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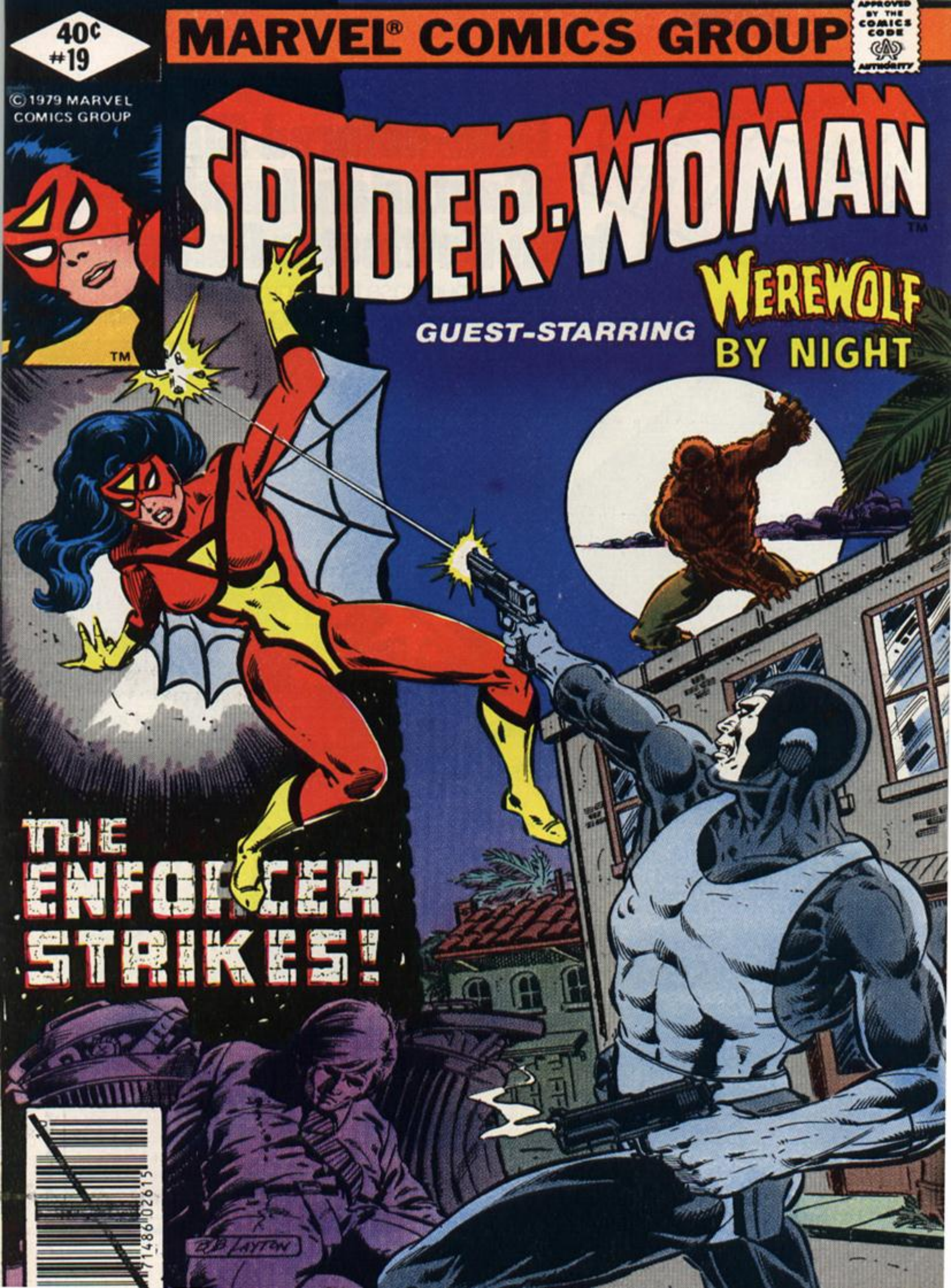
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COMICS GROUP

SPIDER-WOMAN

GUEST-STARRING

WEREWOLF
BY NIGHT

THE
ENFORCER
STRIKES!!



When young Jessica Drew was dying, her scientist-father injected her with a highly evolved serum of spider blood. The irradiated blood not only cured her, but changed her into the fearsome DARK ANGEL OF NIGHT.

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE MYSTERIOUS SPIDER-WOMAN!

THE BEAST WITHIN

SHE GLIDES THROUGH THE SKY ABOVE LOS ANGELES AS IF SHE WERE ONE OF THE DAWN'S CRIMSON FINGERS, BUT HER MOOD IS THAT OF TWILIGHT. SHE IS NUMB, DRAINED, SPENT-- BARELY ABLE TO PERCEIVE THE WIND ON HER SKIN OR THE EMOTIONS IN HER BREAST. SHE IS THE SPIDER-WOMAN.

GRUENWALD WRITER	INFANTINO ARTIST
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SHE HAS RIDDEN THE NIGHT SKIES TRYING TO OUT-DISTANCE THE IMAGES OF DESPAIR THAT DOG HER HEELS. BUT SHE HAS GROWN TIRED AND THEY HAVE OVERTAKEN HER.

IN HER MIND'S EYE SHE SEES... THE VILLAINOUS NEKRA, WHO LIES NEAR DEATH AS A RESULT OF THEIR BATTLE... HER ONE-TIME MENTOR MAGNUS, WHO VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE... HER EX-BOYFRIEND JERRY HUNT, WHO LEFT A VOID IN HER LIFE THAT HAS YET TO BE FILLED...

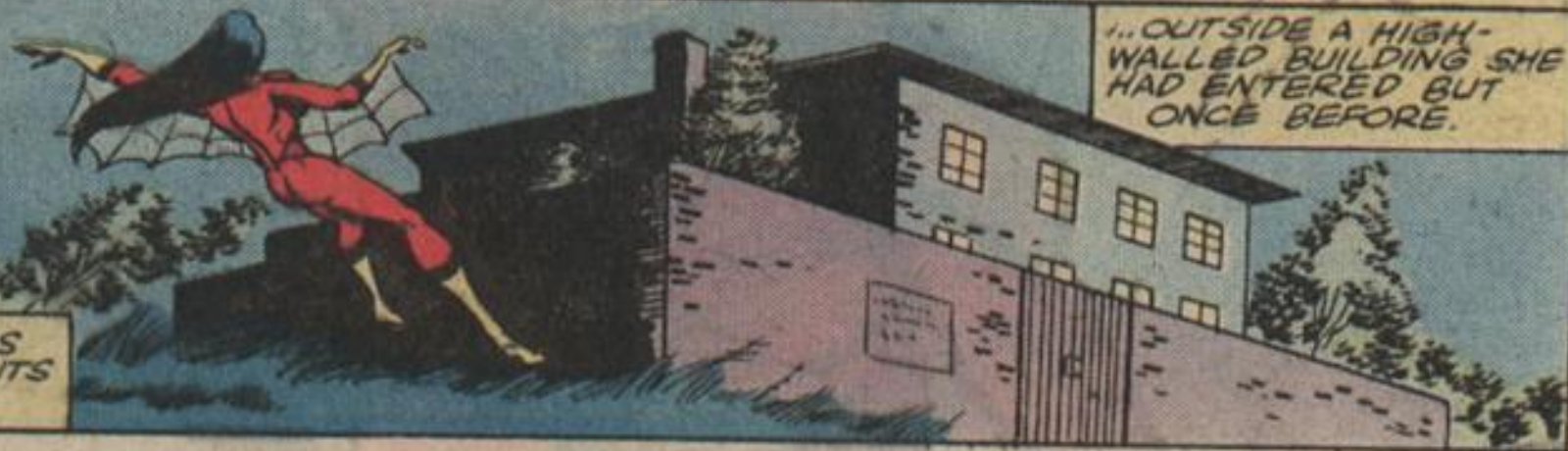


... AND FINALLY, THE GHASTLY WAXMAN, WHO COMMITTED SUICIDE IN HER PRESENCE SCANT HOURS AGO FOR REASONS SHE FEARS TO GUESS.

SHE NEEDS HELP, ADVICE, CONSO-LATION-- BUT THERE IS NO ONE FOR HER TO TURN TO.

... OUTSIDE A HIGH-WALLED BUILDING SHE HAD ENTERED BUT ONCE BEFORE.

HER DIRECTIONLESS FLIGHT COMES TO ITS INEVITABLE END...



THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE SHE CAN GO NOW. SHE HAS DECIDED.

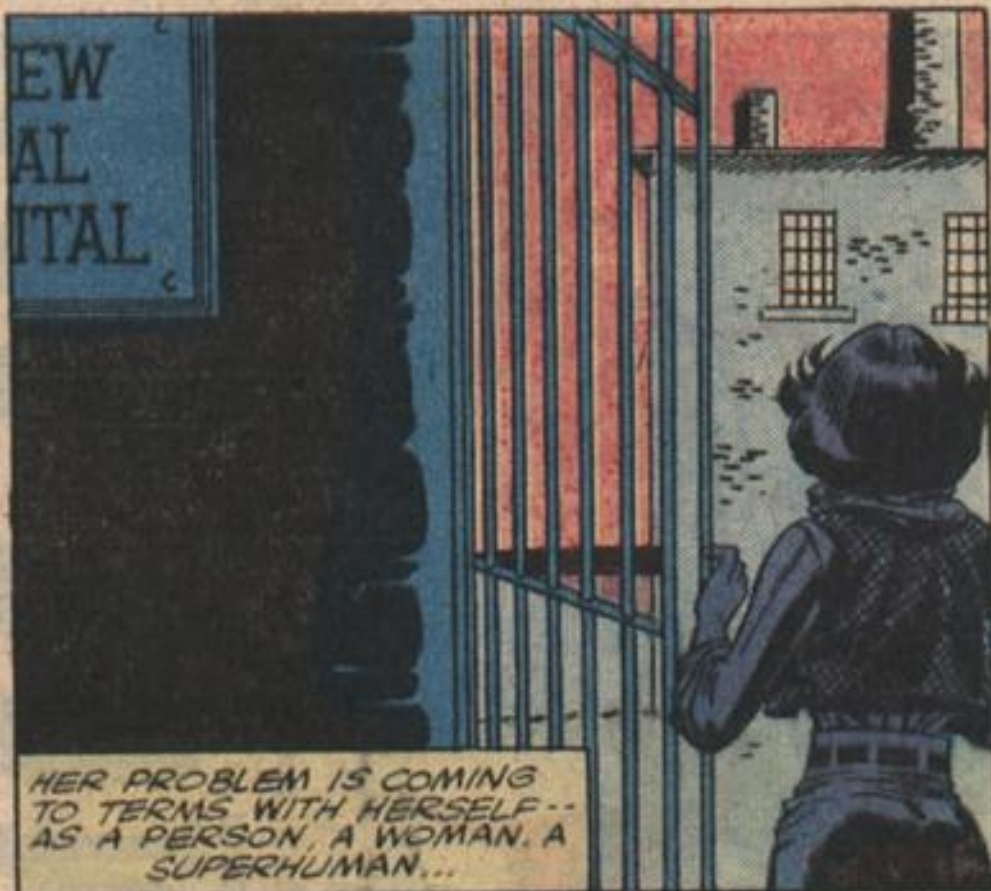


HERE IS THE ONE PLACE WHERE THERE IS SOMEONE TO LISTEN TO HER, HELP HER. HERE IS THE ONE PLACE WHERE THEY HAVE TO LET HER IN.

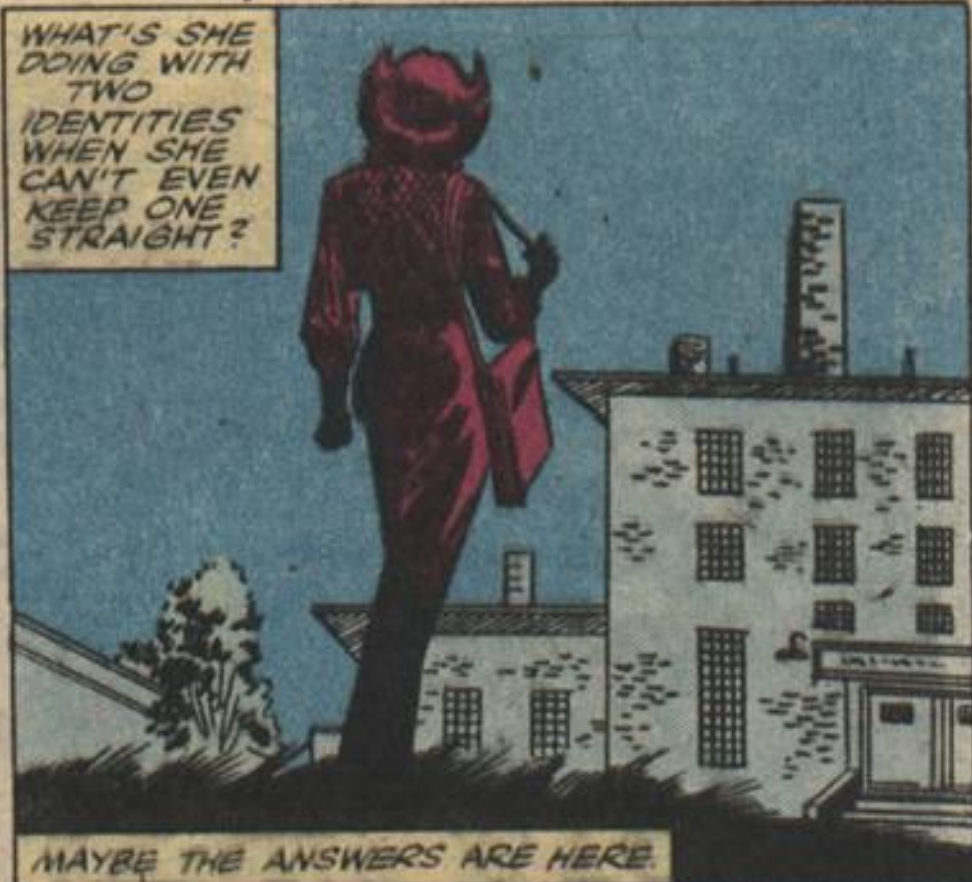


JESSICA DREW EMERGES FROM THE BRUSH, WISHING SHE COULD SHED HER PROBLEMS AS EASILY AS HER UNIFORM.

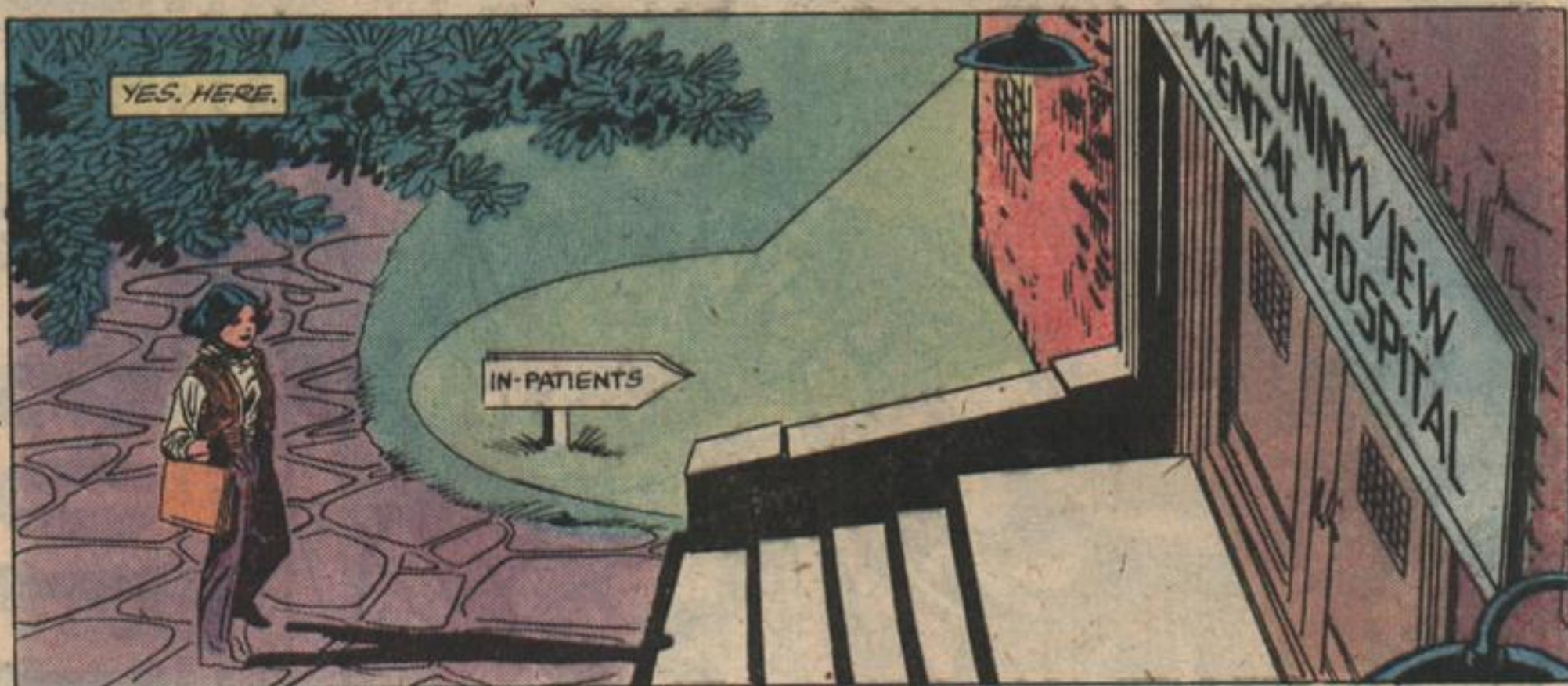




HER PROBLEM IS COMING TO TERMS WITH HERSELF-- AS A PERSON, A WOMAN, A SUPERHUMAN...



MAYBE THE ANSWERS ARE HERE.

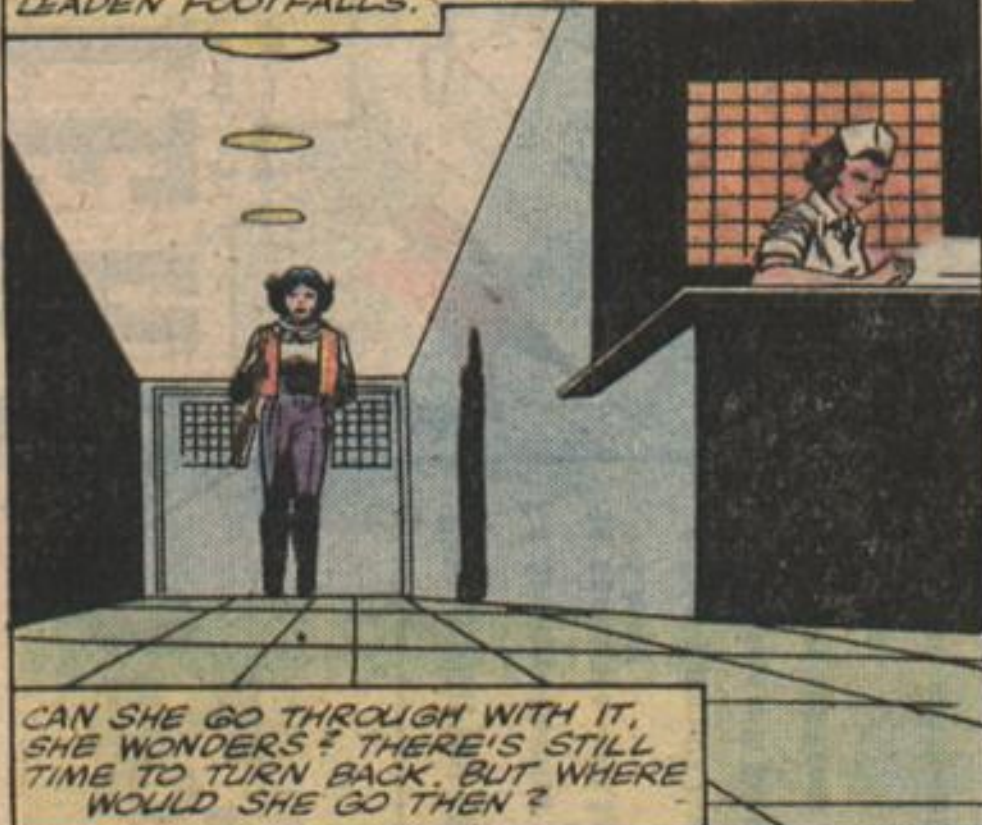


YES, HERE.

IN-PATIENTS

SUNNY HOLLOW MENTAL HOSPITAL

THE CORRIDORS ECHO HOLLOWLY WITH HER LEADEN FOOTFALLS.



CAN SHE GO THROUGH WITH IT, SHE WONDERS? THERE'S STILL TIME TO TURN BACK, BUT WHERE WOULD SHE GO THEN?

TOO LATE NOW.

MAY I HELP YOU, MISS?



UH, YES--MY NAME IS JESSICA DREW AND I'D LIKE TO--

CONTINUED AFTER 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING



I'D LIKE TO SEE A PATIENT HERE, A MRS. PRISCILLA DOLLY.

ARE YOU A RELATIVE?

NO, I'M A FRIEND. I-I HELPED BRING HER HERE.

VISITING HOURS ARE NOT TILL THIS AFTERNOON--



-- BUT I THINK WE CAN MAKE AN EXCEPTION. IT DOES OUR PATIENTS A WORLD OF GOOD TO MEET WITH LOVED ONES FROM OUTSIDE. THIS IS YOUR FIRST TIME HERE, ISN'T IT, MISS DREW?

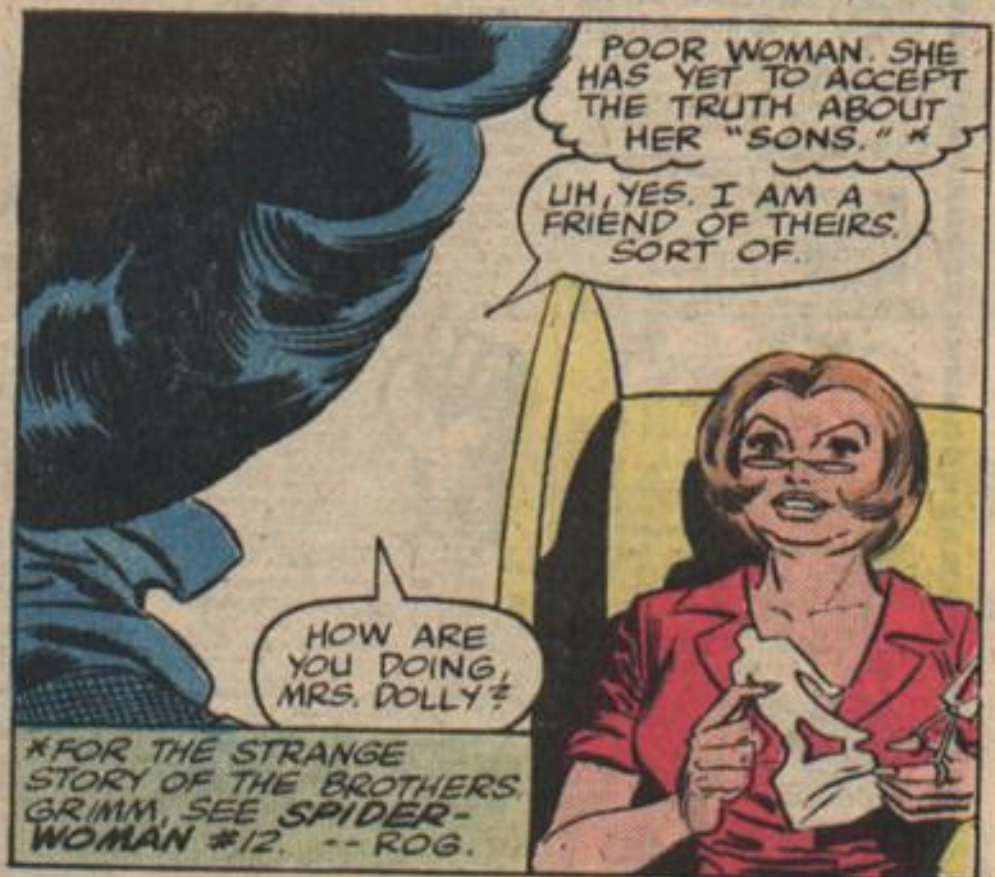
YES, IT IS, I KEPT MEANING TO COME BUT-- I'VE BEEN--

NOW, WHERE IS SHE? AH.



LOOK, PRISCILLA-- YOU HAVE A VISITOR. YOU REMEMBER JESSICA, DON'T YOU?

JESSICA? NO, I DON'T RE-- WAIT. YOUNG LADY, ARE YOU A FRIEND OF MY SONS?



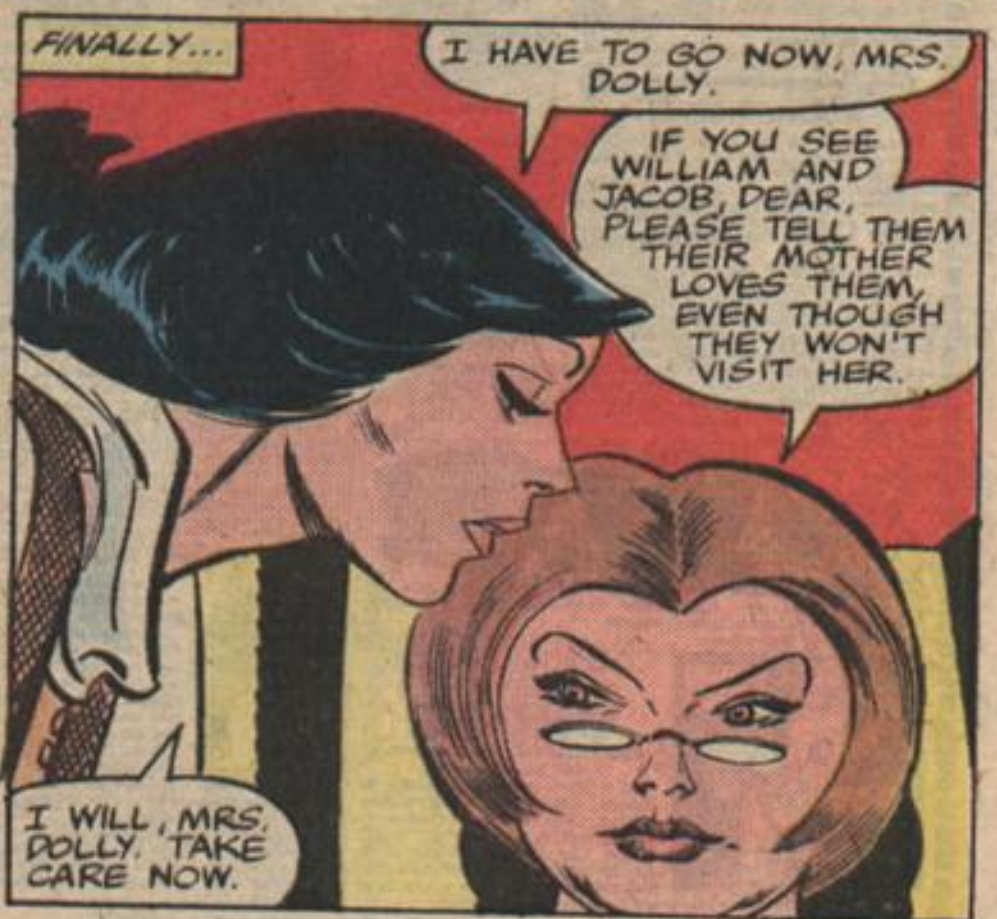
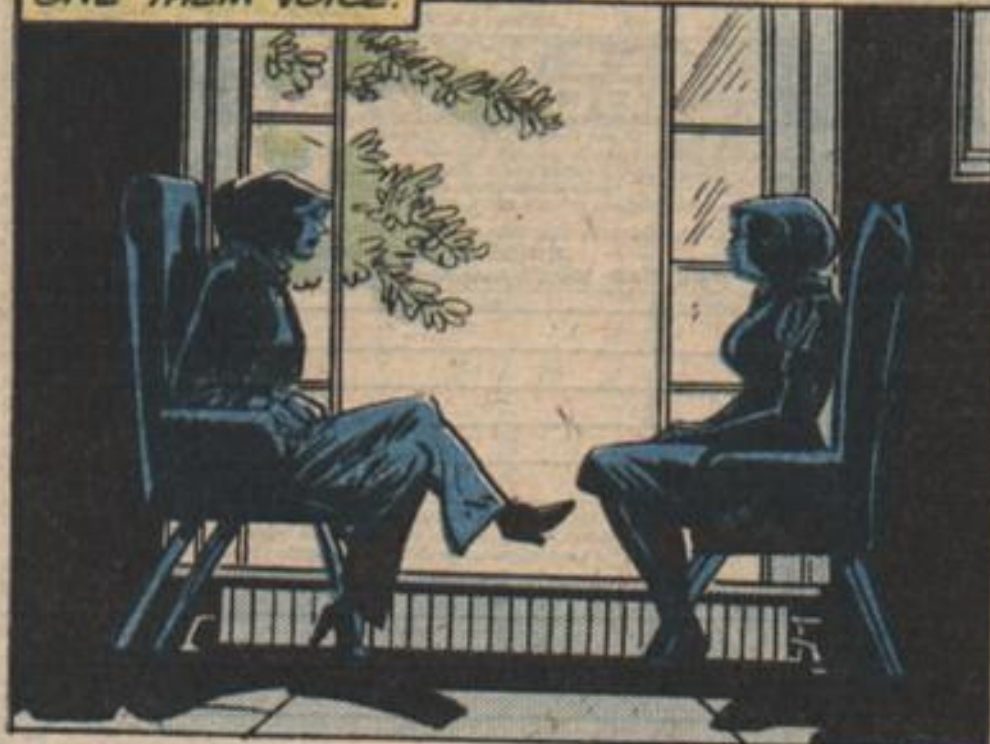
POOR WOMAN. SHE HAS YET TO ACCEPT THE TRUTH ABOUT HER "SONS." *

UH, YES. I AM A FRIEND OF THEIR SORT OF.

HOW ARE YOU DOING, MRS. DOLLY?

*FOR THE STRANGE STORY OF THE BROTHERS GRIMM, SEE SPIDER-WOMAN #12. -- ROG.

JESSICA SITS WITH THE OLD WOMAN WHO HAD ONCE BEEN HER LANDLADY AND CHATS, WANTING DESPERATELY TO SHARE THE REAL THINGS THAT CONCERN HER, BUT UNABLE TO GIVE THEM VOICE.

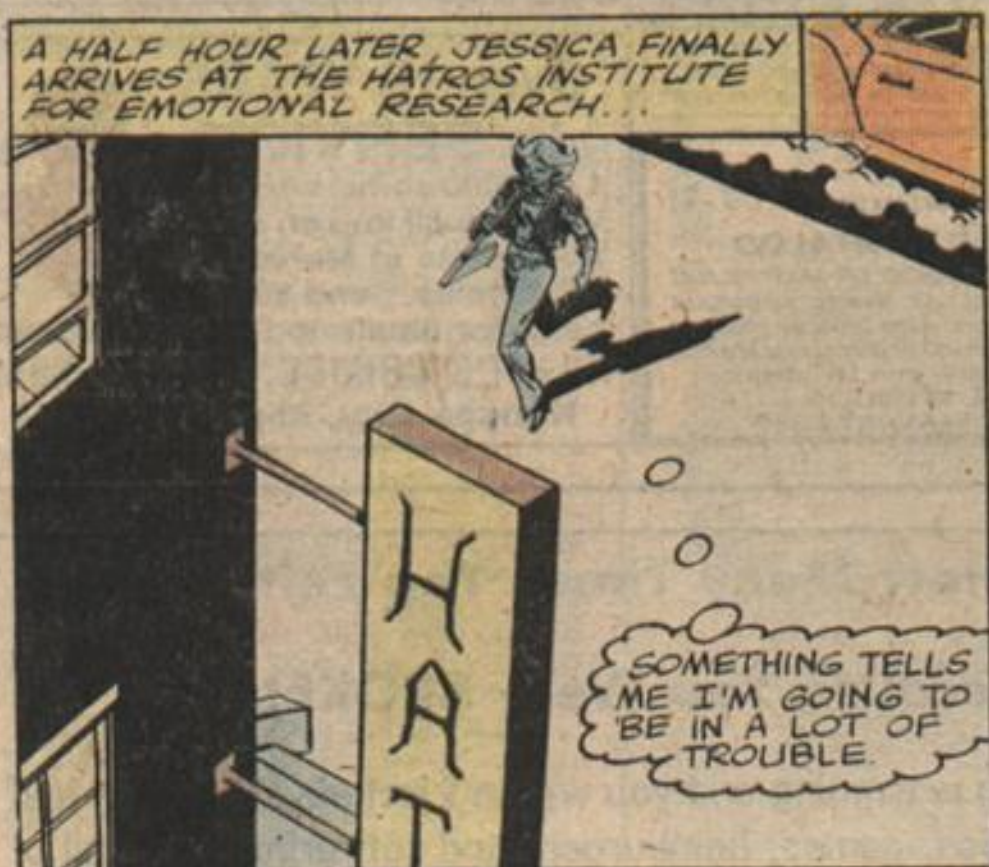


FINALLY...

I HAVE TO GO NOW, MRS. DOLLY.

IF YOU SEE WILLIAM AND JACOB, DEAR, PLEASE TELL THEM THEIR MOTHER LOVES THEM, EVEN THOUGH THEY WON'T VISIT HER.

I WILL, MRS. DOLLY. TAKE CARE NOW.



LATER THAT DAY, IN ONE OF THE HATROS CLASSROOMS...

HELLO, JESSICA. MISSED YOU THESE PAST SESSIONS.

OH, HI, LINDSAY.

YOU WEARING A NEW PERFUME OR SOMETHING? THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT ABOUT YOU!

IS SHE SOMEHOW ABLE TO DETECT THE DIFFERENCE MY MEDICINE MAKES? COME TO THINK OF IT, LINDSAY WAS THE ONLY PERSON FRIENDLY TO ME BEFORE I STARTED TAKING IT.

*SEE S-W #14. --R.

SOON, JESSICA JOINS IN WITH THE FIFTEEN OTHERS ENROLLED IN HER WEEKLY ENCOUNTER GROUP. FOLLOWING THE CUSTOMARY WARM-UPS, THEY BEGIN THE SESSION IN EARNEST BY DISCUSSING THE PROBLEMS THEY'VE HAD TO COPE WITH LATELY...

MY WOMAN HASN'T SPOKEN A WORD TO ME SINCE I TOLD HER SHE REMINDED ME OF MY MOTHER...

EVENTUALLY, IT IS JESSICA'S TURN...

WELL, LET'S SEE -- LATELY IT SEEMS LIKE I CAN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND ANY LASTING RELATIONSHIPS, AND EVERYTHING I TRY TO DO TURNS SOUR...

I CAN'T BE TOO SPECIFIC, WITHOUT LETTING ON ABOUT MY DOUBLE LIFE!

FOR A MOMENT, THERE IS A HUSH AS THE SESSIONERS WAIT FOR HER TO ELUCIDATE, THEN...

IS THAT ALL? TELL US MORE.

I-I CAN'T.

YOU'RE SUPPRESSING, JESSICA.

STOP RESISTING.

OPEN UP

UNMUTUAL.

GET CLEAR.

WE OPENED UP TO YOU.

THEIR VOICES BUZZ, THEIR WORDS STING LIKE A SWARM OF WASPS. JESSICA FEELS A DULL PRESSURE SWELLING UP INSIDE HER, MAKING IT HARD TO BREATHE.

FINALLY, SHE CAN KEEP IT INSIDE NO LONGER.

I CAN'T TELL YOU! I CAN'T TELL YOU ANY MORE!

JESSICA'S ANGUISHED CRY
DRAWS ALL THE SOUND OUT
OF THE ROOM, SAVE THAT OF
QUIET SOBBING. THEN,
ANOTHER VOICE JOINS HERS...

HEY, LAY
OFF HER,
WILL YOU?

IF SHE
DOESN'T WANT
TO TALK,
SHE DOESN'T
HAVE TO!

WHAT ARE YOU - A BUNCH OF
VULTURES PICKING AWAY AT
EMOTIONAL WEAKNESSES OF
THOSE WHO AREN'T ON THE
SAME HIGH PLATEAU OF
ENLIGHTENMENT AS YOU?

SOME
PEOPLE
HAVE MORE
THINGS TO
WORK OUT
THAN
OTHERS, AND
YOU CAN'T
HELP THEM
BY FORCING
IT OUT OF
THEM!

JESSICA LETS LINDSAY LEAD
HER TO THE DOOR, KNOWING
THAT IF SHE WALKS OUT NOW,
SHE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO
FACE THE GROUP AGAIN. THE
DOOR MAKES A HOLLOW
SOUND SLAMMING BEHIND
THEM.

C'MON, JESSICA.
LET'S BLOW THIS
POP STAND.

SHEE. I USED TO
GET OFF ON THOSE
SESSIONS. IT WAS
ALL A GAME TO
ME...

A CHARADE TO SEE HOW MUCH I COULD
TELL ABOUT MYSELF WITHOUT LETTING
THE OTHERS KNOW WHAT'S REALLY
INSIDE.

SO MUCH
FOR GAMES.

WANT TO STOP
SOMEWHERE FOR A
DRINK? I KNOW A
NUMBER OF--

NO, THANK YOU.
I DON'T THINK
I COULD DEAL
WITH CROWDS
JUST NOW.

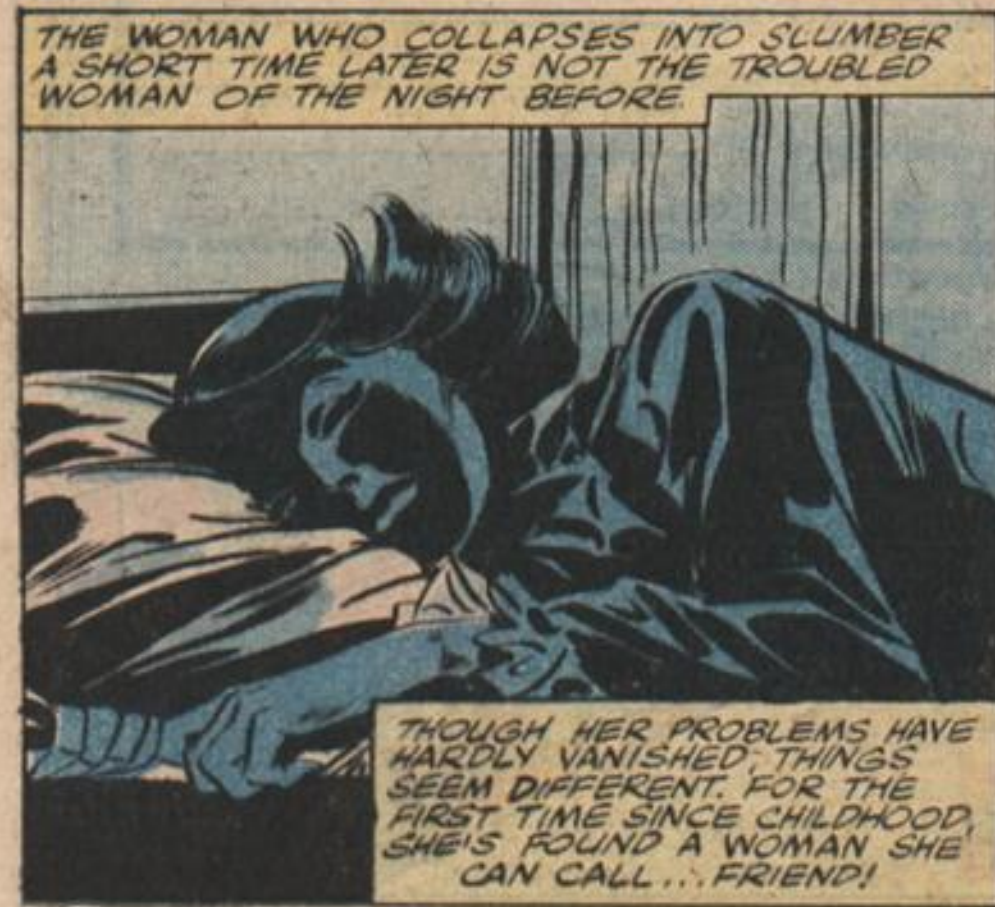
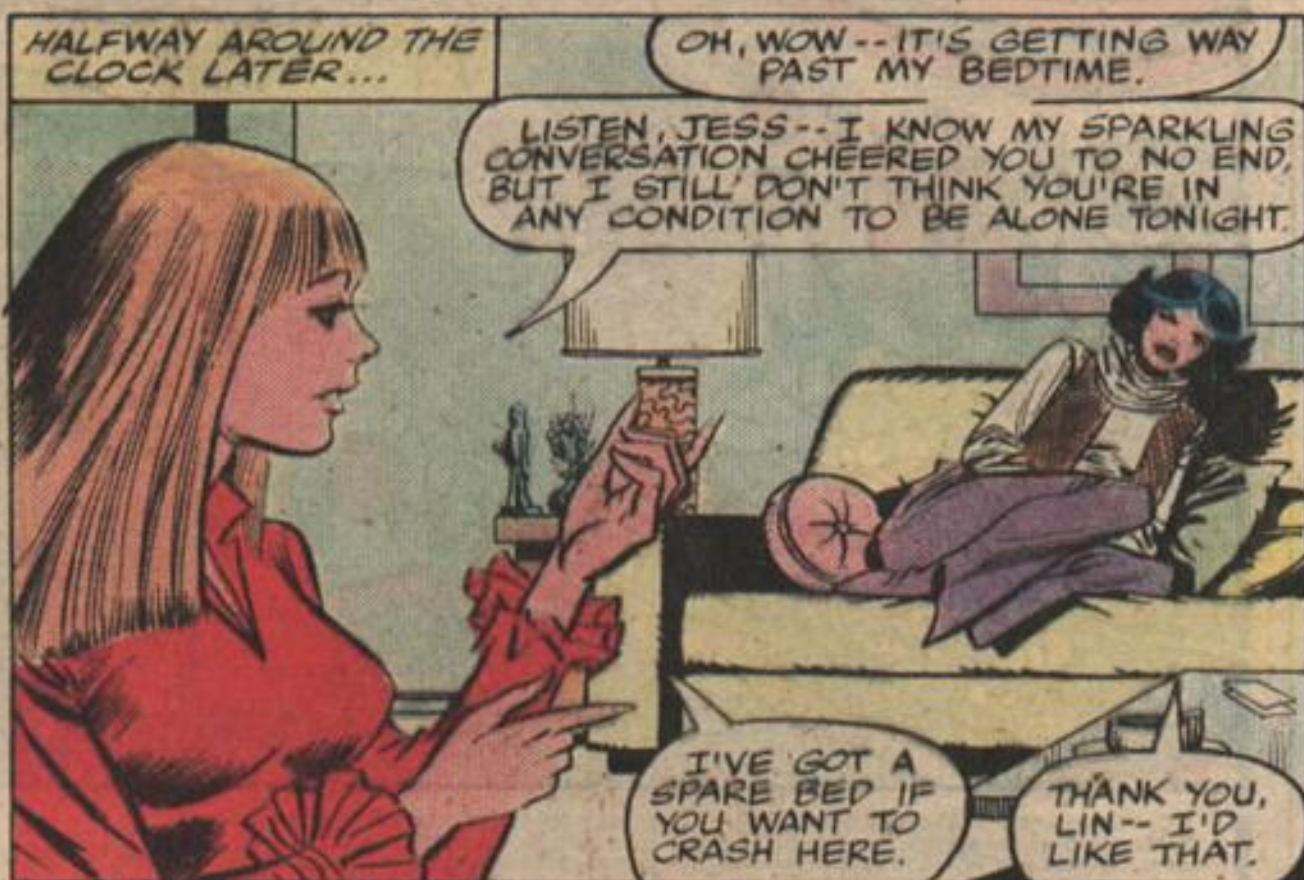
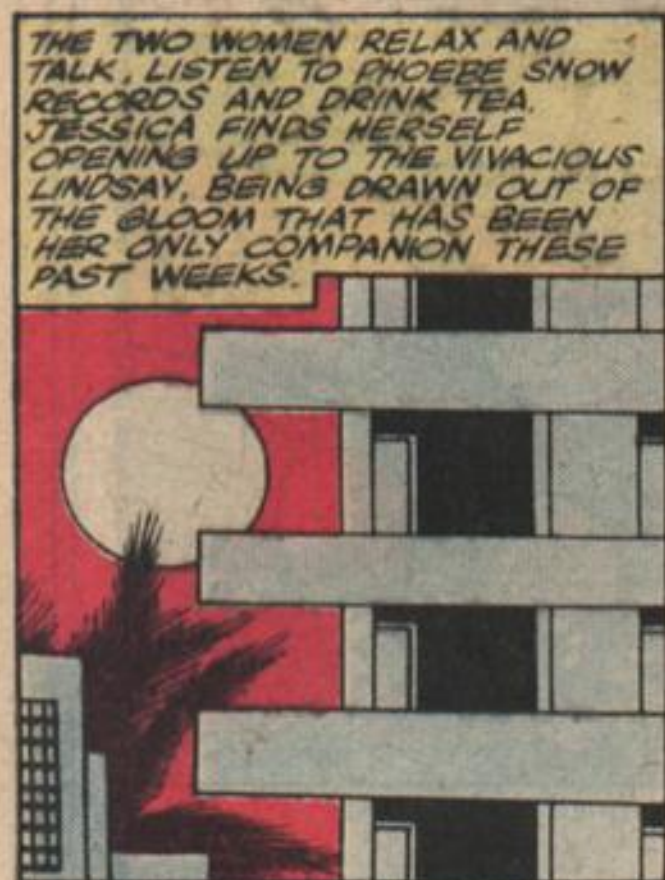
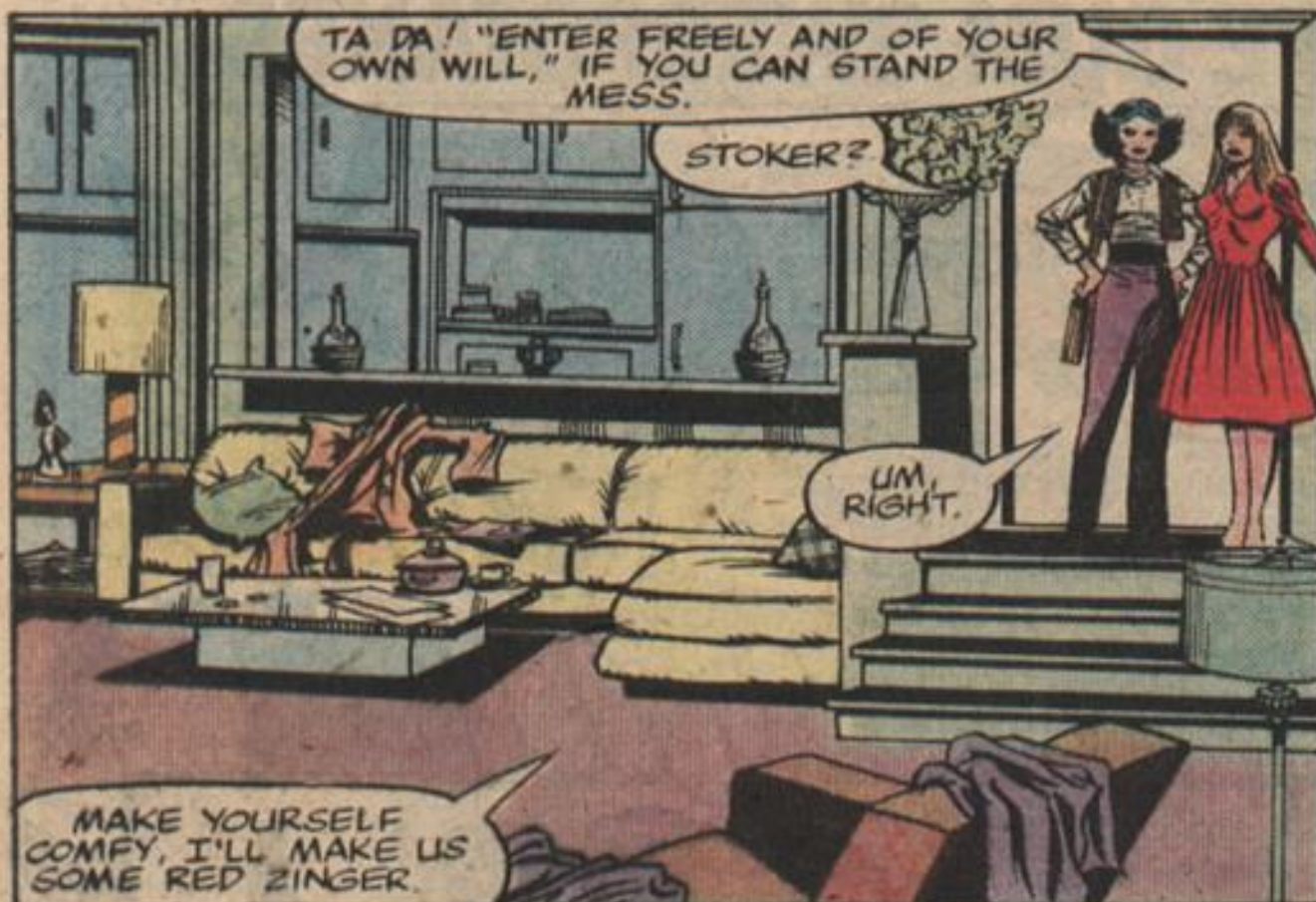
THAT'S
COOL.
HOW 'BOUT
MY PLACE
THEN?

SOON...

HERE WE ARE -- THE
SWINGING SINGLES
COMPLEX THAT LINDSAY
MC CABBIE CALLS HOME.

NICE.

HMMM. THIS
BUILDING SEEMS VAGUELY
FAMILIAR. I MUST HAVE
PASSED IT ONCE.



-- A DOG... OR
A WOLF.



WAIT ONE MINUTE!
NOW I REMEMBER
WHY GOLDEN HOUSE
SEEM SO FAMILIAR.
AND IF IT MEANS WHAT
I THINK IT DOES, SOME-
ONE I KNOW IS UP TO
HIS OLD TRICKS.

...TOWARDS THE GENERAL
DIRECTION OF THE SOUND.



MUFFLED
GUNSHOTS...
LIKE FROM A
SILENCER... IS
THIS WHERE--?

WITH PRACTICED SPEED, SHE
DISCARDS THE BORROWED
NIGHTGOWN AND SLIPS INTO
THE CRIMSON BODYSTOCKING
SHE HAD STASHED IN HER
PURSE...



I SHOULD
HAVE MY
HEAD
EXAMINED
FOR DOING
THIS, BUT
THIS IS THE
ONLY WAY HE'LL
RECOGNIZE
ME.



LISTENING TO MAKE CERTAIN
HER HOSTESS ISN'T STIRRING,
THE SPIDER-WOMAN CLIMBS
OUT THE WINDOW AND
SCUTTLES DOWN THE SIDE OF
THE BUILDING...



AS THE MISTRESS OF
MYSTERY PEERS INTO
THE WINDOW BELOW, A
FURRY FIGURE
SUDDENLY HURLS OUT
OF IT. IN A FLASH, SHE
RECOGNIZES THE
FALLING FORM TO BE
THAT OF JACK RUSSELL,
THE WEREWOLF!



I CAN'T REACH HIM IN TIME!

THANK GOODNESS-- HE MANAGED TO LAND ON HIS FEET!



I FEEL LIKE I'VE COME IN LATE ON SOME-THING!

I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF RUSSELL'S THE VICTIM OR THE-- OH-OH -- A GUN!



WELL, NOBODY GETS SHOT UNTIL I CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING.

HEY! WHAT THE--?



THE FOOL-- HE WRENCHED HIMSELF OUT OF MY GRASP. HE'D BETTER BE AS GOOD AT TWO-STORY FALLS AS RUSSELL IS OR--



HE'S EVEN BETTER! NOW WHAT'S HE--?

WAIT-- I--!



WELL, THAT SETTLES THAT. MR. TRIGGER-HAPPY DOESN'T SEEM TO CARE IF THE BLOOD HE SPILLS TONIGHT IS A WOLF'S OR A SPIDER'S.

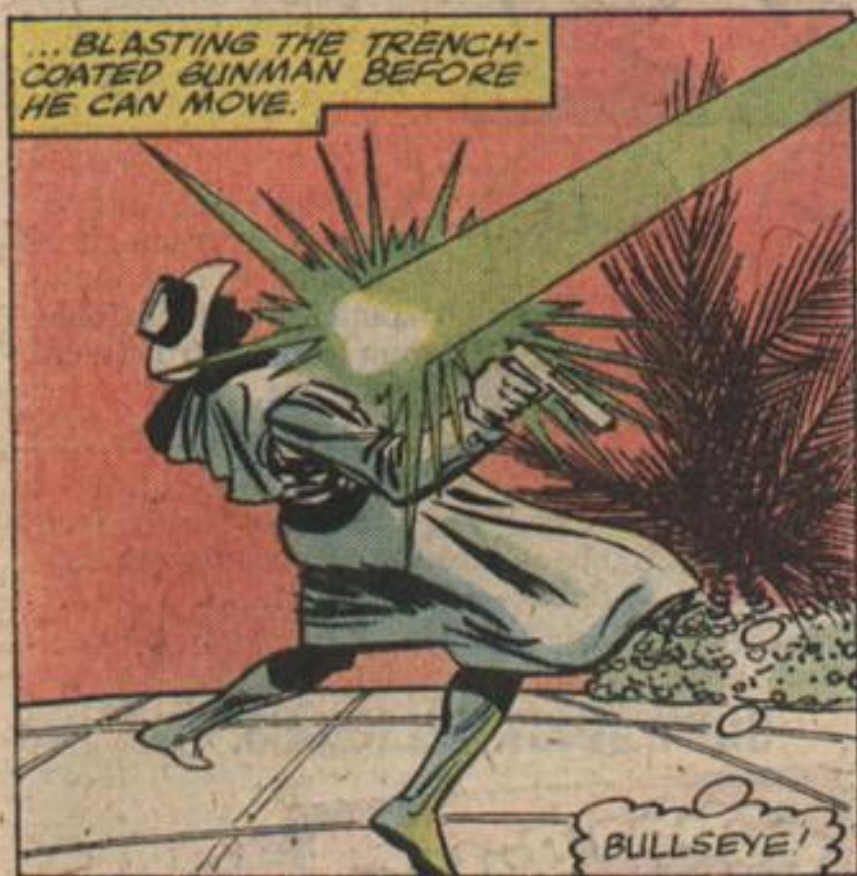


HE'S GETTING CLOSE! I'D BETTER TAKE COVER ON THE BALCONY!



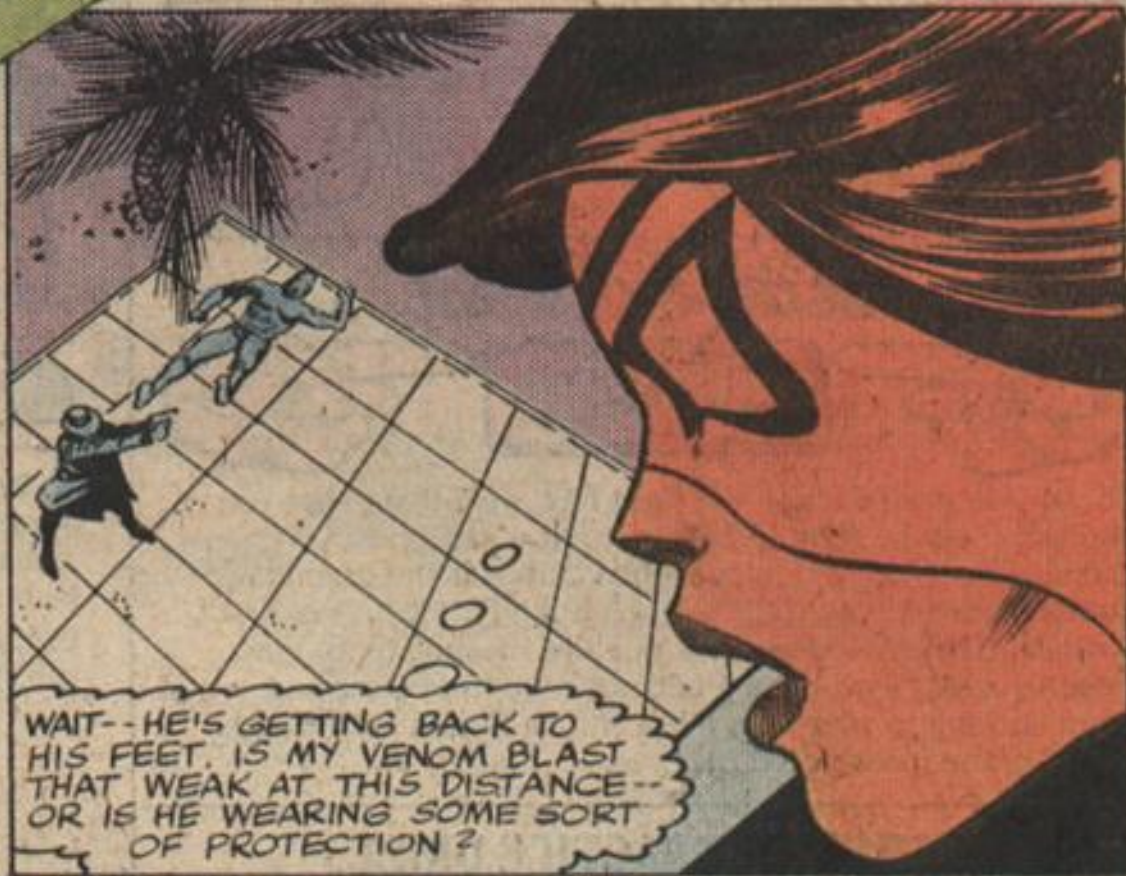
OKAY, BLUSTER -- I'M TIRED OF BEING TARGET PRACTICE FOR YOU. NOW IT'S YOUR TURN.

EMERALD ENERGY STABS FROM HER PALM LIKE LIGHTNING...



...BLASTING THE TRENCH-COATED GUNMAN BEFORE HE CAN MOVE.

BULLSEYE!



WAIT -- HE'S GETTING BACK TO HIS FEET. IS MY VENOM BLAST THAT WEAK AT THIS DISTANCE -- OR IS HE WEARING SOME SORT OF PROTECTION?

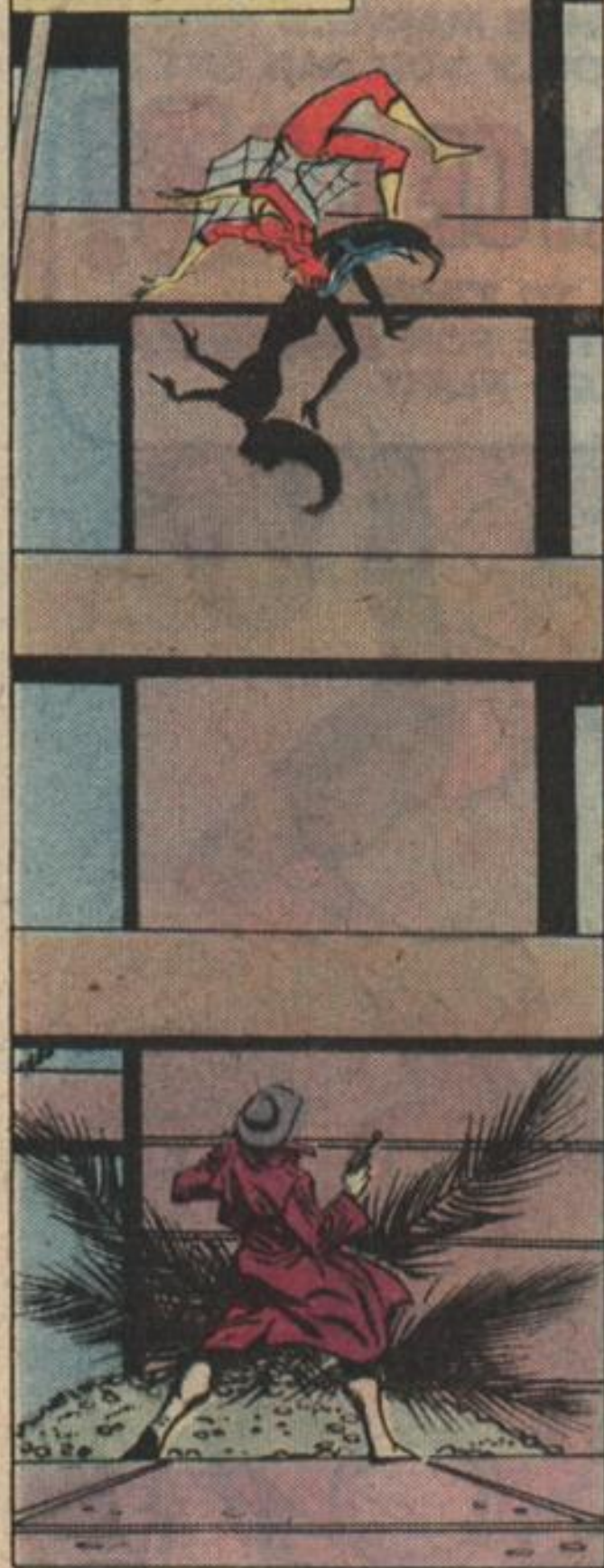


OH-OH. I'VE BECOME HIS SHOOTING GALLERY AGAIN. I'D BETTER COME UP WITH SOMETHING FAST OR --



ABRUPTLY, THE WOMAN'S BODY STIFFENS AND SHE LOSES HER GRIP ON THE SHEER WALL...

DOWN SHE PLUMMETS, LIKE A
FALLEN ANGEL...

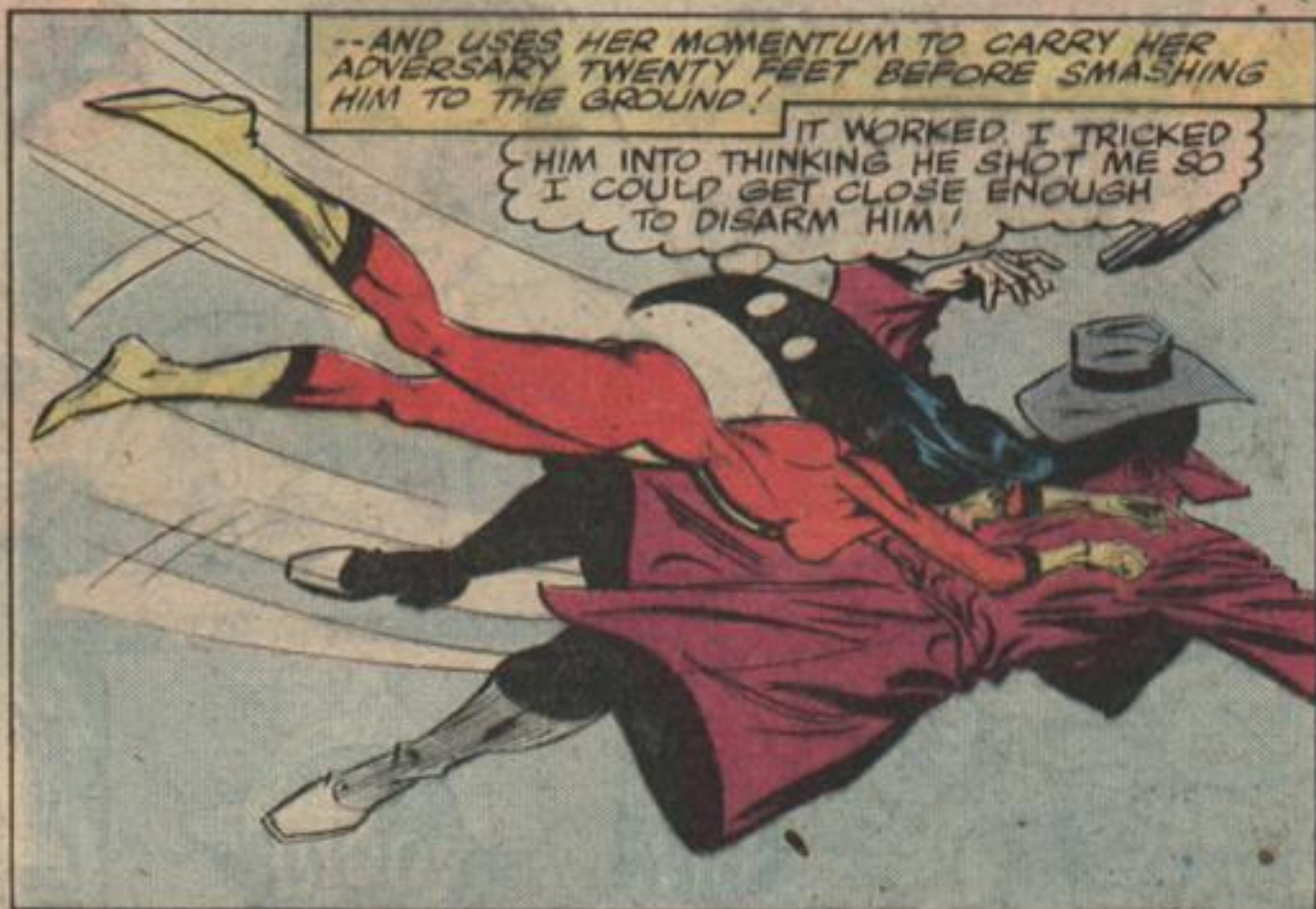


...UNTIL AT THE LAST MOMENT, SHE SPREADS
HER GOSSAMER GLIDER-WEBS, PULLS OUT OF
THE FALL--



--AND USES HER MOMENTUM TO CARRY HER
ADVERSARY TWENTY FEET BEFORE SMASHING
HIM TO THE GROUND!

IT WORKED. I TRICKED
HIM INTO THINKING HE SHOT ME SO
I COULD GET CLOSE ENOUGH
TO DISARM HIM!



NOW TO
FINISH
ACCOUNTS.



BUT HER
EXHILARATION
AT HER
SUCCESSFUL
PLOY IS CUT
SHORT...

...BY A SHARP PAIN
THAT EXPLODES IN
THE PIT OF HER
STOMACH!

THE WORLD SPINNING BEFORE HER, SHE COLLAPSES SPASTICALLY TO THE GROUND.

MANAGED TO WHIP OUT MY SPARE ROD JUST IN TIME.

YOU'RE A TRICKY ONE, TOOTS-- BUT NO MATCH FOR A TRANQUILIZER DART IN THE BUT.

THE MASKED MAN'S GLOATING IS INTERRUPTED BY A LOW GROWL AND A FLASH OF MOVEMENT BEHIND HIM.

WHAT--? THE WEREWOLF MUST HAVE RECOVERED FROM THE SILVER NITRATE PELLETS!

AAAAH. IF I'D BEEN A FRACTION SLOWER, THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN ME HE WAS SHREDDING! MY UNIFORM'S SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO WITHSTAND HIS CLAWS, BUT I AIN'T ANXIOUS TO TEST IT OUT!

NO TIME TO CHANGE CLIPS IN MY ROD--I HOPE THESE TRANKS WILL DO 'IM!

COME CLOSER, BEASTIE-- I GOT A PRESENT FOR YOU.

GRRRR!

THE GROWL IN THE WEREWOLF'S THROAT BECOMES A YELP OF PAIN AS THE KNOCK-OUT DART BYPASSES BARED FANGS AND IMBEDS ITSELF IN THE ROOF OF HIS MOUTH.





--THE TINGLER IS GOING TO CAUSE A METABOLIC REACTION IN YOU THAT'LL SET YOUR INSIDES ON FIRE!



SO AS LONG AS YOU TWO KEEP COOL, YOU W-- UHHHRK!



UNNNNH.

I DID IT! THE SECOND TRANQUILIZER ACTUALLY HELPED SPEED UP MY NATURAL IMMUNIZATION PROCESS. AS FOR THE SO-CALLED "TINGLER" -- IT'S HAVING NO EFFECT ON ME AT ALL.



I'LL PONDER THAT LATER. RIGHT NOW I WANT TO SEE HOW THIS MADMAN LIKES A POINT BLANK VENOM BLAST.



THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.

OH-OH. SOME GOOD NEIGHBOR MUST HAVE SEEN US OUT HERE AND SUMMONED THE AUTHORITIES.

COME ON, MR. RUSSELL-- I KNOW YOU'RE ABOUT AS FOND OF POLICE AS I AM!



HEY, SARGE-- YOU SEE THAT?

OH, GREAT-- SOMEONE SPOTTED ME!



I THINK THIS IS HIS APARTMENT.

AFTER SETTING THE WEREWOLF IN A CHAIR...

WHAT--? A BODY ON THE FLOOR.



HE'S BREATHING. APPARENTLY THE GUNMAN SIMPLY DID TO HIM AS HE TRIED TO DO TO US...



HOW IS HE?

WHAT--? YOU-- YOU CAN TALK.

BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE A-- UH, MINDLESS BEAST.



I AM-- THE THREE NIGHTS OF THE FULL MOON.

THE REST OF THE TIME, I MAINTAIN MY BRAINS...

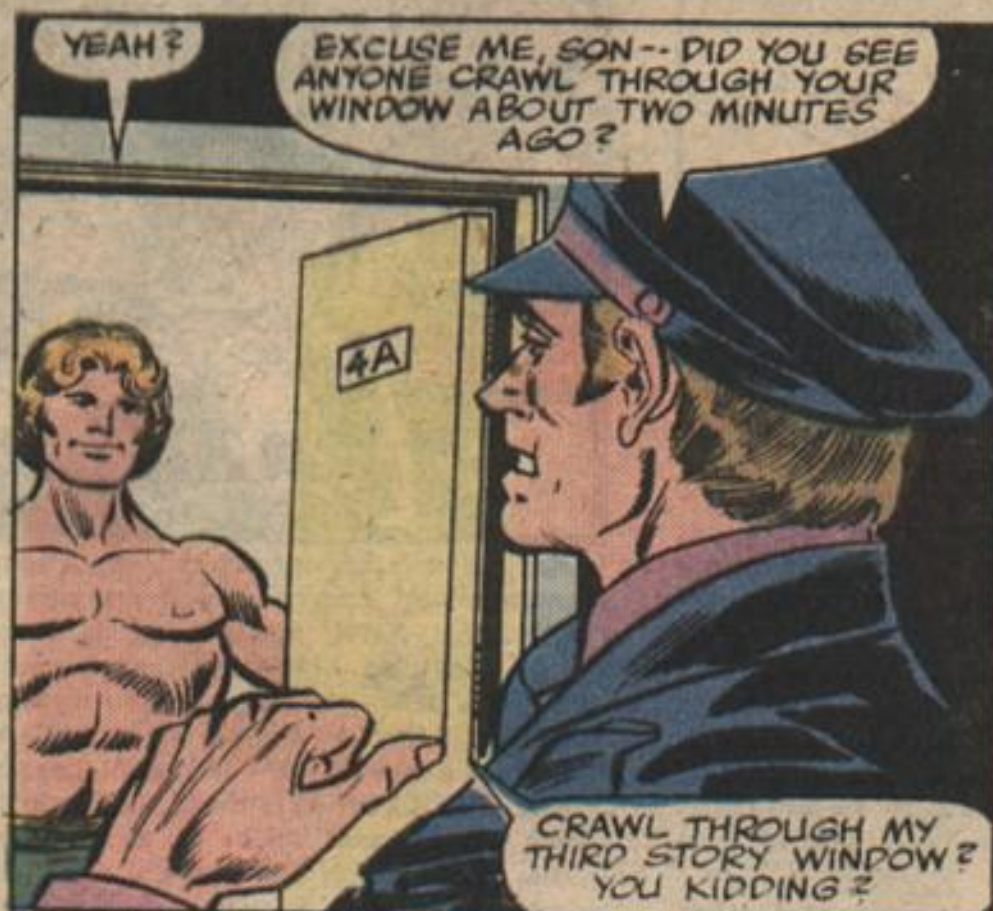


...AND CAN CHANGE INTO A WOLFMAN AT WILL.

NOK NOK

POLICE.

OH-OH-- LET'S GET HIM TO THE COUCH.

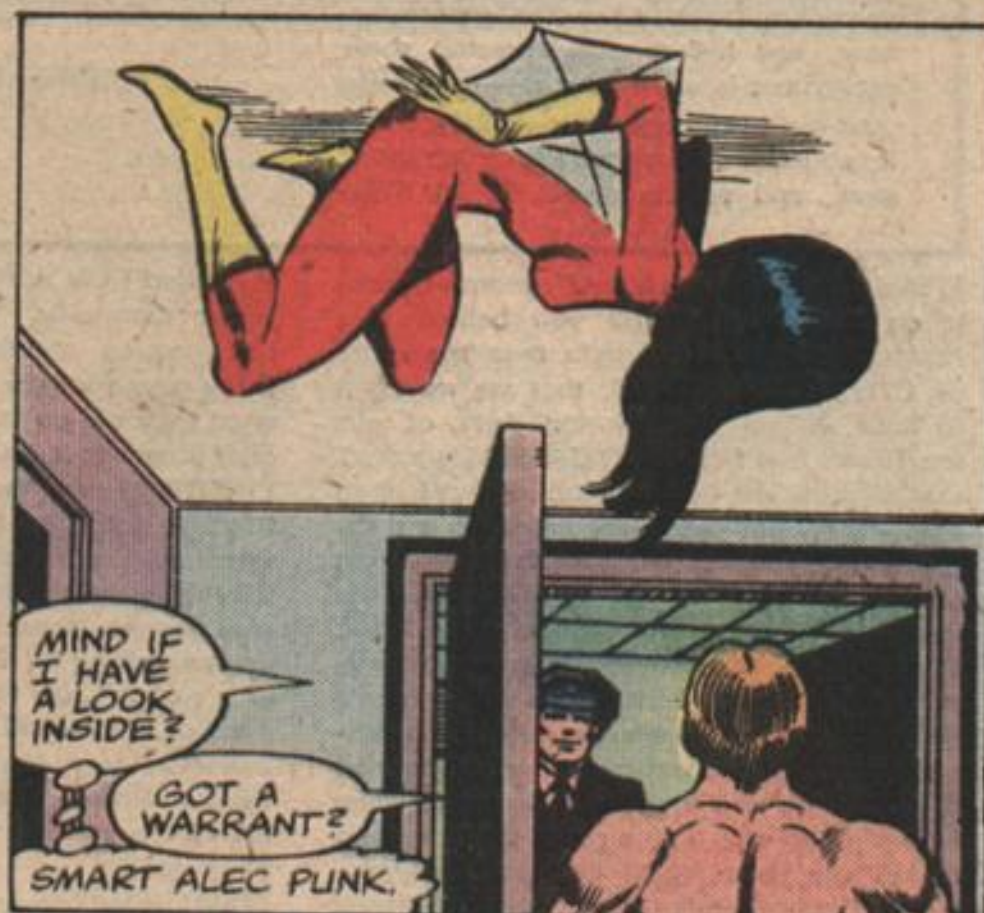


YEAH?

EXCUSE ME, SON-- DID YOU SEE ANYONE CRAWL THROUGH YOUR WINDOW ABOUT TWO MINUTES AGO?

4A

CRAWL THROUGH MY THIRD STORY WINDOW? YOU KIDDING?



MIND IF I HAVE A LOOK INSIDE?

GOT A WARRANT?

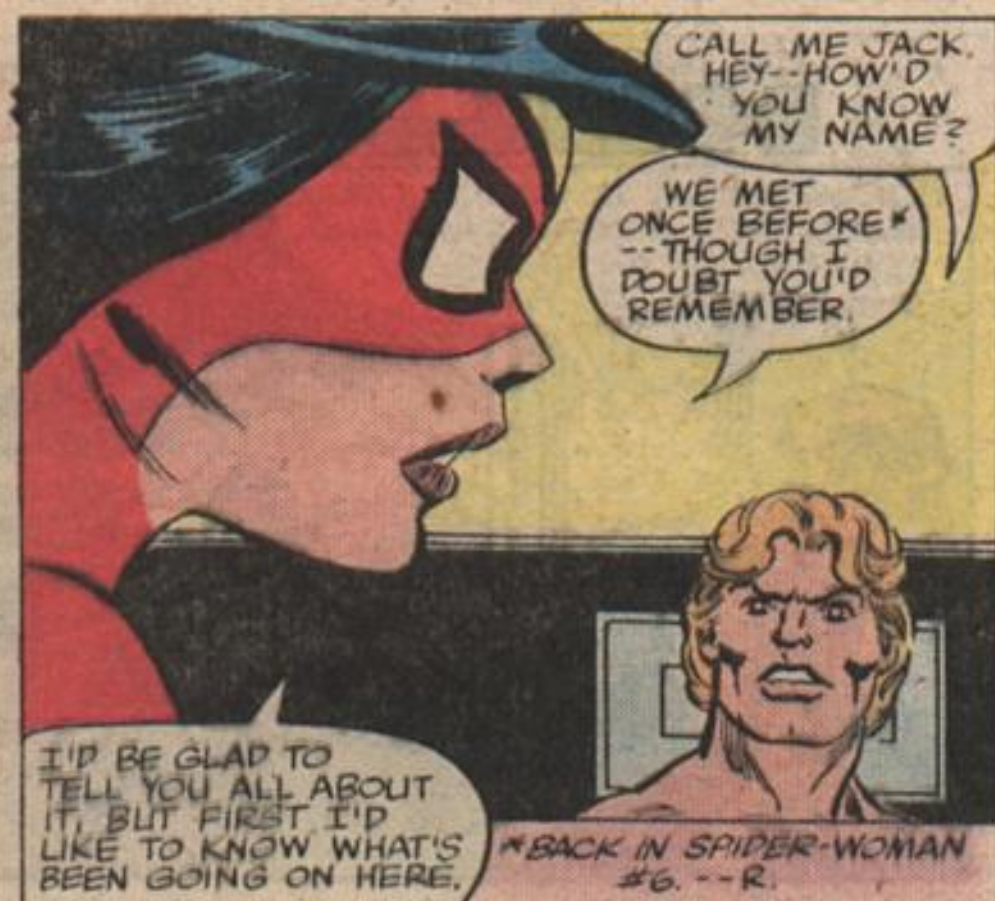
SMART ALEC PUNK.



FINALLY...

WHEW. I GOT RID OF HIM.

GOOD GOING, MR. RUSSELL!



CALL ME JACK. HEY--HOW'D YOU KNOW MY NAME?

WE MET ONCE BEFORE--THOUGH I DOUBT YOU'D REMEMBER.

I'D BE GLAD TO TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT, BUT FIRST I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON HERE.

*BACK IN SPIDER-WOMAN #6. --R.



WELL, I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE MYSELF, BUT IF I REMEMBER HIS MUG FROM THE PAPERS, THAT GUY WE WERE FIGHTING WAS THE ENFORCER--SOME SOUPED-UP HOOD WHO WAS RECENTLY SPRUNG FROM THE JOINT. AS FOR WHAT HE WANTED WITH MY FRIEND BUCK AND ME--

*PREVIOUSLY SEEN IN GHOST RIDER 22-24. -- ROG.



"--I'M NOT CERTAIN, BUT I HAVE A HUNCH IT HAS TO DO WITH AN INCIDENT THAT OCCURRED TO BUCK WHILE I WAS OFF IN NEW YORK." BUCK WAS ENTERTAINING HIS FIANCEE AND HER KID WHEN...

BUTTONS, WHAT IS IT?

MOMMY... A BAD MAN HAS LISSA!

*WEREWOLF #42-43. -- ROG AGAIN.



"BUCK WENT TO THE KITCHEN TO SEE WHAT SHE WAS TALKING ABOUT AND FOUND MY SISTER LISSA PASSED OUT AT THE FEET OF AN INTRUDER..."

YOU-- AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!



"IT TURNS OUT THAT THE INTRUDER WAS AN OLD EMPLOYER OF BUCK'S, WHOSE SUDDEN APPEARANCE CAUSED SIS TO FAINT. BUCK LISTENED AS THE WILD-EYED MAN RANTED..."

YOUR TIME HAS COME, COWAN--

--TO PAY ME BACK FOR HELPING YOU!



"BEFORE HE COULD SAY ANOTHER WORD-- HE SOMEHOW BURST INTO FLAME.



"JUST LIKE THE ENFORCER SAID WOULD HAPPEN TO US!"

"RIGHT. AND SOON BUCK'S WHOLE HOUSE WAS ON FIRE, BUT HE MANAGED TO GET EVERYONE TO SAFETY.



"SINCE THEN, BUCK'S BEEN INVESTIGATING THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE GUY'S WEIRD DEATH.

"HE HAD COME OVER TONIGHT, IN FACT, TO TELL ME WHAT HE LEARNED.

BUT BUCK BARELY WALKED IN WHEN THIS ENFORCER CHARACTER SHOWED UP. SOON AS HE FLASHED A GUN, I CHANGED TO MY HAIRY SELF, AND HE BLEW ME OUT THE WINDOW WITH SILVER BUCKSHOT.



THAT'S WHERE YOU CAME IN, MS.--?



SPIDER-WOMAN, SO YOUR FRIEND DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO TELL YOU ANYTHING?

NOPE. AND UNLESS BUCK CAN REJECT THE EFFECTS OF THE TINGLER LIKE US SUPER-TYPES, HE'S NOT GOING TO BE TELLING.

HMMM.



LISTEN, JACK--I HAVE TO BE GOING NOW, BUT I'LL BE BACK TOMORROW NIGHT SO WE CAN FOLLOW THIS UP, OKAY?

THE WOMAN WHO GLIDES OUT OF JACK'S SIGHT HAS A WEARY SMILE ON HER LIPS...

I LIKE THIS JACK RUSSELL. WHY HADN'T I THOUGHT OF RENEWING OUR ACQUAINTANCE BEFORE?



YESTERDAY, SHE FELT ALONE AGAINST THE WORLD. TODAY, SHE HAS FOUND A FRIEND BOTH AS THE SPIDER-WOMAN AND AS JESSICA DREW. TOMORROW, WHO KNOWS...?

How we saved the universe with our Banana-Talkies and got back to tell about it with our Banana-Compasses.

We were on patrol when the space ship landed. My partner and I split up to get a closer look. But, before I knew it, I was captured by hostile aliens.

"I have just one request before you disintegrate me!" I said. "Can I finish my lunch?" I calmly pulled out my Banana-Talkie. It's a real walkie-talkie,

but it looks like a Chiquita® banana. Secretly, I beeped out our coordinates on the hidden Morse Code button.

Meanwhile, my partner used the Banana-Compass to send help in our direction. Thanks to Chiquita bananas (and some quick thinking) the invasion was stopped, and the universe is once again safe from evil.



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Banana-Compass: A 5 3/4" long, plastic banana that holds a liquid filled compass capsule. Inside is a rotating dial that always remains upright so it can be read easily. ONLY \$2.50 and 3 stickers from Chiquita bananas.



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