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THE DAUGHTER OF SPIDER-MAN®

SPIDER-GIRL®



DIRECT EDITION

ALL AGES

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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.

SPIDER-GIRL

PREVIOUSLY

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During an encounter with *Kaine*, *Spider-Girl* experiences one of his precognitive flashes and sees herself being murdered by a member of the crime cult called the *Scriers*.



After being attacked and almost killed by a *Scrier*, she changes into her black costume in an attempt to circumvent the prophecy.



When he learns that his daughter lied to him about *Normie Osborn* and the *Venom Symbiote*, *Peter Parker* confiscates her web-shooters and forbids her to continue as *Spider-Girl*.



Hired by the *Scriers* to destroy *Spider-Girl* and *Kaine*, *Roderick Kingsley*, the original Hobgoblin, launches his first deadly assault.

FAMILY TIES!

Your name is May
"Mayday" Parker.

You are the daughter of **Spider-Man**, and you're suddenly in the middle of a war!

White female with multiple lacerations, dislocated left arm and shattered right hip.

May have severe internal bleeding, and her BP is falling.

First, an international crime cartel called the **Scriers** marks you for death--

--and then one of your father's old enemies, someone claiming to be the original **Hobgoblin**, appears out of nowhere and attacks Raptor, the **Buzz** and both **Ladyhawks**.

The Buzz's battle armor protected him from suffering any serious injuries, and he was picked up by a friend.



The Hobgoblin also had the audacity to use Raptor's cell phone to speed-dial you and boast about his plans to slaughter everyone you love.

H-he got a call a few minutes ago...and had to leave.

What's this about Hobgoblin?

He disappeared years ago.

Don't tell me you're involved with him, too! You're supposed to be grounded, young lady.

Absolutely no web-swinging until--May?

May--?!

You already hung up, didn't you?

While he's no blood relative, **Phil Urich** is the next best thing.

He is also the new **Green Goblin**.

Hey, May!
I just arrived at my warehouse. I was about to ring you.
You'll never guess who called.

Was it Hobgoblin?

You also heard from him?

I assume it's just some wannabe who's poaching the name, but he did challenge the **Green Goblin** to a fight.

Listen to me, Uncle Phil-- you're in great danger!

I don't know if this clown is the real deal or not...

...but he's already sent **Raptor** and both **Ladyhawks** to the emergency room.



Meanwhile...

This is quite disappointing.

SPLAT!

When my pet *Scryer* informed me that his street spies had discovered the *Green Goblin's* secret headquarters, I assumed I would meet young Osborn here.

My dealings with his grandfather ended rather unsatisfactorily, and I am anxious to make his acquaintance.

I don't know who you are, young man. Nor do I care.

You are obviously an associate of young Osborn. I'm sure he'll get the appropriate message.

Please excuse me if I seem a bit rushed.

I must also attend to a family matter.

TWAM!
THWAKK!
TWAM!

KWAM!
KWAK!
KWOOM!

PWoom!
PWOD! PWAK!

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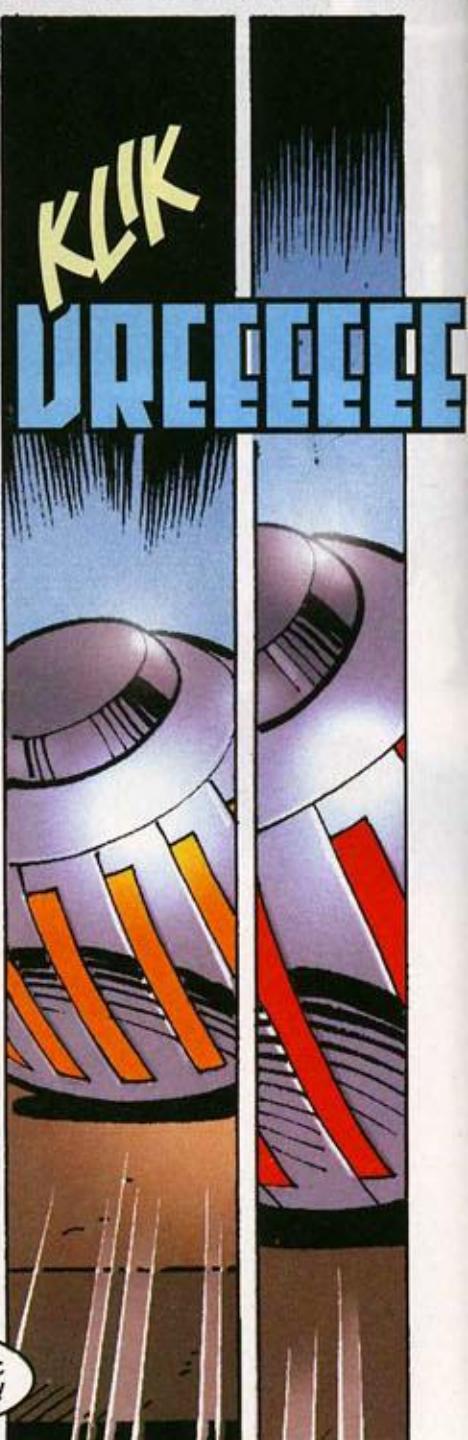
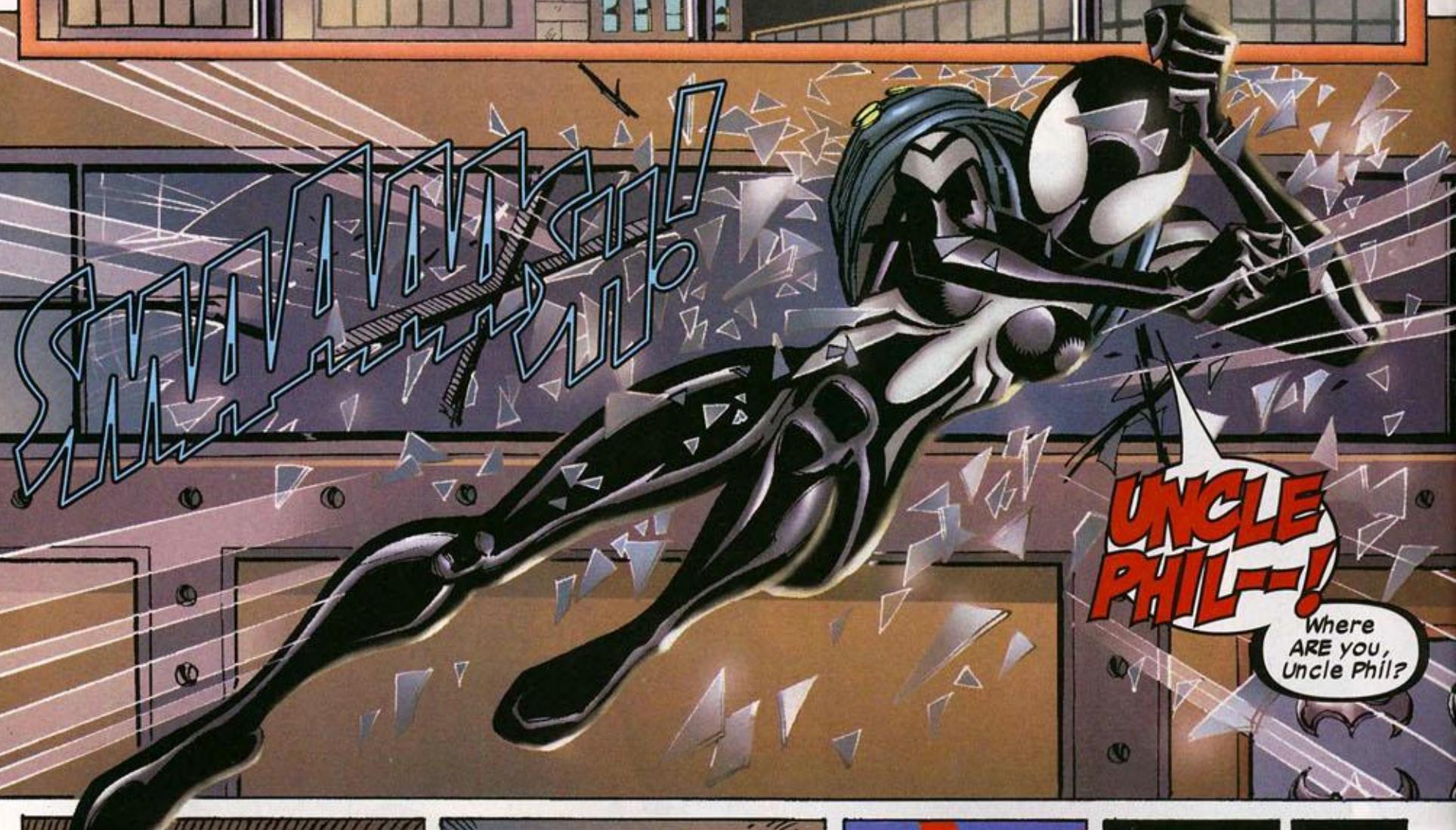
Phil Urich was barely out of his teens when he donned his first costume.

It didn't work out well.

Neither did any of the other costumed identities he assumed over the years.

He was so proud when Normie allowed him to assume the mantle of the *Green Goblin*.

You pray that pride hasn't led him to a fall.





You ignore it, assuming it's either *Hobgoblin* or your dad.

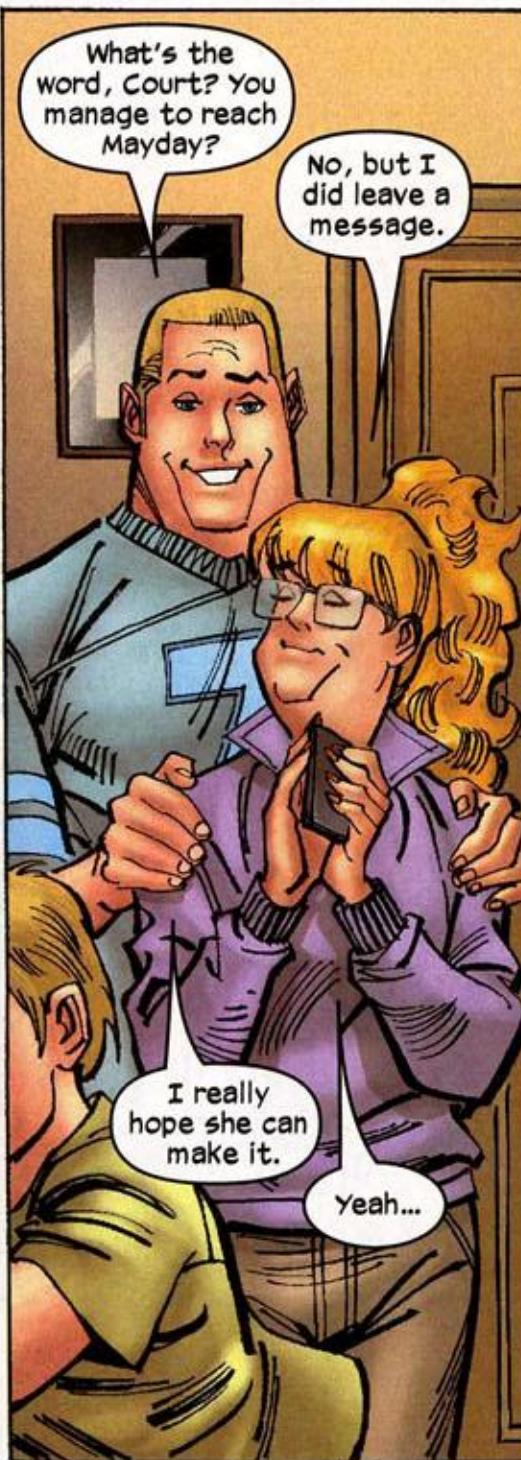
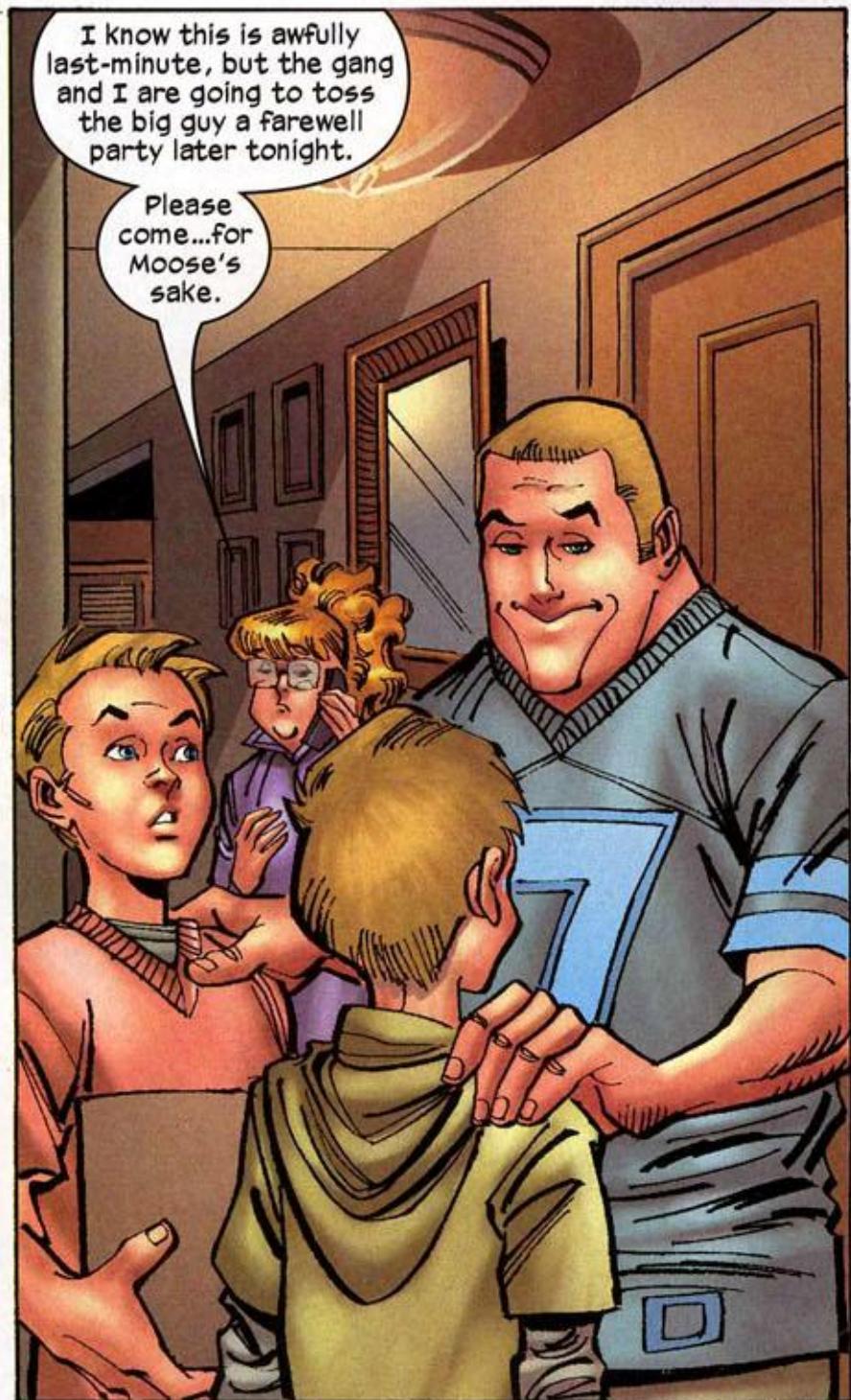
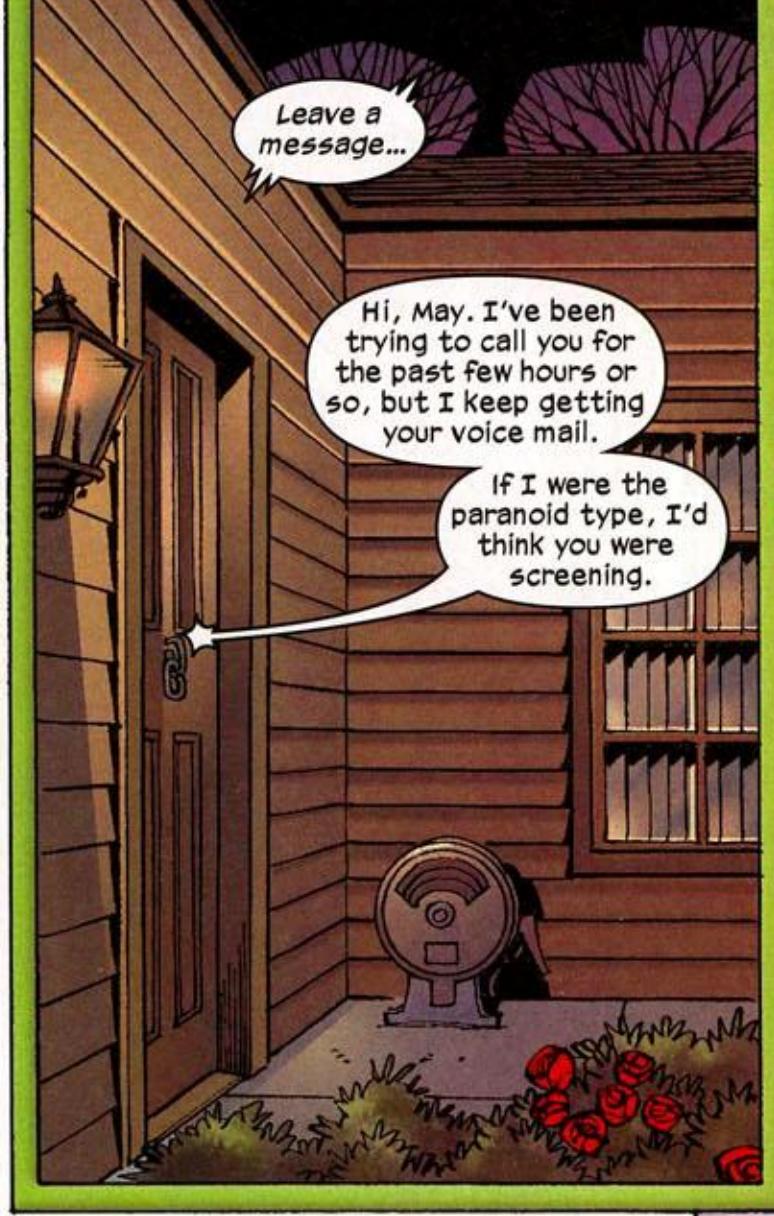
Leave a message...

Hi, May. I've been trying to call you for the past few hours or so, but I keep getting your voice mail.

If I were the paranoid type, I'd think you were screening.

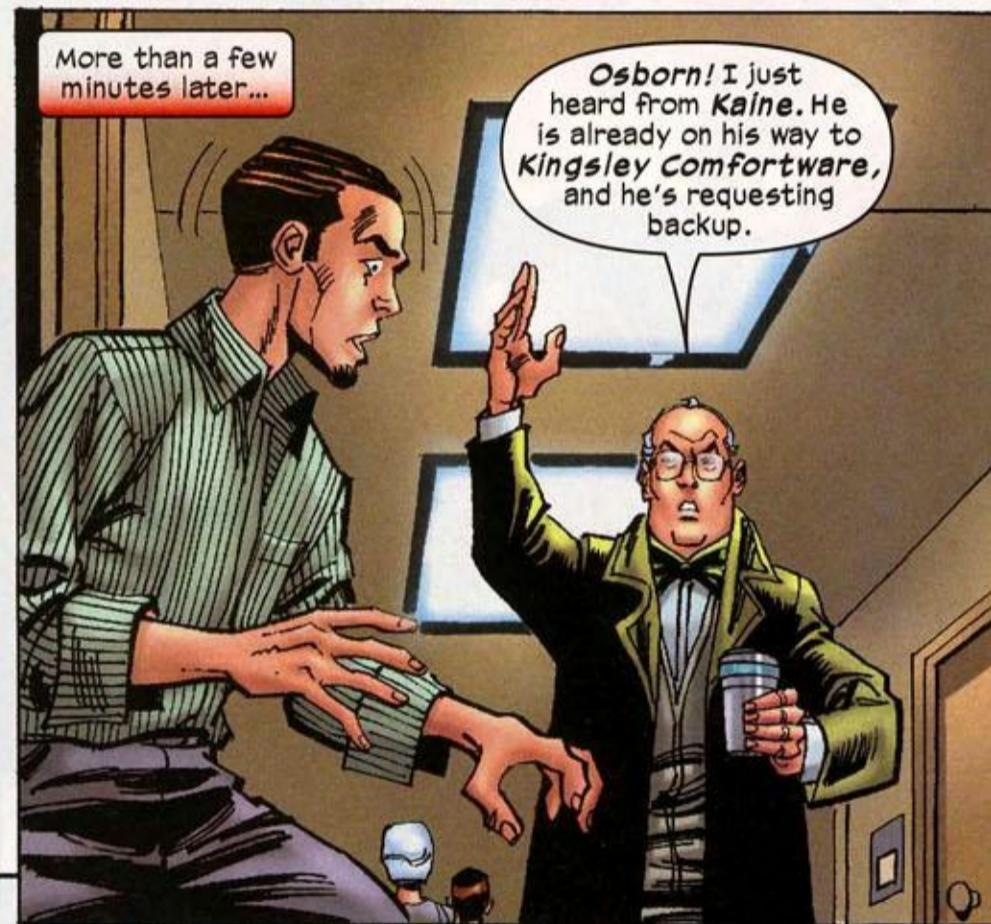
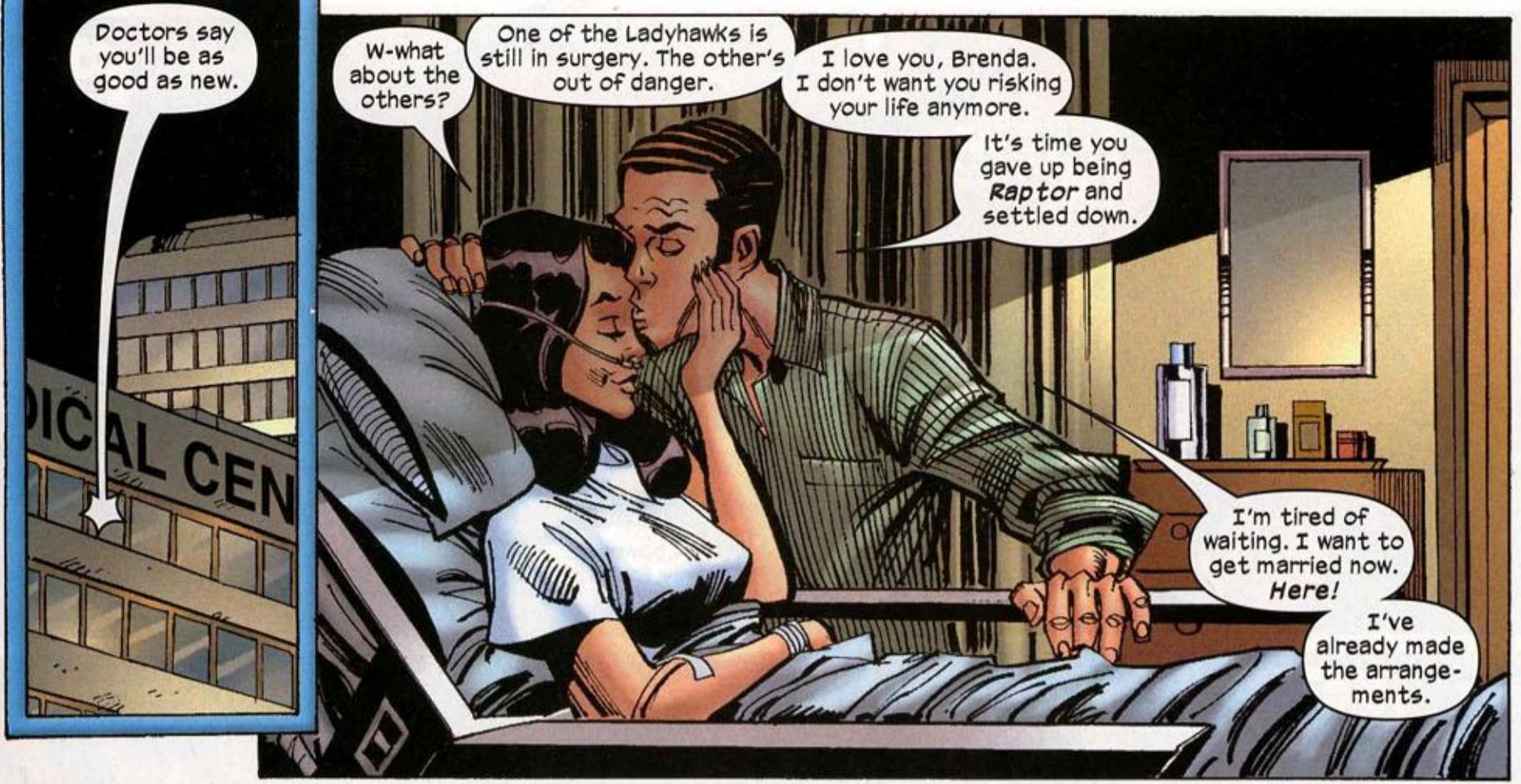
Anyway...it's Courtney. Things have gotten kind of crazy here.

Moose and his brothers have decided to move into his uncle's place in Jersey while their dad's recuperating in the hospital.









They just don't make **super heroes** like they used to, little girl.

Unlike you, your father was a skilled fighter--

--and could cast artificial webs.

He also fancied himself a wit.

I, however, only found him insipid.

I...I can dodge anything you toss at me.

Perhaps I should have mentioned that my **razor-tipped bats** are equipped with heat-seeking technology--

--and designed to **swarm over their target**.

Alas, your situation will only continue to deteriorate.

Between the bats and the smoke from the fire, you're probably feeling a little **overwhelmed**.

ARRRGH!

KIZKKK!



Just then, half
a world away...

You have journeyed
and suffered many hardships
to reach the Temple of the
Sacred Scrier--

--to plead
for the life of
Spider-Girl.

I truly wish
I could grant
this boon,
old friend.

I cannot.

She is but a
pawn in a much
greater game.

For
all I know,
her life may
already be
forfeit.

You
disappoint me,
Raza.

I am sure you
would have been
notified if that
were the case.

You realize, of
course, that I will
have to take the
appropriate counter-
measures.

Of
course--

--which is why I
already took the
liberty of poisoning
your tea.

Your death
will be slow
and painful.

I thought I
tasted a hint of
bitter almonds.

Did
I ever mention
that, as the *Black
Tarantula*, I am
immune to all
poisons?

No, I'm sure
I would have
remembered.

No
matter.

I also
took other
precautions.

These men are
your most valued
and trusted
assassins.

Why trade
their lives for a
mere pawn?

You know that
I will kill them
all to save
Spider-Girl.

You slip beneath the cornice of a building, flattening yourself against the wall so that you're hidden when the Hobgoblin flies past, but as you attempt to ambush him...

ZEEEEEEEEE



Bad luck, little girl!

You should have known better than to bring a cell phone to a fight.

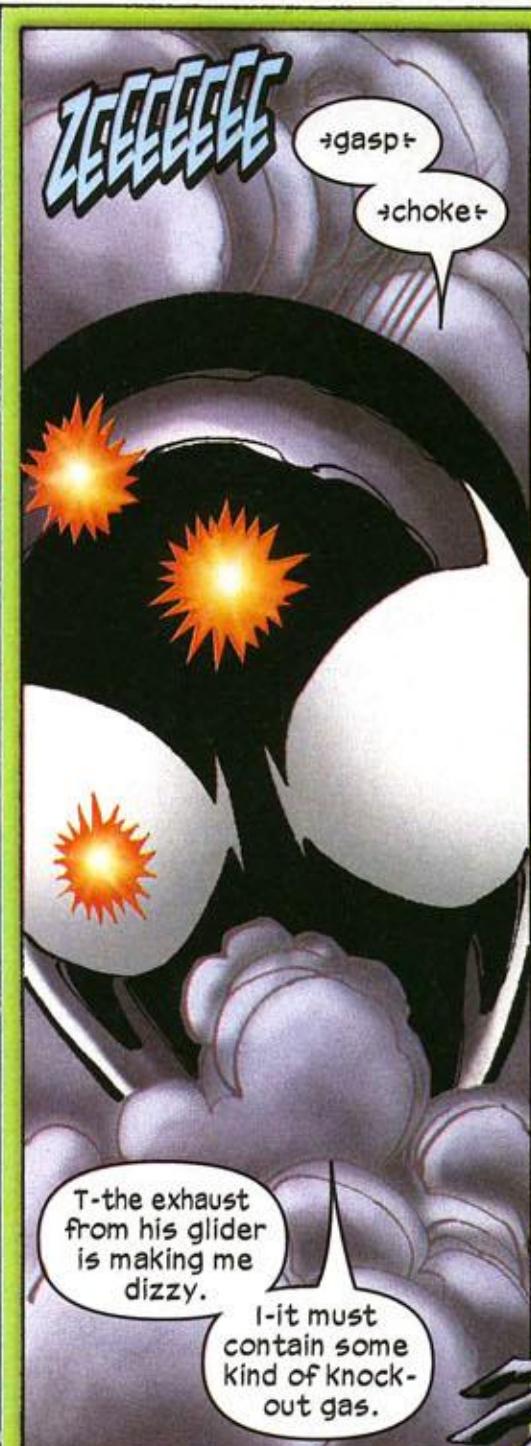
Although I suppose you young people can't conceive of being without one.

ZEEEEEEEEE



ZEEEEEEEEE

-gasp-
-choke-



That incessant buzzing is getting on my nerves, young lady.

If you don't have the courtesy to set your phone on vibrate, I'll attend to it myself.

WHOOOM!

UHHHHHHHHH-





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"...h-he'll make it his life's work to find you!"

Mary Jane, have you heard from May?

I've been trying to reach her all day, but she isn't answering her cell.

I've been having the same problem.

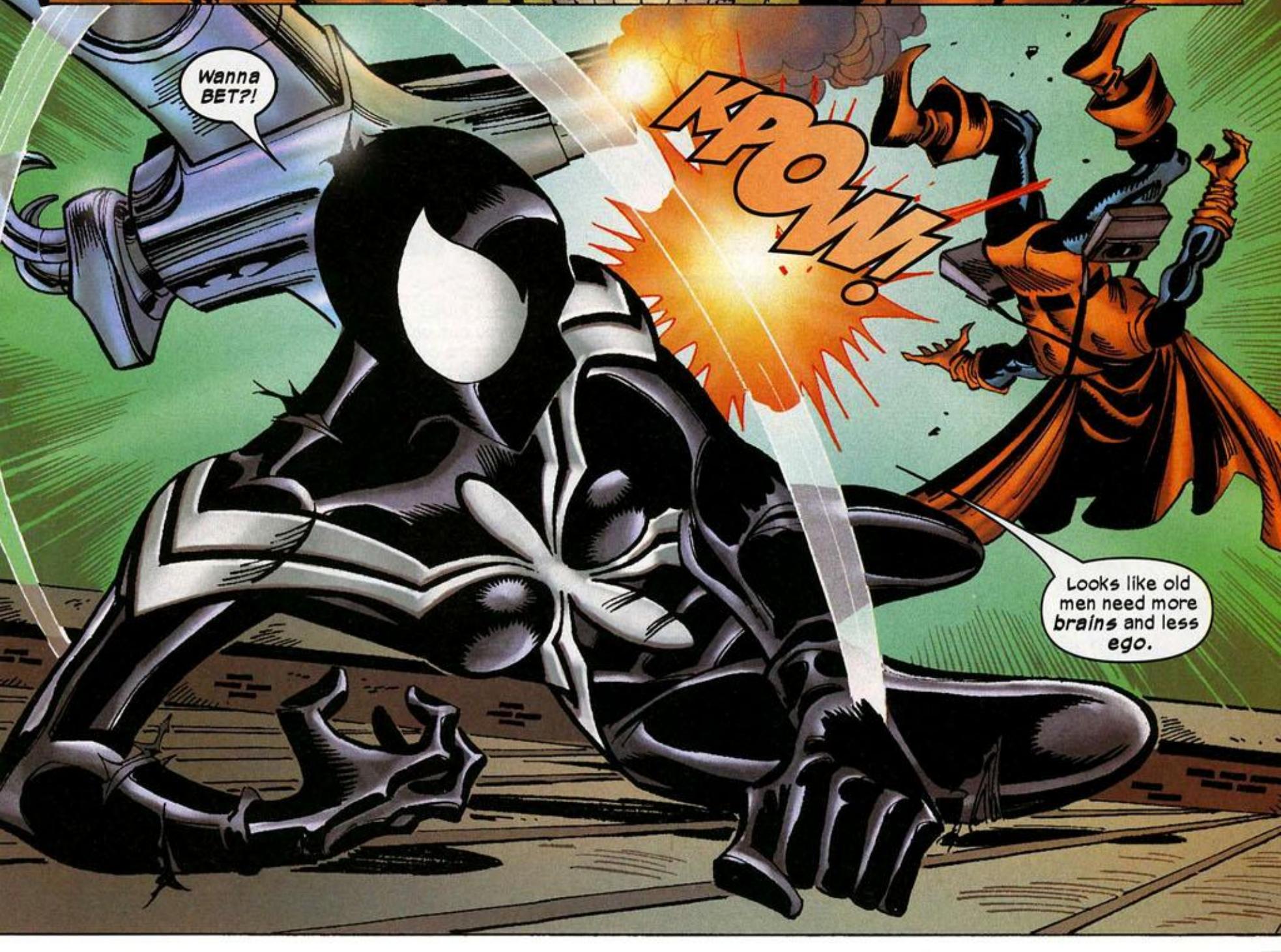
She was supposed to come home directly after school.

Something's wrong, Peter. I can tell from your expression.

H-has something happened to our daughter?

No, I...I'm probably just overreacting.







On the rooftop, your spider-sense goes wild--

--and every rooftop shadow suddenly springs into life!

Scriers!

They must have been blanketing the neighborhood.

I should have--of course! The Hobgoblin's gas must have dulled my spider-sense.

Whatever!

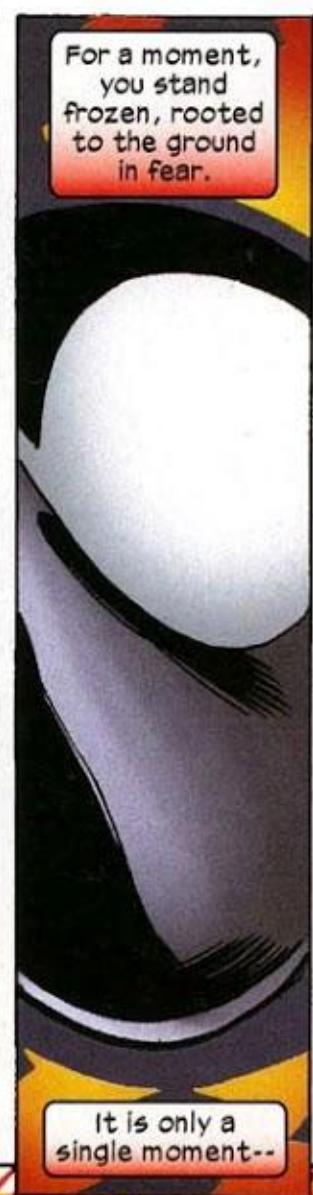
You up for a little exercise, kid?

Like I really have a choice!

A rolling somersault takes out three more and a flurry of blows brings the count to seven.

Kaine, behind you--!

You lash out instinctively and two Scriers immediately fall.



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Steam Scan

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