

Friendly Neighborhood Spider-Man (2016) #17
"Night of the Wraith, Pt 1: Forward Unto Dawn"

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[Panel 1: We start off in a moldy warehouse in the nastier parts of Manhattan. Grime lines the walls, and a roach scurries across a mold-lined crate in the foreground. In the background, we see several goons alongside their leader, Smokescreen (For the uninitiated, he's the main villain of the *Spider-Man, Storm and Cage* PSA), busting open new crates that have just arrived.]

[Capt: Three Months Later....]

Smokescreen: This all of it?

Mook: Aye, boss.

Smokescreen: This isn't what we were promised. Shipment's five crates short.

Tombstone isn't gonna be happy.

[Panel 2: A closer look up at Smokescreen, who is caressing one of the stolen firearms in the crate.]

Smokescreen: Gear 'em up. We need to ship them out to No Man's Land. Otherwise Hammerhead's forces are gonna be taking a good bite out of Negative's turf.

[Panel 3: A web-line grabs Smokescreen, who yells as he's yanked back.]

???: See, I don't really like that plan.

I have an alternative, though. Wanna hear it?

No? Too bad.

[Panel 4: From the floor, the shot is angled so that we can see Spider-Man and Silk, in their new costumes, with Smokescreen hanging by the hood of his costume. While the designs of the costumes are the same from before Days of Deception, the texture is far different, similar to that

of the material used for Spidey's costume in the MCU. The blue sections of the costume retains a glossy texture, and Silk's black parts also have that glossy texture.]

Spider-Man: Hi.

I'm Spider-Man. This is my associate, Silk.

Silk: Hi.

Spider-Man: We're here to do business.

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[Panel 1: Side-shot of Spider-Man, who has leveled Smokescreen to match his eyeline.]

Spider-Man: So, here's what I had in mind.

You're going to lay down your weapons, and we'll send you to the NYPD. You'll tell us where Tombstone is and where we can find him. And your lawyers guarantee ten years off your sentences.

How's that sound?

[Panel 2: A wave of guns cocking is heard as Smokescreen's goons point their firearms at the two.]

[Panel 3: Spider-Man's lenses narrow.]

Spider-Man: Sorry, wrong answer.

[Panel 4: A cut in scenery to the sixth Precinct. Smokescreen and three of his henchmen are hanging from a lightpost, Spider-Man perched above them as Carlie and several more officers come out. Note that the NYPD's uniforms have changed in the months since Days of Deception: more bulky and form fitting, lined with Kevlar, and field hats. Also of note is the patches on their shoulders, which will be expanded upon further in.]

Spider-Man: Hey, Cap'n Cooper. Got your daily dosage of gun smugglers, courtesy of your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man.

Silk couldn't make the delivery, so I guess I'll just have to take all the credit and leave it at that.

Carlie: Hot damn. Nice job, Spidey.

Clemson, DeMonico, you two take it from here.

[Panel 5: Spidey has descended to meet up with Carlie, who has her arms crossed with an edgy smirk. We get a closer look at the patch on her uniform arm: similar to the MACO badge from *Star Trek: Enterprise*, it is triangular in shape, though instead of a shark, the logo is instead a double helix, with the phrase "*Deorum Inter Homines*" ("Men Among Gods" in Latin) stitched in underneath "NYPD: Superhuman Response Division".]

Carlie: You've stepped up your game in the last two months, Webs.

Heard you broke the record for most carjackers arrested in one hour last week.

Spider-Man: Not a choice, Carlie.

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[Panel 1: Close up of Spider-Man's face, looking downwards and to the side.]

Spider-Man: Ever since the Symbiote invasion, well... with all of the heroes still missing, somebody's gotta pick up the slack down here.

Carlie: It doesn't all have to be your burden.

You wanna talk about this inside?

Spider-Man: ...

Yeah.

[Panel 2: In Carlie's office. Carlie is pouring coffee from a pitcher into two styrofoam cups. Peter, meanwhile, is sitting on her desk, fiddling with a Rubik's Cube he came across, mask strewn across the desk.]

Carlie: Y'know, we haven't had time to hang out in, like, forever.

Peter: Duty calls. You got promoted, I had a kid. Things happened.

Carlie: Well, let's consider this a chance to catch up.

How you been?

Noticed the new suit.

[Panel 3: Peter leans back, accepting the cup Carlie hands him.]

Peter: Burnt out. Between Horizon buying Stark Tower, working with the Avengers, family, training Cindy, regular patrols.... My time's been stretched a little thin.

Carlie: Yeesh. You're doing a little bit much for just one guy.

Here. Not the best brew I've ever made, but it keeps me awake.

Peter: Thanks. Been awhile since I had swill.

[Panel 4: Peter has hopped off the desk, as Carlie digs a file out of her cabinet. In the background, the landline on Carlie's desk is ringing.]

Carlie: I get it. Tell you the truth, it's been a little rough for everybody for the last few months.

And, as it happens, I have an in at that new bowling alley a couple blocks down.

Whaddya say next week we gather the whole gang and knock some pins down? Blow off some steam.

Peter: Sounds fun. I'm game.

[Panel 5: Carlie picks up the landline, holding up a single finger to Peter as she looks down with a hardened grimace.]

Carlie: One sec.

Cooper here.

....

Another Wraith case? Who was it this time?

8-Ball? Alright, send the info to my desk, I'll take a look at it.

[Panel 6: Peter leans against the desk, sipping his coffee as Carlie pinches the bridge of her nose.]

Peter: The **Wraith**? Wait... I remember the Wraith. Brian DeWolff, right? Jean's brother. I thought he was dead.

Carlie: He is. Probably just some lunatic running around using his name for their crusade. As for what that crusade is... well, we don't know.

We know they're a she, but that's about all we've got about them. And that's only because she sent the information out across the internet.

I swear to God, I'm gonna go gray before I hit forty.

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[Panel 1: Peter holds his hand out, as Carlie hands him the file she was looking for.]

Peter: Maybe I can help connect some dots.

What've you got so far?

Carlie: Not much.

The most we've got is a few hits on known supervillains.

Hypno-Hustler, Tumbler, Hazmat, Grizzly... heck, she got really ballsy and managed to get the jump on FACADE.

[Panel 2: A close look at the file. Medical reports and crime scene data are littered across the pages.]

Carlie: The reports from the hospitals... yeesh.

Nearly all of them are hooked up to life support.

FACADE is the only one to get away without injuries that won't cripple him for life. But his vocal chords are shot and his face is really messed up. Can't figure out who he is.

[Panel 3: A close-up of a photo in the file of one of the Wraith crime scenes. Blood is splattered all across the location, and the victim, Tumbler, is sprawled across the concrete, a stab wound in his elbow and a large gash across his abdomen.]

Carlie [OP]: Whoever she is, she's a monster.

We've had squads on full alert, but we haven't had any luck taking her down.

[Panel 4: Peter holds up the file, picking up his mask as he nears the window.]

Peter: Hey, you mind if I take this file? I might find something the CSI guys might've missed.

Carlie: Sure thing. Not sure what you'll find, but you're welcome to take a look.

Besides, I'm helping my boys look into some random serial killer. With all of us spread thin, wouldn't hurt if somebody picked up a dead case.

Peter: Thanks.

[Panel 5: Peter swings off, file in hand.]

Peter: Keep safe, Carlie.

Phone, dial Mary Jane.

Hey, Honey. Yeah, I'm swinging on back home. Need me to pick up anything on my way back?

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[Panel 1: Yuri walks into the office, taking off her hat as she comes in. Carlie bolts up straight, neglecting to move the cup Peter left behind.]

Yuri: Hey, babe. How ya doin'?

Carlie: Fine. What're you doing here? And why are you bringing me the Wraith files from the front desk?

Yuri: Was coming to see you. Offered to take the files up since I was headed here anyways.

[Panel 2: Yuri and Carlie kiss, leaning against the desk.]

Yuri: Glad to see me?

Carlie: A little. C'mere.

[Panel 3: Having broken apart from their kiss, Yuri notices the half-full cup of coffee Peter left on the desk, still slightly steaming but losing its heat.]

Yuri: Y'know, you are tense as *hell*.

Not to mention that there's two cups of coffee on your desk.

You wanna tell me something?

[Panel 4: Carlie sighs in defeat, slumping her head to her shoulders, Yuri bolting upright at what she's hearing.]

Carlie: *sigh*... I wasn't going to say anything, but since you brought it up...

I'm turning over the Wraith case to Spider-Man.

Yuri: What?!

Carlie: You heard me. Our guys in CSI aren't getting a lead on whoever the Wraith is, so I handed it over to Spidey. If he can't find anything, no one can.

[Panel 5: Yuri, at a near loss for words, jams the tips of her fingers into her forehead.]

Yuri: Okay, this is going too far, Carls.

I don't even like the guy, but you're willing to drag him into police cases? Classified ones?

Carlie [OP]: Yuri, he does good work.

Yuri: That doesn't give him the right to butt into police business.

If we just deputized every superhero that came up to our doorstep, we'd look like we were arming up for some massive fight against gangs in the city.

Carlie [OP]: But we're not. He's just one guy.

[Panel 6: A close up of Yuri's eyes, as she glares daggers at Carlie.]

Yuri: You sure?

Because it sure feels like you've got a one-man army on your payroll.

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[Panel 1: Cooling off, Carlie attempts to de-escalate the situation, with Yuri already trying to storm out.]

Carlie: Look, it's a precinct affair. And besides, as part of the Superhuman Response Division, this is kind of my job.

But, let's put all of that behind us.

Yuri: I'm sorry, Carls. But I can't do that.

[Panel 2: Yuri attempts to open the door, but Carlie intercepts her, slamming the door shut.]

Carlie: ***Please***.

Look, a lot of it's on me.

We're still down a lot of manpower and... I dunno, when Spidey offered to pitch in, I couldn't just turn him down.

The last three months... haven't been easy. For anybody. Especially the people in my precinct.

[Panel 3: Carlie sighs, looking sideways at the floor.]

Carlie: I'll be honest... I still feel a little unsafe sleeping at night.

[Panel 4: Yuri opens the door, placing her hand on Carlie's.]

Yuri: I know.

But, I'm gonna make a promise--

--and it's gonna be a stupid promise, because I know I probably can't keep it--

--but it's a promise anyways: I'm going to fix this.

[Panel 5: Yuri has moved in, hesitantly kissing Carlie.]

Yuri: Spider-Man and everything tied up in his web?

I'll take care of it. 'Kay?

Carlie: ...'Kay.

See you back at the apartment?

Yuri: Deal.

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[Panel 1: Yuri closes the door to Carlie's office, as police chatter, though muffled, sneaks in through the side of the panel.]

Police Radio: This is Baker and Helon, responding to a hit-and-run by Steeplejack and Shocker...

[Panel 2: Yuri is walking away, slowly pulling out her Wraith mask.]

Police Radio [fading]: Units in pursuit, but have lost visual...

[Panel 3: Having changed into costume, the Wraith leaps off of the rooftop, her clothes flying off into the wind.]

Yuri [capt]: Hate having to ditch my clothes.

Carlie's gonna kill me for losing another pair of Calvin Kleins--

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[Panel 1: The Parker Family apartment. Peter has all of the materiel from the Wraith case file strewn across the coffee table in the living room. MJ has come into the room, carrying Annie as she moves towards Peter.]

[Capt: 33rd West End Avenue. The Apartment of Peter, Mary Jane and Annie Parker]

Yuri [cont'd cap]: --But something tells me it'll all be worth it in the end.

MJ: Hey, Tiger.

Care to explain why you've decided to give our coffee table a paper wrapping?

Peter: Ha, ha.

Sorry, MJ. I'm looking into the case that Carlie's division hit a dead end on.

The Wraith. Or at least that's what she's calling herself.

[Panel 2: Annie leans forward as MJ sits down next to Peter on the couch.]

Annie: She a bad lady?

Peter: Not sure, Munchkin.

She's been taking down supervillains, granted, but still...

[Panel 3: MJ scoots closer to Peter, leaning in to examine the pictures he has on the table.]

MJ: Who do we have here?

Hypno-Hustler, Grizzly, Tumbler.... Is that FACADE?

Peter: That was the armor. Still can't figure out who he is since Wraith beat him so bad. I had them move it to Horizon so that I could analyze the specs and catalogue it.

MJ: But... there's criminals all over the city.

Why is she going after **your** usual supers?

[Panel 4: Peter strokes his chin, as MJ looks on at his mind racing.]

Peter: Wait... you're right.

And only my rogues.

None of Matt's. Or Luke's. There's tons of street-level supers that she could take out.

But she's only going after mine.

But... why?

MJ: Maybe she's trying to send a message. Get your attention or something.

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[Panel 1: Peter bolts up, MJ leaping backwards in surprise.]

Peter: Oh my God, you're right!

Why only go after my rogues and take them out of the picture?!

This has to be it!

[Panel 2: Having calmed down, Peter puts his hand on his chin again, as MJ rises, putting a hand on Peter's shoulder.]

Peter: Is it?

Can't be sure.

'Course, if I really want to be sure, I'd run a couple hundred tests, prove my findings and send it in to Sajani for rigorous peer review.

And I'd have probably killed myself by that point.

MJ: Well, Mr. Scientific Method, I'm gonna put Annie to bed. I think we bored her to sleep.

[Panel 3: Peter takes Annie from MJ, as she starts to stir.]

Annie: Daddy?...

Peter: Here. I'll tuck her in. You've been doing it a lot recently.

Time I stepped in and did my job as a dad.

MJ: 'Kay. I'm hitting the sack then.

Peter: I'll be there in a bit.

[Panel 4: Peter has carried Annie into her room, placing her in her new bed; a twin-size.]

Peter: Alright, kiddo. You want me to read you a story before you go to sleep?

Annie: No, Daddy.

Peter: Alright. Sweet dreams, sweetie.

Annie: Night-night, daddy.

[Panel 5: Peter has closed the door to his and MJ's room, MJ already under the covers.]

Peter: Alright, kid's in bed, and I swear I just heard snoring coming from her room.

MJ: So, we good?

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[Panel 1: Large panel. Peter has clambered on top of MJ, who has her back hitched up to line up with him. Peter has managed to remove his shirt, tossing it off to the side.]

Peter: Oh, yeah.

Code green.

[Panel 2: In the same poses, though silhouetted. MJ, having managed to turn out the light, cloaking them in moonlight and blue outlines.]

[Panel 3: A thinner panel of pitch black.]

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[Panel 1: A pile of Peter and MJ's clothes, strewn across the floor of their bedroom, as a phone rings in the background.]

[Panel 2: A shot of Peter's head, wedged into his pillow as the ringing phone is revealed to be Peter's, vibrating against his nightstand as Peter moves to look at it.]

[Panel 3: Peter looks at the phone, as MJ stirs in the background behind him.]

Peter: Nnngh... It's 6:30... Who the hell is calling this early?

[Panel 4: A close-up of Peter's smartphone screen, which has Carlie's contact ID and a call/ignore button on the bottom.]

[Panel 5: Peter puts the phone up to his ear as MJ slings her arm over him, rubbing up against him.]

Peter: Carlie, what is it? It's 6:30.

Carlie: The Wraith case?

I think it just got worse.

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[Panel 1: Large panel. Peter lands on the concrete of the crime scene, yellow barrier tape flapping as he lands. Carlie is standing there, waiting for him, along with three other officers.]

Officer 1: Whoa!

Spider-Man: Sorry.

I got your call. Show me what happened.

[Panel 2: Carlie lifts up the sheet covering the crime scene, and Spider-Man's eyes widen in terror.]

Spider-Man: Oh, God...

Carlie: Yeah. Bad enough that we had to barricade it off and cover it up.

[Panel 3: A squad of officers look over the scene, with Spider-Man and Carlie joining them at the bottom of a large business complex. Shocker is crumpled on the ground, his gauntlets smoking and his forearm bones shattered. Steeplejack isn't much better off: his hat discarded to the side, dents covering it, his face is swollen and bruised, multiple gunshots piercing his abdomen. A large and abnormal amount of staple bullets (Similar to what Silver Sable used in Spectacular Spider-Man) have pierced his suit, binding him to the wall. Blood is everywhere, but the majority of it has been used to spell out five simple words: *Spider-Man, I'm Coming For YOU*. (Five words? Hyphen makes it one word or is six? Spiderman. Spider-Man. Five words.)]

Spider-Man: Holy hell.

She did this?

Carlie: I... I think so.

[Panel 4: Close shot of Carlie and Peter, with Carlie a little more than queasy at the sight.]

Carlie: I knew she was dangerous... but this?

This is an entire new level.

Spider-Man: I... yeah.

She needs to be stopped.

But... first, I'd like to find out the motive.

Is Shocker?...

Carlie: Yeah, he's still alive.

I'd take it easy with him, though. He's... not in the best of shape.

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[Panel 1: Spider-Man crouches, standing next to Shocker, who grunts in pain.]

Spider-Man: Hey, Herman.

How're you doin'?

Shocker: Eughhh....

How d'you think, Webs?

Both of my arms... Wraith overloaded my gauntlets. My arms... broken. Shattered beyond repair.

[Panel 2: Spider-Man puts a hand on Shocker's shoulder, causing Shocker to wince in pain.]

Spider-Man: I know. And... I think I may be able to help with that.

But... you've gotta tell me what Wraith wanted.

[Panel 3: Shocker looks down at the ground. We don't see much expression, given his mask, but we can tell he's as puzzled by the whole thing as Spider-Man is.]

Shocker: I'm... I'm not sure.

Said something about you being too dangerous to let you live....

I think she also mentioned something about the Symbiotes...

I dunno, I was a little busy have my arms blown up. The screaming and sonics kind of drown out the outside stuff.

[Panel 4: A close shot of Shocker, who is wincing in pain.]

Spider-Man: Is that it?

Shocker: Nah... she mentioned somebody else. And there was a face.

Your friend from a while back... what was her name?

Jean DeWolff.

[Panel 5: Spider-Man's face. Close enough that the reader can see the creases in his mask from his brows tightening over his eyes.]

Spider-Man: ...

Shocker: You alright, Spidey?

Spider-Man: ... No.

[Panel 6: Spider-Man pats Shocker on the shoulder, standing up as Carlie approaches.]

Spider-Man: Thanks, Herman. I'll talk to some friends. See what they can do about your arms.

Take care of yourself in the hospital, 'kay?

Carlie: Spidey, I'm heading back to the precinct with most of my guys. Medics are gonna wrap up here and take Shocker and Steeplejack to the hospital.

In the meantime, I'm going to take the lead on that serial killer we talked about.

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[Panel 1: Carlie gets in her squad car, shutting the door as Spider-Man leans on the frame.]

Carlie: We have a name. Marcus Lyman.

We'll devote as many spares as we can to that case, but we're spread pretty thin.

Spider-Man: Don't worry about the Wraith. Pull everybody off of that case.

I'll deal with her.

She's taking out my rogues; that makes her my responsibility.

[Panel 2: Spider-Man looks back, the crime scene being relatively unchanged as Shocker and Steeplejack are removed from their original position by paramedics.]

Spider-Man: And given how she's stepped up her game from the last attack on Grizzly--

--something tells me that I won't have to find her.

She'll come to me head-on. And I'll be ready for her.

[Panel 3: As the NYPD crew speeds off around the corner, Spider-Man remains in the dust, the yellow tape coming loose.]

Spider-Man [capt]: At least, I hope so.

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[Panel 1: Spider-Man swinging across the New York cityscape. The tone is nightly, lights bringing up shades of all different colors to clash against the black and violet night sky's dulcet tones.]

Spider-Man [capt]: This has gone on for too long. She needs to be stopped, no matter what.

I may not like my rogues, but brutalizing them?

It's only going to make things worse.

[Panel 2: A shot from the side of Spider-Man swinging. In the edge of the panel, we see a purple boot with yellow highlights step onto the edge of the roof.]

Spider-Man [capt]: They hold back all the time.

Most of my bad guys don't do it to kill. It's usually money, with a few deaths as an unintentional consequence.

But if somebody goes all the way? They learn somebody's willing to put people in graves to stop them?

They'd start going all-out. Nothing to lose.

[Panel 3: Tight, small panel. Spider-Man is blindsided by a fist. His face contorts with the punch.]

Spider-Man: Blugh!

[Panel 4: Spider-Man is gripped, quite strongly to boot, by his assailant, the Wraith.]

Spider-Man: What the?!--

Wraith: Spider-Man!

I'm here to kill you!

Spider-Man: Why introduce ourselves when we can just try to kill each other?

Oh wait, that'd make too much sense!

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[Panel 1: Spider-Man uses his elbow to, by extension, move the Wraith's elbow, and jam it into her face.]

Spider-Man: Here, let's start over.

Hi, I'm Spider-Man.

You must be the Wraith. I'd like to introduce you to your own elbow. It's very excited to meet you.

[Panel 2: Spider-Man fires off a webline, slinging the two inside a building still under construction.]

Spider-Man: What I'm really curious about, though, is the fact that you managed to not set off my Spider-Sense.

Really gets the noggin workin', eh?

Wraith: Built in Spider-Sense jammer. Courtesy of Stark Industries.

That's not the only trick this suit has, Spidey.

[Panel 3: Spider-Man skids across the floor, sticking the landing near a pile of girders.]

Spider-Man: Look, Wraith.

I get it. You want me dead. I have no idea why, but I know that you want it.

But this stops **now**. Because if you don't, I'll stop it for you, before things get too far out of hand.

[Panel 4: Action panel. Wraith dodges a web-ball, charging as she draws back her fist.]

Wraith: Over my dead body!

You wanna stop me? Tough!--

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[Panel 1: Wraith's fist slams into Spider-Man, visibly knocking the wind out of him.]

Wraith: --Because I'm just getting started!

Spider-Man [capt]: Holy!--

That punch was way more powerful than it should've been!

She must have hydraulics in there. Only way to justify that much impact.

[Panel 2: Spider-Man maneuvers in-between Wraith punches, pushing one arm away while ducking underneath another.]

Spider-Man [capt]: Without my Spider-Sense, I'm running into this fight blind.

And with those hydraulics, I need to watch my step.

Spider-Man: Boy, your aim is really off today.

Mind if I tinker with your hydraulics? Try to turn them off?

Or how about that Spider-Sense jammer you've got there?

Either works.

[Panel 3: Pulling back her fists, Wraith uppercuts Spider-Man with her leg.]

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[Panel 1: The third precinct. Carlie finishes typing into her computer, handing freshly printed papers to an officer.]

Carlie: Alright. Here's the next report. Send this down to the front desk, then head home for the night.

Officer: You got it, cap.

Carlie: Thanks. Sorry for keeping you at the office so late.

Tell the wife and kids I said hi.

[Panel 2: The door has closed, and Carlie sighs, typing into her phone.]

Carlie [text]: Hey, headed back home. See you there?

[Panel 3: A moment has passed. There is no response. Carlie's response to this is a frown.]

Carlie: Huh.

Phone AI: Voice command ready.

Carlie: Call Yuri Watanabe.

[Panel 4: Carlie puts the phone to her ear, only for the phone to go straight to voicemail.]

Voicemail: Hi, this is Yuri Watanabe, I'm not able to get to the phone right now. Please leave a message aft-

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[Panel 1: Carlie's attention is drawn by a muffled gunshot noise.]

Carlie: !

[Panel 2: Carlie hangs up her phone, drawing her own firearm as she nears the door.]

Carlie: Hoya? That you?

[Panel 3: Carlie has wandered out into the hallway, mouth gaping as she sees the same officer from earlier, Hoya, lying in the middle of the hallway. A bullet hole is in his chest, and blood is drenching the floor, the papers he was supposed to deliver ruined by said blood.]

Carlie: Oh, God.

[Panel 4: A gun presses up against the small of Carlie's back, as she flinches in response to the long metal barrel pushed up against her.]

???: Scream, and you get a cap in your back.

Scream at that, and you get another one in the back of your head.

[Panel 5: Masked by shadows, the only thing we see behind a panicked Carlie is a wicked, pure toothy grin.]

Carlie: And you must be Marcus Lyman.

Pleasure to meet you.

Lyman: And you too, Captain Cooper.

Now, what say you about a little walk?

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[Panel 1: Wraith pulls out a glock, standard issue for the NYPD, and fires off into the air.]

Wraith: Enough!

[Panel 2: The bullet hits a wire holding a large bundle of girders, the bindings coming loose.]

[Panel 3: Spider-Man looks up, lenses widening as he sees the danger above him.]

Spider-Man: Holy!---

[Panel 4: Spider-Man side-rolls out of the way, as the pile of girders smashes into the floor. Off to the side, a pair of yellow tendrils made of wrappings come out of the shadows]

Spider-Man [capt]: That was close.

Wait, what are--

[Panel 5: Spider-Man's throat and hands are gripped tightly by the Wraith's wrapping tentacles, choking as she holds him midair, his kicks not enough to upset her balance.]

Spider-Man: GAGH!

Wraith: You're the cause of almost all of this city's problems, Spider-Man!

So let's fix that. ***Permanently.***

[Panel 6: A cloud of dust and debris erupts as the Wraith's tentacles slam Spider-Man into the concrete floor. Silent panel save for the sound effect of the impact.]

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[Panel 1: Spider-Man groggily crawls out of the small crater, the Wraith's feet seen behind him walking towards him.]

Spider-Man: Noooo..... Aunt May, I don't want wheatcakes right now....

[Panel 2: Wraith's purple fist grabs Spider-Man by the back of his head, pressing the barrel of the gun to his head with the other hand.]

[Panel 3: From the floor, we see the Wraith gripping Spider-Man's mask to pull it off, still pressing the gun into his cheek.]

Spider-Man: Please... don't...

Wraith: Mask off, Spider-Man!

I wanna see your face before I save New York!

[To be continued]