

MARVEL LEGACY

GWENOM

28



SPIDER-GWEN



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LATOUR
RODRIGUEZ
RENZI

BONUS
DIGITAL
CONTENT
see inside for details



AS A TEENAGER, GWEN STACY WAS BITTEN BY A MUTATED SPIDER. THE BITE TRANSFORMED HER, GRANTING HER AMAZING POWERS: A PRECOGNITIVE AWARENESS OF DANGER, ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES, AND THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED AND STRENGTH OF A SPIDER. BUT THOSE GIFTS WERE TAKEN AWAY WHEN A SUPER VILLAIN FURTHER TAMPHERED WITH HER GENETICS, AND GWEN HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO EMBRACE A SYMBIOTIC PARASITE CALLED VENOM TO RESTORE THEM. TO THE RESIDENTS OF NEW YORK, SHE IS THE DANGEROUS OUTLAW CALLED SPIDER-WOMAN, BUT YOU KNOW HER AS...

SPIDER-GWEN

PREVIOUSLY...



I'M THE ONE WHO GAVE YOU THE POWER TO AVENGE YOUR FATHER, DID I NOT?

ARE YOU GOING TO WASTE IT ON ME? OR USE IT TO PUNISH THE MEN WHO ACTUALLY HURT HIM?

TODAY'S YOUR LUCKY DAY, RICHIE... YOU GET THE CHANCE YOU NEVER GAVE CAPTAIN STACY.

CONFESS YOUR CRIMES... OR RUN.

YOU WANT A @\$\$%# TEAM-UP?

YOU'RE FINALLY CUT FREE.

IT'S TIME TO FINALLY TAKE THE FIGHT TO MURDOCK.

THERE AIN'T NO RUNNIN' FROM THIS THING SPIDER-WOMAN'S BECOME...

...MAYBE YOU COULD REACH OUT TA MR. MURDOCK FOR ME?



I'LL SEND SOMEONE RIGHT OVER.



I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, BEN...

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THE MARY JAMES CANCELED

WHEN I FIRST PUT ON MY MASK...

...I WASN'T DOING IT TO HIDE.

I NEVER SET OUT TO LIE TO ANYONE.

I JUST HAD TOO MANY RESPONSIBILITIES.

TOO MANY EXPECTATIONS.

I KNEW THAT NO MATTER WHAT I COULD DO NOW, OR WHAT I'D BECOME--



--I'D ALWAYS BE GWEN TO YOU.

YOU'D NEVER LET ME GROW, OR CHANGE, NOT REALLY.

SO I THOUGHT IT WAS BETTER TO PRETEND NOTHING CHANGED. TO LET GWEN STACY REMAIN SOMEONE YOU COULD UNDERSTAND.

SO I SPLIT MY LIFE IN TWO.

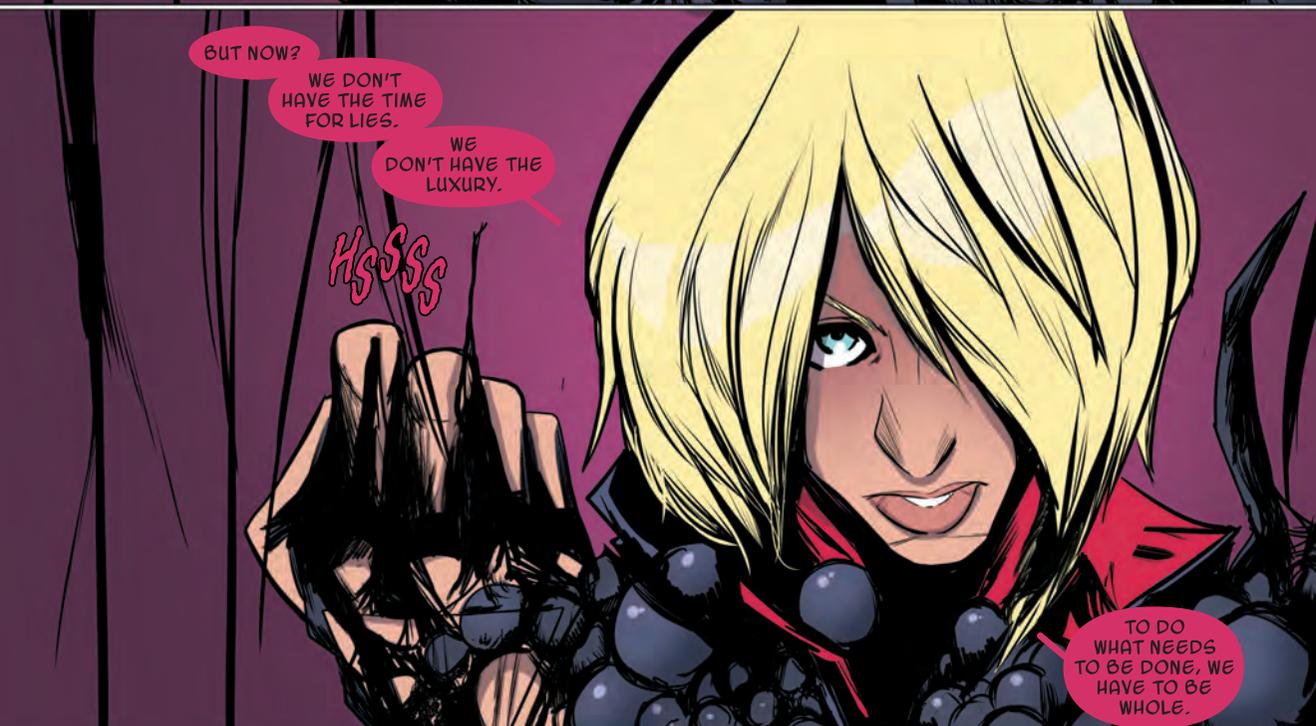
LIVED TWO HALVES OF NOTHING.





FOR A VERY LONG TIME, I'VE BEEN SCARED TO ADMIT THAT.

TERRIFIED THAT SAYING IT ALOUD WOULD MAKE IT TRUE.



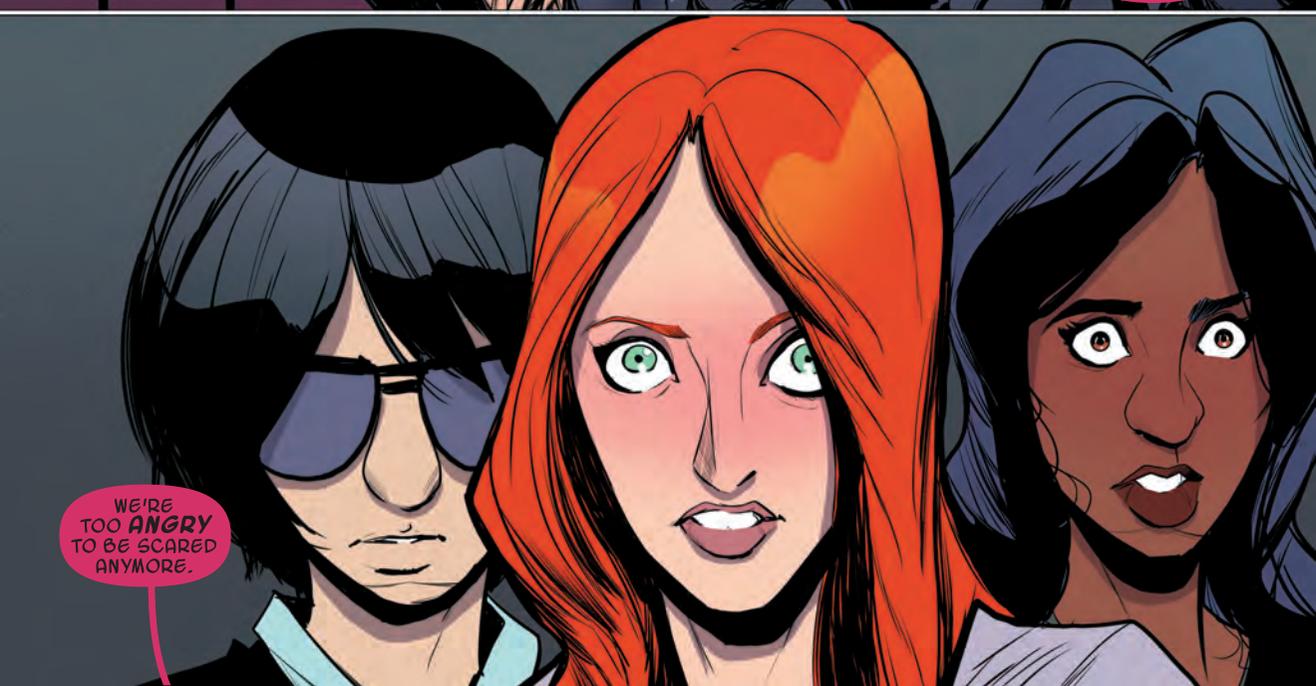
BUT NOW?

WE DON'T HAVE THE TIME FOR LIES.

WE DON'T HAVE THE LUXURY.

HSSSS

TO DO WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE, WE HAVE TO BE WHOLE.



WE'RE TOO ANGRY TO BE SCARED ANYMORE.



W-WHY?
W-WHY ARE YOU D-DOING THIS...
MR. MURDOCK...

DING DING

...WHY WON'T YOU LET ME DIE?

"WHY?!"

HEH. AFTER ALL THESE YEARS--I FINALLY GET WHAT THE NUNG HATED ABOUT THAT QUESTION.

DING DING DING



YOU KNOW, OFFICER ROGERS-- THIS STUPID "WATCH" HASN'T SHUT UP SINCE I STOLE IT FROM SPIDER-WOMAN.

DING DING DING

ALL NIGHT LONG, IT DINGS. LIKE SOME STUPID TELL-TALE HEART.

I HAVE NO IDEA WHY. OR HOW TO MAKE IT STOP.



YOUR STUPID QUESTIONS, ON THE OTHER HAND...





HURRNNGH...

HEH.
"WHY?"

YOU'RE
ROADKILL, RICHIE--
THE HIGHWAY'S ALREADY
GIVEN YOU YOUR
ANSWERS.



"WHY DIDN'T
I SHOW SOME SELF-
CONTROL?"

"WHY
COULDN'T I
JUST KEEP QUIET
ABOUT CAPTAIN
STACY?"

AH, THOSE
PESKY LITTLE SECRETS.
THEY HAVE A WAY OF KEEPING
YOU, DON'T THEY,
RICHIE?



AS A
PROFESSIONAL PUPPET
MASTER, I FULLY UNDERSTAND
THE BURDEN OF
KNOWLEDGE.

THE INNER
WAR BETWEEN THE
ARTISTE, STANDING
INVISIBLY BEHIND
THE WORK...

...AND THE
ENTERTAINER,
JUST DYING FOR
APPLAUSE.

AND
THAT'S "WHY" THIS
IS HAPPENING TO
YOU--

YOU'RE ONLY STILL
BREATHING BECAUSE
YOU WON'T BE MUCH
LONGER.

BECAUSE,
IN THE END, I'M
MORE LIKE YOU
THAN ANYONE
WILL EVER
KNOW.



I NEED
AN AUDIENCE,
RICHIE.

I NEED
A PRIEST...