MacKAY · FERREIRA · FAUCHER · CROSSLEY
MARVEL 1
THE DEATH OF DOCTOR STRANGE
SPIDER-MAN
THE DOCTOR IS OUT! SO SPIDEY AND BLACK CAT ARE MAKING HIS HOUSE CALLS!
LAND
RATED T+
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BONUS DIGITAL EDITION – DETAILS INSIDE!

BEN REILLY has the proportional speed, strength, and agility of a SPIDER, adhesive fingertips and toes, and the unique precognitive awareness of danger called "SPIDER-SENSE"! He is a clone of PETER PARKER, and like Peter, Ben knows that with great power there must also come great responsibility. After a disastrous battle put Peter into a coma, Ben–with the backing of the BEYOND CORPORATION–took on the mantle of the crimefighting super hero called…

SPIDER-MAN

Previously…

Doctor Stephen Strange was Earth's Sorcerer Supreme, a title granted to one whose skills in the mystic arts are greater than any other being. And with that came the responsibility to preserve a magic barrier around the Earth that warded off other dimensional threats.

But now, Doctor Strange has been mysteriously murdered, and that barrier has fallen.

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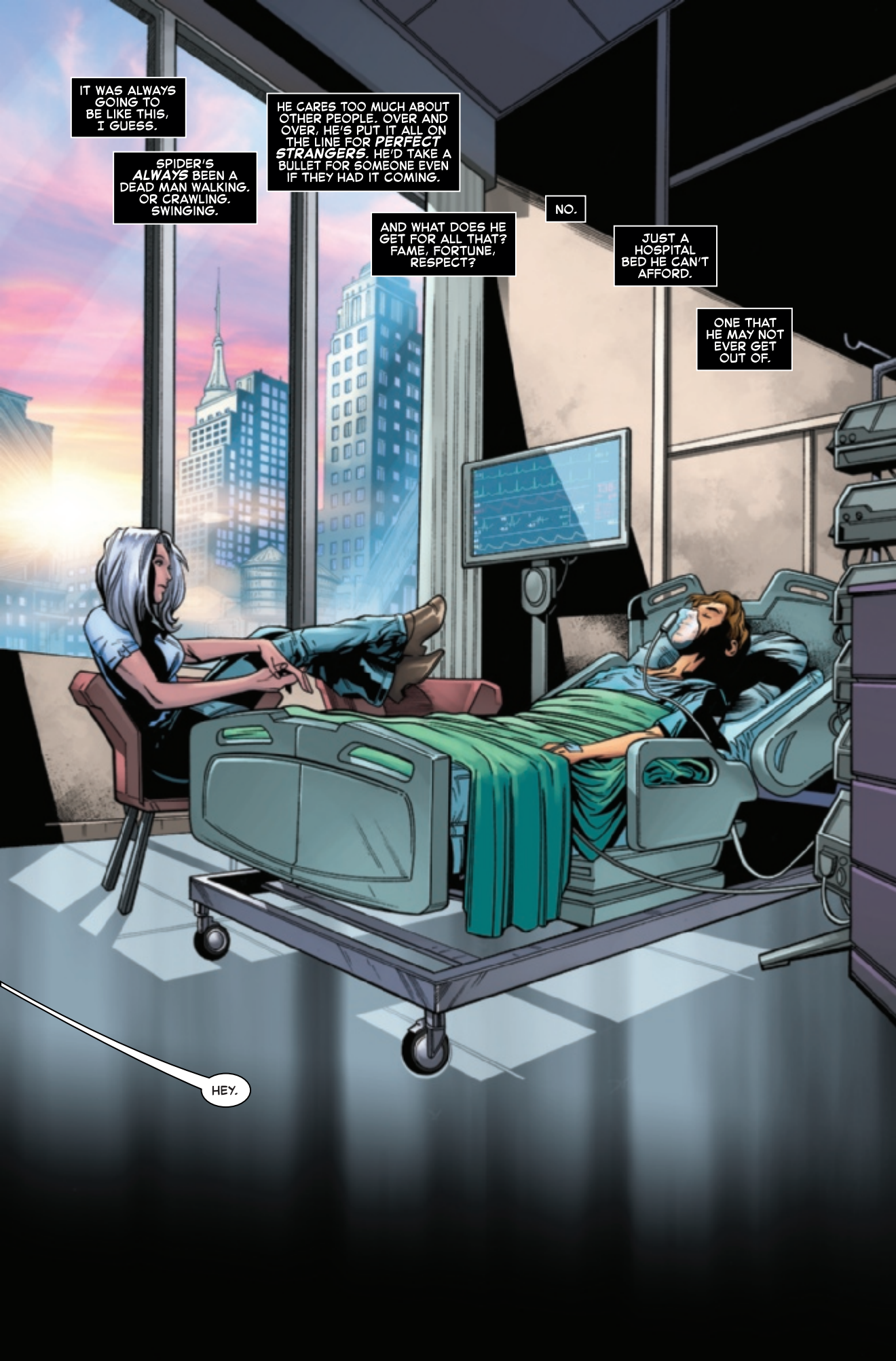
IT WAS ALWAYS GOING TO BE LIKE THIS, I GUESS.
SPIDER'S *ALWAYS* BEEN A DEAD MAN WALKING. OR CRAWLING. SWINGING.
HE CARES TOO MUCH ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE. OVER AND OVER, HE'S PUT IT ALL ON THE LINE FOR *PERFECT STRANGERS*. HE'D TAKE A BULLET FOR SOMEONE EVEN IF THEY HAD IT COMING.
AND WHAT DOES HE GET FOR ALL THAT? FAME, FORTUNE, RESPECT?
NO.
JUST A HOSPITAL BED HE CAN'T AFFORD.
ONE THAT HE MAY NOT EVER GET OUT OF.
HEY.

HOW IS HE?
HOW DO YOU *THINK?*
MOSTLY DEAD. COME BACK LATER, MAYBE HE'LL BE ALL THE WAY THERE BY THEN, AND YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU *WANT.*
FELICIA, THAT'S NOT FAIR.
YEAH, WELL, GOOD THING I'M NOT A *SUPER HERO* OR SOMETHING.
HE CARED ABOUT WHAT WAS FAIR OR NOT. ME?
I KNOW A *THIEF* WHEN I SEE ONE.

THAT'S REAL *RICH*, COMING FROM *YOU*.
SURE.
BUT WHEN I STEAL SOMETHING...
...I DON'T BOTHER DRESSING IT UP.
YOU THINK I *WANTED* THIS? YOU THINK THIS IS MAKING ME *HAPPY*?
I DON'T KNOW, BEN, *IS* IT? BECAUSE IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU COULDN'T BE *HAPPIER* AS *SPIDER-MAN!*
THAT'S NOT WHAT I *MEANT*--
OH, I *KNOW* WHAT YOU *MEANT*--
SPIDER-MAN!

I APOLOGIZE FOR THE ABRUPT NATURE OF THIS MISSIVE, BUT IF YOU ARE SEEING THIS, THEN I AM *DEAD*.
WHAT?!
THIS IS BUT ONE OF A NUMBER OF SPELLS I HAVE PREPARED TO ACTIVATE IN THE EVENT OF MY DEATH TO ENSURE THAT CERTAIN MATTERS ARE *ADDRESSED* IN MY ABSENCE.
PLEASE, MAKE YOUR WAY TO MY SANCTUM IMMEDIATELY. I FEAR I MUST ASK A *BOON* OF YOU, MY FRIEND.
I AM SORRY TO IMPOSE ON YOU LIKE THIS. BUT KNOW THAT I ONLY DO SO BECAUSE I KNOW YOU ARE THE MAN I CAN TRUST TO DO WHAT IS NEEDED.