vitally important New Year's resolutions. Since I'm the guy writing this sanguine snippet of ponderous prose, it looks like the resolutions we're about to consider will be my very own!

First of all, I hereby resolve to stop huckstering our big new production for 1991, "The Marvel World of Tomorrow!" You've heard enough about it! I won't even tell you that we're about to change its

titanic title. Nor will I bombastically breathe a word about the fact that you'll learn the new name in our very next Soapbox! No sir, no more exasperating exploitation of the magnificently meritorious "Marvel World of Tomorrow" from now on!

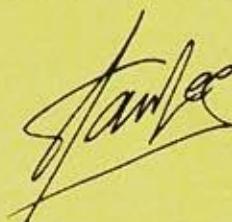
Next, I valiantly vow to put a damper on my obnoxious overuse of agonizing alliteration! From now on, I'm gonna write as nicely, normally and naturally as everyone else! If I don't, may I be callously condemned to spend a miserable month wretchedly reading nothing but the melancholy mags of our daringly defiant and dismavily Distinguished Competition!

Finally, I hereby resolve to write no Soapbox unless its theme is mightily meaningful and fraught with passionate profundity. No more shall any bantering words of mine serve to trivialize the

philosophical impact of our weighty Marvel tomes! Henceforth, each phrase I write shall be studded with sagacity, garnished with greatness, loaded with learning and imbued with intellectualism! I mean, hey, a guy's gotta keep up with his rollin' readers!

So here's wishing you the best of life's gifts for 1991, where the excitement and surprises we have in store for you will boggle your mind! But while you're being boggled, remember—it's time to take a Hulk to tea, to see what color his skin will be!

Excelsior!



**I**t's January again — wait a minute — wasn't it January last month? Well, it was supposed to be! Heh heh . . . we seem to have gotten a little mixed up with our Bullpen Bulletins pages. Well, no use crying over spilled ink. Let's start this new year off right; what say we begin it with January?

January, as any Marveloid knows, is the month of making promises you have no intention of keeping for the purpose of atoning for your holiday excesses. So let's see what the Mighty Marvel freelancers have resolved for the coming year.

X-MEN super-scribe *Chris Claremont* resolved to become "a lean, mean, writing machine . . . with hair." (Chris noted that this resolution falls under the heading of "fantasy," but then acknowledged that since he writes mutants, anything is possible!)

Quasi-legendary pencil-pusher John Buscema, soon to make his triumphant return to THE SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN, said his goal is "to try to get more money from Marvel!"

Ultra-personable THOR penciler Ron Frenz said his ambition "is the same as every freelancer; to get all my projects on schedule. I want to get credit as the first one to say that." (Among those projects: the SPIDER-MAN CHOOSE-YOUR-OWN ADVENTURE book, which was scripted by Peter David several years back).

The demi-diabolical *Dan Chichester*, who writes for *HELLRAISER* and *SCHILD*, said he intends "to solve that da\*n puzzle box Marcus McLaurin gave me last Christmas!"

Hotshot artist *Tom Morgan* has a simple goal: "To try to work on books that have an audience! I also want to improve my storytelling—I don't want to have an old-fashioned style. I also want to inform the fans of my upcoming work, such as my pencil and ink job in *WHAT IF...* #24 ("What if Wolverine Became Lord of the Vampires?"), and my upcoming *EX-CALIBUR* special with Michael Higgins."

**CONAN THE BARBARIAN** neo-artist Gary Hartle boasted, "I can guarantee that there will be no Punisher, Ghost Rider, or Wolverine team-ups in CONAN!"

Jim Starlin, poly-prolific writer of the



SILVER SURFER as well as the upcoming INFINITY GAUNTLET Limited Series, said "I haven't done a New Year's Resolution in years. I'm perfect as I am!"

*Mark Evanier, the multitacular scribe of GROO and HOLLYWOOD SUPERSTARS, promised, "I'm going to resolve to avoid shameless plugs for HOLLYWOOD SUPERSTARS in the pages of GROO. Instead, I'll do it on the Bullpen Page, where it belongs."*

DAREDEVIL's penciler without fear, Lee Weeks, said his resolution for the new year is "to not have any New Year's Resolutions!"

Ultra-hot penciler Jim Lee has an admirable goal: "I want to refine my craft and hone my abilities to a higher plateau, OR to work on more commercial books, like the new X-MEN #1 I'm doing with Chris Claremont!"

Superstar inker Terry Austin said, "I resolve that next year, when I receive that box of home-baked Christmas cookies from Doctor Doom, I'll have them checked."

out by the bomb squad before I take the first bite!"

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN's amazing writer-man David Michelinie said, "I resolve to stop using the health problems of my imaginary friend, Stewart, as an excuse for missing my deadlines."

Penciler/inker extraordinaire Al Milgrom has an unusual goal. Said Al, "I resolve to finish everything that Danny Fingeroth has written that I am drawing." (That includes the DEADLY FOES OF SPIDER-MAN Limited Series, and an eighty-page FANTASTIC FOUR Graphic Novel called "Fathers and Sons.")

And CAPTAIN AMERICA colorist supreme Steve Buccellato's resolution is "to become Rob Liefeld's *first* favorite colorist. I'm really shootin' for it."

As for your humble Bullpen Bulletin Page Assemblers, our only resolution is this: to get these fershlugginer things back on track again! See you next month!

(Let's see...next month would be March, right?)

WENDIGO.

THIS COUNTRY  
KEEPS  
TURNING ITS  
MYTHS INTO  
REALITY.

HUMANITY.  
WHAT A  
CONCEPT.

HERE'S WHERE  
THE BODY WAS  
BURIED.

THE GROUND IS  
STILL MOIST  
WITH BLOOD,  
NATURE'S  
WAY OF GIVING  
ME CLUES.



NOW WE'VE  
GOT A  
BABY-  
KILLER.

AND UNLESS MY  
SENSES HAVE GONE  
HAYWIRE -- WHICH  
THEY HAVEN'T--  
THIS AREA IS IN BIG  
TROUBLE.

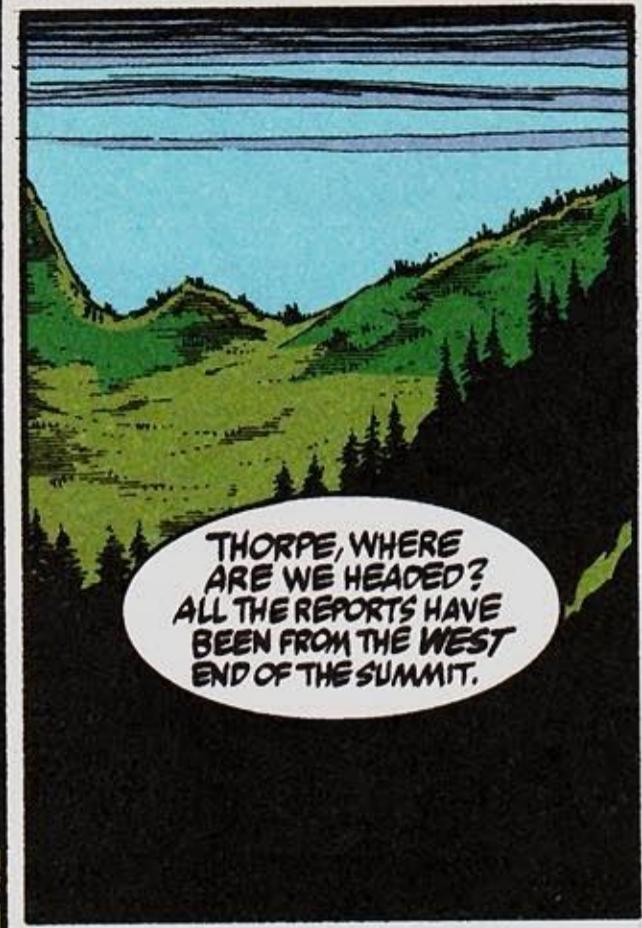
GOTTA FIND  
SOMEONE IN  
TOWN I CAN  
TRUST.

CREATURE'S  
SCENT IS  
LIKE A  
BEACON.  
ONLY THING  
INTERFERING  
IS THE SMELL  
OF THE DEAD  
ANIMALS.

NICE  
RATIONALE.  
WE CAN'T  
FIND ONE  
CREATURE  
SO SLAUGHTER  
ANOTHER.  
EVENTUALLY  
WE MIGHT BE  
RIGHT.

FORTUNATELY,  
I WON'T LIVE  
FOREVER.

THERE ARE  
OTHER BODIES  
OUT HERE.





NO!

NOW LOOK  
WHAT YOU'VE  
DONE!

GUESS I'D BETTER TRY AND FIND MELVIN.  
HE'S PROBABLY WONDERING WHAT'S  
GOING ON.

PROMISED ANNA  
THAT I'D KEEP HER  
FACTS TO MYSELF.

MIGHT AS WELL GET A  
GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.  
LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER  
DUD EVENING.

THAT WASN'T AN  
ANIMAL'S SCREAM  
I JUST HEARD.

THE WENDIGO HAS  
JUST BEEN FOUND BY  
FOOLS.

FINAL

DAILY BUGLE

THE PICTURE NEWSPAPER®

30¢

# BIGFOOT EVERYWHERE

Could there be more than one?

Daniel Rako, 47, the East Village drifter accused of murdering and dismembering a Swiss dancer, served a soup containing human body parts to homeless people in Tompkins Square Park days after the killing. Prosecution witness testi-

On cross-examination, defense lawyer Frank

lyn Gould sought to discredit Lvisky, referring to his extensive criminal record.

least 60 days, eliminating its daily production gaso-

Even

